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# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XVIII.]

TORONTO, JANUARY 15, 1898.

No. 1

"No."

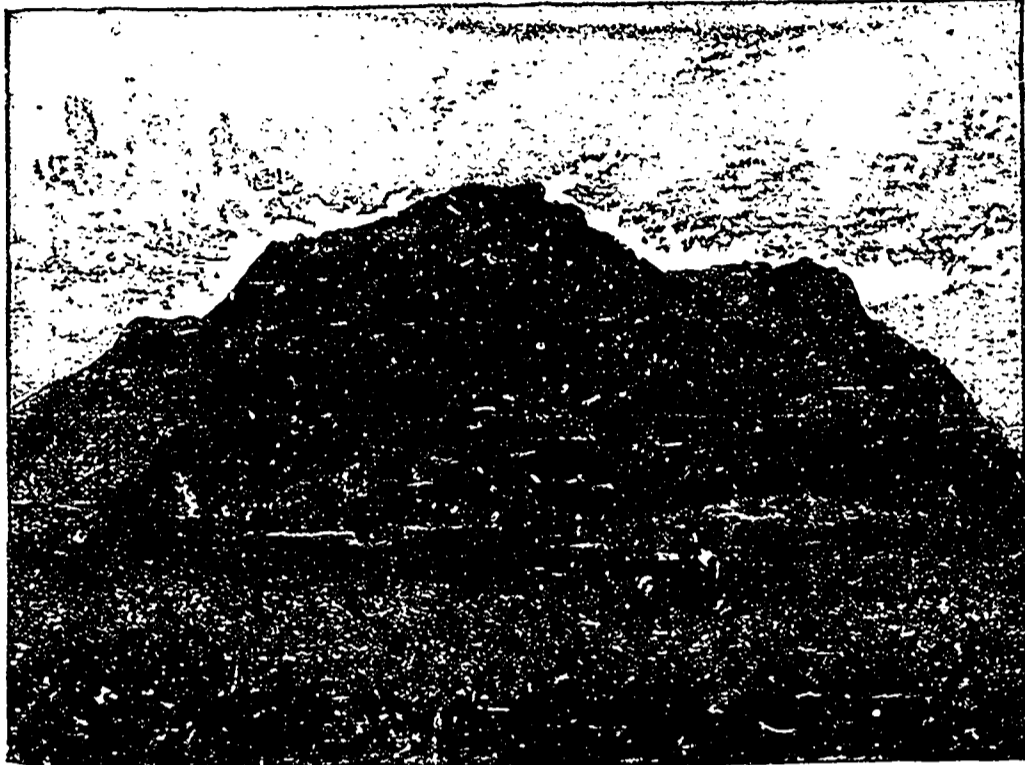
BY ELIZA COOK.

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 great,  
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 BEATITUDES.

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 of Galilee lies seven hundred feet below the Mediterranean. The hillsides 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 multitude was near the seaside. We rose 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 rolling 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 uttered 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



HORNS OF HATTIN—MOUNT OF BEATITUDES.

not much better than they? . . . Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin, and yet I say unto you, that even 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 beatitudes, 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 Macleod, in a few terse sentences, thus describes the scene: "The crusaders had behaved in a most treacherous manner to the Moslems, and had grossly broken their treaty with them. Saladeen was more righteous than they. They carried as their rallying 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 terribly beaten, and all 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

Lydda, the latter of whom bore the holy cross. All at last were slain or taken prisoners, and the Holy Land was lost."

As we descended the abrupt slope, we enjoyed a glorious 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 steep-slopes of the Gadarene shore.

## A DREAM.

BY E. R. PHELPS.

Once there was a child. As he wandered forth one day he came upon a vast loom. He could not tell the colour of the warp, for over it all there shimmered an ever-changing rainbow tinted 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 shining path it left behind 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 rose colour, 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 wert young thy life was pure and colourless. As thou didst grow toward manhood thine actions coloured thine existence. There is the rose-colour of happiness, and the gold of self-forgetfulness; 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 here?"

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

Then the child wept, and said, "Can nothing wash out the stains?"

"Yes," said the voice, sadly, "faith can, but she comes to but few."

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 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 blood-stained 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 disability. Milton was blind, and also deaf.

Don't snub a boy because he chooses a humble trade. The author of "Pilgrim's Progress" was a tinker.

Don't snub a boy because he stutters. Demosthenes, the greatest orator of Greece, overcame a harsh and stammering voice.

Don't snub a boy because of the ignorance of his parents. Shakespeare, the world's 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't snub a boy because he wears shabby clothes. When Edison, the great inventor, first entered Boston, he wore a pair of yellow linen breeches in the depth of winter.

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



ON THE SHORES OF GALILEE.



TIBRIAH.

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. Look 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, Bread on waters can't 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; So, my friend, let's give them freely; Gift and giver God will bless. —The Housewife

OUR PERIODICALS:

Table listing various periodicals such as Christian Guardian, Methodist Magazine, and others with their respective prices and publication details.

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto.

W. COOPER, 1176 St. Catherine St. Montreal.

R. F. HENRIS, Wesleyan Book Room, Halifax, N. S.

Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR 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. 3. 9.

CO-OPERATION.

The Christian church is a sacred compact. All are bound together by the most tender ties of friendship. No matter 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 lesson. Respectful mention is made of those who aided the apostle in his great work. He did not despise the help of women. It has been well said, "Happy is the man who has a woman for his friend." A kind word spoken, sometimes acts like oil on the machine. How much more does a hand stretched forth 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 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 helpers as he felt they deserved, but he mentions their names that they may know how that

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 fellow-helpers for the truth. 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. Whatever is done to benefit the humblest follower 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 children 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 enough. The scholars were divided into 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 boys 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. Then 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 Minneapolis, and made a short address. I suppose this is the first time in the world a house was ever moved by school children. It has been set down near Minnetaha 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.

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

"Bless the boy, what can he do?" said mother, 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 Karl and his mother and two little sisters were left with the long, cold winter before them. Father had to go a long way from home to get work. Karl seemed to grow older at once. Boys do, and girls too, when they find care put on them—that is, if the boys and girls are worth anything. They see 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 said. "Where are your mittens?"

"Oh, they're about worn out." "No wonder dear when you cut kindlings and pick up chips and do so many other things out of doors."

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

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

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

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

"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'm sorry if you do. He was not a perfect boy, by any means, and had 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 he get twenty cents?

But one day Mr. Swartz, the owner of the food, came along where Karl was mending 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 think you have plenty to do already, for a man of your size," said Mr. Swartz.

But Karl carried a bundle every day to Mr. Swartz' 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. Swartz met Karl 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. Swartz 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-keeper.

"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 so-day.

"I've got something for you," he began, 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 hems, and I knit them."

"Hold out your hands," said Karl. "I didn't knit yours, but I earned '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 ark? Preserved pears.

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

A Little Sermon.

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

Never a day is dark, dear, Where the sunshine of home may fall, 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 "pumpernickel" is a rye bread with a curious, sour taste, but after eating it awhile one acquires quite a taste for it. It is less nutritious than that of wheat. 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, barley and oats 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 mixture 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 seal fat. 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 Hohen 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 palatable 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 starchly 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 following statement:

"Gog and Magog, it is said, were taken captive to London, where they were chained at the door of the palace of the king. 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 rampart in which were gates of brass. One of these nations was Gogh, and another Magog, 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 mention 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.



## "Rejoice, I Have Found My Sheep."

BY "MOLLIE."

Father in heaven, hast thou 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 moans 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 shrieks 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 for ever and aye?

Low sighs 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 covering,  
While silence broods softly o'er meadow and town.

And, hark! From afar comes the music of church-bells,  
All ringing the gladness that Christmas tide brings,  
When, lo! 'tis a footstep,—a voice long familiar,  
Once more through our halls in sweet melody rings.

And there stands our lost one, and tells how he wandered,  
O'er all the wide earth, through those long dreary days,  
Seeking adventure, by day and by starshine,  
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 far-off steeple,  
A peal from the joy-bells that hail Christmas night;

And swift o'er 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,  
I've 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 suffer and die.

He sought till he found them, o'er paths choked with orphans,  
Then died as a ransom, that they might go free;  
And the sweet Christmas chimes tell the wonderful story,  
While we in thanksgiving 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 have been struck by one fact. High or low in rank, crowned by success or failure, they were true men all, brave and unselfish, to whom their country's welfare was dearer than life itself. Such are the men a people delight to honour.

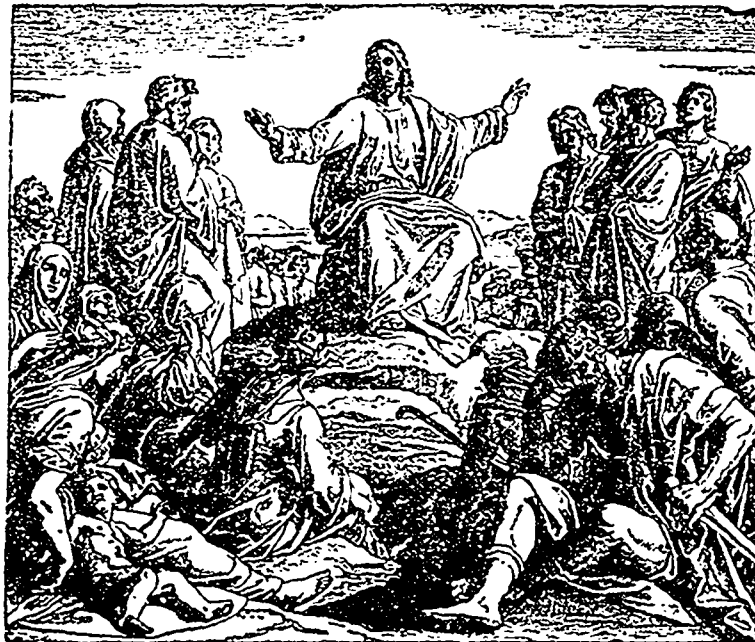
It would be hard to find, in the world's annals, a truer hero than William Wallace, the champion of Scotland.

He lived in the darkest period of Scottish history—the time of English supremacy. The Norman 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 prowess against the English. He offered them but desultory resistance until the murder of his betrothed wife, Marion Bradfute, by the English soldiers, from whom she had helped him escape. Thereafter, his one passion was for his country. He organized the patriot forces and waged guerilla war. His success was a miracle of valour and patriotism. 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.



THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT.

In the battle of Falkirk he was defeated 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 accused of being a traitor to the English king. 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."

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 burdle 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 evil doers," said the English.

Thus perished William Wallace, as true a patriot, brave a soldier, and skilful a general as ever lived. A private gentleman, 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,

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.

A thick-set, ugly-looking fellow was seated 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 lied like sixty."

"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 death. He

and 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 collapse 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 appetite has been formed." Even the habitual drinker must stand appalled before the frankness of statement of such diabolical facts.

## LESSON NOTES.

## FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL BY MATTHEW.

## LESSON IV.—JANUARY 23.

## THE BEATITUDES.

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

Time.—Early summer of A.D. 28, probably.

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.  
F. 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 audience?  
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 commended?
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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