

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur | <input type="checkbox"/> Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée | <input type="checkbox"/> Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée | <input type="checkbox"/> Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur | <input type="checkbox"/> Pages detached/
Pages détachées |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire) | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Showthrough/
Transparence |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression |
| <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue |
| <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la
distorsion le long de la marge intérieure | <input type="checkbox"/> Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Blank leaves added during restoration may appear
within the text. Whenever possible, these have
been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées
lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte,
mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont
pas été filmées. | Title on header taken from:/
Le titre de l'en-tête provient: |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Additional comments:
Commentaires supplémentaires: | <input type="checkbox"/> Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison |

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

V. L. XIX.]

TORONTO, MARCH 18, 1899.

[No. 11.]

Origin of the Opal.

A dewdrop came, with a spark of flame
He had from the sun's last ray,
To a violet's breast, where he lay at rest
Till the hours brought back the day.

The rose looked down, with a blush and frown;
But she smiled at once to view
Her own bright form, with its colouring warm,
Reflected back by the dew.

Then the stranger took a stolen look
At the sky so soft and blue;
And a leaflet green, with its silver sheen,
Was seen by the idler, too.

A cold north wind, as he thus reclined,
Of a sudden raged around;
And a maiden fair, who was walking there,
Next morning an opal found.

PALM SUNDAY ON MOUNT OLIVET.

BY THE EDITOR.

On the afternoon of Palm Sunday, 1892, after witnessing the pomp and pride and pageantry of the rival Christian communions in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, as a truer commemoration of the sacred events of the day, I went forth with my fellow-pilgrims to the sites and scenes of Palestine, from the Holy City to the Mount of Olives. We traversed the Via Dolorosa, the "Sorrowful Way," trodden by the feet of the Saviour on his way to Calvary. Emerging from St. Stephen's Gate we passed the scene of the death of the forerunner of the noble army of martyrs. Beneath our eyes lay the storied vale of Kedron, and on its opposite side rose the long slopes of Olivet.

Leaving the cypress-studded Garden of Gethsemane, with its ancient, gray-leaved olives, to the right, we climbed the hill to the beautiful new church, erected by the Russians in honour of the reigning Empress. Its many bulbous domes give it an exceedingly picturesque appearance, and its exquisite mosaic pictures have cost a prince's ransom.

ON THE SLOPES OF OLIVET

are the so-called tombs of the prophets, into which we scrambled through a broken shaft and found a splendid example of an ancient rock tomb. Three passages, varying from thirteen to nineteen yards in length are intersected by transverse passages. The large-domed rotunda, lighted from above, and many other chambers completely honeycomb the ground.

The great number of tombs in the vicinity of the city cannot fail to strike the imagination. All around the wall extends the vast encampment of death. Moslem and Jew for many generations have alike sought burial here, as securing special privileges on the Resurrection Day. "Thousands," says Dr. Macleod, "possibly millions, of most bigoted and superstitious Israelites, from every part of the world, have in the evening of life flocked to this, the old 'city of their solemnities,' that after death they might be gathered to their fathers beneath the shadow of its walls."

But the supreme interest centres in that lone olive-crowned hill,

WHERE OUR SAVIOUR WEPT

over the stony-hearted city of Jerusalem. Near by is the peaceful village of Bethany, where he often found rest and safety and sympathy in the home of Mary and Martha and Lazarus. Up that steep hillside walked many a time and oft—

"Those blessed feet,
Which eighteen hundred years ago were nailed
For our advantage to the bitter cross."

Upon this very landscape rested his eye, along this very road thronged the multitude and the children to greet him with shouts of "Hosanna, blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord." There still winds the Kedron, and there is

"Siloam's brook,
Which flowed fast by the oracle of God."

These "mountains round about Jerusalem" are the very hills on which the Saviour so often gazed, and over all is the deep blue sky through which, from the summit of yonder mount, he ascended up into heaven.

About half-way up the slope is shown the traditional place where our Lord wept over the city, and would fain have gathered its children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her

temple area. Beyond rise the twin domes of the Holy Sepulchre, and the cupolas and flat roofs of the modern city, and in the background the Hill of Zion and Tower of David. Surely in no place on earth can we come into more living touch with the environments of the earthly life of our Lord.

Then we followed the footsteps of Jesus along the memorable route through which he rode, meek and lowly, into Jerusalem, down through the Vale of Kedron, past the Garden of Gethsemane, and with our eye traced the steep slopes by which he climbed to the Golden Gate, now walled up, and entered the temple amid the shouts of the fickle multitude, "Hosanna! blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord!" soon to be changed into execrations, "Away with him! away with him! crucify him, crucify him!" Then we wended our way beneath the walls of the Holy City in the deepening twilight, our minds filled with sacred memories and our hearts touched with deep feelings of our Lord's infinite love and pity for mankind.

A TROUBLESOME ANIMAL.

The South African colonists have got

ostriches just to terrify them. The panic among them is so great that they often break their legs in their wild rushes. This is a pastime which the monkey seems to enjoy hugely. A broken leg for an ostrich means a death sentence.

THE IMPORTANCE OF OXYGEN.

BY DR. DACRE.

Physicians know the great importance of oxygen to life. Sometimes it is a remedy of great value to the sick. In a crowded hall or railroad car the oxygen is soon used up by the breathing occupants, and its place is filled with carbonic acid, that is thrown out of the lungs and returned to the air in breathing. In this carbonic acid men and animals soon die. You have heard the story of the famous Black Hole of Calcutta, where an Indian nabob confined one hundred and forty-six Englishmen in a cell twenty feet square, with two small obstructed windows. Only twenty-three survived the night, and they were the most ghastly objects ever seen. Want of oxygen, and the necessity of breathing the carbonic acid, together with the heat, destroyed

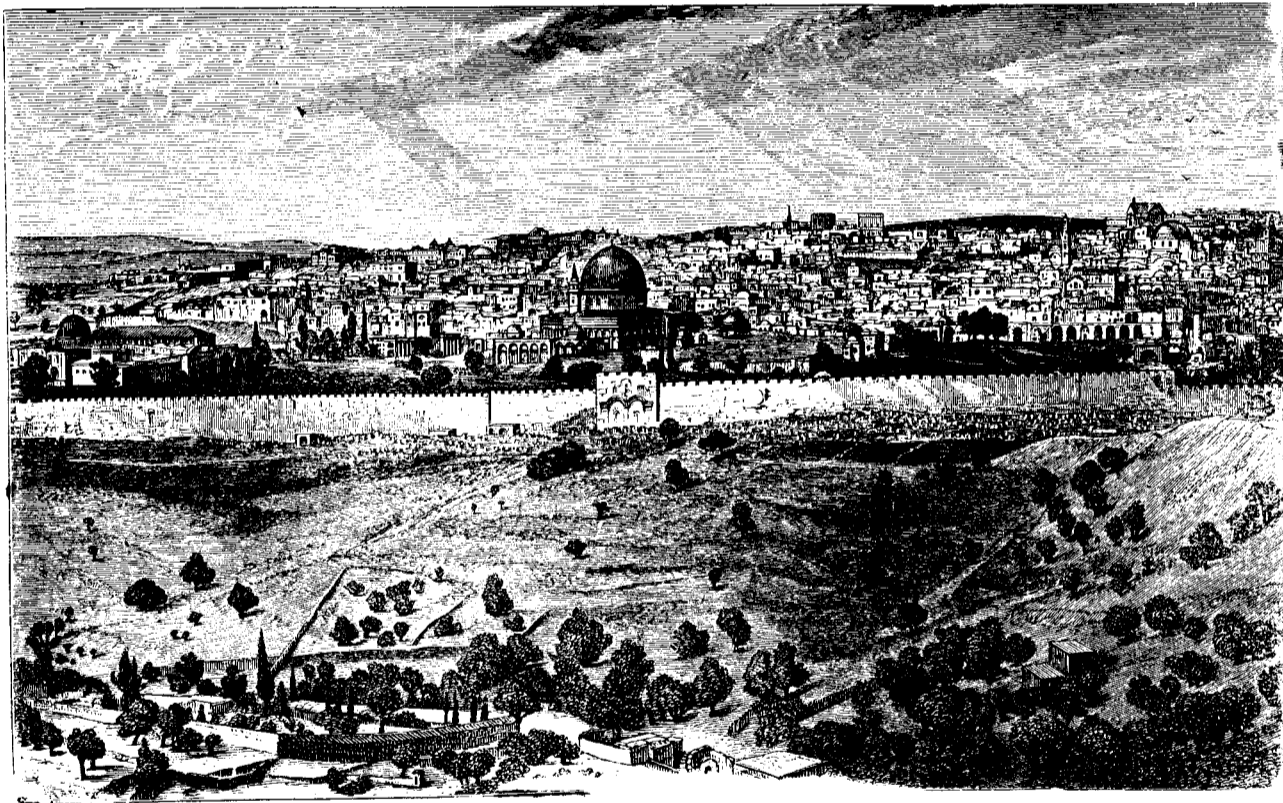
their lives. With plants the same necessity for oxygen exists. Animals live upon organic matter, grass, fruit, grain, or flesh of other animals, but plants live upon inorganic matter. That is, plants are fed only by substances undergoing decomposition; that is, separating into their elements. Carbonic acid, water, and ammonia are necessary to their life, and they get carbon and oxygen from the decomposition, or separating, of carbonic acid, hydrogen, and oxygen from water, and hydrogen and the frisky nitrogen from ammonia—each article of nourishment, by this decomposition or falling apart of something else.

Now, when that carbonic acid, the deadly poison that killed the prisoners in the Black Hole of Calcutta, is absorbed from the air by the leaves, it is decomposed by the action of the sun's rays, and the carbon is kept to nourish the plant, while the oxygen is thrown off for men and

animals to breathe. But oxygen is taken in other ways into the plants, for it makes up a large proportion of their substance.

Curious as it is that busy oxygen colours the rose and the green leaves of the forest, and gives the dazzling brightness to the calcium light, it is perhaps more curious that it gives the red hue to our lips and cheeks, and that when it leaves us we grow pallid and weak, and soon die.

Every time we draw air into our lungs, one-fifth of the quantity breathed in is oxygen, and it remains in the lungs when everything else is sent out, before we draw in another breath. All the little blood-vessels that are about the little chambers of the lungs that the oxygen is in, are like little rivers, and bring up little boats, 1-2800th of an inch in size, to the thin membrane that covers the air chambers. Oxygen, like a true fairy, can go through the membrane without a door or a hole to pass through, and he immediately jumps into the little corpuscles, as the boats are called, and away they float, to carry the oxygen to colour the lip, cheek, eye, feed the brain, and do all the other work that keeps him so busy.



JERUSALEM, FROM THE MOUNT OF OLIVES. GETHSEMANE IN THE FOREGROUND.

wings, but they would not. Here upon a grassy spot we sat down and read with deep emotion from our Bibles the narrative of these sacred events.

SACRED MEMORIES.

Most interesting of all is the view from the traditional spot, which we again revisit, where our Lord yearned over the city, "and wept over it, saying, If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace! but now they are hid from thine eyes. For the days shall come upon thee, that thine enemies shall cast a trench about thee, and compass thee round, and keep thee in on every side, and shall lay thee even with the ground, and thy children within thee; and they shall not leave in thee one stone upon another; because thou knewest not the time of thy visitation."

The buildings before us, indeed, are not those which met the eyes of our Lord, but the general outline of the long and battlemented wall and the stony slopes of the surrounding Vale of Kedron, Jehosaphat and Hinnom are still the same. Before us rises the Golden Gate, and behind it the Mosque of Omar. To the left the Mosque of El-Aksa, and around them the green, cypress-studded

rid of their lions and elephants, but they have not yet been able to get the better of the baboons. A baboon, although somewhat like a dog, has all the mischievousness of a man. He is the ugliest animal in all creation. The Boers call him Ad nis, and never designate him under the official name that has been given to him by science. Now, this creature is the curse of Cape Colony. He commits depredations for the love of the thing. Any imprudent cat that ventures too far away from home is sure to be captured and strangled for fun by a baboon. Nearly all the Angoras, the choicest and most costly animals imported by the colonists, have been destroyed by these huge monkeys.

Even the dogs share the same fate. The bravest and most pugnacious of the English canine breeds are unable to cope with adversaries armed with just as powerful jaws and with the immense advantage of having four hands instead of four paws. With a dexterity that conspicuously exhibits his surgical aptitude, the baboon bleeds his enemy in the throat, and in less than a minute the duel ends in the death of the dog. One of the principal amusements of these big monkeys is to gambol around the wire fences that protect the tame

Killing for Sport.

BY SARAH K. BOLTON.

A pretty picture they made in the boat,
Drifting along by the riverside,
He at the oars, while her fair white hand
Trolls at the stern in the ebbing tide

Hark! for a rustling sound is heard;
A timid deer has come down to drink;
A gentle creature, with great brown eyes,
Standing alert on the river's brink.

A bullet whistles along the air;
It has struck the beautiful arching
neck;
The blood flows over the smooth, round
breast,
And begins the silvery stream to fleck.

The creature struggles in agony,
Asking for help with appealing eyes;
Half rising, she staggers and falls again,
Then mutely suffers, and slowly dies.

What heart could have wrought the cruel
deed?
Who quenched the life of the harmless
thing?
Alas! it was done by the fair white hand,
And simply for sport, this suffering.

The picture is spoiled in the drifting
boat;
In the lovely foreground the deer lies
slain;
The girl was thoughtless? but God forgive
The woman who ever causes pain!

OUR PERIODICALS:

	Yearly	Sub'n
The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.		
Christian Guardian, weekly.	\$1 00	
Methodist Magazine and Review, 96 pp., monthly illustrated.	2 00	
Christian Guardian and Methodist Magazine and Review.	2 75	
Magazine and Review, Guardian and Onward together.	3 25	
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly.	1 00	
Sunday-School Banner, 60 pp., 8vo, monthly.	0 60	
Onward, 8 pp., 4to., weekly, under 5 copies.	0 60	
5 copies and over.	0 50	
Pleasant Hours, 4 pp., 4to., weekly, single copies.	0 30	
Less than 20 copies.	0 25	
Over 20 copies.	0 24	
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than ten copies.	0 15	
10 copies and upwards.	0 12	
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than ten copies.	0 15	
10 copies and upwards.	0 12	
Dew Drops, weekly (2 cents per quarter).	0 07	
Berean Senior Quarterly (quarterly).	0 20	
Berean Leaf, monthly.	0 05	
Berean Intermediate Quarterly (quarterly).	0 05	
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 24c. a dozen; \$2 per 100; per quarter, 6c. a dozen; 60c. per 100.		

THE ABOVE PRICES INCLUDE POSTAGE.

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto.

C. W. COATES, S. F. HERRIS,
2176 St. Catherine St., Wesleyan Book Room,
Montreal. Halifax, N.S.

Pleasant Hours:

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

TORONTO, MARCH 18, 1899.

A LAND OF QUEER CUSTOMS.

All things are reversed in Holland. The main entrance to the finest public building in the country, the palace, or late town hall, of Amsterdam, is its back door. Bashful maidens hire beaux to escort them to the Kermis, or fair, on festival days. Timid citizens are scared in the dead of night by their own watchmen, who at every quarter of the hour make such a noise with their wooden clappers one would suppose the town to be on fire. You will see sleds used in summer there. They go bumping over the bare cobble stones, while the driver holds a dripping oil rag in advance of the runners to lessen the friction.

You will see streets of water, and the country roads paved as nicely as Broadway. You will see vessels hitched, like horses, to their owners' doorposts, and a whole row of square-peaked houses leaning over the street as if they were getting ready to tumble. Instead of solemn-striking clocks you will hear church chimes playing snatches of operatic airs every quarter of an hour by way of marking the time. You will see looking-glasses hanging outside of the dwellings, and pincushions displayed on the street doors. The first are called spionnetjen, or spionnetjens, and are so arranged outside the windows, that persons sitting inside can, without being seen, enjoy a reflection of all that is going on in the street. They can learn too what visitor may be coming, and watch him rubbing his shoes to a polish before entering. The pincushion means that a new baby has appeared in the household. If white

or blue, the new-comer is a girl; if red, it is a little Dutchman. Some of these signals are very showy affairs; some are not cushions at all, but merely shingles trimmed with lace; and among the poorer class it is not unusual to see merely a white string tied to the door latch—at token of the meagre life the poor little stranger is destined to lead.

Sometimes instead of either pincushion or shingle, you will see a large placard hung outside of the front door. Then you may know that somebody in the house is ill, and his or her present condition is described on the placard for the benefit of inquiring friends, and sometimes when such a placard has been taken down, you may meet a grim-looking man on the street, dressed in black tights, a short cloak, and a high hat, from which a long black streamer is flying. This is the Aanspreker, going from house to house, to tell certain persons that their friend is dead. He attends to funerals, and bears invitations to all friends whose presence may be desired. A strange, weird-looking figure he is, and he wears a peculiar, professional cast of countenance that is anything but comforting. All these customs are in striking contrast with those of America.

THE WANDERERS FOUND.

BY MAGGIE PENNELL.

It was a blustering cold day in November. The wind came tearing along the streets, sending the people nearly off their feet, and making the newsboys shiver as they stood on the corners of the streets and shouted out: "Telegram, News, Mail, Star, Saturday Night, Buffalo Express."

One little fellow was indeed an object of pity. His hands, blue with cold, clutched hold of the papers under his arm as he eagerly asked of the passers-by, "Telegram, sir?" "Mail and Empire, madam?" The last left, only a cent please."

Some smiled kindly on him, while others only passed him by with a rough "Get out of the way, boy." He had rather a pretty face, and his short yellow curls clustered round his ragged hat. After selling all his papers, he began to walk quickly up the street with no object in view save to keep himself warm. He had not gone far when he saw a man, looking very tired, pushing a heavy wheelbarrow along the street. His clothes, which were threadbare and ragged now, looked as if they had been very good once; and as the little boy watched him, he felt a great pity for him.

So, quickening his pace, he overtook him and said, "You look tired, let me help you, sir."

The man turned and looked at the boy, and something in the clear, open face, and his honest blue eyes, struck him; so he said, "Well, I wouldn't mind if you do, I am kind of tired." Soon Willie was pushing it along, at the same time keeping up a brisk conversation with Mr. Willis.

"Where do you live, my boy?" the man began.

"I do not live anywhere," was the answer. "I hardly ever earn enough money for to get a decent bed, so I just sleep under carts or any place."

"Well, I am not much better myself," Mr. Willis replied, "but I have got a bit of a shed to live in, and a morsel to eat so I'm very thankful for that."

"Oh, yes, we must be very thankful for what we have. I know some boys that have no work or home. At the Mission I learnt about God and Jesus and heaven so since then I try to be good and contented. You see, sir," he went on eagerly, "I have no father or mother or anybody to look after besides myself, and I try to help those other poor fellows who have sisters and brothers to look after."

"You are a good boy," Mr. Willis said, "and your words so remind me of a little boy I had once, he was like you too, but he is lost, lost," and a sad, dreamy look came into the man's eyes as he spoke. By this time they had come to a small, broken-down cottage, which they entered, Mr. Willis began at once to light the fire and get some supper, while Willie sat and looked about the place, which seemed like a lovely Haven of Rest to him.

After supper, arrangements were made for Willie to stay there always, much to his delight, for Mr. Willis had taken quite a fancy to him, so many happy evenings were spent there, tightening the ties of friendship between them, which was to last forever.

But Willie could not fail to notice a certain sadness about Mr. Willis' life, and felt curious to know what it was about, but he kept a deep silence on the subject till one night, about three months

after Willie had taken up his abode with him, Mr. Willis said:

"Well, Willie, I suppose you would like to know who the man is you have been living with all this time. A little of my history, eh?"

Willie smiled assent, and so he began: "I was not always so poor as I am now, Willie, for once we—I had a sweet wife then—lived in a lovely mansion, and had many servants. Well, after we were married a short time, our first child came, a boy, who was fair and pretty like his mother. Then there came into our employ a coloured woman, nurse to our precious baby. Everything went on happily till the child was about three years old, then one night we missed both child and nurse. We searched, advertised, did everything, but in vain; and shortly after my wife died from the shock. Both wife and baby gone, what could I do? I went abroad, to try and forget my sorrow, not caring what became of house or stock. Then I heard that they had passed into other hands. I could not get work, became poorer and poorer, till I have come to this. That is my short story, abruptly told, I know, but I cannot even now bear to speak of it. But I thought I would tell you, especially as you once said you remembered something about a negro woman."

"Oh, Mr. Willis," exclaimed Willie, when he had finished, "what a sad story; but never fear, I have no doubt but that you will find your boy, only wait and trust in God, and let me fill your little son's place."

About a week after this conversation, as Mr. Willis was reading an old newspaper, he suddenly exclaimed, "Listen, Willie," and read as follows: "Flam-borough: Any person bearing name of Frank Willis, gone from this place about five years, will please return as soon as possible, as some important money matters have to be settled. Signed, H. Ashton."

"Willie," Mr. Willis excitedly said, when he had finished reading, "that surely means me. I know Harry Ashton. You and I will go straight away and see what it is." So before many hours had passed, they were speeding along; away from the city's smoky houses to the fresher cottages of the country, and they soon reached Flamborough, where they were heartily welcomed, and got the money matters settled at once, which proved to be \$10,000 to Mr. Willis, left by some rich relative.

At different places Willie was proved the lost child, and once more father and son lived together in the same big house in which Willie was born. He had been stolen by the nurse for his beauty and clothes, and when about five years of age was forsaken and turned out into the world.

So by the good deed done by Mr. Willis, to, as he thought, a waif of the world, he had rescued his own child, and thus both "wanderers were found."

Toronto.

A VEGETABLE WATCH.

BY LIZZIE DE ARMOND.

It is very remarkable that so many plants perform the same offices and serve the same ends as various articles made by the hands of man.

There is a certain plant with a very long name, that we might call a "vegetable watch." Each leaf consists of three parts—one large leaflet in the middle and one on each side much smaller and growing up from the base of the central leaf.

By night or day, when the earth is parched with heat, or when the rain falls in torrents, during its whole life this curious plant is always giving odd little jerks like the second-hand of a watch.

The movements of the large leaf are very gentle, but the lively side leaflets are astonishingly vigorous. One of these rises a short distance and the other sinks an equal degree, then the first sinks and the second rises, never failing to take their turns at just the right moment. When it is extremely hot or very moist the movements are more rapid.

In India, on the banks of the Ganges, where the plant is found in its greatest perfection, it has been observed that the leaflets make sixty of these jerks in a minute. The natives often mark the time by these queer leaves, so that they have a "vegetable watch," warranted to run a number of years without even the trouble of winding it up. The greatest drawback is that you cannot carry it in your pocket.

The plant was first discovered in Bengal. The Indians regard it with much reverence on account of the strange, perpetual motion of the leaves, and attribute to it supernatural powers.

There are many plants in our own

country which are also useful in calculating time. We can be sure of almost any hour as accurately as by the sun, if we learn the flowers that close or open at that time. Indeed, there are such things as "flower-clocks," or "flower time-tables," known to skillful gardeners. These consist of a collection of various time-keeping flowers. When a certain cluster opens, the gardener knows it is five o'clock in the morning; when another set of petals close, he can be sure that it is five o'clock in the afternoon, and so on throughout the day.

The Little Ones He Blessed.

BY MARGARET K. SANOSTER.

I wonder if ever the children
Who were blessed by the Master of old,
Forgot he had made them his treasures,
The dear little lambs of his fold.
I wonder if, angry and wilful,
They wandered far astray,
The children whose feet had been guided
So safe and so soon in the way.

One would think that the mothers at
evening,
Soft smoothing the silk-tangled hair,
And low leaning down to the murmur
Of sweet, childish voices in prayer,
Oft bade the small pleaders to listen,
If haply again they might hear
The words of the gentle Redeemer
Borne swift to the reverent ear.

And my heart cannot cherish the fancy
That ever those children went wrong,
And were lost from the peace and the
shelter,

Shut out from the feast and the song,
To the day of gray hairs they remem-
bered,

I think, how the hands that were riven
Were laid on their heads when Christ
uttered:
"Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

He has said it to you, little darling,
Who spell it in God's word to-day;
You, too, may be sorry for sinning,
You also believe and obey;
And 'twill grieve the dear Saviour in
heaven

If one little child shall go wrong—
Be lost from the fold and the shelter,
Shut out from the feast and the song

TWILIGHT TALKS WITH BOYS.

BY WILLIAM S. ELIUS.

Work makes manlier boys. Some boys who seem to be favoured, though they really are to be pitied, play away the best part of their lives. The boys who dry by day trudge off to shop or store or office, soon learn to depend upon themselves; to be self-reliant and thoughtful. They quickly acquire the manlier virtues by doing battle with the hard world of business. The lesson of their own responsibility is soon borne home to them, and it does not take the working boy long to see that he must depend upon himself if he is to have other people depend upon him. It is no easy school in which this lesson of manly independence is to be learned I know. Few besides those who have been through the experience can understand the hard knocks and bitter heart-burnings that the working boy must endure. But here is the good of it all—thus men are made. The harder our lot the harder shall we be. From the school of work heroes graduate.

My second word is merely a reminder that the way of work is the way of success. Call the roll of the world's greatest men and you will find that most of them became toilers in early boyhood. In the field of labour you come to understand yourself and your own powers; you learn the seriousness of life and are taught at every turn the circumstances and needs of the common people who make up the bulk of the world. Because you understand them you will be better able to help them. So in the school of work you may fit yourself for a larger sphere of service among men.

The one lesson, supreme above all others, that the working boy must learn is that of sheer faithfulness. Work will ever be a weariness and a trial unless a boy learns to do his duty regardless of everything else. Without this determination to be faithful no boy can become a successful worker. Its absence makes him a sure failure. He may hope and dream of a great future all the day long, but unless he is thoroughly true to his present duty his career can end only in shame. No matter how trivial or commonplace or menial his task may be, he must do it with all the faithfulness of his soul, if he would be a noble worker. Do you remember the old saying, "Trifles make perfection, and perfection is no trifle"? My last word to-day, therefore, is that the school of duty alone turns out men ready to be faithful in great things.

Seed-sowing.

Teacher—
 "A wonderful thing is a seed,
 The one thing deathless forever;
 Forever old and forever new,
 Utterly faithful, utterly true,
 Fickle and faithless never.
 Plant lilies, and lilies will bloom;
 Plant roses, and roses will grow;
 Plant hate, and hate to life will spring;
 Plant love, and love to you will bring
 The fruit of the seed you sow."

Boy—
 "Be careful what you sow, boys;
 For seed will surely grow, boys;
 The dew will fall,
 The rain will splash,
 The clouds will darken,
 And the sunshine flash,
 And the boy who sows good seed to-day
 Shall reap the crop to-morrow."

Girl—
 "Be careful what you sow, girls;
 For every seed will grow, girls;
 Though it may fall
 Where you cannot know,
 Yet in summer and shade
 It will surely grow,
 And the girl who sows good seed to-day
 Shall reap the crop to-morrow."

Infant Class—
 No. 1.
 "Only a little word,
 So is a tiny seed,
 Resulting in a blessing,
 Or growing up a weed."

No. 2.
 "Only to follow Christ,
 Though rough the road may be
 Is to be safely guided
 Over the shoreless sea."

No. 3.
 "Only a word from a glad little heart,
 A child's simple word, it is true,
 It cheered another young heart that was
 sad,
 And so there was gladness for two."

No. 4.
 "Only a hand that was outstretched in
 love,
 A wee dimpled hand, it is true,
 It helped a small child who stumbled and
 fell,
 And so it did service for two."

No. 5.
 "Only little children!
 Yet the Saviour knows
 All our little sorrows,
 All our little woes."

No. 6.
 "Only little children'
 Yet the Saviour hears"

No. 7.
 "Only little children!
 Do not us despise,
 Only come and help us
 To be good and wise."

No. 8.
 "We are Jesus' little blossoms,
 Blooming in his bowers,
 And he watches us and loves us,
 His little human flowers."

No. 9.
 "Blooming, blooming everywhere,
 Each of priceless worth,
 And he bids us work for him,
 Over all the earth."

Larger Boy—
 "Is there anything that I can do—
 You see I am not very tall—
 To help the cause of Jesus through,
 In answer to his call?
 I know that once he took a child
 Upon his loving breast,
 And as he kindly, sweetly smiled,
 His tender love expressed,
 If he has done so much for me,
 Must I be idle still?
 No, no, a worker I would be,
 I want to do his will."

No. 10.
 "Little feet may find the pathway,
 Leading upward unto God,
 Little hands may help to scatter
 Seeds of precious truth abroad."

No. 11.
 "How many deeds of kindness
 A little child may do,
 Although it has so little strength,
 And little wisdom too."

No. 12.
 "It wants a living spirit,
 Much more than strength, to prove
 How many things a child may do
 For others by its love."

All—
 "Where'er we go we'll sow a seed;
 If cloudy be our sky or fair,

God's grain shall fruitful be indeed,
 And we to heaven the sheaves will
 reap."

"And in our hearts the seeds of love
 Shall be growing year by year;
 And we will show for the Saviour our
 love,
 By loving his children here."
 —Missionary Monthly.

A Methodist Soldier

BY
 ALLAN-A-DALE.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE FIGHT IN THE CHURCH.

From that day we had little rest, and I must say the defenders of Copenhagen had less. The fleet lay at one side of their fair city, pounding steadily at their first line of defence—the ships, gunboats, and forts—and sending a continual flight of Congreve rockets far over it into the streets of the city itself.

The horrors of war made themselves apparent to the defenceless citizens and non-combatants. Never before had the rockets been used in warfare, and, as they rushed through the air, leaving a fiery wake and, bursting, dealt fire and destruction around, little wonder that the

the entire fleet set sail. It was now considerably larger than when we left Deal, for we carried away from Copenhagen eighteen ships of the line, sixteen frigates, nine gun-brigs, and twenty-five gunboats.

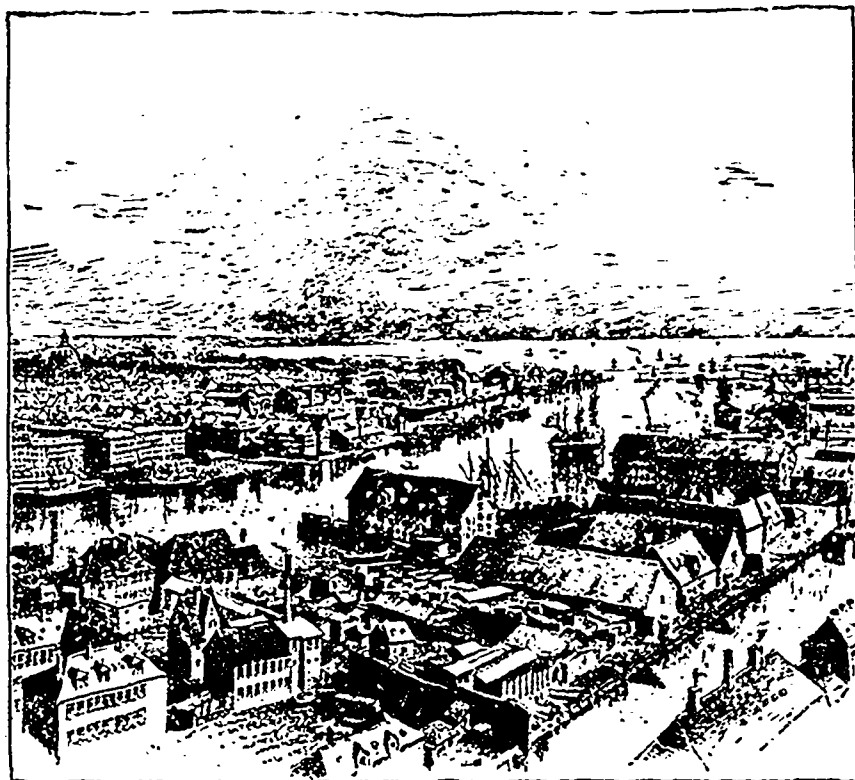
The Rifle Brigade, being one of the last regiments to leave, embarked on board the Princess Caroline, a Danish prize of seventy-four guns.

Proudly the whole fleet swept out of the Sound, passing under the silent guns of the fortress of Cronberg, as fine a fleet as ever sailed from the Baltic, our own and the Danish fleet being aided to greatly by a cloud of merchantmen, who took advantage of our good company to sail home in safety.

It was a stormy and dangerous home-coming. Several of the captured vessels were wrecked and lost, but the ship lauded us safely at Deal in the end, and very glad we were to set foot in England again.

During the time I had been with the army in Denmark I had received no word from home, and had equally no chance of sending an message. Now that I was once more in England I was filled with anxiety to know how they had fared. With the air still full of "wars and rumours of wars," it was almost impossible for a man in the ranks to get leave of absence, and, though I was now a corporal, and well-liked by the officers, I saw no chance of revisiting my home.

Happily, here my Methodism stood me in good stead. Strange though it may seem to any who knew the character of the army in those days, all the time I



COPENHAGEN.

hapless Danes were filled with awe and foreboding. As fire broke out among the wooden dwellings, as they saw the steeples of their churches totter and fall, and their children slain in the streets, even the bravest asked, "Why continue the struggle?"

But the Governor, General Peymann, was a staunch and valiant man, inured to the horrors of war. While his defences by sea and land remained intact he saw no cause for surrender, though a third of the city lay in ashes.

Strong ramparts, bastions, and a broad ditch formed the land defences of Copenhagen, and with the fleet so successfully engaged, there was no good reason why the army, strong though it might be, should attempt to force them. But we were none the less busy for that reason. From the advanced position we had taken up we were constantly subject to alarms by day and night. Occasionally the enemy made sorties, harassing our outposts, and keeping us on the alert.

CHAPTER XV.

HOME AGAIN.

Early in September the Danish general submitted to the inevitable. After the fleet had laid one-third of the city in ruins by its terrific bombardment, the gallant old defender of Copenhagen sent out his flag of truce and agreed to surrender the harbour, the citadel, and the entire Danish fleet with all the dockyard stores. At once preparations were made for conveying the fleet to England. All the stores were placed on board the Danish fleet, the transports re-embarked our army, and about the middle of October

had been in Denmark I had kept my faith, making thereby some few enemies among the worst characters, but meeting with more indulgence than I thought possible as soon as the first sharp encounter was over. There were no Methodist services for me in Denmark, but as soon as I returned I had the good fortune to find in a Methodist minister who visited the camp at Hythe almost as good a friend as Mr. Ullathorne. It was from him I learned that the latter had now removed to another circuit, and no longer included in his circuit journeyings the little Hampshire village in which all my interest and affection still centred.

Through the kind offices of this new-found friend I was able to send a letter to my father by way of London, and receive a reply in less than a month in the same roundabout way. I read it in a quiet corner of the camp, unfolding with care the broad sheet on which it was written, and studying each line with the loving appreciation of one who had been separated from home and kindred for so many months.

"My dear son," it commenced, "it was with the deepest feeling of gratitude to Almighty God that your mother and I read the letter telling us of your safe return from the Danish expedition. Night and morning we prayed for your safe-keeping and home-coming, and now that we are certain by your own hand that you are in England again our hearts are full of thankfulness. Your letter has been read to all the neighbours, and the Squire himself, hearing of it from little Ellen—the child was with us when we received it, and laughed and cried with joy to know that you were safe—has called to see it. He shook his head

somewhat sadly when he read it. 'Dar-ber,' he said, 'that lad of yours is a good one. I would we had not sent him away.' Then, without another word, he returned it. He has grown more quiet and sad since his own son—but, stay, I have not told you yet that Michael has also gone to the army. He would not stay quietly at home after you left, and was, I fear, in much bad company with the Squire, waking up to his misconduct, gave him his choice of going into the army or navy. He chose the former, and through the influence of friends in London, the War Office has granted him an ensigncy in one of the foot regiments. He has been home once since then, looking very handsome in his ensign's uniform. He was always a good-looking lad, and I would he had a better heart. His sister was sadly distressed when he went."

"If he meets Jim in the army," she said to your mother, 'Jim will be good to him, will he not?'

"We comforted her by saying that you would, though it was evident the child did not understand how far removed in station the two of you will be, he an officer and you in the ranks, and what little chance there can be that you may meet in an army so large and scattered."

"Strange indeed was the manner in which you learned the truth about our affair at Winchester. And so it was Harter who prompted the attack?"

And then followed kind admonitions and a loving message in the handwriting of my dear mother, which, if it caused a tear unbidden to roll down my cheek was none the less welcome.

Once more I heard from home that winter, telling little news, but giving an assurance that all were well. And then one beautiful day in early spring came the news that we were to be sent to Cork.

After that, no one knew whither we were bound, and, as usual, few cared. It was sufficient that we were on the move again. The camps hummed with activity and the Irish were irreplaceable in their delight. They were mostly south-country boys, and not a few from Cork itself. "It's to Carrk we're going," they shouted in their wonderful soft brogue, "and, oh the good times we'll be havin'! There's not a place like ut in the universe!"

The time seemed ripe for driving the French out of the Peninsula. The Spaniards of the centre and south were under capable leaders, ready to strike a blow for freedom, and a terrible guerilla war was actually in progress throughout the north.

It was accordingly agreed that two expeditions should be sent to Portugal: from England, one under Sir John Moore at Corunna in the north and the other under Sir Arthur Wellesley to the south.

And thus it came about that the latter arrived in Cork to be welcomed joyously by all who had fought under him in India or in Denmark. It was another step in the career of the future "Iron Duke," but—to confound for a moment great things with small—it brought a curious mishap to myself.

(To be continued.)

There were in Philadelphia harbour a few weeks since two British steamships, the Clandeboye and Cabral, that are known as "temperance ships." Not only are not malt and spirituous liquors allowed on board, but their masters, before being given command by the managers, are required to take an oath and sign documents pledging themselves not to partake of any intoxicants. As a guarantee of good faith they must deposit with the manager a bond for £100, which is forfeited in case of any breach of this iron-clad rule. All the steamships owned by this company are known throughout the shipping world as the "temperance ships."

"The advocates of total abstinence," says The Sailor's Magazine, "object to the breaking of a bottle of wine on a vessel when it is launched, and Christians object to the form of words which implies its baptism, or christening, when it is named. The bottle breaking is silly, and the christening is the profanation of a church sacrament. What is required for the abolition of the custom? First, that it should be recognized as irrelevant and absurd, and second, that some appropriate ceremony should take its place. What shall that ceremony be?"

The General Superintendent has received a remittance of \$7 or \$8 from the Japanese congregation in Vancouver, being a contribution from the native Christians in aid of the debt on St. James' church, Montreal.

Palm Bearers.

When Christ, as King, descended
The slopes of Olivet,
The gladdest of all visions
His sacred gaze that met,
Were throngs of Jewish children,
That came in singing bands,
And pressed about him, bearing
Palm branches in their hands.

"Out of the mouths of children
Thou perfectest thy praise,"
He said, as their hosannas
Rang o'er the crowded ways,
"Out of the mouths of children,"
The same dear lips may say,
These hosts of happy children
Who meet him here to-day.

We come with songs of triumph,
No doubtful Christ to own;
The Galilean Prophet
Is King upon the throne!
With greater gladness bearing
Our palms than those he met,
That day when he descended
The steeps of Olivet.

O Saviour! may we children
Strive on till life shall cease,
To send to all the nations
The palm branch of thy peace!
And own our service, saying,
As in Judean days,
"Out of the mouths of children
God perfecteth his praise."

LESSON NOTES.**FIRST QUARTERLY REVIEW.**

MARCH 26.

GOLDEN TEXT.

My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me.—John 10. 27.

HOME READINGS.

- M. Christ the True Light.—John 1. 1-14.
Tu. Christ's first disciples.—John 1. 35-46.
W. Christ and Nicodemus.—John 3. 1-16.
Th. Christ at Jacob's well.—John 4. 5-15.
F. The nobleman's son healed.—John 4. 43-54.
S. Christ's divine authority.—John 5. 17-27.
Sa. Christ freeing from sin.—John 8. 12, 31-36.

I. Recall the Titles and Golden Texts of the lessons.

II. Name one important teaching of each lesson.

III. Draw an outline map of Palestine, and locate the following places:

1. Jerusalem, with the temple courts and the Pool of Siloam and the Pool of Bethesda.
2. Bethabara, near the Jordan.
3. Cana of Galilee.
4. Jacob's well.
5. Capernaum.
6. The Sea of Tiberias.
7. The Plain of Butaiha.

IV. At what time of the year was—

1. The Feast of the Tabernacles?
2. The Feast of Passover?

V. State the leading facts in the lessons in which the following principal characters or incidents appear:

1. A man who had been cured of blindness.
2. The pitcher filled from the Pool of Siloam.
3. The hungry people fed by a man.
4. The nobleman pleading for his sick son.
5. The gossiping woman at the well of Samaria.
6. The puzzled elder seeking spiritual light.
7. The happy pair about to be married.
8. One disciple inviting another.

VI. Where and why in this quarter's lessons is Jesus called—

1. The Light of the world?
2. The Lamb of God?
3. The Word of God?
4. The Teacher come from God?
5. The Son of God?
6. The Prophet that should come into the world?
7. The Good Shepherd?
8. The Door.

HOW REX TRAINED.

BY JOAN LLOYD.

"Yes, sir," said Rex, nodding his head solemnly, "if I want to stand any chance of coming in first in the foot race I've got to begin to train."

"Certainly, my boy," said his father across the table, "and see that you begin in time."

"You mustn't impose too many hardships on yourself," said his mother,

anxiously, as visions of a young man starving himself on dry crusts and running an unlimited number of miles daily, flitted through her mind.

Rex laughed merrily. "No, indeed, mother," he said, "Mr. Lee has told us just what to do, and he knows. He was centre rush in the college team, you know."

Mr. Lee was Rex's Sunday-school teacher. Just the best fellow in the world, the boys said. For he took an interest in everything they did.

"What is training, Rex?" said little Lottie, hanging over her brother's chair. I like to see a little girl asking her big brother questions, and liking to be near him. It tells me something good about that boy.

"Oh, it's getting your muscle ready for a race, or something of the sort. Exercising and going without some things you like."

"I wonder if Rex can really do without extras at the table," said big sister Lora.

"Just wait and see," said Rex, decidedly.

Rex started to his room that night exactly on the stroke of nine.

"Are you not feeling well?" said Mrs. North.

"Yes," said Rex, "but I'm beginning to train; and will you please call me at half-past five?"

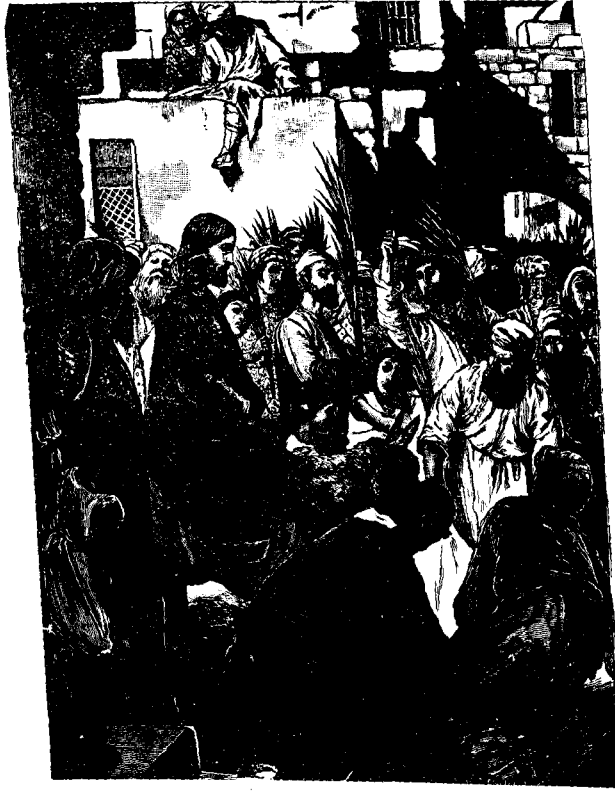
The next morning until breakfast time Rex swung Indian clubs. For, as he explained, a fellow must develop all around if he wants to run well.

At breakfast he refused coffee and hot biscuits, eating instead beefsteak and brown bread. He even refused preserves, much to Lottie's distress, affirming that sweets made flabby muscles. And so, through every day, he lived by rule, eating, sleeping, exercising, and resting at regular hours.

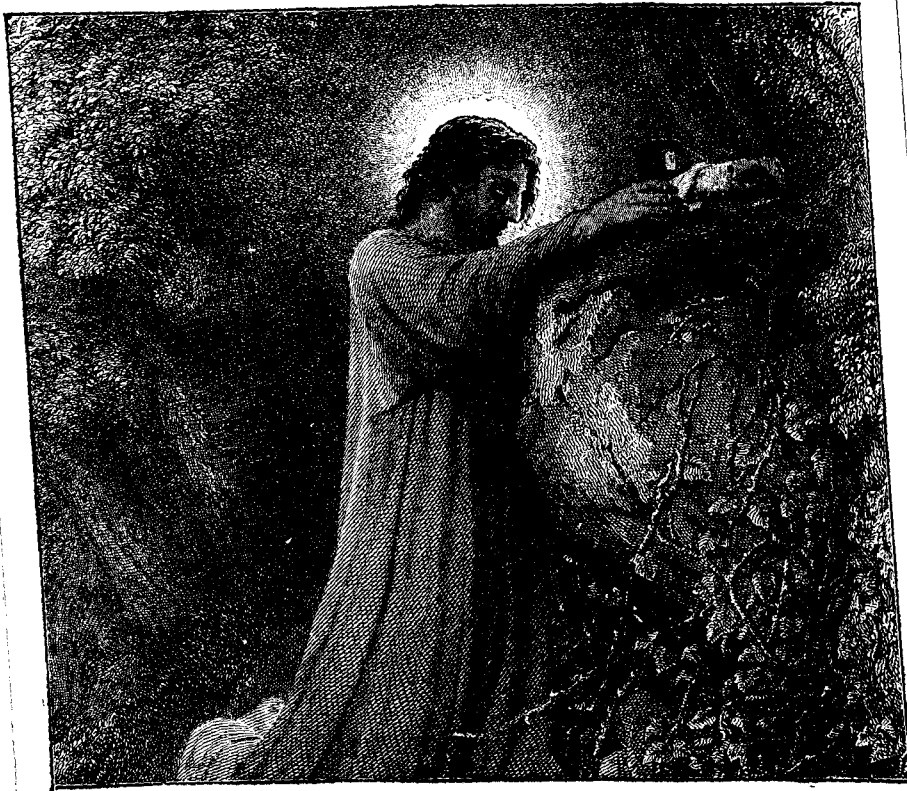
He was getting ready, one day, to go to the gymnasium, where the boys were instructed by Mr. Lee, when he heard his mother say:

"I am so tired, I don't see how I shall get through the day."

Rex stopped to reflect. Nora, the faithful maid, was away for a two weeks' vacation. Lottie had taken this inconvenient time to be sick. Baby was cross on general principles. Lora had given up her music to help mother. But what had he done?



THE TRIUMPHANT ENTRY.—THE PALM BEARERS.



THE AGONY IN THE GARDEN.

GETHSEMANE.

The season of Easter, through which we shall soon pass, is to many a time of joy and gladness. It is well for us to remember, however, what it cost our Lord, whose resurrection the season brings especially to mind, to undergo the sufferings and death without which his resurrection and all the glad truths

which are connected with it would have been impossible. We, therefore, present a picture of Jesus in the garden of Gethsemane. It is to be hoped that as we look upon him, as the picture represents him, praying to the Father for strength to undergo the fearful trials which he knew were awaiting him, our hearts will be stirred with profound gratitude for all that he has done for us.

"I guess I'll put in my three hours training at home to-day," he said, slowly, and it wasn't an easy thing to say, for, in spite of the hard work, it was such fun at the gymnasium.

He went into the kitchen, where Mrs. North and Lora were making preserves. Lora was just going to the well.

"I'll bring the water," he said, taking the pail from her hand.

"Isn't it time for your training," asked Lora.

"I am training," said Rex. Then he swung up the hammock in the shade, and took Lottie and the cross baby Ralph out there. He told them funny stories until they forgot to be cross.

After baby went to sleep he got out the lawn mower and cut the grass, which was getting high.

"It's as good as Indian clubs any day," he said, when his father stopped to inquire the meaning of this sight in training hours. All the rest of the afternoon was spent in helping at home, and he was more than paid when his mother said at night:

"I don't know how we should have got through the day without him."

"Where were you yesterday, Rex?" said Mr. Lee the next day.

"I was at home, training," he said, with a little laugh. "My stout muscle comes in just right for carrying Ralph and drawing water and running the mower."

"Ah, my lad," said Mr. Lee with an earnest look, "I think you are training for the great race, too."

"I am, sir," said Rex promptly. Of course you will want to know how the race came out. "Well, Rex's muscles were in such good shape after the home training that he was first at the end of the race. His schoolmates shouted themselves hoarse in his honour, for every one was glad to see Rex win in anything."

And, as for the other race—I think he will take one of the prizes offered for that. You know what the Apostle Paul says about the great race that is for us all: "So run that ye may obtain. And every man that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things. Now they do it to obtain a corruptible crown; but we an incorruptible." Therefore so run not as uncertainly.—Christian Standard.

President Kruger is suffering from a severe affection of the eyes, and he may have to go to Europe to consult a specialist.

International S.S.

Lesson Helps

1899

Illustrative Notes

A Guide to the Study of the Sunday-school Lessons, with Original and selected Comments, Methods of Teaching, Illustrative Stories, etc., etc. By JAMES LYMAN HURLBUT and ROBERT REMINGTON DOHRATT. \$1.25.

Peloubet's Select Notes

Inductive, Suggestive, Explanatory, Illustrative, Doctrinal and Practical. With illustrations, maps, pictures, etc., etc. \$1.25.

Monday Club Sermons

A Series of Sermons on the Sunday-school Lessons for 1899, by eminent preachers. \$1.25.

Berean Lesson Books

No. 1, Beginners; No. 2, The Intermediate; No. 3, The Senior, 20c. each.

Golden Text Booklets

Sunday-school Lessons and Daily Bible Readings with Golden Texts and Bible Facts. Postpaid, each 3c., per doz., 35c.

Berean Leaf Cluster

Large Pictures, 24 x 34 in. in size, printed in eight colors, Golden Texts printed in large letters. Per quarter, 75c.; per year, \$3.00. Kindly have the order read for the whole year if possible.

Picture Lesson Roll

Large Colored Pictures, illustrating the International Sunday-school Lessons. Similar to Leaf Cluster, but with only four colors. Per quarter, 75c.; per year, \$3.00.

TO PRIMARY CLASS TEACHERS.**Berean Leaf Cluster**

The Publishers have decided to supply it, for the coming year at 75c. per quarter; \$3.00 per year; instead of \$1.00 per quarter and \$4.00 per year. No school should now be without this excellent help. We commend the Leaf Cluster to all Teachers of Primary Classes, and would advise early orders, so as to insure prompt delivery.

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto.
C. W. COLLEN, General. S. F. Huestis, Halifax.