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ing 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 veil again, and shivering their 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 manua 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 awakes. But in

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 mur-murous 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 ma-

ternity.

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

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 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 descrying of the title! The materials which they employ they have made, have elaborated by their vital action, and vivined 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 war-makers, elaborate it in their turn,

and communicate to it
their own peculiar lifesolidity. 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 mith the 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 on the work of modelling. In couples they shape off and thin the walls. The only point to be remembered is a skifful 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, per-haps by the sound it renders, and deter-



AN ENEMY-THE BEE MOTH.

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, are generally used in summer as cradies, 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 cloture 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 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 scaled, not with wax, but with their your which as it dries becomes hard as gum, which, as it dries, becomes hard as

No creature is more richly endowed with implements, or more obviously in-tended for an industrial specialty than the bec. Each organ reads her its les-son, 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 tasto—the proboscis, or long external tongue—which is of peculiar delicacy, and partit hairy, that it may the more readily absorb and imbibo. Protected, when at rest, by a beautiful scaly-sheath, the proboscis puts forth its fine point to touch a

bosciz 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 sansation, 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 peliets of many colours. All these centile reaper. the reaper.

THE TWO BULERS.

"The Bible is so strict and oldfashioned!" said a young man to a gray-haired friend who was advising hita 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 deak

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"

William Muldoon, the athletic trainer. who a few years ago retired the uncon-quered 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. Noth-ing 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 "angels" food." Its "value" lies in the fact that it is the "devil's food."



Lady Lazy Bones.

BY BURLY M. BEST.

Little Lady Lazy Bones
Lives in City Shirk,
She would have a fit, I fear,
If you mentioned work,

Little Lady Lazy Bones
Yawns the live-long day,
She can hardly be induced
To take part in play

Little Lady Lazy Bones flighs in discontent, flie is certain that for her A luckier fot was meant

Little Lady Lazy Bones Never wins a prize, Never learns the pleasure that emulation lies

Little Lady Lazy Bones Finds to her disgrace. In the lodger book of life She fills a cipher's place:

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Pleasant Hours:

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

TORONTO, MAY 5. 1900

STANDING WITH THE WRONG OROWD.

" And Peter stood with them "

That was Peter's mistake, he got into the wrong company. Instead of bolting from them, he stood with them In the crux of his life Peter lacked the courage

trom them, he stood with them. In the crux of his life Peter lacked the courage to be singular. He was afraid to stand alone, so he stood with the crowd that he should have be he stood with the crowd that he should have he stood against. His miserable fread of unpopularity ied him to fing to the winds everything that he should have hed saverd, all for the poor privilege of standing by a fire of coals with the concluse of his Master.

Alas for Peter! Yes, and stals for every young person who lacks the proof of the countries fair lives. Boys want to do what "all the fellows do." Girls are governed by what "everybody dees." The desire is deep and strong in all of us to run with the crowd 'We dread unpopularity as if it were leprosy. For the sake of standing with the nearest crowd, we often throw aside the darest contictions of life.

Convardice gives crowds their power, and yet... ds are made up of cowards, to stand up alone, he follows a crowd. They say, "becomes his master. He lives in terror of a sneer from his neighbour. He shuns singularity more than le whous sin.

bour. He si he shuns sin

he shuns sin
Yet crowds are really neither to be
feared nor respected. They represent the
lowest level of intelligence and morality
The wise man cannot be led by then,
therefore he leads them. The world's
history is not made by mobs, but by individuals who dare to be peculiar and to
stand out in splendid aloneness for their
convolctions.

the majesty of his independent manishes, he stood facing the crowd and denouncing and defying them. Peter, free from the thraidom of cowardice, became a world-power — Forward.

A BUNCH OF MAY-FLOWERS. BY PLOBENCE YARWOOD WITTY.

It was a showery April day. The sun would occasionally pierce through the clouds, and then the next moment it would disappear sgain, and the mist and drizzling rain would fail On one of the natrow, tack streets of On one of the natrow, tack streets of the rain drope, which were and anon the wind the guidely along, heedless of the rain drope, which over and anon the wind sent whirling under her umbrilia into her face. She was well protected by a long waterproof cloak, so she did not mind the rain, for she had important work to accomplish that afternoon.

She paused at length in front of a long, unitdy-looking boarding-house, and looking intentity at its number for a moment, she knocked at the door. It was opened by a ditty-faced by or 5 some nine or ten

by a dirty-faced boy of some nine or ten years of age. 'Is there any one sick here ?" inquired

the lady, as she shut down her umbrella, and stepped in the shelter of the porch No, mum," answered the boy, with a broad grin.

"Are you quite sure?" inquired she.
"I heard there was a young man boarding here who is sick or hurt or someing h thing.

"Oh, you mean Jack Lawton," said the boy "Ho's been actin' up prize-fighter, and got a lame ankle."
"Has he any one to look after him "a saked Miss Brown, appearing not to no-tice the latter part of his reply.
"Only just me," replied the boy.
"Mother said she could not be pestered with taking care of such worthless board-ers. Our baby squalls all the time, and add comes home drunk overy night now, so mother ain't got no time."
"Will you please tell that young man

so mother ain't got no time."
"Will you please tell that young man
that a friend of his would like to see
him a few minutes?" said Miss Brown,
and stepping in the hall she took off her
wet waterproof, and the uniform she
wore revealed the fact that she was a
descences.

deaconess.

The boy went up the stairs, an The boy went up the stairs, and in a few moments returned, saying, "Go on up if yer wanter see him to room ten, but I guess he don't wanter see you very bad, for he said some bad words when I told him, and said he hadn't no friends in these parts,"

"With light footsten Miss Brown ageend-

In these parts."
With light footstep Miss Brown ascended the stairs—such dirty, dingy stairs—they were, too, but she was often found labouring for her Master in just such places as this—and reaching the upper hall, she paused a moment, until her eyes became accustomed to the semi-darkness, then she found room ten, and knocked gently at the door.

"Come in, if you like," said a fretful voice,

voice.
She at once opened the door and stepped in, and on a couch before her lay a young boy of some fifteen or sixteen years of age. He stared at her hard for a moment as he eald, "I thought you said you were a friend, but I'm right down sure I don't know you."
"So I an your friend, and have come to see if I can do anything for you," said she. in the remilest of tones.

she, in the gentlest of tones.
"Who are you, anyway?" asked he

bluntly.

nuntly.

"I am a visiting deaconess," said sha.

"Well, I'll be blamed if I know what
that is," said he.

"We find out the sick and try to help
them all we can," explained Miss Brown,
bright."

briofly.

"And do the usual amount of preachine and prayine, I suppose," said the boy, twisting his face in contempt. "Well, I don't want to hear no preachine or prayine, neither one. I'm sick of it! A long tailed coat of a preacher just switched out of here a little while ago. I fired a book at him at last, and he thought it was time to go. He was under duck, too," and the boy gave an insolent chuckle.

thought it was time to so. An arrow-quick, too," and the boy gare an in-solent chuckle.

Miss Brown sat down in a chair by him as she quietly replied, "I really have no intentions of preaching or praying to you until you are quite willing that I

w I hurt my ankle, you wouldn't do a

how I hurt my ankie, you would be thing for me."
"Yes, I would. It is our chosen work to help the suffering in overy way we possibly can."
"Woll, just you hold on a minute until I tell you. A boy on the street was given ing me some lip, so I hauled up and slapped him. He slapped at me in return; the street was slippery, and down I went flop on my ankle."
But with deft fingers Miss Brown was bathing the swellen ankle by this time;

bathing the swollen ankle by this time, and soon she had it snugly and carefully bandaged.

bandaged.

That fools a heap botter already,"
said the boy, his face brightening up.
"Now tell me a little about yourself,"
said Miss Brown.
"What do you work

at 7" and do you work "I don't work at nothin, only just knock around from one odd job to another."
"But there"

other."
"But isn't there some one thing you would like to do when you get well."
"Yoe," said he, with rising determination in his voice, "I'd like to, and I'm goin' to do it, too! I'm goin' to thrash that boy that made me sprain my ankle."
and he shede, ble fist awards.

that boy that made me sprain my auster, and he shook his flat angrily, and he shook his flat angrily, and the shook his flat angrily, and the shook his flat angrily, and the shook his flat angree sh your mother Where does she live?" "I ain't got no mother She's dead I was a good boy when she was alive. We lived in the country, and I can remember how we used to gather the flowers in the woods, and have such good times; but after she died I didn't have no one to look after me, and I went all to smash."

smash."
"Poor boy," said Miss Brown. "What a comfort it is to think that you once had a good mother, though. I am sure it will help to make a good man of you

yet."
Miss Brown placed a dainty little can
of selly on the table for him, then she
arose to go. "I am-coming again tomorrow atternoon," she said. "I think

morrow afternoon," she said." If this that ankle will need some more care before it gets well," and with a pleasant smile she left him.

"She's a brick!" said the boy to himself, as he looked down with satisfaction at his now comfortable ankle. "I thought at first she was just a crank of an old maid comin' to preach and pray with me, but didn't she fir my ankle up fine, though. She put me in mind of mother." fine, the

SUCH A JOKE, BY RUTH CADY.

He was a new boy, and we didn't like hin very well. Maybe he was too good. Anyway, he was always studying in school time, and he had such a sober look that we just named him "Old Solemnity," and let him alone. He scowled his forehead into wrinkles

He scowled his forehead into wrinkles then be studied, and had a fashin of reading his history lesson and reading his history lesson and respectively of the history lesson and the seven round to see where the places sero on the map, till he did look tunny enough to make anybody laugh. Dick drew a picture of him on his sinte, one day, and the fellows nearly went into fits over it. At rocces we left him to himself. You games without him, and we didn't believe see, there were enough of us for our games without him, and we didn't believe he would be much good at playing. He used to stand and look at us, and he looked pretty sober sometimes, but we didn't think much about it. One morning Ted brought a big orange to school. He was always bringing something, but this was more than com-

to school. He was always bringing something, but this was more than comon; we didn't get oranges very often. He had it all wrapped up in paper, but he promised to divide it with Dick and mo. Then he showed us something else—a big promised to divide it with Dick and mc. Then he showed us something else—a big potato that he had cut into a likeness of Tom's face. Tom was the new boy, you know; and it really did look like him. It was the shape of his head, with a knob on one side for a nose; and Ted had soored queer little lines in the forehead, as did yere. The mouth and oyes just the right twenty and then the bell rang, the state of the state of

body else, but Dick said:
"We'll put it on a stick and pass it
round at recess. My, but Tom will be

Ted rolled it up in a paper—"so its fine features wouldn't be rubbed off," he said, features wouldn't be rubbed off," he said, and dropped it into a drawer under the seat, where we kept our pencils and traps generally. After we had been busy over our books a little while, another idea struck him, and he whispered it to me: "Say, let's slip that into Tom's pocket where he'll find it sit recess. We will tell the boys, so they'll all be watching, and it will be the biggest joke out. Dick can manage it; he sits nearest to him."

into Tom's pocket. We three hardly dared to look at each other, for fear we'd laugh aloud. But that was every bit of fun we got out of it, for the minute recess

fun we got out of it, for the minute recess came, before we had a chance to tell any one. Tom rushed up to us with his face like a full sunrise.

"I'm ever so much obliged to you fellows, for I just know yon're the ones that did it," he said; and I hadn't though the could talk so fast. "It was real good of you, and I mean to take it home to my saiter Suc. You don't care, do you?

alsier Suo. You don't care, do you? She's sick, you know."

There he stood, holding up our nice big orange! Dick had made a mistake in the package, and we know pretty well who had the best of that joke. Weld have made good models for potato heads ourselves just then, for we all stood and stared for a minute, with our mouths

ourselves just then, for we all stood and stared for a minute, with our mouths open.

"Why, we didn't "—began Dick; but Ted gave him a pinch that stopped him. "We hope skein like it," said Ted, grand as a prince. Ted isn't soilan, anyway. "Is Sue the little lame gir! I'vo seen at your house?" It little lame gir! I'vo seen at your house? "So Tom told us all abut her—I suppose how we wouldn't have given the orangeness was the suppose how the scartel fever had left her lame, how worlden't have given the orange, how worlded his mother was about it, and how he was strying to help all he could. We did get interested, sure enough. We put that potato where nobody ever saw it, and we got into a way of bringing some little thing for Sue nearly every day after that. We like Tom first-rate, now; ho's tiptop when you get to know him. I never told anybody but grandmother how we came to get acquainted, and she laughed and said:

"A good many of the per of differently to us if only would look very differently to us if only we took the trouble to be kind to them."

A SINNER'S FRIEND.

BY L. G. GORANFLO.

" How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation, which at the first began to be spoken by the Lord, and was con-firmed unto us by them that heard him." -Heb. 2. 3.

—Heb. 2. 3.

Dear reader, have you accopted this salvation? If you have not, it is for you. "And the grace of our Lord was exceeding abundant with faith and love which is in Christ Jesus. This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief."—I Tim. 1. 14, 15. This is what Paul says to Timothy. And it is indeed true, so when we desire to get saved, and it really is our heart's desire to be set free, we will be set free. "If the Son iterction shall make you free, yo shall be free indeed."—John 8. 36. Then we feel like saying with Paul, Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners; of whom I am chief. Before we were saved we were slaves to sin, and the Will.

devil.
What good have you in this world?
You say that you have enjoyment, you have friends. But, dear ones, how hong does your joy last? And how long will you have your friends? And what an they do for you when you are in distress about your soul? Let me tell you, there is one Friend that can help you in everything, and in overy time of need. He is a friend indeed, a friend in time of need. Accept him now.—The Gospel Banner.

THE SCIARRED HAND.

A little girl was one day looking very earnestly and wistfully at her mother's hand. She had looked at it often be-fore, and had noticed that it was unlike earnestly and wistfully at her mother's and. She had looked at it often before, and had noticed that it was unlike he hands of other people whom she knew. It was so scarred and unsightly. In her childish curiosity she ventured a question: "Mother, what is the matter with your hand?" The mother in reply told of a time when the little daughter was a babe in the nurser. A fire broke out in the house. In her efforts to save her child she incurred the risk of her own life, and the scarred and twisted hand was the lifeling reminder of her self-forgetting love. As she told the story, the tears gathered in the child's eyes, and fell thick and fast upon the manimed hand which she lovingly car essed. Bhe had always loved her mother, and the learned to love as never before. The nammed and scarred hand searned almost beautiful in its silent testimony to the depth of a mother's love and sacrifice.

Dick can manage it; he site nearest to him."

So I told Dick, and he slipped his hand into the drawer behind him, and when he with the drawer behind him, and when he with the drawer behind him, and when he with the work.—Forward.

The Boyless Town.

A cross old woman of long ago Declared that she hated noise: The town would be so pleasant, you

If there only were no boys." She scolded and fretted about it till Her eyes grew beavy as lead, and then, of a sudden, the town grow 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 drearlest place on earth. The poor old woman began to weep;
Then woke with a sudden scream;
"Dear me!" she cried, "I have been asleen:

And, oh! what a horrid dream!"

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 sucering remarks still ringing in his ears, and, on reaching home, he entered the room where his sister was, and angrily ex-

"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, aloomily. "But I must be off to my work, or Farmer Smith will be giving me the bounce for being late.

to say with me, so I shall not be lonely. And she lovingly stroked a handsome dog that sat up on a chair by her side. 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 shrunken and deformed, and by her couch stands a crutch, which tells its own

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. pretty one it was, too, abounding in beautiful petunias, geraniums, and lovely June roses. It was the only bright spot about the place, for the miserable old house and tumble-down feuce presented a sorrylooking 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

was but little she could do. But she always enjoyed going down in the yard every fine day to look at her beauties, although 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; these were sold, and hesides 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

Presently, a sha flitted by her window, 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 ministering angel she had often proved herself to be in many a sad home.

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 current 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

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 " Evs 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 charry.

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 washing knitted by her own hands. The rugs on work. The the floor were also her own work. dressing table and washstand Ernest had made for her. To be sure, they were just made out of packing-boxes, but Rose had curtained 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 answered. "My stepmother said it was in her way when she went to open the window, 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

"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 herself, but lately she had experienced you," said Mrs. Long, presently. "so much difficulty in walking that there 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 message, 'the glad tidings of great joy which shall be unto all people.'"

"Dear Rose," said Mrs. Long to herself, is and crossed the street and went back to the parsonage. "If we only had more people like you, what a blassing if

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. 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 Fusillers

"I write to tell you how proud we are all of us—of the gallant conduct of your son, No. 6,408, Drummer Dunn. 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 pripage of the chest, but he is doing well. 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 hospital, where we have a good staff of doctors 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 flow..
"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 ser!ous look on his good-natured face.

"Yes, sir," said Jim, appearing suddenly 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 Ha.y, 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

He scrambled after glasses of water as he baby's 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 exhibitation 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

The wheelbarrow was only a frail little thing, and Jim coming down on it heavily and rather unceremonloyely, one of the handles broke off.

He sat up and rubbed his knees, wink-

ing hard so as not to cry.
"Gracious, but that burt!" he ex-

claimed. He looked at the wheelbarrow and spled

the broken handle.

"Ch, dear!" he said. There was almost 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

He surveyed the wheelbarrow thoughtfully, and presently picked it up and seemed to be thinking deeply.

"I'll hide it," he said at last. one will know the difference. The boys will tease me. I'm not going to tell anyone that I broke it. They will all say. 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

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 carned it, Jim."—Sunday-school Advocate

NEW ENLARGED EDITION

Che__ **Canadian Fymnal**

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LOOK-OUT POST AT MAPERING. "And ever upon the topinest roof the banner of England blow"

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 caust thou Have peace again.

Thou warmest childhood's friend, Tako sin away;

"Thou art forgiven; go sin no more"-O Jesus, say !

by many, "A sinner" A sinneress." Wydlf. "When she knew"- Her presence in the Pharisso's house was not

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 seate uniquited." the side seats, uninvited and yet unchallenged. They spoke to those at table on business or the news of the day, and or the news of the day, and our host spoke freely to them."—Trench. "An ala-baster box"—Doubtless valu-able. "The alabaster of ointment used a year and a half later by Mary of Both-any to anolat Jesus' feet cost \$45 to \$50 aguivalent to \$300 \$45 to \$50, equivalent to \$300 in our day."—Peloubet. (1) Nothing is too costly to give

to Jesus. 88. "Stood at his feet"-The custom of reclining on a couch, with the sandals re-moved, 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

forgiveness. WAS consequence and proof of it. "To proof of it. whom little," etc -"Who feels little need of for-giveness." -- Abbott

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

49. "Began to say" — "His words caused a shock of sur-prised silence which did not as yet dare to vent

itself in open mur-murs."—Farrar. 50. "Thy faith"—"Our Lord here is beforehand with Paul in preaching justi-fication 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. Jesus at the Pharisee's house.—Luke

7, 36-50, Th. 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 Sand by Sith —Rom 10, 6-13.

Su. Saved by faith.—Rom. 10, 6-18.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.



MARKET-DAY AT KIMBERLEY.

HEROIC DEFENCE.

Already the war has made a descrt 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 market-place 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? 16. 31.



JESUS AT THE PHARISEE'S HOUSE.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER. STUDIES IN THE LIFE OF JESUS.

LESSON VII.—MAY 13.

JESUS AT THE PHARISEE'S HOUSE Luke 7. 36-50. Memory verses, 44-47. GOLDEN TEXT.

Thy faith has saved thee .- Luke 7. 50. OUTLINE,

1. Our Lord the Guest of a Pharisce, 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 Pharisce and the Sinner Contrasted, v. 44-47. 6. The Sinner Forgiven, v. 48-50.

Time.—The summer of A.D. 28. Place.—Uncertain; probably

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 (compverse 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 hos-pitality was meant to be qualified and condescending." Farrar "Sat down" Or, reclined at table. This was then the custom.

A woman in the city " Identified by Romanist writers with Mary Magdalone. This identity is, however, doubted



bled that of some mediaeval monks. They said that no woman should stand

ncarer them than four cubits."—Farrar.
40. "Answering"—Proving that he was prophet, in his power to read Simon's thoughts. "He heard the Pharisce 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 bank Frankly "--Freely 43. "I suppose "-Implying irony bankrupt

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.

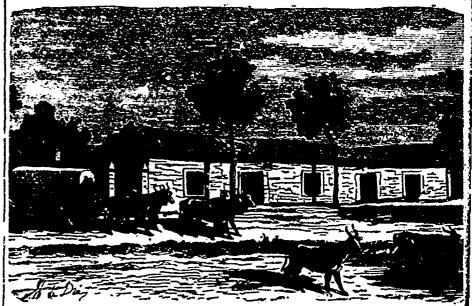
47. "Wherefore"-"The moral of tha parable."—Jones. "Are forgiven"— Have been already. "For she loved much"—Not that this had caused her

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 rerse 39.

Why did she come?



TYPICAL BOXE'S FARM,