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"No."

BY ELIZA COOK.

Would ye learn the bravest thing That man can ever do? Would ye be an uncrowned king, Absolute and true? Would ye seek to emulate All ye see in story, Of the noble, just, and gre .. Rich in real glory Would ye lose much bitter care, In the world below? Bravely speak out when and

where
'Tis right to utter " No!" Learn to speak this little word In its proper place; Let no timid doubt be heard, Clothed with sceptic grace; Let thy lips, without disguise, Boldly pour it out; Though a thousand dulcet lies, Keep hovering about. For be sure our lives would lose

Future years of woe. If our courage could refuse
The present hour with "No!"

THE MOUNT OF REATI-TUDES.

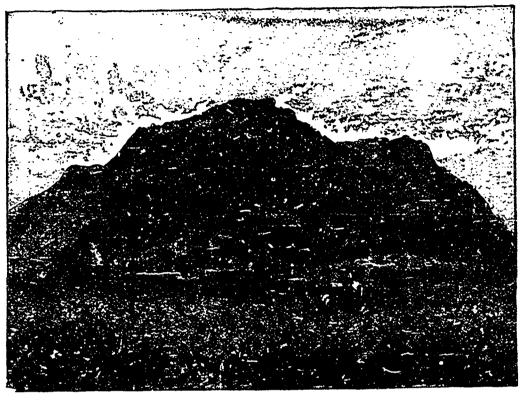
BY THE EDITOR.

We read in John 2. 12, that after the marriage feast at Cana, Jesus and his mother and brethren and disciples "went down to Capernaum," and "down" it certainly is, for the

Sea o. Galilee lies seven hundred feet | not much better than they? below the Mediterranean. The hillsides | sider the lilles of the field. were dotted with the black tents of the Bedouins, and an occasional group of sheep or goats gave life to the landscape. Volcanic forces in the unknown past have poured over the limestone rock, leaving beds of lava. High on the right rises a saddle-shaped hill with a peak on either end, known as the "Horns of Hattin," the traditional Mount of Beatitudes. This hill is an oblong mass of black basalt; the depression in the middle may have been the crater of an active volcano.

The consensus of opinion agrees that here He who spake as never man spake, spake as he did at no other time. The very stone on which the Great Teacher sat is pointed out. Here, too, tradition avers that the five thousand were fed, but the more probable scene of this mul-titude was near the seaside. We rule up the rather steep incline through tangled thickets. The view sweeps over the fair and fertile plain of Gennesareth. the blue Sea of Galilee, the white-walled Safed in full view on its lofty site, the "city set on a hill that cannot be hid," and the billowy sea of mountains roiling off to the base of the snow-clad Hermon in the north.

Pointing to the swifts and swallows darting through the air, and to the flowers springing at his feet, the Divine Teacher attered the words whose music lingers in the air as the holy thought sinks into the heart. "Behold the fowls of the air, for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns, yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye



HORKS OF HATTIN-MOUNT OF BEATITUDES.

not much better than they? . . . Con- | Lydda, the latter of whom bore the holy sider the lilies of the field, how they cross. All at last were slain or taken grow; they toil not, neither do they spin, and yet I say unto you, that over Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is. and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?"

We dismounted, recited the beatltudes, and mused and pondered over the matchless sermon on this holy mount.

What a sad comment on the teachings of our Lord that here, after twelve long Christian centuries, in the heat of a Syrian July, 1187, two thousand knights, with eight thousand men-at-arms, were crushed beneath the victorious arms of the Saracens, led by the brave and generous Saladeen. Dr. Norman Macleud, in a few terse sentunces, thus describes the scene: "The crusaders had behaved in a most treacherous manner to the Mos-lems, and had grossly broken their treaty with them. Saladeen was more righteous than they. They carried as their rally-ing banner the true cross from Jerusalem, but the Moslems had its justice on their side, though not its wood. After days of suffering, and after many gross military mistakes, the crusaders found themselves terribiy beaten, and all that remained of them on the evening of that remained of them on the evening of that awful battle-day gathered on and around the Horns of Hattin. King Guy, of Lusignan, was the centre of the group. around him were the Grand Master of Knights Templars, Raynald of Chatillon, Humphrey of Turon, and the bishop of

prisoners, and the Holy Land was lost."

As we descended the abrupt slope, we enjoyed a gloricus view of the lake lying like a map a thousand feet beneath us, placid as after the words of our Lord, "Peace, be still, 'reflecting as in a mirror the abrupt steeps of the Gadarene shore.

A DREAM.

BY E. R. PHELIS

Once there was a child. As he wandered fouch one day he came upon a vast He could not tell the colour of loom. the warp, for over it all there shimmered an ever-changing rainbow thated mist, as though of all the colours lightly blent, but none determined upon. And as the child gazed a hand appeared holding a golden shuttle which it quickly threw, and as the shuttle fled on its shin ing rath it left benind a pure white thread. Then the child saw that the thread was preceded by others, all white, and he ran away to his play.

Time passed, and he came again. The threads were many and of many colours. Some dull gray, some of softly tinted tose co.our, and many of variously shaded hues light and dark.

As he gazed, he said, What is the loom?"

A thrilling voice replied, 'Thy life." Then asked the child, What mean the threads?"

Again the voice answered, "Each

thread is a day of thy life. Whilst thou were young thy life was pure and colourless. As thou didst grow toward manhood thine actions coloured thine axistence. There is the rose-colour of nappiness, and the gold of of Lappiness, and the gold of self-forgotfulness; the purple of sorrow and the leaden gray of the days that followed."

"And these dark, discoloured threads that mar the beauty of

the fabric, what mean they

"Alas! thy sins are many, and have stained the purity of the web. See! even the rose and gold threads have ugly birtches on them."

Then the child wept, and said, 'Can rothing wash out the stains?"
"Yos," said the voice, sadly,

fuith can, but she comes to but

So the child turned away to seek for faith.

He wandered long through the heat of the noon-tide, and through the mellow afternoon. At last evening came and softly touched the sky with fingers dripping with the blood of the dying day; and, lo! he was an old man. He came again to the loom, but, alas 'the threads were many and black. In his despair he cried, "Oh, faith, come to me, I pray thee."

And as he cried faith stole into his heart and whispered "When thou his heart and whispered "When thou didst seek unpraying. I came not. But when thou didst find thy strength alone wanting, and cried to me. I came."

As she spake, a hand with bloodstained palm was spread over the web.

and where the blood dropped the stains vanished.

A great peace came to the old man and he slept.

DON'T SNUB.

Don't snub a boy because of physical isability. Milton was blind, and also disability. deaf.

L'on t shub a boy because he chooses a numbio trade. The author of "Pilgrim's Progress" was a tinker.

Don't shun a boy because he stattern pemosthenes, the greatest orator of creece, overcame a harsh and stamme: ing voice.

Don't shub a boy because of the ignor ance of his parents. Shakespeare, the world a poet, was the son of a man who was unable to write his own name.

Don't snub a boy who seems dull or stupid. Hogarth, the celebrated painter and engraver, was slow at learning, and did not develop as soon as most boys.

Don; and a boy because he went sharby coules. When Edison, the great inventor, first entered Boston, he were a pair of yellow linea breeches in the depth

Don't shub any one Not alone be cause they may far cutstrip you in the race of life, but because it is neither kind, nor right, nor Christian.



ON THE SHORES OF GALILEE.



TIBERICE

Give A Kind Word When You Can.

Do you know a heart that hungers For a word of love and cheer ! There are many such about us, It may be that one is near. Lack around you If you find it, Speak the word that's needed so, And your own heart may be strengthened By the help that you bestow.

It may be that some one falters On the brink of sin and wrong. And a word from you might save him-Help to make the tempted strong, Look about you, O my brother! What a sin is yours and mine, If we see that help is needed, And we give no friendly sign !

Never think kind words are wasted, Broad on waters cast are they, And it may be we shall find them Coming back to us some day-Coming back when sorely needed, in a time of sharp distress; Sc. my friend, let's give them freely; Oift and giver God will bless.

OUR PERIODICALS:

-The Housewife.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the Christian Guardian, weekly.
Michodus Hagasine and Review, 98 pp., monthly
illustrated Ulistrated 2 00 Christian Quardian and Methodist Magazine and Review Christian Guardian and Methodist Magazine and
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Sunday-School Eanner, 65 pp. 870., monthly 060
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Day Dropa, weekly 12 conta per quarter) 025
Berean Senlor Quarterly (quarterly) 025
Berean iest, monthly 025
Berean intermediate Quarterly (quarterly) 060
Quarterly Beriew Service By the year, 250. a
dozen; 28 per 100; per quarter, 60. a
dozen; 250 per 100.

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto. W Coarrs,
1176 Rt. Catherine St.,
Montreal.

Halifax, N S.

Pleasant Hours:

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

TORONTO, JANUARY 15, 1898.

JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE. PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

JANUARY 23, 1898.

Working with God.-Phil. 4, 3; 1 Cor.

CO-OPERATION.

The Christian church is a sacred com-All are bound together by the most tender fles of friendship. No mat-ter how large the number, the same spirit actuates and stimulates the whole. A philosopher was once asked a definition of friendship, and he said it meant "one soul in two bodies." Members in every society only succeed by being united together as the heart of one man.

PAUL HAD MANY HELPERS.

Read the first verse at the head of the Respectful mention is made of those who aided the apostle in his great work He did not despise the help of i women it has been well said, "Happy is the man who has a woman for his friend." A kind word spoken, some-times acts like oil on the machine. How much more does a hand stretched forth care put on them—that is, if the boys to aid in difficulty? Paul often needed helpers who were not available Every (Christian knows the value of sympathy. Seasons of trouble will arise and a kind word, an affectionate handshake, will t then be most gladly appreciated.

CLEMENT.

This brother had rendered help to Paul in time of need, and now Paul makes special mention of him, and when the names of the apostle's persecutors have been forgotten, the name of Clement and others, who were the associates of the apostle, will be held in remembrance.

NUMEROUS HELPERS

See Romans 16. Paul had not the power to reward his belpers as he felt "No wonder dear when you cut kind-they deserved, but he mentions their lings and pick up chips and do so many names that they may know how that | other things out of doors."

their names are engraven in his memory. Work done for God it dieth not.

MOTIVE TO EXCITE TO CO-OPERATION.

We are working for God when we thus combine to be follow-helpers for the Servants of reputable masters count it an honour to be engaged in their employ. How much more honourable to be engaged to work with God ever is done to benefit the humblest fol-lower of the Lord Jesus is regarded as being done to the Master himself.

A HOUSE MOVED BY SCHOOL-BOYS.

Just think what a curious and beautiful thing this was,—the moving of a house by seven thousand Minneapolis school children! The house is said to be the first ever put up on the west side of the Mississippi River, where Minneapolis now stands. It was built by Colonel Stevens in 1848, and in it the first white child of Minneapolis, a little girl named Mary Elizabeth, was born; the first religious services of the place were held there, and there the first church was organized.

By-and-bye the place where it stood was wanted for business, and the house was moved. The same thing happened to it several times, until finally it got "lost"; but lately it was found again. and a generous man bought it and offered it to the Park Board if they would move it This they were glad to do, and somebody suggested that the school chil-

dren be invited to do the moving.

When the proposition was made to the schools, over seven thousand of the scholars enthusiastically volunteered to help. No students below the fourth grade were accepted, probably because it was thought that they were not strong The scholars vere divided into enough. relays of a thousand each, each relay having a separate badge.

The house was mounted on heavy wheels, and at nine o'clock a thousand beys took hold of the ropes and pulled it a seventh part of the distance; then another thousand took their turn, and so on, until all of them had had their pull, and about two o'clock in the afternoon it reached the end of its journey. there were speeches and a general good time.

The city made the day a holiday, and the boys with badges were given free rides on the city cars. The house is a story and a half frame, and Colonel Stevens, its builder, is still living in Minneapells, and made a short address. suppose this is the first time in the world a house was ever moved by school children. It has been set down near Minnetaba Falls, and when we go to Minneapolis we must all go and see it.

MITTENS.

BY SYDNEY DAYRE.

"You'll take care of mother when I'm gone, Karl?

Father said it to the small boy who stood ready to hand him his bag as he

said good-bye to mother. will," said Karl, firmly.

"Make things as easy for her as you in. Don't let her do hard things."
"No, I won't," said Karl; "I'll do 'em

n.yzelf. Bless the doy, what can be do?" said

nother, wiping her eyes. "Such a little fellow as he!

"I can I'm big," said Karl, drawing himself up. "I'm seven years old. Soon I'll be a man"

"You are old enough to be mother's comfort," said father. "I leave you to be so

So kiarl and his mother and two little sisters were left with the long, cold winter before them. Father had to go a ter before them. long way from home to get work.

Karl seemed to grow older at once. Boys do, and girls too, when they fied are worth anything that God is calling on them to be helpers in this great world of his, and are glad and willing to do their share. It is a very sweet thought that in helping those they love they are God's helpers, too.

It brought a great many new thoughts to Karl, for he had up to this time been just a merry little boy without much to do except play Now he watched to see what he could do for mother, and she was often surprised to see how much he could do.

"Your hands are cold, mother," he said one day, when she was feeding the chickens. "Give me the pan and go in." "But your hands are cold, too," she id. "Where are your mittens?"

"Oh, they're about worn out."

My hands don't hurt," said Karl, "I'm a big boy." proudly

"We must get you some mittens with the first money that father sends," said

" We must get you some mittens," said Karl, but he said it to himself.

Things grow harder as the winter went on Father sent a little money, but when food was paid for there was none

"No mittens for Karl," sighed mother. "No mittens for mother," said Karl to himself.

Before long the wood which father had left was all gone. A kind neighbour told them they could gather sticks from his woods; but who was to do it? Only little Karl, the "big" seven-year-old boy.

" It is just the same as earning money said mother, when he brought home his first load.

"But I wish I could earn some money." said the boy to himself. "Then I could buy a pair of mittens for mother's poor hands."

It was hard work, the wood gathering; and, oh, how cold were the small hands which tugged so bravely at it! Sometimes Karl cried a little all by himself, big man as he was, but not often. And he always had a smile on by the time he got home to mother.

Do you think Karl was too good a boy to be true? I'. sorry if you do. He was not a perfect boy, by any means, and bad his faults and troubles-in the same way just like other boys. But he had made up his sturdy little mind on that one thing of being a comfort to his mother. Suppose you try for yourself whether a real boy can do it.

Karl asked about mittens at the country store. They were good, thick, warm ones, just mother's size.

"Only twenty cents," said the man.
Only twenty cents! It sounded as large as twenty dollars to Karl. Where

could be get twenty cents?

But one day Mr. Swarts, the owner of the sood, came along where Karl was my sing up his bundle for the day.

"This is fine, dry wood," he said. "I wish I knew of some one I could get to

bring some to my house for kindling.

"I'll do it, and be glad to," said Karl.
"I thin a you have plenty to do already,
for a man of your size," said Mr. Swarts. But Karl carried a bundle every day to Mr. Swarts' house. It took up the most of his playtime, but mother agreed with

him that it was right to oblige any one who was so kind to them.

Three weeks later Mr. Swarts met Kerl

as he brought his wood to the back door.
"That is plenty now," he said; "and here is your pay for it."

I wasn't doing it for pay," said Karl, looking up with a smile on his round, rosy face.

"But I want to pay you, and you have

earned it well.' How big and bright that quarter looked as Mr. Swarts put it into his cold hand -as big and bright as the full moon. With a bound and a shout he was rushing home to show mother his first earnings, when he stopped short to think.

Then he turned and went round by the store. "I want those mittens," said Karl,

showing his quarter.
"Here are some for a quarter, if you want to pay so much," said the store-

"They are finer, and have a fringe on the top," said Karl. What could be too fine for his mother?

How bright the woods looked as he ran towards home. The sun shone down on the snow, and the snow shone back at it. The snowbirds chirped and a squirrel peeped out of its nest with a

friendly chatter. As he reached home his mother met him with a brighter smile than he had often seen on her face. That seemed quite

natural-everything was smiling .o-day. "I've not something for you," he be-

gan. while still out of breath.
"I've got something for you," she said -" something to keep the cold from your

dear little hands. "Big hands," insisted Karl. "Oh, mittens! Where did they come from?"
"Neighbour Kline gave me some yarn
for one of my hens, and I knit them."

'Hold out your heads,' said Karl. didn't knit yours, but I carned 'em, all the same." You dear boy!" she exclaimed.

"You dear mother!" said Karl.

And the sun shone and the smiles beamed brighter than ever, as hands warm with the new mittens kept company with hearts warm with love.

What confection did they have in the Preserved pears.

Which is the most wonderful animal in the farmyard? A pig, because he is killed and then cured.

A Little Sarmon.

Never a day is lost, dear, If at picht you can truly say, You've done one kindly deed, dear, Or smoothed some rugged way.

Never a day is dark, door, Where the sunshine of home may fail, And where the sweet home voices May answer you when you call.

Never a day is sad, dear, If it brings, at set of sun, A kiss from mother's lips, dear, And a thought of work well done.

THE BREAD OF THE WORLD.

In England and America wheat bread is within the reach of all, and scarcely is a thought to be given to the fact that only a small portion of the earth's inhabitants enjoy it. It is only during the last century that wheat bread has come into common use. A hundred years ago wealthy families in England used only a peck of wheat in a year, and that at Christmas, eating oak cakes the remainder of the time.

The German "pumpornickle" is a rye bread with a curious, sour taste, but after esting it awhile one acquires quite a taste for it. It it less nutritious than that of wheat. In the poorer parts of In the poorer parts of Sweden, the people bake their rye bread only twice a year and store it away, so that eventually it is as hard as bricks.

Farther north still, barler and cats become the chief bread corn. But in the distinct north is where man is put to thought to provide himself with bread. In Lapland, if a man trusted to grain he would starve, so the people eke out their scanty store of oats with the inner bark of the pine, and after grinding this mix-ture it is made into large flat cakes.

which, after all, are not half bad.
In dreary Kamchatka the pine or birch bark by itself, well ground, pounded and baked, constitutes the whole of the native bread food. Bread and butter is represented by dough of pine bark spread with sec! lat. In certain parts of Siberia the people not only grind the pine bark, but cut off the tender shoots, which procedure must give the bread an unpleasantly resinous flavour.
In Iceland the lichen is scraped off

the rock, made into bread puddings and put into soup. In Russia and China buckwheat is pressed into service. It makes a palatchle bread, though of a

dark violet tinge.
In Italy and Spain chestnuts are cooked, ground into meal and used for bread and soup thickening. Millet furnishes a white bread in Arabia, Egypt and India.

This grain is credited with being the very first used in bread making.
Rice bread is still the staple of the

Chinese, Japanese, and Indians.
In the Indian archipelago the starck, pith of the sago palm is made into bread, and in some parts of Africa the natives use a certain root for the same purpose.— Boys' Industrial School Journal.

GOG AND MAGOG,

Who were Gog and Magog? English tradition says that they were the last of a race of giants who infested England until they were destroyed by the Trojans who went to the British Isles after the destruction of Troy. Noah Brooks, when telling, in St. Nicholas, "The True Story of Marco Polo," makes the follow-

ing statement:

"Gog and Magog, it is said, were taken captive to London, where they were chained at the door of the palace of the ki s. When they died, wooden images of the two giants were put in their places. In the course of time a great fire destroyed these, but now, if you go to London, you will see, in the Great Hall of one of the famous buildings—the Guildhall—two immense wooden effigies of men, called Gog and Magog.

But there are other traditions of the

two giants. One is to the effect that when Alexander the Great overran Asia he chased into the mountains of the North an impure, wicked and man-eating people, who were twenty-two nations in number, and who were shut up with a rempart in which were gates of brass. One of these nations was Goth, and another Magoth, from which we readily get the names of the mythical giants. It is supposed, however, that the Turks were meant by Gog and the Mongols were the children of Magog. We shall find men-tion made of Gog and Magog in many books, including the Bible; but there is the Great Wall and the Rampart of Gog and Magog, whatever may have been the fact that gave the names of the two giants to that portion of the structure.

San Village

Talk on the Book-Shelf BY HATHARINE PYLE

The little toy shepherdess looked up. Where the books stood in a row, "I wish I could hear them talk," she said:

"For it must be fine, I know."

"Ab ves" the wooden soldier said They are quiet enough all day : But I've heard when the children are all abed.

They talk in a wonderful way."

And now it was twilight in the room; And on the book-case shelves The books began to stretch their backs, And to talk among themselves.

"I wish," cried a peevish little book, That you would not crowd me so; You're always poking me in the back, Because I am small, I know.

'it's not my fault," said a fat, thick voice, "I'm crowded so myself, I can hardly breathe. You little books Should be kept off the shelf."

"Oh, dear! my stories," another said, "Kept buzzing so inside,
That I hardly got a wink of sleep
Lost night, though I tried and tried"

'Oh go to sleep," cried a lesson-book: It's enough to work all day, Without your quarrelling, too, at night: So get to sleep, I say."

"Ah!" the shepherdess sighed, "they are going to sleep!
How lovely their dreams must be! I wish that I were a book, to live Up there on the shelf," said she.

On Schedule Time

IAMES OTIS.

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

CHAPTER II.

It seemed to Dick as if slumber had but just closed his eyelids when he was awakened by a knocking at the chamber door, and heard Aunt Lois cry :

"Come, boys, it is three o'clock!"
"The agreement was that we shouldn't get up until four," Dick replied; and Phil, only half awake, muttered:

'It won't be daylight until nearly six o'clock, so what's the use of turning out at this time?"

'Now don't begin the journey by being indolent, boys." Aunt Lois said from the other side of the door. "Something tells me that unless the utmest exertions are made we shall not succeed in the mission with which we are entrusted.

"Something is always telling Aunt Lois that trouble is near at hand," Phil whispered to his cousin, and then added aloud, "We'll be up in time. Don't fear for us. It isn't sound common sense to hang around an hour or two waiting for the day to break."

"It isn't common sense to lie in bed when you have got work to do," Aunt Lois said, almost sharply,

"We might as well have started last night as to get up now," Dick muttered, but nevertheless leaped out of bed, for was thoroughly awakened, and a single hour was all too short for a second journey into the land of dreams.
When the boys descended from their

chamber it appeared very much as if Aunt Lois had not retired during the night. Breakfast was already upon the table, and her travelling wraps-"twice as many as any woman could possibly need," Phil whispered—were already stored snugly in the surrey.

The younger members of the party looked sleepy and almost ill humoured because of having been aroused so early; but Aunt Lois appeared thoroughly happy

as she bustled about, something after the fashion of an active sparrow, prognosticating evil, while she made certain there was nothing lacking from the collection of medicine which might, by any possibility, be needed.
Shortly after breakfast, and while the

horses were being groomed, Mr. Ainsworth summoned the two boys to his room, and said in reply to Phil's ques-

"I am not really sick, my son, but simply in that bodily and mental condition where I am unable to do as I wish. I depend upon your going through to Benner in the time set, and again impress upon your minds the fact that it is of almost vital importance you reach him

by the close of the sixth day. I have been persuaded into giving my consent that Aunt Lois and the girls accompany you, but it is coupled with the stipulation that at the first momen; they retard your progress, you will leave them en-camped. No harm can come to them anywhere this side of Chesuncook Lake, therefore do not hesitate to abandon 'hem whenever by so doing you may possibly gain a few hours. Here are written instructions to Benner. I will tell you the substance of them, that the journey may not have been in vain if you should lose the letter. He is under no circumstances to begin operations in Township Eight, Range Fourteen; and if he thinks there is yet (:me to prepare for the winter's work, le' him proceed at once to Range Thirtran. I believe the trip, as mapped out, could be made by you on foot if the horses were disabled. Outside of the ordinary accidents of travel, it is possible some unscrupulous lumberman, learning of the difficulties which beset me because of this unlooked-for decision, may attempt to throw obstacles in your way; no one would deliberately try by force to prevent you from going through. You are You are old enough to look out for your companions and yourselves, and at the same time avoid those who might detain you. trust both implicitly, and again repeat that of all my business affairs, none are so important as this one of your gutting through to Benner on time. Do not remain idle when you can be pushing forward, and don't allow anything in the way of sport to distract your minds from the purpose of the journey. After that has been accomplished, you are at liberty to follow your own inclinations until the time originally set for the hunting tour to come to an end." When the boys left Mr. Ainsworth's

chambor they had begun to believe that perhaps Aunt Lois might be excused for awakening them thus early, for until this moment they had not fully realized how in portant it was their mission should be accomplished.

The day had not fully dawned when they drove through the yet sleeping city. as silent and care-laden a party as ever set out in search of pleasure.

As the day grew older and the sun came up from behind the hills with his friendly greeting of warmth, the spirits of the young travellers were raised de-cidedly, and all save Aunt Lois appeared to think this finding Benner within six days was a much lighter task than they had at first fancied.

They were riding over a good road, and the horses pressed forward as if

eager for exercise.

"We are making six miles an hour at the very least," Phil said, when the forenoon was half spent and they had stopped at the brow of a long hill to give the animals a breathing spell.

"At this rate we shall be able to go farther than Milo to-day," Dick replied, in a tone of satisfaction; and Aunt Lois, who had hitherto remained comparatively quiet for one who was accustomed to fret about the merest trifles, exclaimed:

"Now, boys, don't overdo the thing! Something tells me it won't be safe to urge the horses on any farther than your father advised; and if we sleep at Milo to-night, we shall be doing all that is expected of us."
"But the road beyond is so much

rougher than this, that we cught to keep on as long as possible," Gladys sug-

"You are right; and even if something does tell Aunt Lois that trouble is ahead waiting for us, I think we had better continue on to Schoodic Lake, which is only seven miles farther. That would leave us thirteen miles for to-morrow's journey, and will cost as much labour as we shall have expended to-day, if the stories Benner told me last summer were

true."
"But, Philip, it is wisest to do as was decided upon."

"If we can get thead of schedule time, Aunt Lois, we have gained just so many hours in event of a serious detention. Phil replied decidedly, and then gave the word for the journey to be resumed.

They were only ten miles from Milo when a halt was made by the side of the road for linner, and there was no longer a question in the minds of any of the party, save Aunt Lois, that they would camp on the shores of Schoodic Lake rather than on the outskirts of the

A full hour was allowed for this noonday halt, and then the journey was con-tinued, not to be aterrupted until they were in the town of Milo, where Phil, uncertain as to the most direct road to the proposed camping-place, entered the one hotel for the purpose of making the necssary inquiries.

Although not acquainted with any of the townspeople, Phil was not a stranger to them, for on several occasions, while travelling to and from the camp with his father, he had been a great at the

hotel.
"It looks like you was countin' on bit of sport," the landlord said, as he gazed through the window at the baggage-waggon without turning his eyes in the direction of Phil.

"That's what we intend to have. want to put up the tents on the shore of Schoodic Lake, and am not certain which is the best road to take. Can you tell

me T'
"If I can't, I rockon there ain't a man in Milo that can. Takin' the women folks along, oh ?"

"My aunt, my sister, and my cousin. In which direction shall I drive to find

the best camping-place?"
"Ain't Mr. Ainsworth comin' up this way before Benner begins work, or did his losin' the lawsuit kinder knock the

vim out of him?"
"I don't know what father may do. He was sick whon we left Bangor.'

"What's the matter!"
"Nothing serious, I hope. The doctor seemed to think it was a case of nerves

rather than anything clse." An' I allow his'n got a pretty good shakin' up when the case went agin him, though the most of us 'round here allowed he was a leetle off the straight course when he claimed that stumpage."

"But he had bought and paid for it, therefore I can't see why he shouldn't have claimed it," Phil replied hotly.
"That is as may be. There's always

two sides to a story, my boy, an' I allow the peoples hereabouts feel friendly disposed toward your father, as they have a right to do; but most of 'em kinder had an idee that he hadn't bought exactly what he thought."

"If father made any wrongful claim it was through a mistake, and not from an intention to defraud other people."
"I reckon you're right there, my boy,

for Ainsworth always dealt on the square, so far as I know; but this time there can't be any question about the rights of the matter, seein's how the court has decided agin him. I allow Benner won't do much work on Range Fourteen this winter.

"He certainly will not, now it has been decided father has no rights in that section."

"It would be a troublesome piece of business if he should go shead, as he counted on doin'. I reckon Mr. Ainsworth will send him word to change the

plan of operations, eh?"
"Yes, that's what I—"
Phil ceased speaking very suddenly, as he realized that he was on the point of making public what should be kept a secret. He did not believe his father had an enemy in Milo, but at the same time he had been warned against disclosing the purpose of the journey, and added quickly:

"Will you tell me which road I had better take in order to find a good camp-

ing-place for the night ?"

The other occupants of the hotel office as well as the landlord, observed Phil's slight confusion, and two of those present exchanged significant glances, which, however, were not observed by the young messenger.

"Why don't you put up here?" the landlord suggested. 'The black horse has got a decently heavy load, and I allow you have come through from Ban-

"Yes, we have, and would stop but for the fact that we started out with the tents, and want to use them. It is only seven miles farther, and there is no reason why we shouldn't make it before

"You are right there, lad, more especially if you are in a hurry to get through, an' I allow you are. After you pass the school-house up here about a quarter of a mile, bear to the right, and then take the first left-hand road. That'll let you in among the hemlocks, where you'll have a good chance to put up the

tents decently near the water."
"Thank you, sir," and Phil left the office hurriedly, conscious, now that it was too late to repair the error, that he had given the landlord and the loungers good reason to believe it was his purpose to push on in order to warn Benner.
We have only seven miles farther to

drive, and we'll do it in an hour and a quarter," he said, in what he intended should be a cheery tone, as he took his place in the surrey and arge. Bessle for-

ward.
"I hope you didn't tell all those people where we are going. Philip ?" Aunt Lois said, almost before the journey was resumed, and while they could see half a dozen curious faces at the windows of the hotel.
Of course I didn't," Phil replied, his

cheeks reddening as he thought that while he might not have done so absolutely, he had certainly betrayed the secret of his mission in a most incautious

Your father warned you that we must

simply pretend to be out on a pleasure oxcursion, and-

"Now, Aunt Lois, I remember that quite as well as you do, and there is no reason why we should talk about it in the street, where any one may hear us," Phil replied impatiently, for the know-ledge of his own carelesaness vexed him more than he cared to admit.

At four o clock in the afternoon Phil turned Bessle from the main road into the narrow track which led to the lake, halting st a cleared space twenty yards from the water, where there was no underbresh to impede the work of erecting the tents, as he said triumphantly:
"We are more than an hour ahead of

time, which I call a protty good beginning, and the horses haven't suffered in the slightest because of the additional

"That is something we cannot be posttive about, Philip," Aunt Lois replied gravely. "The animals do not appear to be suffering, but no one can say whether they will be in as good a condition for to-morrow's work as if they had remained where your father supposes

we are."
"And since we sha'n't be able to learn that definitely until to-morrow morning. there's no reason why we should trouble our heads about it just now. Aunt Lois You stay in the surrey until the tents are up, Alice and Gladys must lend a hand.

Phil's sister knew exactly how she could assist, owing to previous experiences; while Dick and Alice, eager to learn, were soon able to render material assistance.

(To be continued.)

HONEST WITH HIMSELP.

Little Frankie was forbidden to touch the sewing-machine, and as he was generally a pretty obedient boy, his mother, auntie and his auntie's friend were much surprised one afternoon to find the thread badly tangled and the needle broken. Frankle was, without doubt, the culprit, and he was called before the family tribunal of justice.

"Frankle, did you touch the sewing-machine?" asked mamma, severely.
"Yes, mamma," was the tremulous an-

swer. He was such a mite, so frail and delicate, so utterly helpless as he stood before us all with parted lips and big, frightened eyes, our hearts went out to him in pity.

"Now, Frankle," continued his mother, "you know I said I would punish you if you disobeyed me, and I shall have to keep my promise."

"Yes, mamma," came in a trembling hisper. Surely the little fellow was whisper. punished sufficiently, and yet we realised hat justice must be enforced.

"It is a very long time since you forbade him to touch the machine-perhaps

he forgot," suggested his nunt.
"And if he forgot, that would make a difference, would it not?" I ventured to suggest.

"Certainly," answered his mother; "did you forget, Frankie? I know my boy will speak the truth."

There was a pause, and in that pause there was a struggle between right and wrong; then came the answer with a possionate cry, as though the struggle were almost beyond his puny strength:
"Oh, mamma, mamma, I did remember I shan't make believe to myself!

Brave boy! How often we children of a larger growth lack the courage of being honest with ourselves.-New York Observer.

FILLED THE BILL EXACTLY.

An amusing story is told of a rebuke administered to a bard bargainer, who sent the following advertisement to a paper:
"A lady in delicate health wishes to

meet with a useful companion. must be domestic, musical, an early riser, amiable, of good appearance, and have some experience in nursing. abstainer preferred. Comfortable home. TO RAISTY

A few days afterward the advertiser received by express a basket, labelled.
This side up, with care, perlahable.
On opening it, she found a tabby cat with a letter tied to its tail. It ran thus:

"Madam, in response to your advertisement, I am happy to furnish you with a very useful companion, which you will find exactly suited to your requirements. She is domestic, a good vocalist. an early riser, possesses an amiable dis-position, and is considered handsome. She has had great experience as a nurse. having brought up a large family. need scarcely add that she is a total abstainer. As salary is no object to her, she will serve you faithfully in return for a comfortable home."

"Bejoice, I Have Found My Sheep." BY "MOLLIE."

Father in heaven, hast theu then forsaken us?

Down showers the leafy prize, summer had won .

low lie our highest hopes, -- hast thou forgotten.

And bidden forever the face of thy Son ?

Low means the autumn wind, sobbing a requiem,

Over the summer flowers, dead in the mould.

Low lie the autumn leaves, dead in their glory.

Of royalties' crimson, and purple, and gold.

Low lie our broken hearts, Father in heaven,-

Yet not for ourselves, but those others, we pray. Loud shricks the storm-wind; oh, Father,

in mercy, Come seek thy lost sheep, on the mountain astray.

Long have I called them, but they will not hear me;

Sought them through darkness, through heat of the day Yet they but mocked me, and turned

from my pleading.
And shall I go striving forever and

Low soughs the autumn wind, with its faint grieving,

Helpless we lie at the feet of thy Son, Must they go down to the gates of eternity.

Wrecked by their wilfulness, lost, and undone?

Brown are the autumn leaves, frozen

their earth-bed; Pure white-winged angels come fluttering down,

And spread o'er the tired earth a downy

white coviring, While slience broods softly o'er meadow and town.

And, hark! From afar comes the music of church-bells,

All ringing the gladness that Christ-mastide brings,

When, to ! 'tis a footstop,--a voice long familiar, Ouce more through our halls in sweet

And there stands our lost one, and tells how he wandered,

melody rings.

O'er all the wide earth, through those long dreary days. Seeking adventure, by day and by star-

shine, Forgetful of mother—or God's holy ways.

But once, when the snow, like a mantle of diamonds,

Spread o'er the tired earth, 'neath the moon's silver light.

There rang through the dim woods, from

some fac-off steeple, A peal from the joy-bells that hall Christmas night;

And swift oer his heart comes the warmth of the fire-light, And mother and rest in the home far

away. In the small, quiet nook, where he sat

in his childhood, And heard the sweet tale of the glad Christmas Day.

He rests not, he stays not, but follows the vision. That leads to where hearts still beat

tender and true; Till one rests in his arms, while he murmurs, "My darling,

come back to God, to home, mother and you."

And the glad Christmas chimes tell a

wonderful story,
Of a sweet infant King, who came down from the sky. To seek his lost people through storm and through darkness,

That they, though they roamed, might not siffer and die.

He sought till he found them, o'er paths choked with origins.
Then died as a ransom, that they

might go free; And the sweet Christmas chimes tell the

wonderful story. While we in chanksgiving bend humbly our knee.

Bobcaygeon, Ont.

Of the thirty-eight Sultans who have ruled the Ottoman Empire since the conquest of Constantinople by the Turks, thirty-four have died violent deaths.

WILLIAM WALLACE

Have you ever considered the national heroes of the countries with whose histories you are familiar? If so, you must High or have been struck by one fact. low in rank, crowned by success or failure, they were true men all, brave and unseitish, to whom their country's welfare was dearer than life itself. Such are the men a people delight to honour.

It would be hard to find, in the world's annals, a truer hero than William Wallace, the char pion of Scotland.

He lived in the darkest period of Secttish history— the time of English supremacy. The Normanized nobility had been led by selfish ambition to allow or support the English claims, but the people, inspired by the most unconquerable love of freedom which ever animated human breast, only needed a leader against their tyrant. They found one in William Wallace, a man of gentle birth, though humble station

Even as a boy, he was singularly strong and brave. There are many stories of his wonderful provess against the English. He offered them but desultory resistance until the murder of his be-trothed wife, Marion Bradfute, by the English soldiers, from whom she had helped him escape. Thereafter, his one pussion was for his country. He organized the patriot forces and waged guerilla war. Ris success was a miracle of valour and pairiotism. After the battle of Stirling, Scotland would have been free had the nobles joined Wallace. But this they refused to do, and they were very angry when, to further his patriotic purposes, he assumed the title of Guardian or Governor of Scotland.

"Pure by impure is not seen."

and they thought his aim was to make himself king.

Sprang up fresh heroes in his steps to tread."

In the words of a famous Scotchman : "His very death is no victory over him. He dies, indeed, but his work lives, very truly lives. . . . If the union with England be, in fact, one of Scotland's chief blessings, we thank Wallace withal that it was not the chief curse;" for it was due to Wallace that it was "a just, real union as of brother with brother, not a false and merely semblant one, as of slave and master."

BALANCING ACCOUNTS.

thick-set, ugly-looking fellow was scated on a bench in the public park, and seemed to be reading some writing on a sheet of paper which he held in his hand. "You seem to be much interested in your writing," I said.
"Yes; I've been figuring my account

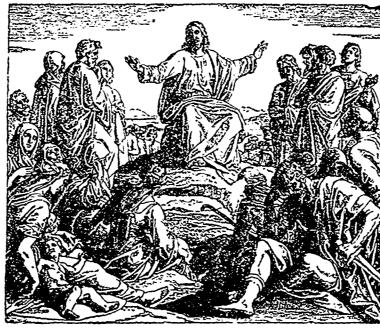
with Old Alcohol, to see how we stand. And he comes out ahead, I suppose.

"Every time; and he has ited like

"How did you come to have dealings with him in the first place?"
"That's what I've been writing. You

see he promised to make a man of me, but he made me a beast. Then he said he would brace me up, but he has made me go staggering round and then threw me into the ditch. He said I must drink to be social. Then he made me quarrel with my best friends, and to be the laughing-stock of my enemies. He gave me a black eye and a broken nose. Then I drank for the good of my health. He ruined the little I had, and left me 'sick as a dog.'"
"Of course."

"He said he would warm me up; and I was soon nearly frozen to seata.



THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT.

feated by the English, greatly superior in numbers, and magnificently equipped with archers and slingers. He then resigned the office of Guardian, and retired from public life.

Betrayed to the English by his false friend, Sir John Monteith, he was ac-cused of being a traitor to the English He made spirited answer :

"To Edward I cannot be a traitor, for I owe him no allegiance; he is not my sovereign; he never received my homage; and, while life is in this persecuted body, he never shall receive it. . . . I repent me of my sins, but it is not of Edward of England that I shall ask pardon."

pardon."

The justice of this plea was ignored. Crowned with a laurel wreath in mockery of his pretended assumption of royal power, he was dragged on a hurdle to a gallows of unusual height, and there hung, drawn and quartered. The parts of his body were exposed in four chief cities of Scotland, "as a warning to all like ovil doers," said the English.
Thus perished William Wallace, as true

a patriot, brave a soldier, and skilful a general as ever lived. A private gentle-man, he led Scotland's armies, and, as Guardian, exercised royal power, as he afterwards resigned it, for his country's good: he died as he had lived, without having compromised Scotland's independence by word or act.

A national hero, he died a shameful death, and his cause seemed lost. But lost it was not.

"From Wallace-blood, like precious seed-drops shed.

In the battle of Falkirk he was de- | said he would steady my nerves; but instead he gave me delirium tremens. He said he would give me great strength; and he made me helpless."

"To be sure."

"He promised me courage"

"Then what followed?"

"Then he made me a coward, for I beat my sick wife and kicked my little child. He said he would brighten my wits; but instead he made me act like a fool, and talk like an idiot. He promised to make a gentleman of me; but he made me a tramp."

By using the electric spark an exposure of less than .000001 of a second is required to make a picture. Illustrations of some of the most delicate natural phenomena are secured by this method. That is a delicate art, indeed, which registers with equal fidelity the unfolding of a morning glory or the rollapse of a soap-bubble.

Business shrewdness and financial ability are unfortunately not confined to the better classes of merchants. At a recent meeting of the Liquor League of Ohio, one of the officers remarked that after a man was grown and temperance habits formed he seldom changed; and he therefore drew the conclusion that for the success of the liquor business missionary work must be done among boys. "Nickels expended in treats to the young now will return in dollars after the ap-petite has been formed." Even the habitual drinker must stand appalled before the frankness of statement of such i diabolical facts.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL BY MATTHEW.

LIBSSON IV.—JANUARY 23. THE ! SATITUDES.

Matt. 5. 1-12. Memory verses, 3-10. GOLDEN TEXT.

Ye are the light of the world.-Matt. 5. 14.

OUTLINE.

1. Lowliness, v. 1-5.

Purity, v. 6-8.
 Endurance, v. 9-12.

Time.-Early summer of A.D. 28, prob-

Place.-Probably the "Horns of Hattin," an eminence seven miles from Capernaum, at the head of the valley leading down to the Sea of Galilee.

HOME READINGS.

M. The Beatitudes.-Matt. 5. 1-12.

Tu. A guiding light.-Matt. 5. 13-20. W. Perfection of love.-Matt. 5. 38-48.

Th. Blessings in disguise.-Luke 6. 20-28. Blessing of obedience.—Psalm 119. 1-16.

S. Motive for love.-1 John 4. 4-12.

Su. Walking in light.—1 John 2. 1-11.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Lowliness, v. 1-5.

Where did Jesus go to teach? What two classes composed his audienco ?

By what title do we call this discourse? Who are heirs of the kingdom of heaven?

What blessedness is in store for mourners? Who are promised possession of the earth?

2 Purity, v. 6-8.

What hunger is a source of blessing? Why is mercy commenced?

3. Endurance, v. 9-12.

What condition of new family relations is named?

When should persecution be a source of Joy?

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson are we taught-

1. The blessedness of a holy character?

2. The profitableness of an upright life? 3. The duty of setting a right example?

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