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# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XVIII.]

TORONTO, MARCH 12, 1898.

[No. 11.]

## Bear the Yoke.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

So still, dear Lord, in every place,  
Thou standest by the tolling folk,  
With love and pity in thy face,  
And givest of thy help and grace  
To those who meekly bear the yoke

We need not wait for thunder-peal,  
Resounding from a mount of fire,  
While round our daily paths we feel  
Thy sweet love and power to heal,  
Working in us thy full desire.

## WAITING FOR MY BOY.

A few years ago, in one of the growing cities of New York State, there was a home into which the great sorrow of a father's death had entered. The sons, of whom there were several, were of a nervous temperament, full of animation, and exposed to many temptations which endanger the young in large cities.

The widowed mother realized the vast importance of her responsibility, and many a time did she look upward toward the heavenly Father for divine aid in the guidance of her fatherless boys. She made it a rule never to retire for rest until all her sons were at home. But as the boys grew older this became a severe tax, both on her time and health, often keeping the faithful mother watching until the midnight hour.

Out of the boys displayed a talent for music and became a skillful violinist. He drifted among the wrong class of people, and was soon at balls and parties that seldom dispersed until the early hours of day. Upon one occasion it was nearly seven o'clock in the morning before he went to his home. Entering the house and opening the door of the sitting-room he saw a sight that can never be effaced from his memory.

In the old rocking chair sat his aged mother, fast asleep, but evidently she had been weeping. Her frilled cap, as white as the snow, covered her grey hair; the knitting had fallen from her hands, while the tallow from the candle had run over the candlestick and down her dress.

Going to her the young man exclaimed:

"Why, mother! what are you doing here?"

His voice startled her, and, upon the question being repeated, she attempted to rise, and piteously, but, oh, so tenderly! looking up into his face, said, "I am waiting for my boy."

The sad look and those words, so expressive of that long night's anxiety, quite overcame the lad, and, throwing his arms around her, he said:

"Dear mother, you shall never wait again like this for me."

That resolution has never been broken. But since then that mother has passed into the world beyond, where she still watches and waits, but not in sorrow, for her boy.—Union Mission Lantern.

Eli Blake, the postmaster at Tongowa, Okla., who had been the leader of a crusade against the saloons in that region, was waylaid while going home from his office and beaten to death by a gang of ruffians, who, it appears, were incited to this cowardly crime by the saloon men. Such exhibitions as this incident embodies of the murderous spirit which the saloon engenders ought to help open the eyes of the people to the malevolent character of that institution, and further the movement for its suppression. A saloon, no matter where it is located, nor how orderly it may be conducted, is a fruitful source of crime and a constant menace to society.—Central Christian Advocate.

## IT HURT HIM.

"Let liquor alone and it won't hurt you," was the advice given by a gentleman to a young friend—a wide-awake, bright-eyed young business man—who sat beside him on a railroad train.

"But it has hurt me," answered the young man.

"How is that?" inquired his friend, who saw no token on his manly countenance of the blight that so soon makes its mark on the "human face divine."

"Well, six months ago, my employer, when off his balance, signed some notes which he should not have endorsed, and yesterday the firm (a heavy iron firm) went under. So here I am, and nearly two thousand others, in dead of winter, thrown out of employment."

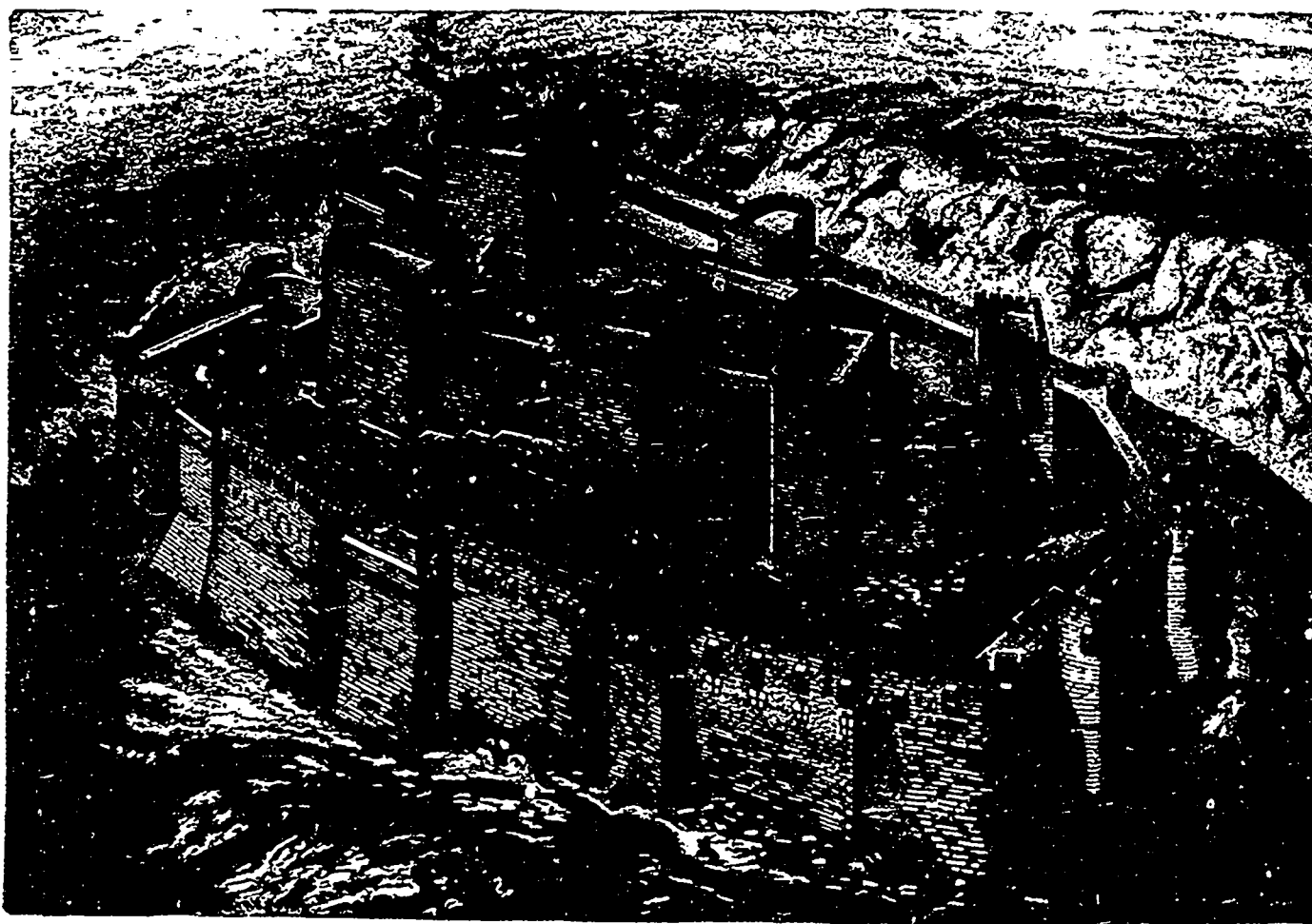
That gentleman's act, because of drink, has touched the comfort, and possibly the subsistence, of not less than ten thousand human beings.

ated. It was a dark and gloomy pile, probably much like the castle shown in our cut. In its gloomy cells the tameless spirit of the heroic John, accustomed from his youth to the freedom of the desert, languished, till by the stroke of the headsman's axe it was emancipated forever. His body became the "worn-out fetter which the soul had broken and cast away."

## JAPAN.

The friend who sends us this story of the faith and patience of a young boy assures us that it is not half so interesting in English as it was in Japanese, as she heard it told at a children's meeting. We can only add the hope that its interest may not further suffer from the process of condensation to which want of space compels us to subject it. Institutions and work which result in

himself the teacher was obliged to give him a prize; and the school-master, much impressed by the spirit the boy had shown, asked him about Christianity and also sought information from a friend at Tokio. After studying thus by himself, he felt the need of further light, and, consulting with the boy and some of his fellow teachers, he invited an evangelist, who had recently begun work in the vicinity, to come over and teach them the Bible evenings. As the result of this nightly Sunday-school, three teachers, two farmers and a boy became Christians in a short time. The village priests, hearing of this, were much surprised, and, regarding our young friend as the cause of all this trouble, went to his parents, telling them that Christianity destroys patriotism and upsets the social system of Japan, and that they must make the boy give it up. Again he refused, and persecution was tried. More work than he could do was exacted



THE CASTLE OF KERAK, NEAR SITE OF MACHERUS, WHERE JOHN WAS BEHEADED.

## THE CASTLE OF KERAK.

In the Land of Moab, beyond the Jordan, is the Castle of Kerak, shown in the accompanying picture, in a restored condition. "This is a wonderful pile," says Dr. Ridgway, not only for the area which it covers, but for its massiveness and history. It was built under King Falco, a predecessor of Raymond of Chaitillon, about A.D. 1131, and strengthened under the auspices of Godfrey de Boulogne. In 1183 it baffled the assaults of Saladin. It fell at last in 1187, only after the last bloody conflict between the crusaders and the Moslems near the Sea of Galilee, in which the rule of the Christians in Palestine was utterly broken. The impregnable castle, no longer defended, passed easily into the hands of the victors, and has ever since remained with their descendants.

Under the domination of the Arabs, however, it has largely gone to decay, although within thirty years the beautiful frescoes in its Gothic chapel were still to be seen.

It was in this region, and not far from Kerak, that the lonely prison, in which John the Baptist was confined, was situ-

such characters as these are worth the sacrifice they cost.

A young Japanese boy of about thirteen or fourteen years of age met at the residence of a relative one evening some five years ago a lady who was visiting there. After talking of various things, she told him about Christianity and gave him a few Sunday-school papers. The boy became deeply interested in Christianity, read the papers, and, learning from them about prayer, commenced to pray himself. After a short time he became a Christian, as his conduct proved. Until that time he had been the naughtiest boy in the village, but after becoming a Christian he was entirely different—kind, faithful, diligent, so that the whole village noticed the change. His parents disliked Christianity and commanded him to denounce his faith. He would not, but tried to explain Christianity to them. This only angered them the more, and they called the school-master to their aid by threatening to degrade the boy at school if he would not give up his religion. The boy thought this very unjust, but simply studied so much harder, and at an examination did so well that in spite of

each day, and failure to perform it was punished by deprivation of food or beating. He bore this patiently, and every day he went half an hour to a hill to pray, and asked other Christians to pray for him that his faith might become stronger. His parents, seeing his patience and gentleness, began to wonder greatly and watched him closely to see if his behaviour was the same when he thought himself alone. They overheard him pray with tears for his parents and friends, and they began to respect him, and gradually he won them to study the Bible for themselves, and in January 1892, they too were baptized. And this little boy, who was first interested in Christianity by means of a few Sunday-school papers given him by a lady, has since by his simple faith and patient goodness led many of his friends to know the Saviour. Who will say that missions are a failure or that the age of heroes or martyrs is past?

Checks—"They say the Esquimaux are an unenlightened people."  
Drafts "Funny, and yet they live on candles and lamp oil."

## The Puzzled Census-taker.

BY JOHN O. BAXE.

"Got any boys?" the marshal said,  
To the lady from over the Rhine;  
And the lady shook her flaxen head,  
And civilly answered, "Nein" (No)

"Got any girls?" the marshal said,  
To the lady from over the Rhine,  
And again the lady shook her head,  
And civilly answered, "Nein"

"But some are dead?" the marshal said,  
To the lady from over the Rhine,  
And again the lady shook her head,  
And civilly answered, "Nein"

"Husband, of course?" the marshal said,  
To the lady from over the Rhine;  
And again she shook her flaxen head,  
And civilly answered, "Nein."

"Now what do you mean by shaking  
your head,  
And always answering, 'Nine'?"  
"Ich kann nicht Englisch!" civilly said  
The lady from over the Rhine.

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## Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, MARCH 12, 1898.

JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

MARCH 20, 1898.

By church service.—Luke 4. 16; Malachi 3. 16, 17; Heb. 10. 25.

JESUS IN THE SYNAGOGUE.

Luke 4. 16. There was a synagogue wherever there were ten families of Jews located. There were more than 400 in Jerusalem. On the Sabbath, when service was being conducted, a portion of Scripture previously selected was always read, either by the presiding officer, the ruler of the synagogue, or some person whom he selected. Jesus was called to read, and the lesson was in Isaiah, as here stated. The application proved that to him all the prophets gave witness. Please notice especially what verse 16 says, He went, as his custom was, to the synagogue on the Sabbath. A custom we should all observe.

ANCIENT PRACTICE.

Malachi 3. 16, 17. This text beautifully illustrates the communion of saints. See the character of the saints. They fear the Lord, not slavish but filial fear, a fear of offending, and prompting them to love God. They spake often one to another, as Methodists do in class-meetings. Too many people, instead of speaking one to another, often speak about each other, which is always injurious rather than beneficial. The Lord noticed and kept a record. This is a figurative expression, which signifies that God remembers all that transpires among his children.

DIVINE ESTIMATION.

Verse 17. They shall be mine. How encouraging are these words! The world may despise, but God owns and esteems and promises concerning them, that he will spare them. "Godliness is profitable unto all things." He will keep them from evil. But then, do not forget our duty—to serve him as a dutiful son serves his father.

## IMPORTANT CAUTION.

Heb 10 25 Not forsaking or forgetting, etc. People often forsake the house of God, and allow little things to keep them away; things which would not hinder them from business or meeting friends are often enough to keep them from the house of God.

## EXHORT ONE ANOTHER.

This is every Christian's duty, no matter whether he is a pastor or only a private member. Our exhortations should increase and continue through all the changing scenes of life. As the end of our pilgrimage dawns upon us, we are still to be concerned for our fellows. The service of the sanctuary always tends to personal benefit. Waiting upon God increases strength and brings glory to God.

## PAUL THOMPSON—A TRUE STORY.

One afternoon, a few weeks since, while passing through one of the principal business streets of a large city, we came upon a crowd of schoolboys standing in front of a saloon. The boys had come out of the schoolhouse only a few minutes before, and had their books and slates, etc., in their hands. They were a company of bright, intelligent, happy-looking lads, but they all seemed deeply interested in something that was going on inside of that saloon. As they opened their ranks to make way for us to pass, we stopped and asked what it was that had attracted such a large crowd of boys.

"Paul Thompson's been in a fight in the saloon there, and a policeman has just gone to arrest him," said one of the boys.

While he was speaking a large, blue-coated, brass-buttoned officer came out, leading a man, or rather jerking him, by the coat-collar. The man in custody was young, with slight form and delicate features, and as we looked into his face we saw traces of intelligence and cultivation.

"He is drunk," said another boy, "and when he's drunk he's always ugly and wants to fight. This isn't the first time he has been taken, either."

The crowd of boys followed the policeman and his prisoner, and we soon lost sight of him. As we passed on we noticed the public school building was only a short distance from that saloon; many of the scholars had to pass by it every day. The same proprietor had been in possession of the building for ten years past. Only six years before, Paul Thompson had graduated from the high school. He was a scholar of high standing, too. But he had been in the habit of passing this dangerous corner for years before he graduated. He had been attracted to it in his boyhood, as the boys just spoken of had been, by some similar occurrence. He began by looking in to see what was going on behind the green screen doors. Then he stepped inside to hear what the men were talking about. The saloon-keeper noticed him, for he had a manly bearing, and belonged to a family in high standing.

He encouraged the boy's coming in with pleasant, flattering words, and one day he gave him a glass of beer to drink. Paul thought it was manly to take the offered glass, but he could only drink a part of it; he did not like the taste; it was bitter; but the saloon man patted him on the shoulder, and told him to drink as much as he could, and it would make a man of him. Paul knew it was wrong, and when he went home he felt ashamed to stay in the presence of his good, sweet mother. He could not look her in the face; every smile she gave him and every kind word made him feel more and more guilty. He resolved never to pass by that saloon again, but to go home another way, although it was much further. But somehow he did not go the other way but a few times. There seemed to be a fascination about that saloon, and he would linger around it. That was the beginning. Now we see Paul Thompson a constant frequenter of this same saloon. He had been going down, down, from bad to worse, for six years or more—the years, too, of his life which were the most important to him—the time when he ought to have been acquiring a true, honourable, manly character. His mother used to love to hear his step on the walk, and his cheerful, boyish whistle when he came bounding home from school, so happy and light-hearted. But now that dear mother listens and listens night after night for his step with an anxious heart. She has pleaded with prayers and tears for his reform; but the "habit begun in cobwebs has ended in iron chains." He is a slave to liquor. We trust his good mother's prayers will be heard, and that, through the mercy

and strength of the Lord Jesus Christ, he may break those iron chains. But we see where he is to-day. Now, boys, this case of Paul Thompson is a great warning to all of you. Don't stop at saloons, even to look in. Cross over to the other side, and shun those terrible places where so many have lost their manhood and their souls. Remember that every poor, miserable drunkard began his downward career when he took his first glass.—Youth's Temperance Banner.

## SAVED A FARM.

You cannot afford to smoke, you cannot afford to chew. You either take very good tobacco, or you take very cheap tobacco. If it is cheap I will tell you why it is cheap. It is made of burdock and lampblack and sawdust and cc's foot and plantain leaves and fuller's earth and salt and alum and lime and a little tobacco, and you cannot afford to put such a mess as that in your mouth. But if you use expensive tobacco, do you not think it would be better for you to take the amount of money which you are now expending for this herb, and which you will expend during the course of your life, if you keep the habit up, and with it buy a splendid farm, and make the afternoon and the evening of your life comfortable?

There are young men whose life is going out inch by inch from cigarettes. Now, do you not think it would be well to listen to the testimony of a merchant of New York, who said this: "In early life I smoked six cigars a day at six and a half cents each. They averaged that. I thought to myself one day, I'll just put aside all I would consume in cigars and all I would consume if I kept on in the habit, and I'll see what it will come to by compound interest." And he gives this tremendous statistic: "Last July completed thirty-nine years since, by the grace of God, I was emancipated from the filthy habit, and the saving amounted to the enormous sum of \$29,102.03 by compound interest. We lived in the city, but the children, who had learned something of the enjoyment of country life from their annual visits to their grandparents, longed for a home among the green fields. I found a very pleasant place in the country for sale. The cigar money came into requisition, and I found it amounted to a sufficient sum to purchase the place, and it is mine." Now, boys, you take your choice. Smoking without a home, or a home without smoking. This is common sense as well as religion.

## REV. JOHN WESLEY.

GIVES HIS CANDID OPINION OF THE TRAFFIC IN DISTILLED SPIRITS.

"Neither may we gain by hurting our neighbour in his body. Therefore we may not sell anything which tends to impair health. Such is eminently all that liquid fire commonly called drams, or spirituous liquors. It is true these may have a place in medicine; they may be of use in some bodily disorders, although there would rarely be occasion for them were it not for the unskillfulness of the practitioner. Therefore, such as prepare and sell them only for this end may keep their conscience clear. But who are they? Who prepare them only for this end? Do you know ten such distillers in England? Then excuse these. But all who sell them in the common way, to any that will buy, are poisoners-general. They murder his Majesty's subjects by wholesale, neither does their eye pity or spare. They drive them to hell like sheep. And what is their gain? Is it not the blood of these men? Who then would envy their large estates and sumptuous palaces? A curse of God is in the midst of them; the curse of God cleaves to the stones, the timber, the furniture of them! The curse of God is in their gardens, their walks, their groves, a fire that burns in the nethermost hell! Blood, blood is there; the foundation, the floor, the walls, the roof, are stained with blood!"

## DOGS IN HARNESS.

Dog-carts, not the elegant carriages known in England and the United States by this technical term, but two-wheeled vehicles to which dogs are harnessed, are one of the features of Brussels, and are to be seen in other cities and towns in Belgium, Germany and Holland. Those who have visited Belgium's capital will remember how often they saw in the streets and market-places of that busy city, carts with milk or produce drawn by the combined force of women and dogs. The dog is assuredly no mean companion. He tugs with might

and main at his simple harness, not only willing but anxious to do his full share. He rarely needs the whip to call forth his best efforts. A word or a gesture is sufficient to induce him to exert to the utmost his muscular power. So extensively are dogs employed in this way, that our State Department has been at the pains to gather much information about their use as draft animals in Holland, Belgium and Germany. England has a law forbidding it, on the ground of the abuses it is believed to involve Paris, without any such prohibition, though a city where the economies of life are studied so successfully, makes but little use of dogs in the capacity of draft animals.

Nowhere in the world, except possibly among the Esquimos, are so many dogs put into the transportation business as in Belgium. In Brussels and suburbs more than 10,000 of them are thus employed. They have driven out the donkey altogether. They are hitched to carts in single, double, triple and even quadruple teams, the carts weighing from 50 to 150 pounds. They are used for all kinds of light work, by bakers, butchers, washerwomen, marketmen and others. In most cities persons are not allowed to ride behind them; but the Belgian peasant, after he has sold his produce and reaches the city limits on his return, allows his dog-team to draw him home. They do not seem to mind it at all that they have a load both ways, but trot along at a good speed toward home.

The cart-dog is of no particular breed. He must be of good size and weight, of course, to be able to do his work satisfactorily; but nobody cares about his pedigree. He is easily trained, generally in company with an older dog. He is first accustomed to harness and then allowed to practice at pulling. The harness consists of a breast strap, girth and traces, with saddles and tug, if the dog is hitched ahead of the cart. The food, in addition to the scraps that come from the family table, is a kind of bread in which some coarse meat is included, milk and vegetables. The cost of their keep is, of course, very small indeed.

Dogs quickly fall into the ways of business. They soon learn where to stop, and how long, and in the absence of their master or mistress defend the contents of the cart with the utmost vigilance and fidelity. They often have long hours and hard work, and some of them are drawn out of shape by hard pulling; but they seem to like the life, and if left at home chained up utter most emphatic protests. When the time comes to get ready they caper about and show all the signs of joy which the most leisurely and aristocratic members of the canine race evince when the master offers to take them for a run or a hunt.

It is said that a team of dogs will take a light cart from Ghent to Brussels, or back again, a distance of thirty-four miles, in three hours, while horses require four hours. Their endurance is great. They will draw a load from 5 a.m. to 8 p.m., with brief intervals for rest without extraordinary fatigue. From 150 to 200 pounds is about the load one dog can comfortably draw.

The value of a draft-dog ranges from \$10 to \$20 or more, according to size and age and other qualities. The Fleming seems to think that if he has a dog he has a "pull," and in consequence there are few lazy dogs in Belgium.

## STRONG DRINK AND QUICK DEATH.

Canada is credited with having the lightest drink-rate and also the lightest death-rate of all Christian countries. For the ten years ended 1890 her death-rate was only 14.01 per 1,000, and her drink-rate was the equivalent in absolute alcohol of 1.149 gallons of proof spirits per head per annum. For England, for these same ten years, the drink-rate was equal to 3.890 gallons of proof spirits per head, and the death-rate to 20.95 per annum of 1,000 of the population. For France both the drink-rate and the death-rate during the period in question were considerably higher. The death-rate was 21.99. Quebec, the province of Canada in which the temperance movement has made the least progress, has by much the higher rate of mortality. For the ten years in question it averaged 18.91 per 1,000 per annum. Its drink-rate yearly was the equivalent in absolute alcohol of 1.436 gallons of proof spirits.—Current History.

It is remarkable that all the diseases arising from drinking alcoholic liquors are liable to become hereditary to the third generation, increasing, if the cause be continued, till the family becomes extinct.—Darwin.



**Too Strong for the Rummies.**

A TEMPERANCE POEM WHICH ROUSED BROOKLYN, N. Y., SALOON KEEPERS.

The following is the text of the temperance poem, the recitation of which during the last campaign by a child in one of the public schools of Brooklyn, brought down on the head of the Board of Education the maledictions of the four liquor-dealers' associations and the whole saloon-keeping fraternity of that city.

"I'm licensed to sell! Get out of my shop!" the rumseller angrily cried, with a frown on his face and a curse on his lips, to the woman who stood by his side,  
 "My moments are precious, I've no time to waste, I have paid for my license, I say.  
 'Tis my business to sell, I shall sell when I choose, to those who will give me my pay."  
 "Your moments are precious! ah! precious for what? To ruin some innocent one?  
 You shall listen a moment; 'tis little I ask for wrong that to me you have done.  
 You have ruined my husband, both body and soul, that you his scant money might gain;  
 You were licensed to sell, you answered me then, and all my pleadings were vain,  
 You lured him on with your honeyed words till your victory you made complete,  
 Till his money was gone, then one cold night you turned him into the street. You were licensed to sell, and gave not a sigh for the miserable work you had done;  
 And now, not content, you are striving your best to likewise ruin my son.  
 You are leading him on in the downward path, his meagre earnings you crave; For that you are willing to send him down to an early drunkard's grave. To look at the miserable sots of our town, then back at ten years ago, And know it is you and your cursed work that has brought him down so low.  
 You are licensed to sell, ah! yes, it is true, that your license in money is paid;  
 But think not that's all that would ever be asked for the miserable wrecks you have made,  
 When you stand at the judgment seat of God, for deeds done here on earth, And you stand in the presence of these poor souls that you have helped drag down to hell,  
 Of little avail will it be to you then to say, 'I'm licensed to sell.'"

**On Schedule Time**

BY JAMES OTIS.

Author of "Toby Tyler," "Mr. Stubbs' Brother," "Raising the Pearl," etc.

CHAPTER VI.

ON TIME.

Now that Jackson really needed assistance the boys forgot he was an enemy who would have done them grievous wrong, and ministered to his necessities, as far as possible, with as much tenderness as if he had been a friend.  
 It was little they could do, however, after he had been carried to the cook-tent and laid upon a bed of blankets.  
 There was no need for Aunt Lois to tell them a surgeon was required; both realized the fact at a glance, and both understood that unless one was brought very speedily it would be too late.  
 Aunt Lois had said in a whisper, when the sufferer lapsed into unconsciousness immediately after being taken to the tent:  
 "There is no time to be lost," and Phil replied:  
 "As soon as it is light enough to see the way, some one shall start for Milo. I don't suppose it would be safe to try to carry him?"  
 "I shouldn't like to take the responsibility. I have never had any experience with such injuries; but it seems positive he would die before night, if forced to ride over these rough roads in a carriage like ours."  
 Phil was in great mental distress because of the conflicting duties.  
 His father had impressed upon his mind the grave importance of finding Benner before the expiration of the sixth day, and if he should return to Milo now there would no longer be the slightest possibility of arriving at Township Eight in time.  
 Yet a fellow-creature's life was at

stake, and however worthless that life may have been, the boy shrank from even so much as thinking perhaps the injured man might be neglected until the mission was accomplished.

He was standing by the side of Aunt Lois, looking down at Jackson's pallid face, on which the seal of death seemed already to have been set, when the man opened his eyes.

"There's no game about these bones being broken," he said, as he tried to suppress a moan. "What are you reckonin' on doin' with me now?"

"We intend to ride to Milo for a doctor when the day breaks; it is too dark now to see our way over the rough road, but as soon as possible one of us will start," Phil replied, in a kindly tone.

"Do you think I can be taken there?"  
 "Aunt Lois says it would be dangerous for us to make the attempt with such teams as we have here; but it should be possible to hire some kind of a vehicle there in which you might be carried with at least some degree of safety."

"An' you count on givin' up your father's business to help me? Is that it?"

"I don't see any other course. We cannot desert a man so near death as you appear to be, and—"

"I reckon there's no need of my tellin' you what I was tryin' to do when the horse kicked me?"

"No, for we saw it all."  
 "Look here, Ainsworth, it will only serve me right if you keep on about your business and leave me to take care of myself. I was tryin' to prevent you from gettin' through before Benner begins work, and there are two ahead of me on the same errand. By strikin' through the woods in a bee-line from here, instead of followin' the road past Chamberlain Lake, you may give them the slip; but the journey must be made on foot or horseback, for you couldn't get the waggon along. It is between here and the lake that you'll have trouble—leastways, that was the agreement in case I didn't succeed in delayin' you."

Phil started suddenly, like one who had solved a vexing problem.

"We shall get the doctor here, Jackson, and at the same time push through to Benner! You have given me the very idea I wanted. Aunt Lois will do everything possible for you, and I hope your wounds are not as serious as we fear."

Then Phil left the tent hurriedly, almost stumbling over Dick, who had remained outside the tent as if unwilling to be a witness of Jackson's suffering.

"We must give both horses a good breakfast, and then make ready for the journey."

"To Milo?"  
 "You will go there, and I shall keep on to Benner. Here is the idea, and we must work as we talk, for in half an hour it will be light enough to start."

Phil replied, as he hurried toward the stable. "We'll each go on horseback; a couple of bags two-thirds full of grain will serve as saddles, and at the same time provide food for the animals. Will you make the attempt to find the town?"

"Of course; and it's a good idea. But what about those fellows Jackson said were waiting for us ahead?"

"By taking his advice I think I can give them the slip. Fortunately there is a small compass in the outfit, and with that I should be able to keep on the direct course. Tell the girls to put up such an amount of food as we can carry in our coat-pockets, and while that is being done I'll groom the horses."

Dick started to obey without delay, and Phil had but just begun his portion of the task when Aunt Lois appeared at the flap of the tent.

"Richard has told me what you intend to do, Phillip."

"Yes, Aunt Lois, and it is the only course we can pursue in justice to both father and Jackson. I hope you won't make any objection, for there can't be the slightest danger to you here, and Dick should be back in thirty-six hours."

"How could I object, Phillip, when you are simply doing your duty, and doing it bravely. The girls and I will care for the injured man, and we have no right to think of personal discomfort and fears at such a time. I only came to warn you to be careful. Those dreadful men—"

"I believe I can give them the slip, Aunt Lois. There is certainly more chance of my doing so alone, than if all of us tried to go through."

"How long shall you be gone, if nothing happens?"

"Father allowed that from this point we had three days in which to find Benner. By going on horseback, I count on doing it readily in forty-eight hours. Allow one full day to rest the horse, and twice that time to return. Dick

ought to be here to-morrow night, for he has a fairly good road, and Jack can carry him to Milo before dark."

"Kiss me, Phillip, and I will go to the poor man. You are a brave boy, and I pray God you may meet with no danger. Your aunt loves you dearly, even if she does annoy you by fretting about trifles."

You are a dear, good soul, Aunt Lois, and as stout-hearted as you are good when real trouble comes."

The little woman flung her arms around Phil's neck, and as she did so he heard a half-suppressed sob, which told that although she was doing her best to appear brave, the prospect of being left alone in the wilderness with a dying man disheartened her.

There was an unusual lump in the boy's throat when his cousin returned with the packages of food, but, after an effort, he succeeded in speaking with comparative calmness:

"The horses are ready; we'll fill the grain bags which are to serve as saddles and start. I had rather try to make my way through the woods in the darkness than stay here an hour longer. Say, Dick, Aunt Lois is a dandy, and no mistake!"

"Of course she is. I expected we'd have a terrible time with her when she knew what we intended to do, but there was not so much as a squeak after I explained matters."

"She has been out here, and came precious near breaking me all up by saying good-bye. Where are the girls?"

"Getting breakfast for us."  
 "How long will it take them?"

"Quite a while, I fancy. The coffee has but just been put on the stove."  
 "Then suppose we slip away without their knowing it? I don't feel hungry."

"Neither do I, Phil, are you quite sure of getting through all right?"

"I don't believe there is much danger of being lost, if that's what you mean. I've made my way through the woods by compass before, and should be able to do so now."

"You won't take any unnecessary risks?"

"Of course not, Dick. See here, if you and I want to be in the best condition for the work, we'd better not discuss what may happen. I'm afraid you'll have trouble in finding your way."

"There's little danger of that, for the road is plainly defined on the other side of the river."

"Have you ridden horseback before?"  
 "Never."

"Then you—"  
 "Now, Phil, you are going contrary to your own suggestion. Both the journeys must be made, and mine is more easily performed than yours. Strap the bag on Jack's back, and I'll be off."

Ten minutes later the boys parted with a silent hand-clasp, riding in opposite directions and proceeding but slowly, owing to the darkness.

When Gladys entered the stable to announce that breakfast was ready she found the tent vacant, and ran back to her cousin with tears in her eyes.

"They have gone without saying a word to us!"

"Which shows that they are wise," Aunt Lois said in a low tone. "This is a time when we must think of others rather than ourselves, and leave-takings can do no good. We will try to do our part as well as I know the boys will do theirs."

"What is there for us to do, Aunt Lois?"

"Stop thinking of your brother and cousin, and eat a hearty breakfast. I'll set the example, and then we'll devote all our time to caring for Jackson."

"Is he suffering much?"  
 "He must be, but tries not to show it. That man isn't as bad as he might be, and we won't judge him by what he intended to do, because we don't know how he may have been tempted."

Then the little woman made a great pretence of being hungry, but she did not deceive her nieces, for they observed that she ate only a portion of a biscuit, and even this was evidently done against her inclination.

(To be continued.)

"It is my way," says a boy who never remembers anything that he is told, who leaves open gates, who forgets errands, and mislays every tool and every book with which he is trusted; and for all the trouble he causes he thinks it excuse enough to say: "It is my way." "It is my way," says a girl who snaps and snarls and scolds at her little brothers and sisters, who falls into sulks at the least word of reproof, however kindly given, and who keeps the family in hot water with her temper. "I can't help it; it's only my way." Have no such "ways," children.

**A WONDERFUL RESCUE.**

Few fields of activity offer more opportunities for the display of the heroic spirit than does the work of a city fire department. In passing a station and seeing the men sitting about in ease may give some the impression that the life of a fireman in a great city is one of indolence, but that impression is dissipated when one is a spectator at a fire, and sees these same men risk their lives to save life and property. In The Century for February the heroic element in a city fireman's life is vividly portrayed by Jacob A. Riis, who gives this incident:

At the Hotel Royal fire in New York six years ago Sergeant Vaughan went up on the roof. The smoke was so dense there that he could see little, but through it he heard a cry for help, and made out the shape of a man standing upon a window sill in the fifth story, overlooking the courtyard of the hotel. The yard was between them. Bidding his men follow—there were five, all told—he ran down and around in the next street to the roof of the house that formed an angle with the hotel wing. There stood the man below him, only a jump away, but a jump which no mortal might take and live. His face and hands were black with smoke. Vaughan, looking down, thought him a negro. He was perfectly calm.

"It is no use," he said, glancing up. "Don't try. You can't do it."

The sergeant looked wistfully about him. Not a stick or a piece of rope was in sight. Every shred was used below. There was absolutely nothing.

"But I couldn't let him," he said to me, months after, when he had come out of the hospital a whole man again, and was back at work—"I just couldn't, standing there so quiet and brave." To the man he said sharply:

"I want you to do exactly as I tell you, now. Don't grab me, but let me get the first grab." He had noticed that the man wore a heavy overcoat, and had already laid his plan.

"Don't try," urged the man. "You cannot save me. I will stay here till it gets too hot; then I will jump."

"No, you won't," from the sergeant, as he lay at full length on the roof, looking over. "It is a pretty hard yard down there. I will get you, or go dead myself."

The four sat on the sergeant's legs as he swung free down to the waist; so he was almost able to reach the man on the window, with outstretched hands.

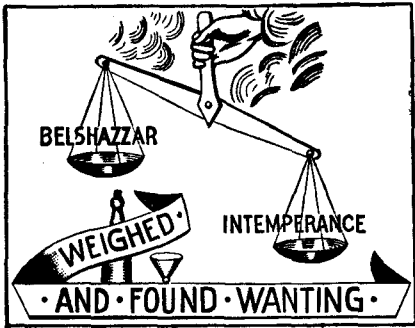
"Now, jump—quick!" he commanded, and the man jumped. He caught him by both wrists, as directed, and the sergeant got a grip on the collar of his coat.

"Hold!" he shouted to the four on the roof; and they tugged with their might. The sergeant's body did not move. Bending over till the back creaked, it hung over the edge, a weight of two hundred and three pounds suspended from and holding it down. The cold sweat started upon his men's foreheads as they tried and tried again, without gaining an inch. Blood dripped from Sergeant Vaughan's nostrils and ears. Sixty feet below was the paved courtyard; over against him the window, behind which he saw the back-draft coming, gathering headway with lurid, swirling smoke. Now it burst through, burning the hair and the coats of the two. For an instant he thought all hope was gone.

But in a flash it came back to him. To relieve the terrible dead weight that wrenched and tore at his muscles, he was swinging the man to and fro like a pendulum, head touching head. He could swing him up!

A smothered shout warned his men. They crept nearer the edge without letting go their grip on him, and watched with staring eyes the human pendulum swing wider and wider, farther and farther, until now with a mighty effort, it swung within their reach. They caught the skirt of the coat, held on, pulled in, and in a moment lifted him over the edge.

They lay upon the roof, all six, breathless, sightless, their faces turned to the winter sky. The tumult of the street came up as a faint echo; the spray of a score of engines pumping below fell upon them, froze, and covered them with ice. The very roar of the fire seemed far off. The sergeant was the first to recover. He carried down the man he had saved, and saw him sent off to the hospital. Then first he noticed that he was not a negro; the smut had been rubbed off his face. Monday had dawned before he came to, and days passed before he knew his rescuer. Sergeant Vaughan was laid up himself then. He had returned to his work, and finished it; but what he had gone through was too much for human strength. It was spring before he returned to his quarters, to find himself promoted, petted, and made much of.



## LESSON NOTES.

### FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL BY MATTHEW.

### LESSON XII.—MARCH 20.

JOHN THE BAPTIST BEHEADED.

(If used as a Temperance Lesson, read the account of Belshazzar's drunken feast, Dan. 5. 1-31.)

Matt. 14. 1-12. Memory verses, 6-10.

### GOLDEN TEXT.

Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life.—Prov. 4. 23.

### OUTLINE.

1. The Prison, v. 1-5.
2. The Palace, v. 6-8.
3. The Sword, v. 9-12.

Time.—Early in A.D. 29, during the third preaching tour, and very soon after the Mission of the Twelve which we studied in Lesson VIII.

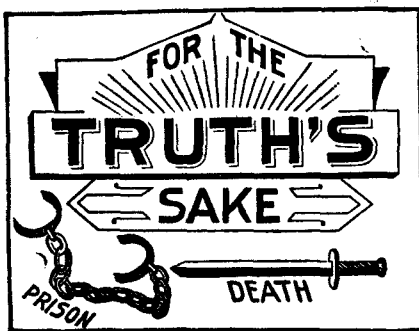
Place.—The palace of Herod was in Tiberias, a splendid city which he built on the shore of the Sea of Galilee. John was in Machaerus, a great structure—fortress, prison, palace, all in one—on the edge of Herod's kingdom.

### HOME READINGS.

- M. John the Baptist beheaded.—Matt. 14. 1-12.  
 Tu. Herod mocks Christ.—Luke 23. 1-12.  
 W. Angry with the truth.—Jer. 26. 8-15.  
 Th. The searching word.—Acts 24. 22-27.  
 F. Boldness for truth.—Luke 3. 7-20.  
 S. Christ's testimony.—Luke 7. 19-28.  
 Su. The martyr's reward.—Rev. 20. 1-6.

### QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. The Prison, v. 1-5.  
 By what official title is this Herod known?  
 What report came to him?  
 For whom did he mistake Jesus?  
 What did he say of John the Baptist?  
 What had Herod done to John?  
 For whose sake was John put in prison?  
 What unlawful act had he denounced?  
 Why did not Herod at once put him to death?  
 How did the people regard John?
  2. The Palace, v. 6-8.  
 What event on Herod's birthday pleased him?  
 What reward did he promise the dancer?  
 What did she ask?  
 Why did she make this request?  
 What is the Golden Text?  
 If Herod had obeyed it, would he have ordered John's death?
  3. The Sword, v. 9-12.  
 How was the king affected by the demand?  
 Why did he keep his promise?  
 What did Herod then do to John?  
 What was done with the prophet's head?  
 What was done with the body?  
 To whom did the disciples tell the story?  
 What relation was John to Jesus?  
 From whom are we sure of sympathy in all our sorrows?  
 What ought we to do with all our troubles? Psalm 55. 22.
- PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.**  
 Where in this lesson are we taught—  
 1. That a guilty conscience makes men fearful?  
 2. That sinners hate those who rebuke their sins?  
 3. That Jesus is the true Comforter of those who are in trouble?



### Who's Afraid in the Dark?

"Oh! not I," said the owl,  
 And he gave a great scowl,  
 And he wiped his eye,  
 And fluffed his jowl, "Tu whoo!"  
 Said the dog: "I bark  
 Out loud in the dark, Boo-oo!"  
 Said the cat: "Mi-ew!  
 I'll scratch any one who  
 Dares say that I do  
 Feel afraid, Mi-ew!"  
 "Afraid," said the mouse,  
 "Of dark in the house!  
 Hear me scatter,  
 Whatever's the matter,  
 Squeak!"  
 Then the toad in his hole,  
 And the bug in the ground,  
 They both shook their heads,  
 And passed the word round;  
 And the bird in the tree,  
 The fish, and the bee,  
 They declared all three  
 That you never did see  
 One of them afraid  
 In the dark!  
 But the little boy who had gone to bed,  
 Just raised the bedclothes and covered  
 his head.

Cork-raising is one of the industries of Spain and Portugal. To produce the best cork, trees have to be cultivated, for the bark of young or wild trees is not of much value. The tree grows from an acorn, and these acorns are good to eat, being something like our chestnuts. But the acorns are not all eaten. A great many are planted. Everywhere you will run across great orchards of cork trees that are being cultivated for the value of their bark. More than six millions of tons of cork are exported annually from the ports of the peninsula.

A cork tree is fifteen years old before its first coat of bark is taken off. This is usually done in July or August, as the bark comes off more easily at that time. The cork gatherers go into the orchards with long, two-handled curved knives, which are very sharp. Great gashes are cut around each tree, and the bark is divided lengthwise. After this it can easily be removed in sheets.

You may wonder why this barking does not kill the trees. It would if the trunk were stripped to the wood, but the bark grows in two layers, and it is the outer one that is valuable for cork. If this outer layer were not removed it



INNOCENCE AND GUILT.

### INNOCENCE AND GUILT.

Do you think that the innocent babe in her sister's arms would ever become such a looking man as this is? See the old drunkard giving the baby some of the horrid stuff that makes him a sot. An artist once looked around for the finest face he could find for a picture. He saw a little boy, so beautiful and innocent that he thought he could not find a prettier face anywhere. He took the boy's picture and painted it. When he had finished it, he thought he would like to have a picture of the worst looking person he ever saw. It was a long time before he could find one to suit him. At last he saw a drunken man lying in the gutter. He looked so wretched that the artist said: "That is the picture I want." He went to work, and when the picture was finished, he placed it beside that of the little boy. A gentleman, who had known the little boy and the man, one day said to the artist: "Do you know that the man in the gutter was once that little boy whose picture is so beautiful? I have known him ever since he was a child." Now, look at the picture again, and resolve never to drink anything that can make you drunk.

### THE CORK TREE.

BY FRED MYRON COLBY.

Do you know where our cork comes from? It is the bark of a tree—a species of oak; although, unlike our oaks, it does not shed its leaves, but keeps green the year round. The cork tree is a native of the Spanish peninsula, and most of the cork in use is shipped from Lisbon and Cadiz.

would come off of itself in time as a useless appendage. So you see that gathering the cork from a tree does it no more harm than the clipping of its wool harms a sheep.

One has to be very careful, though, not to leave the inner tender bark exposed. The warm air from the Mediterranean seriously injures it, and so would insects were it not protected. To guard against harm in this respect, the sheets of cork are replaced on the trees from which they have been removed, and all the joints are covered with paper. When these are finally removed at the end of three months, a smooth new bark is seen, that is of much finer quality than if it had been left exposed to the air.

The sheets of bark, after removal from the trees, are soaked in water in order to swell them and make them elastic. They are then pressed under heavy weights, dried before a fire and packed in bales for exportation.

Cork is used for a number of purposes. On account of its lightness and buoyancy, it is valuable in the construction of life-boats. It is also used in the manufacture of life preservers and cork jackets. It is most extensively employed, however, in the making of stoppers for glass bottles. Although it is so soft, it blunts tools very easily. The cork cutter is always sharpening his knife. This is because cork is a honeycomb of tiny cells in which are exceedingly hard crystals.

A cork tree lives to be more than a hundred years old, and will yield seven or eight clippings of cork. The second "barking" takes place eight or ten years after the first, and then the cutter waits as many more years for the third. The best quality of cork is taken from trees that have been stripped three or four times.—Westminster.

### HOW DR. MILBURN STUDIED.

Dr. Milburn, the blind chaplain of Congress, is a wonderful example of pluck under terrible difficulties.

At five years of age the sight of one eye went; with the other he could still see partially. How he managed to spell his way through school and college is a wonderful story.

When he made up his mind to enter the ministry, he was clerk in an Illinois store, with small means and smaller opportunities.

"Time was," he says, "when, after a fashion, I could read, but never with that flashing glance which instantly transfers a word, a line, a sentence, from the page to the mind. It was a perpetuation of the child's process, a letter at a time, always spelling, never reading truly. Thus for more than twenty years, with the shade upon the brow, the hand upon the cheek, the finger beneath the eye to make an artificial pupil, and with the beaded sweat joining with the hot tears trickling from the weak and painful organ, was my reading done."

Then what little sight he had steadily faded, until at last he was—as he has now been for more than half a century—totally blind, yet a man of great ability, and a power in the Methodist Church.

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## SUNDAY-SCHOOL

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