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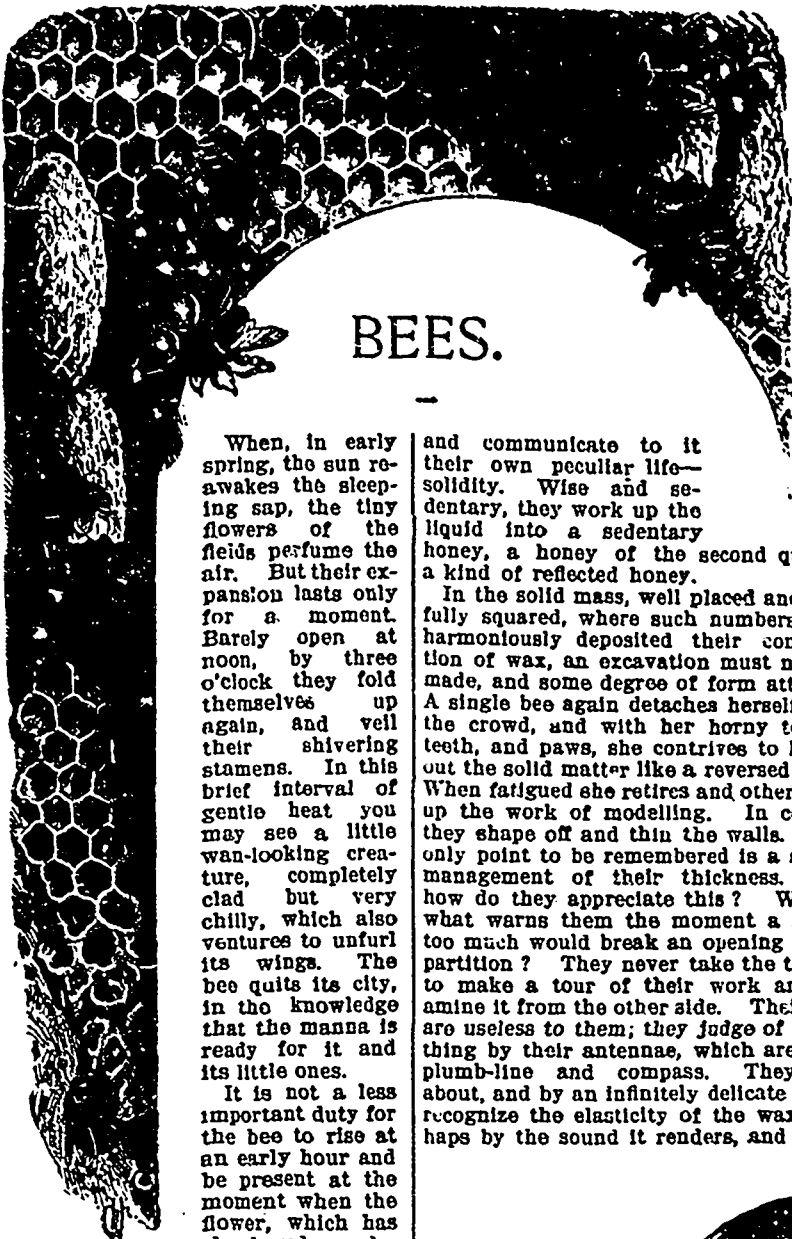
PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XX.

TORONTO, MAY 5, 1900.

No. 18.



BEES.

When, in early spring, the sun re-awakes the sleeping sap, the tiny flowers of the fields perfume the air. But their expansion lasts only for a moment. Barely open at noon, by three o'clock they fold themselves up again, and veil their shivering stamens. In this brief interval of gentle heat you may see a little wan-looking creature, completely clad but very chilly, which also ventures to unfurl its wings. The bee quits its city, in the knowledge that the manna is ready for it and its little ones.

It is not a less important duty for the bee to rise at an early hour and be present at the moment when the flower, which has slumbered under the penetrating dew, awakes. But in the noonday heat will she remain inactive? The burning sun and the dry air have withered up the blossoms of the plain. But those of the woods, sheltered by the fresh cool shades, present their cups brimming over; those of the murmurous brooks, and silent and deep marshes, are then instinct with vitality. The forget-me-not dreams, and weeps tiny tears of nectar.

Let us observe the bees in their home. They share with the wasps, the ants, and all the sociable instincts the disinterested life of aunts and sisters who devote themselves entirely to an adoptive maternity.

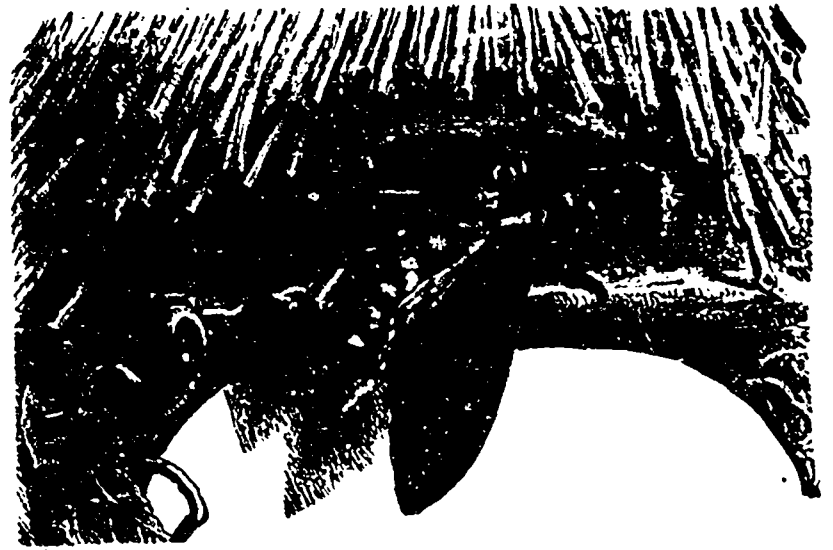
But from these analogous peoples the bee differs in the necessity it is under, of creating a national idol, the love of which impels it to work.

Then, at bottom, the government will be democratic. No one commands. The city is not built or organized by the entire people, but by a special class, a kind of guild or corporation. While the mob of bees seeks the common nourishment abroad, certain much larger bees, the wax-makers, elaborate the wax, prepare it, shape it, and skilfully make use of it. Like the mediaeval freemasons, this respectable corporation of architects toils and builds on the principles of a profound geometry. Like those of the old days, they are the masters of the living stone. But our worthy bees are far more deserving of the title! The materials which they employ they have made, have elaborated by their vital action, and vivified with their internal juices.

Neither the honey nor the wax is a vegetable substance. Those little light bees which go in quest of the essence of the flowers bring it back, already transformed and enriched. Sweet and pure it passes from their mouth to the mouth of their eldest sisters. Those, the grave wax-makers, elaborate it in their turn,

and communicate to it their own peculiar life—solidity. Wise and sedentary, they work up the liquid into a sedentary honey, a honey of the second quality, a kind of reflected honey.

In the solid mass, well placed and skilfully squared, where such numbers have harmoniously deposited their contribution of wax, an excavation must now be made, and some degree of form attained. A single bee again detaches herself from the crowd, and with her horny tongue, teeth, and paws, she contrives to hollow out the solid matter like a reversed vault. When fatigued she retires and others take up the work of modelling. In couples they shape off and thin the walls. The only point to be remembered is a skilful management of their thickness. But how do they appreciate this? Who or what warns them the moment a stroke too much would break an opening in the partition? They never take the trouble to make a tour of their work and examine it from the other side. Their eyes are useless to them; they judge of everything by their antennae, which are their plumb-line and compass. They feel about, and by an infinitely delicate touch, recognize the elasticity of the wax, perhaps by the sound it renders, and deter-



AN ENEMY—THE BEE MOTEL.

mine whether it is safe to excavate it, or whether they must stop short and not push their mining operations further.

The building, as everybody knows, is destined to serve two ends. The cells are generally used in summer as cradles, in winter as magazines of pollen and honey—a granary of abundance for the republic. Each vessel is closed and sealed with a waxen lid, a closure religiously respected by all the people, who take for their subsistence only a single comb—and when that comb is finished, pass on to another, but always with extreme reserve and sobriety.

The combs are pierced in the centre by corridors or little tunnels which do away with the necessity of traversing two sides. Economists in everything, the bees are specially economical of time.

Secondly, the form of the cells is by no means identical. They prefer the hexagon—the form which is best adapted to secure the greatest possible number of cells in the smallest area. But they do

not slavishly bind themselves to this form. The first comb which they attach to the frame-work would cling to it very insecurely, and only by its projecting edges, if it were composed of six-sided cells. They therefore make it with five sides only, and fashion it of pentagonal cells with broad bases, which attach themselves solidly to the wood on a continuous line. The whole is agglutinated and sealed, not with wax, but with their gum, which, as it dries, becomes hard as iron.

No creature is more richly endowed with implements, or more obviously intended for an industrial specialty than the bee. Each organ reads her its lesson, and informs her what she has to do. Lighted by five eyes and guided by a couple of antennae, she carries in front, projecting beyond her mouth, an unique and marvellous instrument of taste—the proboscis, or long external tongue—which is of peculiar delicacy, and partly hairy, that it may the more readily absorb and imbibe. Protected, when at rest, by a beautiful scaly-sheath, the proboscis puts forth its fine point to touch a liquid; and this point wetted, draws it back into its mouth, where lies the internal tongue, a subtle judge of sensation, and the final authority.

To this delicate apparatus, add some coarser attributes which indicate their own uses; hairs on every side to catch up the dust of the flowers, brushes on the thighs to sweep together the scattered harvest, and panniers to compress it into pellets of many colours. All these conjoined form the insignia of her trade—the reaper.

THE TWO RULERS.

"The Bible is so strict and old-fashioned!" said a young man to a gray-haired friend who was advising him to study God's word if he would learn how to live. "There are plenty of books written nowadays that are moral enough in their teaching, and don't bind me down as the Bible does."

The old merchant turned to his desk and took down a couple of rulers, one of which was slightly bent. With each of these he ruled a line, and silently handed the ruled paper to his companion.

"Well," said the lad, "what do you mean?"

"One line is straight and true, is it not? Now, my young friend, when you mark your path in life do not use a crooked ruler."



IN THE FIELDS.

William Muldoon, the athletic trainer, who a few years ago retired the unconquered champion wrestler of the world, says, in a recent interview in Success, in answer to a question about the food value of alcohol: "I have no faith in it. Nothing else destroys the muscular tissues as readily as alcohol, and patients while in my care must give up alcoholic beverages absolutely. I owe my strength to abstemiousness." Alcohol is not "angel's food." Its "value" lies in the fact that it is the "devil's food."

The Boyless Town.

A cross old woman of long ago
Declared that she hated noise;
The town would be so pleasant, you
know,
If there only were no boys."
She scolded and fretted about it till
Her eyes grew heavy as lead,
And then, of a sudden, the town grew
still,
For all the boys had fled.
And all through the long and dusty
street,
There wasn't a boy in view;
The baseball lot, where they used to meet,
Was a sight to make one blue;
The grass was growing on every base,
And the paths that the runners made,
For there wasn't a soul in all the place
Who knew how the game was played.
The dogs were sleeping the livelong day,
Why should they bark or leap?
There wasn't a whistle or call to play,
And so they could only sleep.
The pony neighed from his lonely stall,
And longed for saddle and rein;
And even the birds on the garden wall
Chirped only a dull refrain.
There was little, I ween, of frolic and
noise,
There was less of cheer and mirth;
The sad old town, since it lacked its boys,
Was the dreariest place on earth.
The poor old woman began to weep;
Then woke with a sudden scream;
"Dear me!" she cried, "I have been
asleep;
And, oh! what a horrid dream!"
—Anon.

The Dog That Found a Fortune.

By Florence Yarwood Witty.

CHAPTER II.
HIS SISTER ROSE.

"Our little life were small indeed,
If but for self we live;
If other lives take naught from us,
And naught to us can give."
Ernest Brown walked down the street
that morning with Dick White's sneering
remarks still ringing in his ears, and, on
reaching home, he entered the room
where his sister was, and angrily ex-
claimed:
"I'm afraid I'll pound that Dick White
yet until there is nothing left of him!"
"Oh, I wouldn't do that!" replied
Rose, gently. "Remember that he that
ruleth his own spirit is stronger than he
that taketh a city." What has he been
saying to annoy you now?"
Ernest repeated his taunting remarks,
then Rose consolingly replied: "Never
mind, dear; I know you are going to be a
great man some day, no matter what
Dick White thinks about you."
"Not much prospect of it just now,"
replied Ernest, gloomily. "But I must
be off to my work, or Farmer Smith will
be giving me the bounce for being late.
It is a quarter to seven now. I am sorry
to leave you alone all day, Rose."
"Oh, never mind," said Rose, cheer-
fully. "I have my good, faithful dog
to stay with me, so I shall not be lonely."
And she lovingly stroked a handsome dog
that sat up on a chair by her side. He
was a wise, intelligent-looking creature,
covered with a mass of brown curls.
Farmer Smith had given him to Ernest
when he was a very small puppy, and
Rose and he had been fast friends ever
since.
Ernest hurried down the road, and Rose
and her dog were left alone.
I would like you to look closely at his
sister Rose. She is a young girl, about
fourteen years of age, with tender blue
eyes and light hair. Her face is sweet
and fair to look at, but her figure is sadly
shrunk and deformed, and by her
couch stands a crutch, which tells its own
story. She was a cripple; and so much
worse had she become of late, that she
was obliged to spend almost all her time
on her couch, and could only walk by the
aid of her crutch with great difficulty.
After Ernest had gone, she took her
crutch, and, summoning up all her
strength, dragged herself out in the yard
to look after her flower-bed. A very
pretty one it was, too, abounding in beau-
tiful petunias, geraniums, and lovely Juno
roses. It was the only bright spot about
the place, for the miserable old house and
tumble-down fence presented a sorry-
looking picture.
Ernest had helped her plant her flowers
in the spring, and for a while she had
been well enough to take care of them
herself, but lately she had experienced
so much difficulty in walking that there

was but little she could do. But she al-
ways enjoyed going down in the yard
every fine day to look at her beauties, al-
though the walk there always caused her
intense pain.
She called them her missionary flowers,
for she frequently sold dainty bouquets
and placed the money in her missionary
box.
You are surprised, I know, to think
that any one so poor as Rose could think
of giving anything to the mission work,
but you would be still more surprised how
much she did give every year.
Day after day, as she lay on her couch,
her thin, white hands worked busily away
at dainty pieces of embroidery, Ernest
providing the money out of his scant
earnings to buy the materials; those were
sold, and besides buying many necessary
articles of clothing for herself, she placed
a goodly sum in her mission-box.
If the world only had a few more such
missionary workers, the Gospel would be
sent much faster to the unsaved millions.
When she returned to the house she
was obliged to lie down on her couch
again.
Presently, a shaft flitted by her win-
dow, and the next moment Mrs. Long's
cheery voice greeted her. She was the
Methodist minister's wife, and a bright,
active little woman she was, too, small in
figure, with brown eyes, clear complexion,
and sunny hair. Everybody liked Mrs.
Long—with good reason, too, for a minis-
tering angel she had often proved herself
to be in many a sad hour.
A kind, true friend she had been to
the suffering Rose, and the girl's face
brightened instantly when she saw her.
"I was making some currant jelly,"
said Mrs. Long, in her bright, cheerful
way, "so I brought over a tumbler of it
for your dinner, and a plate of fresh buns
to eat with it."
"Oh, how kind of you, Mrs. Long!"
said Rose, gratefully.
Indeed, there was scarcely a day but
what Mrs. Long brought over a dainty
dish of something to tempt the sick girl's
appetite.
She knew full well that the food her
step-mother cooked would not be likely to
tempt the sick girl very much. And in
truth it would be hard to tell what the
poor girl would have lived on, if Mrs.
Long had not so generously remembered
her, for the food her step-mother cooked
was coarse and not properly prepared.
Ernest had often asked her to prepare
some little delicacy for Rose, but she
roughly retorted that she guessed that
girl could eat what the rest of them did
or go without. Poor Ernest! he had yet
to find out that all women cannot cook.
He really thought, because he had a
vague remembrance of the snowy biscuit
and delicately browned meat that his own
mother always placed on the table, that
all women could do likewise, and he often
wondered why it was that the biscuits his
step-mother made were like lumps of
lead, and the meat hard and chummy.
With deft fingers Mrs. Long soon tidied
Rose's room for her, and arranged her
pillows in a more comfortable position.
And a pleasant, neat little room it was,
too, although the rest of the home was
dreary and empty enough.
The lace curtains at the windows were
knitted by her own hands. The rugs on
the floor were also her own work. The
dressing table and washstand Ernest had
made for her. To be sure, they were
just made out of packing-boxes, but Rose
had curtailed and draped them until they
looked quite dainty and inviting.
"So you are alone to-day, are you,
dear?" asked Mrs. Long.
"Yes," replied Rose. "The folks have
gone to town, and you can't think how I
dread to have them come back, for I am
afraid they will both be drunk."
"You have a hard life of it here," said
Mrs. Long, kindly.
"Why, what has happened to your
plant, dear?" continued she, looking in
surprise at a sickly-looking plant in the
window.
Rose's eyes filled with tears as she an-
swered. "My stepmother said it was in
her way when she went to open the win-
dow, so she pitched it out. Ernest
brought it in again and re-potted it for
me, but the beautiful bud it had on is
broken, and it will not have another for
a whole year."
"Oh, how could she do such a thing!"
said Mrs. Long. "You thought so much
of that plant, too!"
"Yes," replied Rose, sorrowfully, "it
belonged to my mother. When she died
it had a beautiful white flower on, and
we placed it in her dear hands after they
were folded in death. I was only four
years old, but I remember well just how
sweet she looked with that cluster of
pure, white flowers in her hand, and the
plant has always been very dear to me
ever since."
"I have some missionary papers for
you," said Mrs. Long, presently. "I
know you always enjoy reading them."

"Yes, I am very thankful to get them,"
replied Rose, her eyes brightening, as she
saw the large bundle of papers Mrs. Long
handed out to her.
"Do you know," continued she, after a
thoughtful pause, "so many people seem
to think that I am not going to live very
long, but I believe that I am going to live
long, long years yet; for I feel in my in-
most soul that the Lord has a special
work for me to do. And if I ever do get
well and strong I want to go to those
far-away lands where no church bells are
echoing, and tell them the angel's mes-
sage, 'the glad tidings of great joy which
shall be unto all people.'"
"Dear Rose," said Mrs. Long to herself,
as she crossed the street and went back
to the parsonage "If we only had
more people like you, what a blessing it
would be!"
(To be continued.)

BUGLER DUNN.

Among the first batch of recovered
wounded from the war in South Africa
belonging to the Portsmouth garrison,
to arrive at that place was a bugler boy
named Dunn, who, when his right arm
was disabled at Colenso by a shell, trans-
ferred his bugle to his other hand and
refused to quit the firing line. Dunn's
father, who is a sergeant in the Dublin
Fusiliers militia, and left for the front
on Monday, was at the station to welcome
his son. He had received the following
letter from Captain Gordon, commanding
A company, First Royal Dublin Fusiliers:
"I write to tell you how proud we are
—all of us—of the gallant conduct of
your son, No. 6,408, Drummer Dunn. He
insisted on rushing on with the firing
line when we tried to force the passage
of the Tugela, though several tried to
keep him back. He has been wounded
in the arm and received a slight bruise,
I believe, in the chest, but he is doing
well. Unfortunately, I am too much of
a cripple at present to go and see him
myself, but you may rest assured that he
is being very well cared for in this hos-
pital, where we have a good staff of doc-
tors and nurses. You may indeed be
proud of your boy."
Bugler Dunn was commanded to go to
Osborne as the guest of the Queen of
England, who desired to see him.

"JIM."

Jim had a faculty of breaking things.
If anything was ever broken or injured
it was always laid to Jim.
"Who broke my spectacles?" asked
grandpa.
"Jim, I 'spect," said baby, from the
midst of her toys on the floor.
"Yes, Jim knocked them off the desk
when he was scribbling there yesterday,"
the elder sister said, in a matter-of-fact
tone.
"It seems to me Jim breaks a good
many things. Did he break the clock
in my room?" grandpa said, with a seri-
ous look on his good-natured face.
"Yes, sir," said Jim, appearing sud-
denly in the doorway. "I was trying to
get my whistle from behind it, and it
slipped and fell. I'm trying to save up
enough money to have it fixed."
"Bless your heart!" grandpa exclaimed.
"Never mind about it. I'll have it
fixed."
No one could ever be angry with Jim,
he was always so frank and so sorry
about his shortcomings.
"Jim!" called Uncle Harry, from the
front porch. "Jim, come here a second."
There was something very much like a
laugh in his voice, and when Jim came
out to him his eyes had an amused
twinkle in them.
"If you succeed in getting through a
week without breaking anything, I'll give
you a quarter, Jim," he said.
"I'll try," Jim replied eagerly.
It was very amusing to watch Jim that
week as he tried so hard to earn the
quarter.
He scrambled after glasses of water as
they were about to make their fatal
descent to the floor, he almost knocked
the baby's head off as he sprang to save
a vase which he had almost knocked off
the table, and as a final effort almost set
the house on fire by stepping on a box of
matches which had fallen out of the case
as he tried to rescue it after knocking it
off the mantelpiece.
But the last day came, and he had
actually succeeded in passing a week
without breaking a single thing.
"Oh, I am so glad!" he exclaimed, joy-
fully, as he went out into the yard on the
last day.
He picked up his little wheelbarrow
and raced down the walk with it.
"Uncle Harry will be here soon, and
he'll ask if I broke anything. I'm glad I
can say I didn't."
It was after tea, and it was growing
dark. Jim raced up and down for a long
time and pretended he was a locomotive.

He became so excited in this exhilarat-
ing sport that he didn't look to see where
he was running and fell "head over
heels" over a big stone that lay on the
walk.
The wheelbarrow was only a frail little
thing, and Jim coming down on it heavily
and rather unceremoniously, one of the
handles broke off.
He sat up and rubbed his knees, wink-
ing hard so as not to cry.
"Gracious, but that hurt!" he ex-
claimed.
He looked at the wheelbarrow and spied
the broken handle.
"Oh, dear!" he said. There was al-
most a choke in his voice. "That's
mean! The last thing I had to go and
break something. I can't get through a
week like other people, there's no use
trying."
He surveyed the wheelbarrow thought-
fully, and presently picked it up and
seemed to be thinking deeply.
"I'll hide it," he said at last. "No
one will know the difference. The boys
will tease me. I'm not going to tell any-
one that I broke it. They will all say,
'I thought you couldn't get through a
whole week without breaking something.
You'd have to do it at the last minute!'
I'll get the quarter and no one will know
the difference." And he started up the
walk with the wheelbarrow under his
arm.
But suddenly he stopped and threw it
from him.
"I won't do it! I don't care if the
boys do tease me. God won't, and I
don't care much about the others," he
said, his face flushing as he thought of
what he had almost done.
Suddenly a man emerged from behind a
bush. He had been standing there since
Jim fell and had heard all the child said.
It was Uncle Harry, and he walked
quickly up to the boy and said, with pride
which he could not conceal ringing in his
voice: "Bravo, little man! I would
rather you would break everything you
lay your hands on than ever act a lie."
He thrust his hand into his pocket and
pulled out a coin.
"It's half a dollar," Jim said, as he
took it.
"Yes," Uncle Harry said, "you've
earned it, Jim."—Sunday-school Advocate

NEW ENLARGED EDITION

The Canadian Hymnal

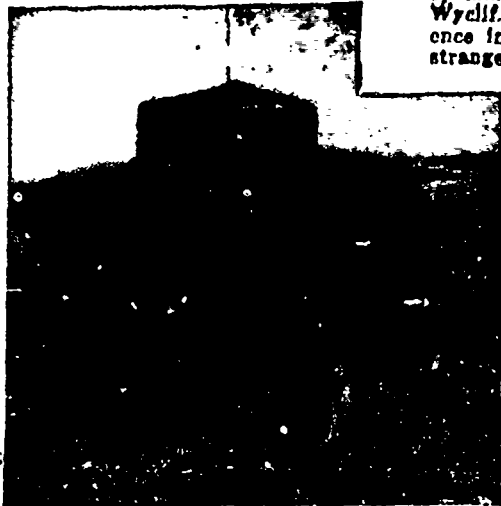
FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOLS, EPWORTH LEAGUE,
PRAYER AND PRAISE MEETINGS,
FAMILY CIRCLES, Etc., Etc.

In order that this popular Hymnal may
be made yet more acceptable to Sunday-
schools and choirs, and more useful in the
prayer-meeting and other social services, we
have added to it nearly forty new hymns.
Some of these are among the noblest hymns
of the Church, familiar and beloved by our
congregations, such as "Father, Whose
Everlasting Love," "Jesus, Thou All-
Redeeming Lord," "How Do Thy Mercies
Close Me Round," "God Moves in a Mys-
terious Way," "When All Thy Mercies, O
My God, And Above the Rest This Note
Shall Swell. Others are choice composi-
tions that will do good service for special
occasions and for choir voluntaries, as for
example: "When the Roll is Called,
Brother," "Growing Together, Wheat and
Tares," "There's a Royal Banner," "Soul
of Mine, in Earthly Temple" (a beautiful
quartet), "All Hail the Power of Jesus,
Name," etc. The latter hymn set to an
inspiring tune. The work has been greatly
enriched by the addition of these hymns,
and will be more of a favourite than ever in
the church, school and home. The enlarge-
ment of the book, combined with recent ad-
vances in the cost of paper and other
material, have made it necessary to slightly
advance the price, which will now be as
follows:

MUSIC EDITION—Paper Boards,
Cloth Back, 50c. postpaid; per dozen,
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LOOK-OUT POST AT MAPEKING.

"And ever upon the topmost roof the banner of England blew"

Thought for Jesus' Debtors.

What will Jesus always say to those who are sorry for their sins? What does he promise in John 6:37? Have you truly asked him to forgive you? There is a little letter for you in 1 John 2:12. Find it and write it in your book.

Jesus, a sinning child,
I come to thee;
Forgive thy youthful penitent,
My Saviour be.

I know my every sin
Gives thee deep pain,
Nor till I am forgiven canst thou
Have peace again.

Thou warmest childhood's friend,
Take sin away;
"Thou art forgiven; go sin no more"—
O Jesus, say!

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE LIFE OF JESUS.

LESSON VII.—MAY 13.

JESUS AT THE PHARISEE'S HOUSE

Luko 7. 36-50. Memory verses, 44-47.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Thy faith has saved thee.—Luko 7. 50.

OUTLINE.

1. Our Lord the Guest of a Pharisee, v. 36.
 2. A Penitent Sinner at Jesus' Feet, v. 37, 38.
 3. The Pharisee's Bad Logic, v. 39.
 4. The Two Debtors—a Parable, v. 40-43.
 5. The Pharisee and the Sinner Contrasted, v. 44-47.
 6. The Sinner Forgiven, v. 48-50.
- Time.—The summer of A.D. 28.
Place.—Uncertain; probably Capernaum.

LESSON HELPS.

36. "One of the Pharisees"—"One of the better class of Pharisees, who had a certain measure of respect for our Lord's teaching, and were half inclined (compare verse 39) to acknowledge him as a prophet. Of such John tells us (12:42) there were many among the chief rulers. We find another example of the same kind in Luke 11:37.—Plumptre. "Would eat with him"—"Probably in inviting him Simon was influenced partly by curiosity, partly by the desire to receive a popular and distinguished teacher, partly by willingness to show a distant approval of something which may have struck him in Christ's looks or words or ways. It is quite clear that the hospitality was meant to be qualified and condescending." Farrar. "Sat down"—Or, reclined at table. This was then the custom.

37. A woman in the city—Identified by Romanist writers with Mary Magdalene. This identity is, however, doubted

by many. "A sinner"—"A sinneress." Wyclif. "When she knew". Her presence in the Pharisee's house was not strange. It is still an oriental custom for uninvited guests to pass in and out, though not to sit at the table. "Many came in and took their places on the side seats, uninvited and yet unchallenged. They spoke to those at table on business or the news of the day, and our host spoke freely to them."—Trench. "An alabaster box"—Doubtless valuable. "The alabaster of ointment used a year and a half later by Mary of Bethany to anoint Jesus' feet cost \$45 to \$50, equivalent to \$300 in our day."—Peloubet. (1) Nothing is too costly to give to Jesus.

38. "Stood at his feet"—The custom of reclining on a couch, with the sandals removed, and the feet directed backward, made it easy for the woman to perform her service of love. "Weeping"—In her sense of sin. "Began to wash"—Literally, to moisten with a shower of tears. "Did wipe them"—Having no cloth to wipe them, she promptly loosed her hair, and with that supplied its place. In order to duly appreciate this act we must remember that among the Jews it was one of the greatest humiliations for a woman to be seen in public with her hair down.—Godet. "Kissed his feet"—A practice still seen in the East.

39. "If he were a prophet"—"The discerning of spirits was, according to the opinion of the Jews, one of the characteristics of the Messiah."—Whedon. "Toucheth him"—"The bearing and tone of the rabbi toward women resem-

bleness. But it was the consequence and proof of it. "To whom little," etc.—"Who feels little need of forgiveness."—Abbott.

48. "Thy sins are forgiven"—"He gave her the fullest assurance of what he had said before to Simon."—Clarke.

49. "Began to say"—"His words caused a shock of surprised silence which did not as yet dare to vent itself in open murmurs."—Farrar.

50. "Thy faith"—"Our Lord here is beforehand with Paul in preaching justification by faith, and faith alone."—Whedon. "Go in peace"—Literally, Go into peace. "Go to enjoy that peace of soul which grows up under an assurance of pardoned sin."—Cowles. (3) As a pardoned sinner do you enjoy this peace?

HOME READINGS.

- M. Jesus at the Pharisee's house.—Luko 7. 36-50.
Tu. Another anointing.—Matt. 26. 6-13.
W. Hope for sinners.—Matt. 9. 9-13.
Th. A contrite heart.—Psa. 51. 1-17.
F. Rich in mercy.—Eph. 2. 1-10.
S. Blotted out.—Col. 2. 8-15.
Su. Saved by faith.—Rom. 10. 6-13.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Our Lord the Guest of a Pharisee, v. 36.



JESUS AT THE PHARISEE'S HOUSE.

bled that of some mediaeval monks. They said that no woman should stand nearer them than four cubits."—Farrar.

40. "Answering"—Proving that he was a prophet, in his power to read Simon's thoughts. "He heard the Pharisee thinking."—Augustine.

41. "A certain creditor"—God. "Two debtors"—The woman and Simon. "Five hundred pence"—Or \$85. "Fifty"—Or \$8.50. These debts seem to represent their respective obligations to God.

42. "Nothing to pay"—Each was equally powerless to pay the debt; that is, to make atonement for his or her sins.—Plumptre. (2) All sinners are helpless. Humanity is bankrupt.—Frankly.—Freely.

43. "I suppose"—Implying irony.

44. "Turned to the woman"—Who stood behind him. "Seest thou"—"He thus brings face to face the two persons whose cases he had set forth in the parable."—Schaff. "No water"—A violation of one of the important laws of Eastern etiquette. "With tears"—"The most priceless of waters."—Bengel.

45. "No kiss"—"That the Pharisee gave Jesus no kiss was not because he lacked politeness, but because he did not consider Jesus either near enough as a friend or high enough in honour to call for that manner of welcome."—Hall.

46. "Oil"—"Christ means to say to Simon, 'Thou didst not anoint my head, the nobler part, with ordinary oil. She hath anointed my feet with costly ointment.'"—Vincent.

47. "Wherefore"—"The moral of the parable."—Jones. "Are forgiven"—Have been already. "For she loved much"—Not that this had caused her

By whom was Jesus invited to a feast? How did most of the Pharisees regard Jesus?

Were there any Pharisees who revered Jesus?

2. A Penitent Sinner at Jesus' Feet, v. 37, 38.

Who came uninvited to the house? What sort of a woman was she? See verse 39.

Why did she come?



MARKET-DAY AT KIMBERLEY.

HEROIC DEFENCE.

Already the war has made a desert of Johannesburg, which a few months ago was one of the busiest places in the world. Now it is a desolation, and the wealth created by British industry is almost totally destroyed. The same thing is true of Kimberley, whose busy marketplace in the piping times of peace we show. But this is nothing to the loss of precious lives whom its defence and relief has caused.

The defence of the lonely outpost of Mafeking is one of the most heroic in history. Beleaguered with armed hosts, stormed at with shot and shell, its little garrison held that outpost of empire as was held that of Lucknow during its awful siege, "and ever upon the topmost roof the banner of England blew."

What did she bring?
Where did she take her place?
What four things did she do?
What was the meaning of such conduct?

What other woman anointed the feet of Jesus? See John 12:3.

3. The Pharisee's Bad Logic, v. 39.

Who observed the woman's act?

What did he say to himself?

What unusual knowledge of men and women were prophets supposed to have? How were even the most godly Jews taught to treat sinners?

4. The Two Debtors—a Parable, v. 40-43. Had the Pharisee spoken his thoughts aloud?

How then did Jesus know what his thoughts were?

About whom did he begin to tell a story?

What is a "creditor"?

How much did the debtors each owe?

How much could they pay?

What did the creditor do?

What question did Jesus ask about the debtors?

What was Simon's answer?

5. The Pharisee and the Sinner Contrasted, v. 44-47.

To whom did the Saviour direct Simon's attention?

What three acts of courtesy had Simon omitted?

How had the woman supplied the lack?

What did Jesus say about her sins?

6. The Sinner Forgiven, v. 48-50.

What did Jesus say to the woman?

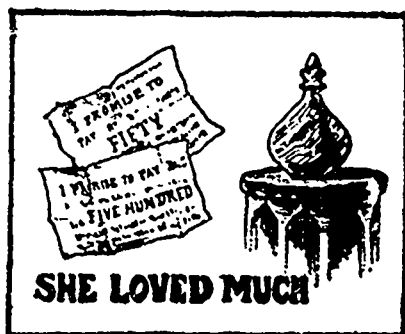
What did the guests say to themselves?

What additional word did Jesus speak to the woman?

How only can we be saved? Acts 16:31.



TYPICAL DOME'S FARM.



SHE LOVED MUCH