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# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XX.

TORONTO, MARCH 17, 1900.

No. 11.

## LIFE SAVING

One of the noblest government institutions is the Life-preserving Service. These stations are located in suitable places near the coast of oceans or lakes, to be of service to vessels in distress, either by storm or fire. At these stations the life-boats are kept, and all the arrangements for sending out help.

When a vessel falls into danger, a signal of distress is given, and at once the men at the station prepare for work, just as earnestly as the firemen do in cities when a signal for fire is given. They do not employ horses, but they pull a sort of two-wheeled cart near the bank. On this are heavy coils of rope and a mortar or short cannon. This is loaded, and with it they shoot out a line of rope, over the vessel. First a small-sized rope

is sent; at once the men in the vessel draw in the rope, and as they draw it in, the men on shore attach a heavier rope, on which to carry the life-car. Our first picture shows them firing the life-line, as it is called, over the vessel. Though this is only a small rope, it is welcomed, as a precious means of life, and in receiving the first offer of life, more comes.

In 1877 a vessel fell into danger, and when signal was made to them they gave no answer. Then the life-boat was sent out, yet they seemed not to notice it. Night approached, when the earnest men on shore succeeded in getting a reply, asking for a life-boat. At once they were told to "Haul on the rope." This they did. It was found that the vessel was a Norwegian barque, and perhaps at first they might have thought, on a foreign shore, they could not ask for help. Hours had passed because they did not understand the plan. Had they not yielded to ask for help, and so enabled the men on shore to instruct them, in a short time all would have been lost. How many souls are acting much in the same way about salvation? They say they do not understand how Christ's suffering can atone for their sin, or there are so many things in the Bible that they do not understand, and so they do not heed the life-line exhortation floating over

them, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."

Praise the Lord! some will cry out for help whether they fully understand every detail or not, and are saved.

As the men on the vessel draw in the rope a life-car soon reached them, and was filled with passengers, and shut up water-tight, and drawn back to land in safety. Thus all the precious lives were saved. Our next picture shows the life-car as it returns from its journey to the ones in danger. It looks too small, but it can hold a lot of people, and protect them from danger.

What rejoicing and thanksgiving there must have been, when the life-car was landed on shore and opened, and the dear ones taken out in perfect safety!

Baby is the first lifted out, and then one after another, until they all stand out of danger. The old vessel must go down, but they are safe. The storm may rage, but they are out of its reach. The men who laboured to send them this means of escape forget their labour, and rejoice to know the crew are saved.

Thus, redeemed souls rejoice to be free from the wrath which hung over them, forgetting the old haunts of sin which so lately bound them, now giving praise to God for new life. No praise is expected by those who led these souls to

God. No thought of the many entreaties and prayers, but a general rejoicing over the salvation of souls. Every young Christian, or old, may engage in the work of rescuing souls from eternal death, and this is more important than saving the body.

## A CUP OF COFFEE.

A vessel had just come from the other side of the world. "Wild Jim," as he was called, was going to return to his old Devonshire home.

"You'll astonish the natives a bit," was the good-bye his comrades gave him, as handsome Jim, with his cap on one side, went up the street of Southampton.

He had not gone far on his way to the station, when a bright-looking shop, with a lot of tempting bottles in the window, caught his eye. A jolly landlord standing by his door cried, "Hullo, my brave British tar! welcome back to Mother Earth! Come and have a glass for your safe return!"

"Wild Jim," always ready for a glass, turned in. He sat on hour after hour till his pocket-money was spent, and his head was aching, and he did not know what he was saying. All at once he became aware of the landlord's heavy hands on his shoulders, and a shocked voice saying, "No, no! this is a respectable

and-half. Will you try ours; hot or cold?" "A jorum of something hot!" he cried, wondering what spirits she would give him.

"Are you Devonshire?" she said with a ready tact.

"To be sure I am! to my backbone." "Then would you like some Devonshire cream?"

"Aye! that I would! It's many a day since Devonshire Cream and I have met."

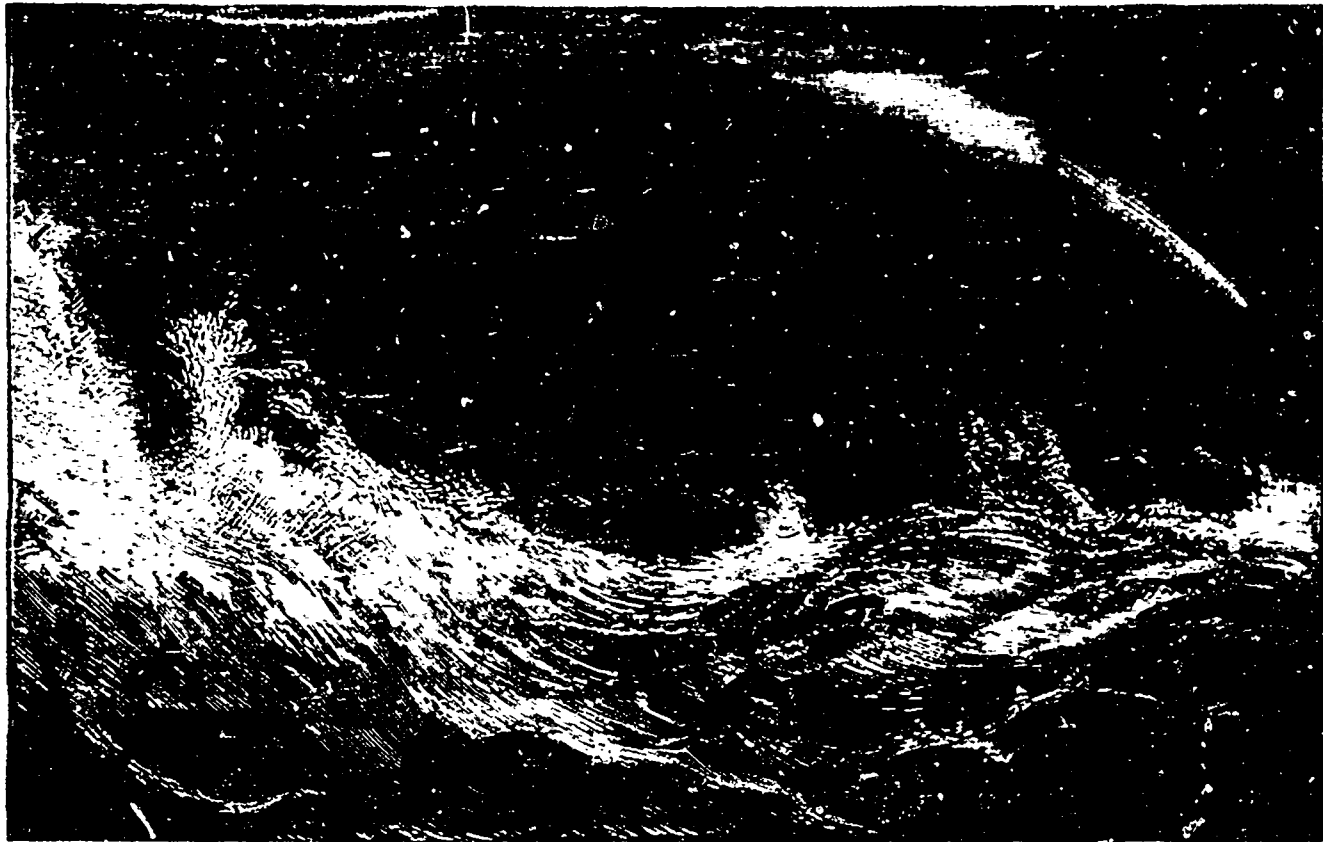
And then he sat down and enjoyed the first cup of coffee he had had for many a long day. When he had finished he pushed his half-crown across the counter, but to his intense astonishment the woman gave him back 2s 5d.

"Well, you will soon have to give up shop if you give away things in this fashion!" he cried.

And then he sat down again; and this time the hours went by, but how differently from the sad morning.

Instead of going to his old Devonshire home, he went back first to his shipmates to try and induce them to join the "new-fangled public."

And when he went back to his parents and his old village, "Wild Jim's" name was changed to "Sober Jim." He became a temperance man. "All along," he would say, "under God, of those kind words of that woman and my first cup of coffee."



FIRING THE LIFE-LINE OVER THE VESSEL.



PULLING THE LIFE-CAR TO SHORE.



OPENING THE LIFE-CAR.

house. Never allow too much to be drunk on the premises. And then he was shoved off into the street, and a policeman gave a knowing wink to the landlord.

"Just in time," he whispered; "the superintendent is coming round. I'll get him into the field outside; he'll soon come to."

But Jim was more "to" than they knew, and he felt in his pocket, and found that out of all his money he was going to take to his parents only 2s 6d was left. He waited till he was all but sober and then he retraced his way, as he thought to the station but some how the way was not clear, and he found himself before another bar.

He threw down his 2s. 6d. for "a glass of half-and-half, and make it stiff."

The woman's answer was, "We have not your half-



As Ye Mete.

BY MARY MORRISON.

"Hit 'em a welt, Jim. There! that's right.  
Git there, lazybones! Here we go! Thought ye could snake it up if ye tried. If the hill is a leetle bare o' snow. What do ye s'pose I keep ye fur? Pretty pair!—a-soldierin' ma.  
Put on the whip, Jim, good an' thick, What do ye lag fur? Git there! Gee!"  
Bright little Jim on the toppling load, Catches his lesson, quickly too, Swings his lash with a childish vim, Brings it down with a loud halloo, Git up, azybones! Git dare, now! Lashing and slashing with all his might, "Learning to drive," and his father stands, Laughing aloud at the funny sight.

Years roll away, as the years all do, Father is "grandpa," old and gray, Pottering round the house at Jim's, Made to feel he is in the way. Working hard with his feeble hands, Toiling at burdens beyond his strength, Work if you eat. No laggards here," Is what he hears from Jim at length.

As ye measure, so unto you Shall be measured the same again; Eye for an eye, and tooth for a tooth," Readeth the law in accents plain. Mills of the gods, that grind each day, May grind slowly; they grind full sure. Who oppress a suffering life, Must the oppressor's fate endure.  
—Our Animal Friends.

TIM'S FRIEND.

By Annie M. Barton.

CHAPTER III.

OLD GRANNY BROWN.

She was not a nice object to look at, as she bent over a heap of rags and bones spread out on the floor of the cellar in which she lived; indeed, to say she looked horrible is not at all too strong a term. Blear-eyed and with a face bloated and disfigured by long years of indulgence in drink and other evil passions, her scanty gray locks straggling wildly out from beneath a dirty rag that did duty for a cap, a blackened clay pipe, filled with strong tobacco, between her lips, such was Granny Brown, whom poor Tim "hated like poison."  
The cellar was cold and damp and wretched, although a good fire was burning in the rusty grate; the air was foul with indescribable odours arising from the heap of refuse on the floor, and the old woman groaned and mumbled and muttered to herself, as she sorted the rags into separate little piles.  
The door opened and a man, an old man, ragged, dirty, and unkempt, came in, and went at once to the fire, shivering, and stretching out his hands to the welcome blaze.  
Granny Brown took not the slightest notice of him. He was a neighbour, and a rag-picker also, who lived in an adjoining cellar, and being somewhat miserly in his habits, would often come and sit by her fire to save his own. Strangely enough, she never objected to him doing this, indeed, between the two an odd sort of friendship existed, although they often quarrelled violently.  
"Where is the lad?" he asked presently, as he drew a three-legged stool to the fire, and sat down as close as he could possibly get to the bright red coals.  
"Out. He was gone when I woke up this morning," said the old woman savagely. "Up to some of his tricks, I'll be bound, the idle, good for nothing brat. I meant him to sort these rags; ough! how it hurts my back to stoop! If he doesn't bring in something worth having, I'll break every bone in his body."  
"He's got a bob; I know that for a fact," said the man quietly.  
With a tremendous groan, Granny Brown straightened herself, and came towards the speaker.  
"What d'ye mean? Where have you seen him?" she demanded.  
"Oh! a goodish bit from here. I was out looking for a job when I spied Tim at the door of a very decent house a-talking to a woman and a kid. The kid was a little chap in knickerbockers, and he'd got hold of Tim's hand. Just as I passed I heard him say, 'You'll never give away my shilling, it's got a hole in it, and a string, so you can put it round your neck,' and Tim said, 'All right, I'll keep it for ever and ever.' Tim never see'd me, 'cause his back was turned, so I kep' dark and passed on. Only, I

thought I'd let you know in case he didn't turn it up."  
"He'll turn it up, never fear," said the old woman grimly; "he knows better than to hide anything from me. Once he tried on that little game, and I guess he's not forgot to this day the thrashing I give him. But what could make the kid give him a whole bob?"  
"You'll have to find that out when he comes, I know nothing cept what I've told you."  
"I'm blest if I'll do any more work to-day," was the rejoinder. "Tim shall sort these rags while I spend the money, work the young uns out first, that's my motto."  
The man smiled a grim assent, and then the two cronies sat one on each side of the fire, smoking, watching, and waiting for Tim's return.  
Meanwhile, Tim, quite unconscious that the lynx eyes of Bob Fletcher, granny's friend, had observed him, had been having a glorious time.  
When he reached Dale Street after leaving the Argus, he saw Johnnie a eager little face watching for him from the window of No. 5, and, as he approached, the door was flung wide open.  
"O Tim, what a time you have been!" he exclaimed reproachfully. Mother said she didn't think you would come back at all."  
At the sound of Johnnie's voice, Mrs. Dodds came into the passage.  
"You do not go errands very quickly, my boy," she said gravely, "I expected you back an hour ago."  
"He kep' me," answered Tim, with a backward movement of the head, to indicate some distant personage. "I guess this letter'll tell you why."  
Mrs. Dodds took the envelope, now covered with dirty finger marks, and read the contents in silence, then, turning to her little boy, exclaimed, "Why, Johnnie, your father never got the first message I sent to tell him you were lost. I expect that lad kept the penny, and never went near the docks. However, it doesn't matter; I have got you safe and sound." She finished with a warm, motherly kiss.  
Tim stood looking on with a strange feeling of envy in his heart.  
"How nice it must be to have a mother!" he thought. "Nobody in the whole world cares about me, I haven't a single friend; if I got lost, or even if I died, nobody would mind a bit."  
Big tears filled his eyes, but the next moment he wiped them away, for Tim had naturally a very cheerful disposition, and was not the boy to cry over troubles that could not be helped.  
Kind-hearted Mrs. Dodds, however, had seen the tears, though she was far from guessing the cause, and her heart was full of pity for the miserable, neglected child.  
"Mr. Dodds tells me you have had breakfast on board ship."  
"Yes, and a rare good tuck in it were," answered Tim, his eyes sparkling at the recollection. "There was a chap there, as served out the grub, was awful kind; he give me this bag full of pieces to take home, and he told me his name was John Wilson, and he lives at Sunderland. When I'm a man I mean to be a sailor just like him."  
"He isn't a sailor, he's only a steward," cried Johnnie, proud of his superior knowledge; but Tim did not understand the difference.  
"Well any way, I'm going to be a chap like him, with a little room full of boxes and drawers and cupboards, and all sorts of good stuff inside 'em. I wanted him to take me this voyage as boy to help him; but he said I were too small. Never mind, though, I shan't always be little."  
Tim looked very brave and determined as he stood there, his ragged little figure drawn to its full height; but there was something so pathetic in his appearance, that tears filled the good woman's eyes.  
She questioned Tim very closely as to his home and prospects in life. The sorrowful story was soon told, and though intensely sorry for the friendless child, she saw no way of really helping him.  
Therefore, as many others in like circumstances do, she tried to dismiss the subject from her mind.  
"Here is the sixpence my husband promised you," she said, taking the coin from her purse. "I wish I could do more for you; but we don't live here, we go back to Manchester in a few days. You are bigger than my Johnnie, or I would give you one of his warm jackets."  
"I need it badly," said Tim, with a rueful glance at his ragged coat; "but you are right, missus, I'm too big to wear anything belonging to that little chap."  
"Mother, dear," cried Johnnie, "let me give Tim my new silver shilling, the one with the hole in it, for a keepsake. He can put a string through it and wear it

round his neck, and then he will always remember me."  
Johnnie darted away, and quickly returned with his treasure, which he placed in Tim's hand.  
"Don't ever, ever give it away, will you?" he asked earnestly.  
"But, my dear, the little boy may want to spend it for food," remonstrated Mrs. Dodds.  
"Not my new silver shilling," cried Johnnie. "Say you will never give it away."  
"I won't, honest and true," answered Tim, "not if I'm starving."  
If you care to call here to-morrow, my boy," said Mrs. Dodds, "I will give you something to eat, you will be hungry again long before that time. e. n though you have had such a good breakfast this morning."  
"Thank ye, missus, I'll turn up, never fear," said Tim, as he stood on the steps, and it was then Bob Fletcher passed and heard little Johnnie say, "You'll never give away my shilling, it's got a hole in it and a string, so you can put it round your neck."  
"All right," answered Tim, but, poor boy, had he known it, it was all wrong.  
As he walked slowly in the direction of home, he pondered the events of the morning with feelings of great satisfaction.  
"I never had such a lucky day in my life as this has been," he thought. "A great big breakfast, a bag of grub, a tanner and a bob—a real silver shillin'; my ain't it a beauty? with a hole in it and a string (a red string too), just as the little chap said."  
Tim took out his treasure, rubbed it still brighter on his ragged sleeve, and, the rain having ceased, stood still, the better to look and admire. He hung the red string round his neck and strutted along. "I've got a tlicker! What would Granny Brown say if she knew? Wouldn't she collar it in quick sticks? But she'll never catch sight of this beauty. I s'pose I'll have to turn up the tanner, or she'll be down on me for staying out so long. I'd get on a deal better if I were on my own hook."  
At this moment a church clock in the vicinity struck twelve, and at the sound Tim looked up in amazement.  
"Well! Twelve o'clock already! I'd better make tracks." And, suiting the action to the words, Tim set off as fast as his legs could carry him.  
He did not pause even to draw breath until he arrived at the entrance of the dirty court-yard in which was his home. There, however, before entering, Tim darted rapidly to the right, and disappeared in a tumble-down old building that had been condemned as a dwelling place. In some mysterious recess he hid the precious shilling, and then, with the bag of pieces on his back and the sixpence in his hand, he ran lightly down the cellar steps and opened the door.  
"Where've you been, you little imp?" growled the old woman before the boy could speak. "I'll teach you better manners than to go out without so much as by y're leave."  
"I've had good luck to-day," cried Tim, eager to propitiate his cruel guardian. "Look 'ere, all this lot of good vict'als"—opening the bag, and pouring its contents upon the table. "See, pieces of ham, and pie, and cheese, and all sorts; ain't it grand?"  
In spite of herself the old woman looked slightly mollified. It was not often she saw such food, and when she tasted a bit of pie and found it exceedingly good the ominous frown disappeared from her brow.  
Bob Fletcher also came to the table and picked out a few of the most dainty morsels; but his appetite for food was small, drink had long since destroyed it.  
"And here," said Tim, producing the coin from his pocket, "is a real whole tanner, what was give to me by a lady for taking home her little boy as was lost. So I've been in luck to-day, haven't I?"  
Granny Brown took the sixpence, looked at it, rang it upon the table, and then coolly put it into her pocket.  
"So far, so good," she remarked grimly; "now turn out the bob."  
Tim looked at her in the greatest apparent surprise. He had never been taught that it was wrong to tell lies or to steal.  
"I don't know what you mean; I haven't got another blessed cent," he protested earnestly. "I think a tanner was pretty good pay just for takin' a little chap home."  
For a moment the old woman hesitated; the boy seemed to be speaking the truth, and probably Bob Fletcher was mistaken in the amount he had received.  
She glanced inquiringly round, and, with an evil look, the old man said: "What about the shilling with a hole in

it and a string to hang it round your neck?"  
(To be continued.)

LIVING IN A HURRY.

Nowadays a large number of people suffer from unnecessary excitement. A physician, who is a specialist in nervous diseases, declares that a young woman under his charge was literally killing herself by too rapid movements.  
"She is not satisfied," he said, "with going about and doing things in a quiet orderly way, but actually rushes through with her work, and continually overtakes herself. She cannot be convinced that a little more deliberation might accomplish just as much, and save her strength. So firmly is this habit of haste upon her that she will run up and down stairs when there is no need for hurry, and, indeed, when there is no possible pretext for doing it."  
The doctor's prescription was. A good deal more deliberation, a large amount of rest and occupation.  
The world is full of people who are rushing themselves to ruin of health as fast as they can go. They not only rush, but worry, and, between these two, subject their nervous systems to more wear and tear than anything short of wrought steel could endure.

NEIGHBOURS THE OTHER SIDE.

A minister was soliciting aid for foreign missions and applied to a gentleman, who refused him with the reply, "I don't believe in foreign missions; I want what I give to benefit my neighbour."  
"Well," replied he, "whom do you regard as your neighbour?"  
"Why, those around me."  
"Do you mean those whose land joins yours?" inquired the minister.  
"Yes."  
"Well," said the minister, "how much land do you own?"  
"About five hundred acres."  
"How far down do you own?"  
"Why, I never thought of it before, but I suppose I own about half way through."  
"Exactly," said the clergyman, "I suppose you do, and I want the money for the New Zealanders—the men whose land join yours on the bottom."

A PARABLE.

One night a man took a little taper out of a drawer and lit it, and began to ascend a long, winding stair. "Where are you going?" said the taper. "Away high up," said the man; "higher than the top of the house where we sleep."  
"And what are you going to do there?" said the taper.  
"I am going to show the ships out at sea where the harbour is, said the man.  
"For we stand here at the entrance to the harbour, and some ships far out on the stormy sea may be looking out for light even now."  
"Alas! no ship could ever see my light," said the taper, "it is so very small."  
"If your light is small," said the man, "keep it burning bright, and leave the rest to me."  
Well, when the man got up to the top of the lighthouse, for this was a lighthouse they were in, he took the little taper, and with it lighted the great lamps that stood ready there with their polished reflectors behind them.  
You who think your little light of so small account, can you not see what God may do with it? Shine—and leave the rest to him.—The Wellspring.

MANN'S ADVICE TO BOYS.

Horace Mann gives this bit of advice to boys: "You are made to be kind, boys; generous, magnanimous. If there is a boy in the school who has a club-foot, don't let him know you ever saw it. If there is a boy with ragged clothes, don't talk about rags in his hearing. If there is a lame boy, assign him some part in the game that don't require running. If there is a hungry one give him part of your dinner. If there is a dull one, help him to get his lessons. If there is a bright one he not envious of him; for if one boy is proud of his talents and another is envious of them, there are two great wrongs and no more talent than before. If a larger or stronger boy injured you and is sorry for it, forgive him. All the school will show by their countenance how much better it is than to have a great fuss. And remember who said, 'Love your enemies,' and 'Bless them which curse you.'"



PETRIFIED TREE TRUNK.

**When My Mother Tucked Me In**  
BY BETTY GARLAND.

Ah, the quaint and curious carving  
On the post of that old bed?  
There were long-beaked, queer old griffins  
Wearing crowns upon their head;  
And they fiercely looked down on me  
With a cold, sardonic grin,  
I was not afraid of griffins,  
When my mother tucked me in.

What cared I for dismal shadows,  
Shifting up and down the floor,  
Or the bleak and grewsome wind gusts  
Beating 'gainst the close-shut door,  
Or the rattling of the windows,  
All the outside noise and din?  
I was safe and warm and happy  
When my mother tucked me in.

Sweet and soft her gentle fingers,  
As they touched my sunburnt face;  
Sweet to me the wadded odour  
That enwrapped her dainty lace;  
Then a pat or two at parting,  
And a good-night kiss between;  
All my troubles were forgotten  
When my mother tucked me in.

Now the stricken years have borne me  
Far away from love and home;  
Ah! no mother leans above me  
In the nights that go and come.  
But it gives me peace and comfort,  
When my heart is sore within,  
Just to lie right still and, dreaming,  
Think my mother tucked me in.

O the gentle, gentle breathing  
To her dear heart's softer beat,  
And the quiet, quiet moving  
Of her soft-shod, willing feet!  
And, Time, one boon I ask thee,  
Whatsoever may be my sin,  
When I'm dying let me see her  
As she used to tuck me in.  
—The Watchman.

**AN AGATE FOREST.**

Some wonderful specimens of agate from Arizona were lately exhibited by the well-known house of Tiffany & Co., New York City. This agate is "petrified wood," but like no other petrified wood previously discovered. The colouring is brilliant and beautiful; glowing red; the delicate blending and tinting of grays, blues, and greens, with here and there a glistering quartz crystal, make a rare combination.

Those beautiful slabs—two or three feet across—were sawn from great stone logs. The perfect likeness of the tree is there—concentric rings, the radiating lines, the rough, gnarled bark, and even every knot, has its facsimile in the stone.

Petrifications in wood have been discovered before, but they have been in neutral tints; the size and richness of the colouring are what render this recent discovery remarkable, for, previous to this, agates thirteen inches in diameter were considered large.

The finding of this agate forest, as it might properly be termed, is interesting. When the Apache chief, Geronimo, led the frontiersmen such a lively chase in Arizona, he ran better than he knew. During the pursuit of the Indians, the heart of the Apache country was penetrated. It was on one of these wild chases that a cowboy named Adams found himself in the remote and before undiscovered petrified forests of Arizona.

As soon as possible the discoverer reported his wonderful find to the Governor of Arizona. His story was laughed at. All right," said the cowboy, "if my story isn't true, I'll bear the expenses of the journey there and back."

The story was true, and there, prone in the depths of the lava desert they saw the remains of a forest, changed

into brilliant-hued, translucent agate, held in form by the petrified bark, every ridge and knot perfectly translated. For ages the water, impregnated with silica, played over and amongst these forest trees, wearing the wood away, and, cell by cell, atom by atom, replacing it by the stone.

It is assumed that powerful rivers may have burst forth, and with their heated waters covered this forest, and then, perhaps, after centuries, settled away, leaving as monuments of their work these agate petrifications. Stumps, trees, twigs, fallen logs, are all represented in the beautiful stone.

The cutting and polishing of these great agates is a work of exceeding difficulty. Thirty-five days were consumed in sawing across one of the stone logs. No steel instrument can make an impression, can even scratch the polished specimen on exhibition. Diamond dust and saws with diamond teeth alone will cut them.

Of course, much of the work must be done on the spot. Hence a fortified camp has been set up in the Arizona wilderness, and here are sawn out the blocks and slabs of agate.

**BE TRUE.**

Be true to your parents. You are under obligations higher and greater than you can possibly think. You must honour these obligations with the utmost fidelity, with expression of respect and loyal obedience.

Be true to yourself. You owe duties to yourself of the highest order. We do not mean that you are to consider selfishly your own interests regardless of



PETRIFIED TREE.

the rights of others. But you must make of yourself the noblest man or the noblest woman that you are capable of.

Be true to your Sunday-school and church. Here is the field in which your life-work is to be cast. Do not speak with disparagement of your church or Sunday-school, of your minister, superintendent, or teacher. If your church or school is smaller, or your house of worship less elegant, than somebody else's, remember that God has use for the smaller as well as for the larger things, for the sparrow or humming-bird as well as for the eagle, for the insect as well as for the elephant, for the little brook as well as for the great river, for the child as well as for the man. Your church and school have their mission in the world. Be true to them, and help them perform the mission best.

Be true to your God. Every commandment given by him is pure and holy. To obey them is for your best welfare, in this world and in the next. Thorough loyalty to truth, to right, to all that is pure and elevating, is the sure road to a noble character and life.

**LESSON NOTES.**

FIRST QUARTER.  
STUDIES IN THE LIFE OF JESUS.

LESSON XII.—MARCH 25.  
REVIEW.



**GOLDEN TEXT.**

The Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister.—Mark 10. 45.

**HOME READINGS.**

- M. The birth of Jesus.—Luke 2. 1-16.
- Tu. The child Jesus visits Jerusalem.—Luke 2. 41-52.
- W. The baptism and temptation of Jesus.—Matt. 3. 13 to 4. 11.
- Th. The first disciples of Jesus.—John 1. 35-46.
- F. Jesus and Nicodemus.—John 3. 1-18.
- S. Jesus at Jacob's well.—John 4. 5-26.
- Su. Jesus healing in Capernaum.—Mark 1. 21-34.

Time and Places.—From B.C. 5 to A.D.

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

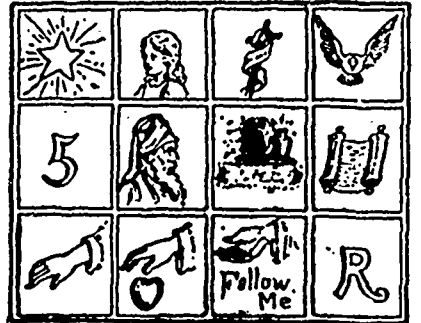
1. Judea, with Bethlehem and Jerusalem.
2. Samaria, with Jacob's well.
3. The wilderness; where John preached; where Jesus was tempted.
4. The Jordan.
5. Nazareth.
6. Capernaum.

III. State the principal teaching of each lesson.

IV. Find out how many miracles we have learned of.

V. Recall the advice given by Jesus to John's disciples:

1. To Nicodemus.
2. To the woman at the well of Samaria.
3. To the people of Nazareth, etc.



Drill on Golden Texts for Review and impress the unselfishness of Jesus' life. Draw out enough details in each lesson to make sure that the story is recalled, but fix the attention upon the special lesson truth, and make the children feel that the texts are indeed "Golden."

O to follow thee each day  
In the lowly blessed way  
That the holy Saviour trod,  
Leading lost ones back to God!

During a temperance campaign a lawyer was discussing very learnedly the clauses of the proposed temperance law. An old farmer, who had been listening attentively, shut his knife with a snap, and said: "I don't know nuthin' about the law, but I've got seven good reasons for votin' for it." "What are they?" asked the lawyer. And the grim old farmer responded, "Four sons and three daughters."

**Rev. J. Jackson Wray's**

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I. Recall the Title and Golden Text of each lesson. These are the threads upon which are strung the pearls of this quarter's lesson.