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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XIX.]

TORONTO, JANUARY 21, 1899.

[No. 3

The Woman of Samaria.

BY THOMAS O. SPEAR.

(John 4. 4-24.)

(See S.S. Lesson for January 28.)

O woman of olden Samaria! tell
What the stranger of Galilee said at the
well.
When he paused and sat down all alone
By the way,
With his holy lips parched like the summer-
dried clay,

"I will tell you the words of the sage
that I saw,
When I went to the well the bright
waters to draw,
Where the stones are all mosey and
green at the side,
And the life-cheering drops so delight-
fully glide.

"Alone with my jar, ere the blaze of
high noon,
With a carolling voice, and my feet all
unshoon,
I leisurely sought for a draught of that
wave
Which the wisdom of Jacob our fore-
fathers gave.

"At the verge of the fountain I stood,
and beheld!
In silence there sat, with his garments
in fold,
A Hebrew apparelled in seamless attire,
Whose presence did reverence deeply in-
spire.

"He asked for a drink from the pitcher
I bore,
Of that cool well of Jacob, delicious and
pure;
And I gave it unready, yet gave it at last,
When the spell of his spirit had over me
passed.

"He told then of waters that flowed for
the soul,
From the rivers of life that unceasingly
roll,
Gushing freely for all that would seek
them in awe,
With faith in the might of the Lord and
his law.

"He said that salvation was born of the
Jews,
With a blessed Messiah to love and to
choose,
Whose feet with the brightness of virtue
were shod,
While righteousness rose in the path that
he trod.

"He said in these mountains our wor-
ship should cease,
And Jerusalem's glory forget to increase;
That God was a spirit to love and adore,
Whom in spirit and truth we must seek
and implore.

"And, with countenance looking cele-
stially calm,
Whence holiness beamed with a soul-
given charm,
He said that himself was Messiah, fore-
told,
By the patriarchs, seers, and the pro-
phets of old!

"Oh, beautiful sight, on those features to
gaze,
As the holy announcement came forth,
like the light,
Of the horizon blazes, to the zenith un-
rivalled,
For that wonder and love of the sky-
viewing world!

"He told me of things that I deemed
were unknown,
Save unto myself and my chosen alone;
And all that I knew he perused in my
soul,
As it bowed to his will, and confessed
his control.

"A prophet! A prophet! I uttered
amazed;
Our God for his people a prophet hath
raised!
An angel hath come from the light of
his throne,
The Messiah at last to the world to make
known.

"O'erawed by his words, from his pre-
sence I turned,
With my heart full of thought, as it
fluttered and burned
With the weight of the marvels I heard
and I saw,
By that fountain whose waters I wan-
dered to draw.

"Thus—thus have I told what so lately
befell
My wondering soul at the patriarch's
well,
Where the waters, though sweet, as the
wayfarer sips,
Yet sweeter the words of that bright
Stranger's lips!"

Thank thee, oh! thank thee, Samaritan
friend!
For the God-light that did to thy vision
descend,
For the words that thy spirit remem-
bered and told,
And the sacred delight they forever un-
fold!

"He called me 'Little Miss Pug,' and
asked how much I paid for my shoes.
To-day she told the girls that at night
my 'pig-tails' looked like twin tails of
a comet, then they all looked at me and
laughed. And that isn't half she says!
I wish we had never come here to live,
and that my hair wasn't red, and that I
had a papa to give me pretty clothes. Is
my nose very much of a pug, mamma,
and do my shoes show very much where
they're mended?"

"Darling, you are just what God de-
sired my little girl to be. You are beau-
tiful to mother, and if you keep a cheery
heart, and are sweet, honest, and true
always, you will be beautiful to others."
"I don't know's I hope to be beautiful
to Ella Blake, and I wote, yes I do, that
she'll love the prize!"

"Does Ella belong to your League,
Beth?"
"No, and she says she never will,
'cause we aren't any better than other
folks."

"Cannot you show her by your every-

body to wish to lose a prize, but then,
she is so horrid! I most can't help it!"
Maybe if I tried real hard I wouldn't
mind the naughty things she says to me
—that is, not so very much," and but
testy for the little brown hands and
were as quickly wiped away lest mamma
should see and be troubled.

Days passed, and each night when Beth
returned from school her mother noted a
dark light in her eyes. She wondered,
But was silent, knowing that in her own
good time the little girl would tell her
of the brave, childish struggle over self.

"She was right. It was the last week
of school, and Friday afternoon Beth
came bounding into the house with a
glad light in her eyes, and throwing her
arms around her mother's neck, ex-
claiming "I'm so glad and happy, mam-
ma, Ella and I are friends!"
"And I am glad, too, darling, tell me
about it!"

"You remember the night I talked
about Ella, and how angry I was?"
Well, I thought and thought about it
and I wanted to be good, so I prayed that
we might be friends, and then I tried to
think of something to do for her. Most
every day I did some little thing for her,
but she didn't seem to care or notice, but
it made me feel better, so I kept trying.

"One day I gave her my orange, and
she looked sort of cut up when she took
it for she said I was giving things than
ever. But to-day—what do you think
mamma: when I went to school I saw
her on Main Street hurrying along, look-
ing awfully worried. Course I asked her
what was the matter, and she said her
little brother was sick, and she must get
some medicine at-once, and that would
make her late to school. For a minute
I was almost glad, and then I felt so
ashamed for myself, and sorry for her!
Then I thought I might go for her, 'cause
I couldn't get the prize anyway." At
first Ella didn't want me to, but I coaxed
her a minute and she gave me the pre-
scription, and I wasn't very late, either.

"She didn't speak to me all day till I
started home to-night and then she
walked with me and asked me to forgive
her, and when we got to her gate she
I whispered: "I think you're a real Chris-
tian, just Adams, and I'm going to join
your Epworth League, too."

"My dear little girlie," said mamma
tenderly—"twas all she said.

WHY A BOY SHOULD BE A CHRISTIAN.

"A boy will hunt, and a boy will fish,
Or play baseball all day;
But a boy won't think, and a boy won't
work.

"Because he ain't made that way."
Whoever wrote that did not really
understand boys, for I know and you
know that a boy does think and I am
going to ask you to do a little thinking
right here now as you and I consider
some reasons why a boy should be a
Christian.

Now, when people think over a thing
in good shape they put their reasons in
order, and we will do the same, making
the reasons "one," "two" and so on.
Reason one: "You need the help of
Christ. You are in the world, and you
must pass through it. You will have
questions to settle which you won't quite
know how to decide if you are left to
yourself. You will have more or less
trouble, and no one can help you in all
these things so well as Jesus Christ.

Reason two: Jesus needs your help.
He has a place for you in his kingdom
and a work for you to do. He needs
you in your school and in the play ground
to show how bravely and manly and true
a Christian boy can be.

Reason three: His requirements are
reasonable. All that he asks of you is
to do right. He does not expect you to
be a Christian man, but a Christian boy,
with all a boy's love of fun and frolic,
he expects you to run and romp and
scurry about for ever, but he asks you to
forget that you are one of Christ's boys;
Christianity does not consist of sermons
and prayer meetings, but of righteous-
ness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.



AT JACOB'S WELL.

BETH'S NEW MEMBER.

BY MINNIE B. CAIDWELL.

"Hush, dear, do not talk of your little
friends in that way."
"But, mamma, she's the hatefulst girl
that goes to my school, and I believe I
delike her more!"

"That will do," said mamma, placing
her hand over the rosy lips. "I hope
my little daughter has not forgotten to
whom army she belongs. I—there, dear,
do not cry; come and sit beside me and
tell mamma all about it."

"It's that horrid Ella Blake. She
doesn't like me, and she does everything
she can to hurt my feelings. Yesterday

day life that the League members try
to be better!"

"I—never—thought—of—it," said Beth,
slowly, "and she is so disagreeable that
it seems I just can't be nice to her."

"Do unto others," you know," sug-
gested mamma as she folded her work
and went indoors.
"I do dislike her so much, and I can't
help it! Yes, I really do hope she'll
lose and lose the prize. If she doesn't
get it she'll be terribly disappointed, and
if she isn't late a single once she's sure
to get it, 'cause I heard Miss Alger tell-
ing Miss Ellis so."

Thus the little girl soliloquized, and
a few moments after mamma heard her

Let Him Come In.

Patently waiting at your heart's door,
Standeth the Saviour as oft before;
Tenderly asking to let him in,
Although your heart is so full of sin.

He will bring joy to your troubled heart,
He will bid sin and its fears depart,
Ye who are weary of all your sin,
Will you not open and let him in?

Jesus, the Saviour your guest would be,
Although the King of the world is he;
Standing without while the nightdews
fall;

Will you not welcome the Lord of all?

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

Rev. W. H. WICKHOW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, JANUARY 21, 1899.

SAVING THE EXPRESS TRAIN.

A few years ago a fearful storm in Iowa undermined a bridge. A freight train, in crossing it at night, fell through, and several men were killed. Kate Shelley, fifteen years of age, heard the crash. She and her mother were alone in a cottage not far away, and, realizing what had happened, Kate lighted a lantern, and, amid the hurricane, started for the wreck. The subsequent narrative shows her heroism and presence of mind.

Her light soon went out, but she felt her way through the woods and fallen timbers to the edge of the dashing waters that covered the drowned men. She could hear, above the roar of the tempest, the voice of Wood, the engineer, who had caught in a tree-top. She knew that the express with its load of passengers was nearly due, and that she only knew of its danger and was the only living being who could prevent an awful catastrophe. The telegraph office at Moingona or Boone was the only place where she could notify the officers. Boone was five miles over hills, and before she could get there the train would have passed. To Moingona was only a mile, but between her and Moingona was the Des Moines river, ten or fifteen feet above its natural height, and to cross this she must pass over the railroad bridge, fifty feet above the rushing waters. She must cross this bridge, four hundred feet long, with nothing but the ties and rails, the wind blowing a gale, and the foaming, seething waters beneath. Not one man in a thousand but would have shrunk from the task. Not one man in five hundred would have gone over at any price or under any circumstances. But this brave girl, with the nerve of a giant, gathered about her her flowing skirts, and on hands and knees crawled over the long, weary bridge. Tie after tie passed. It was time for the express train to come dashing over the bridge and hurl her down to death amid the dark waters of the roaring, rushing river. The blood from her lacerated knees stained her dress, but she did not falter. She reached the shore, and the remaining half mile she flew almost to the telegraph office. Breathless, and in broken accents, she told her tale of death and destruction, and fainted in the arms of the bystanders. The wires were set at work, and a horrible disaster averted.

FIT FOR JESUS TO HEAR.

Kitty had been reading a lovely little story of Mrs. Prentiss, where a woman wonders suddenly "how Jesus would like to live in her house." Somehow, that thought changes all her life. She tries to make all her words the sort to please him. She plans her work and ways to suit him. In the story it ended in having a very lovely, Christ-like house to live in.

"Oh, dear!" said Kitty, "I know I couldn't bear to live in this one!"

Why not?" asked somebody.

(It was only Conscience, but his little, low voice was so clear that it seemed almost like an outsider's.)

"Dell and I fight so, for one thing," said Kitty, honestly. "He never could bear unpeaceableness. We don't talk fit for Jesus to hear."

She had a trick of talking out loud, and her own words fairly startled her, but the next minute she spoke again, under her breath this time.

"Why couldn't I change round and do the way he likes? Why couldn't I be the way Jesus was, right here in this very old house? Why couldn't I—I will!"

Ah, how easy such things grow when a boy or a girl says that, with a little prayer under the will, as Kitty did. The prayer is sure to be there, for he who makes you will, makes you want to ask his help in willing.

"But first I must know what he was like," said wise little Kitty.

So she got down her Bible and read about it. There were so many things she had never noticed before. He was meek, never answered back. He was kind, always on the lookout to do things for people. He was—but why do not you study up the rest of it? Don't you want to be "full of the knowledge of the Lord," so that the tigers and wolves of ugly thoughts and actions shall be changed to harmless, gentle creatures that will change the place you live in? Try Kitty's plan, and see how sweet a thing it is to make your little corner of the world a part of Christ's blessed kingdom.

THE REFORMATION OF KATHARINE.

BY EMILY G. I. FULLER.

II.

The next day Katherine attended a class picnic. "Good-bye, girls!" she cried merrily, upon her return, kissing her hand to the four girls remaining in the carriage out of which she had just stepped. "I never in all my life had such a perfectly gorgeous, delicious afternoon, and I'll never, never forget it. Oh, but I am tired—absolutely tired to death." This she addressed to her parents, who were sitting on the veranda. "Mamma, I'm positively certain you never had such a perfectly glorious afternoon."

"Glad to see you home, perfectly," interrupted her brother Frank, joining the group. "Tell us all about the picnic."

"Whatever do you mean, Frank, by saying you're glad to see me home perfectly? If you interrupt I cannot finish telling you of the fun in a month. Well, to begin at the very first, as we were driving out along the willow road; and to tell the truth, we were going faster than any express train you ever saw—"

"Is that the truth, Katherine?" her father asked gravely. "I would purchase that horse if a reasonable sum would buy him, for a horse that could draw six girls in a heavy carriage, faster than any express—"

"Oh, papa, of course I meant that we were driving very fast. You know what I mean. Just as we came in sight of the curve, who should we see coming toward us at breakneck speed but farmer Gordon, in his old carry-all. He was leaning over the dashboard and cracking a whip that was as long as a clothesline." Katherine laughed gaily at the picture she drew.

"Katherine! as long as a clothesline?"

"Oh, just a little, short, tiny one, mamma, dear." Katherine's temper was still unruffled.

You know how extremely narrow the willow road is, not wider than a thread at the curve, really not wide enough for one vehicle—"

There is no road in the county, daughter, that is not wide enough for teams to pass each other. Excuse me for interrupting, but I would not have a child of mine live longer than fifteen years and not be aware of that fact."

A troubled look crept into Katherine's eyes, but she continued. "Of course, I did know that, but, at any rate, Farmer Gordon was driving in a fully reckless manner, and every one of

us girls was completely paralyzed with fear. Not one could move a muscle or utter a word all this time, and it seemed weeks to all—"

"Centuries, sister mine," suggested Frank.

"Of us," continued Katherine, with due disregard of her brother's words. "On he came like the wind, and Jean turned our horse to one side just as he came upon us, and thus saved the lives of all! Didn't she show the most wonderful presence of mind?"

"Indeed, she showed more than that. I don't remember that I ever heard of an entirely helpless paralytic's showing such wonderful recuperative powers."

"What do you mean, papa? I don't understand you this evening. I thought you'd love to hear of our day in the woods," Katherine spoke in an aggrieved tone.

"It is very interesting," said Judge Marley. "Did the five—for I presume Jean had recovered from her stroke—paralytics go on to the woods and hold their picnic?"

What paralytics, papa? I did not speak of any, did I? I do not remember doing so."

Her father recalled her description and urged her to be more careful.

Katherine promised, perhaps not quite so readily as usual, for she foresaw difficulties. She did not finish her story. The twilight had deepened into darkness, and the others went into the house.

"I will stay here a little while and think of my shortcomings," she said in reply to her mother's inquiry. "I won't stay out longer than the hundredth part of a minute."

"O, Katherine!"

"Forgive me, mamma! I should say that I will not stay longer than ten minutes."

She drew back behind the wistaria that clung to the veranda, and really was talking very seriously to herself when she heard her own name spoken by two girls who were passing.

"Yes, Judge Marley lives here," one was saying. "You've heard about Katherine? She is quite celebrated in one way."

"How is that?"

"As being the most untruthful girl in Berman. Some people even use a stronger word, and some say it's just exaggeration; but for my part I cannot see much difference. When Katherine Marley states anything for a fact, it isn't safe to repeat it until it's confirmed by some one who is reliable. At least, so her intimate friends tell me, and—"

Katherine waited to hear no more. She rushed into the room, and buried her face in her mother's lap.

"Mamma, mamma," she said, when she could restrain her sobs and tell her story. "I never, never—I mean that I will try every—no, I will just try everlastingly—Oh, no, not that. Oh, mamma, I will—try—dreadful—try—to stop it. There! Though my tongue rusts from disuse, yet—"

"My dear!"

Katherine quickly closed her lips and held them with her fingers, looking hopelessly at her mother. Then she arose, kissed her good-night, and said very slowly: "I—will—try—to—tell—the—truth, dear mamma. Good-night!"

"And ask God to help you, my dear," responded her mother.

Katherine did so, and the reform was manifest to all.—New York Observer.

HOW JANE WAS CHANGED.

Mr. Moody tells of an Episcopal clergyman in England who was staying at an hotel, and was waited on by a little girl. He asked her, "Do you ever pray?"

"Oh, no, sir," she replied; "we have no time here to pray. I am too busy to do that."

"I want you to promise me that during the next six months you will say three words of prayer every night, and when I come here at the end of that time I will give you half a crown."

"All right," she said; "I will do it."

"Well, I want you to say every night, 'Lord, save me.'"

He left, and two months after, when he came again to the same hotel, he inquired for Jane, and was told: "Oh, she got too good to stay at an hotel, and has gone to the parsonage up yonder."

He went to see her, and as she opened the door for him, she said: "Oh, you blessed man, you! I don't want your half crown; I have got enough already."

And then she told him how she had at first just carelessly gone over the words as she was going to bed at night. But after the first two weeks she began to think what the word save meant. Then she got a Bible and found the words. "Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners," and the prayer was no longer a mere form.

"No," she said, "I am happy, and I don't want your half crown. But I am so thankful that you asked me to say that prayer."—Ocean Grove Record.

BEGIN RIGHT.

As the boy begins, so will the man end. The lad who speaks with affection, and mingles foreign tongues that he does not understand at school, will be a weak chromo in character all his life; the boy who cheats his teacher into thinking him devout at chapel will be the man who will make religion a trade, and bring Christianity into contempt; the boy who wins the highest average by stealing his examination papers will some day figure as a tricky politician; the lad who, whether rich or poor, dull or clever, looks you straight in the eyes and keeps his answer inside of truth—already counts friends who will last his life, and holds a capital which will bring him a surer interest than money. They get to the bottom of things. You see how it is already as to that. It was the student who was grounded in the grammar who took the Latin prize; it was that slow, steady drudge who practiced firing every day last winter that bagged the most game in the mountain; it is the clerk who studies the specialty of the house in off-hours who is promoted. Your brilliant, happy-go-lucky, hit-or-miss fellows usually turn out the dead weight of the family by forty-five. Don't take anything for granted; get to the bottom of things. Neither be a sham yourself, nor be fooled by shams.

THE BOY THAT GAVE OTHERS THE CHANCE FOR LIFE

What would the little fellow do? What would any one of us have done in that situation? He had ventured out upon the ice, his skates upon his feet. He was drawing a sled and two of his mates. Just ahead he saw water. It was an ugly discovery. He knew what it meant, an air-hole, and in his very course; an air-hole, as if a dragon had come up to breathe and to lie in wait for the little fellow and the children he was drawing along. He discovered the hole too late for escape, the escape rather of one of the two parties. One could be saved, one had a chance for life. Which would it be, the boy on the skates, or the children on the sled? He did not have much strength to lay out on any rescue. He was only nine. What could you expect of a boy of nine with little limbs and muscles? He had, though, a big heart. That hole was nearer, and either skater or the sled must go into it. "I'll give those on the sled the chance for life," thought the boy on skates.

The decision, the rescue-effort, the sacrifice—all were soon over, and the water closed above the boy who had given others the chance for life. They were saved; he was drowned.

A GOOD THING FOR BOYS.

Manual training is one of the few things that are good for everybody. It is good for the rich boy, to teach him respect for the dignity of beautiful work; it is good for the poor boy, to increase his facility for handling tools, if tools prove to be the things he must handle for a living afterwards; it is good for a bookish boy, to draw him away from books; but most of all, it is good for the non-bookish boy, in showing him something he can do well.

The boy utterly unable, even if he were studious, to keep up in book knowledge and percentage with the brighter boys, becomes discouraged, dull and moody.

Let him go to the workshop for an hour and find that he can make a box or plane a rough piece of board as well as the brightest scholar—nay very likely better than his brighter neighbour,—and you have given him an impulse of self-respect that is of untold benefit to him when he goes back to his studies. He will be a brighter and better boy for finding out something that he can do well.

Giles—"I suppose you get paid for writing those magazine jokes?" Smiles—"Sure. You didn't imagine I wrote them for fun, did you?" Giles—"Oh, no, any one could tell that by reading them."

The following is a remark of Sydney Smith, made on hearing a little girl read who persisted in reading "partridges" for patriarchs. Said the great wit, "She is determined on making game of the patriarchs." A prominent writer declares this to be the most perfect pun he has ever heard.

Dye Stuff.

BY MRS. DORA MULL.

Big Ted once said to his own little brother:
"Something good I will give you,
But don't you tell mother."
So out of his pocket he took some brown stuff,
And said: "For the first,
I guess there's enough."

Davy opened his mouth and popped it right in,
But it did not taste good,
This first taste of sin.
Nevertheless, he chewed it with care,
To get at the juice,
Which Ted told him was rare.

Indeed, it was rare; the poor little fellow
Began to turn white,
And then to turn yellow.
Big Ted, standing by, began to look green,
For his poor little brother
So sick he'd ne'er seen.

Getting frightened at last, he called to his mother,
Who quickly came running,
And saying, "What bother!"
But when she saw Davy, so pale and so sick,
She cried out, "Oh, Ted,
For the doctor go, quick!"

Ted turned very red,
Saying: "Him you'll not need;
I did but give Davy
A bit of the weed."

Moral:
This lovely brown stuff,
Dying both the boys' faces,
Is causing to-day
Dying out of the races.

A Methodist Soldier

BY

ALLAN-A-DALE.

CHAPTER III.

WHO DID IT?

Leaving the dead sheep where it had fallen, I gathered the rest together, and



slowly continued my way back to the farm.

With a half-defiant, half-despondent air, I pushed open the gate leading to the pen where the sheep were kept during the night, and as I did so, saw Squire Erling walking towards me with no pleasant look on his face. He was a hard man to cross, and when things went wrong showed it plainly. Something had already occurred to vex him.

While the sheep passed through the gate, the Squire stood on one side, counting them. When the last had entered he turned savagely towards me.

"Where are the rest?" he said.
"They're all there but one," I replied, not daring to look him in the face.
"All but one, eh?"—echoing my words—"and that the best of the lot. What have you done with it? Tell me quick, or I'll—"

He held the whip threateningly.
"I left it down the lane," I blurted out, seeing that concealment was impossible. Then I hesitated.

"Well?"
"And I'm thinking you'll find it dead." The whip fell across my back with a force that well-nigh broke it, and Erling caught hold of my collar.

"Dead, is it? And it's dead you'll be, and hanged for sheep-stealing, if I don't find out how that happened. Come, show me where it is."

Down the road we went, I like a whipped cur, and he with his hand on my collar. I could have bitten my tongue off, knowing the whip should have fallen across another back than mine. Still, for the word I had given to the little

girl, I resolved to take it all and tell nothing.

When we reached the spot where the sheep lay, the Squire stooped and turned the animal over. It was still warm, but quite dead. Then he caught me by the collar again. "This is some of your work, you clumsy lout," he said, and shook me, big as I was, like a child. He was a tall man, and when in a passion had the strength of three.

"It is not," was all I could say, and that in a sulfer manner which carried no conviction with it.

"You tell me that, and here is the stick with which you were beating them!"

He picked up the stick as he spoke; and against such evidence I could say nothing. For a moment I thought he would strike me with it; but instead he shook me again.

"Now get home," he said, "and see that you come to-morrow early. Bring your father with you. We'll see if we can't get some explanation of this out of your thick head."

With that he turned back towards the farm, and I went over the hedge as a short cut to the village, wondering whether my father's reception of the news would be any less rough than the Squire's.

"What's come over the boy?" said my mother as I pushed open the cottage door and took a seat moodily, without a word of my usual greeting.

"Where's father?" I said.

"He's in the garden—but what's the matter. You look as if some one had been ill-using you."

"The Squire says I killed one of his sheep."

"And did you?"

"Not I."

"Then that's all right," said my mother, her face, which had been anxious for a moment, brightening up again.

"Of course the Squire will believe you."

"That he won't."

"And why?"

"Because the sheep is dead."

"Dead! Then who killed it?"

"I will not say."

"Do you know who did it?"

"Mother," I said, "don't ask me any questions. I have told you all I can tell any one."

She made as if she would ask me more. However, three or four of the younger children running in at the moment and loudly clamouring for supper, she went about the kitchen preparing it, but with a puzzled look on her face.

When supper was ready my father came in.

"Well, Jim," he said to me, "how goes it? I've heard that the Squire's new sheep are doing mighty well, and likely to fetch big prices from the butchers in Winchester."

At the mention of the ill-fated sheep my mother started, and almost dropped the pan containing the family supper.

"I'm in trouble with the Squire about those same sheep," I said.

"What?" my father exclaimed, his voice and whole manner changing.

Then I told him as much of the story as I could, including the Squire's order that he should go with me to the farm the next day.

He pressed me hard for further explanation, but I remained proof against all his arguments, even when he went so far as to doubt the truth of what I was saying.

It was plain that his simple mind could not imagine any situation in which the truth about such a serious matter as sheep-killing could be concealed, and though it went very hard with him to do it, I could not help seeing that he was half-persuaded that I had done it myself.

At last he ceased questioning me, and we ate our supper that evening in a strange, because unusual, silence.

"Whether you did it or not, it will be an expensive matter for us, my lad," was the last thing he said that night.

And an expensive matter it proved in more ways than one.

CHAPTER IV.

HOW WE SETTLED IT.

The next morning my father and I walked up to the big farm. As we did so we met Joe Harter stumbling along the road on his way to "The George" for his morning dram. He leered at me as he passed, and gave a loud chuckle.

"Who killed the sheep?" he called out, when he was a safe distance ahead. I flushed and bit my lip. My father looked sternly ahead and said nothing.

It was not the last time I was to hear that taunt.

Squire Erling was ready for us at the farm, and with a gruff "Good morning to you, Barber," addressed to my father, led the way into a room that was but rarely used.

He seated himself at a table, whilst

my father and I, as befitting our position, stood respectfully before him. He looked quite magisterial, and I am free to confess that I quaked in my boots.

"Now, Barber," he said, "this is a serious matter that your lad has been up to. I don't want to be hard on him, and I believe he has a good name in the



village, but I must know all about it. Has he thought better of it, and told you how it happened?"

My father shook his head.

"He tells me nothing, except that he did not do it."

The Squire looked sharply at me, and I returned his gaze with a straightforward stare. I was beginning to grow accustomed to my unfortunate position.

"I'll give you another chance"—he spoke this time to me; "what if I say you were seen to do it?"

"And who says that?" I asked.

"Never mind that. Tell me again, did you do it?"

"I did not, and 'tis a lie if any man says he saw me do it."

The Squire shrugged his shoulders, and said, "Very well, you can leave us. Your father and I will settle this matter. You can wait in the house-place."

I did as I was bid, and sat down at the window of the house-place. Suddenly in the orchard to my right I caught a glimpse of a white dress and sun-bonnet, and my heart leaped into my throat, for I recognized the dainty summer garb of the little girl.

She must have seen me, for she came tripping across the grass, eager and flushed. But I could see that already she had been crying, and I wondered what new thing had occurred to wound her tender feelings.

"What is it, Ellen?" I said, as I leaned out of the open window, and caught the little hand held up to me.

"Oh, Jim," she sobbed, "have you seen the Squire yet?"

"Yes, I have, and my father is with him now."

"I wanted to tell you—oh, how can I tell you?—Michael, that wicked boy"—she sobbed again "I heard him tell that dreadful man, Harter, to say that he saw you kill the sheep yesterday. And he went straight and told my father."

"I was afraid he had," I said.

"Now, you must tell the Squire just how it happened. I don't care what happens to Michael now."

But I saw that she did care—now perhaps more than ever, and as I thought of the cruel manner in which Michael Erling and Harter were trying to put the trouble on my shoulders, I grew more set than ever in my determination to carry it all.

"Don't fret, Ellen," I said. "My shoulders are broad enough, and I don't think that the Squire will ever really believe I did it. I am sure my father and mother will not. But, quick—run away. Here they come!"

She slipped away as quickly as she had come, and the two men entered the house-place.

They were talking as they came.

"Then the boy can go back to his shepherding, Barber," I heard the Squire say, and my heart leaped again, for I knew that some settlement had been made.

"And look here, my lad. I tell you I'm not too well pleased; but your father has said a good word for you, and I agree with him that you will be more careful with my sheep in future."

I started to thank him.

"Not a word," he said. "I would like you to have told me how it happened. You can thank your father. I don't want another word from you until I hear the true story of yesterday's mischief."

With that he turned on his heel and walked off, leaving the two of us gazing on the ground. No sooner had he disappeared within the house than my father called to me to follow, and started down the hill.

As we walked I heard all that had passed. My father, while quite unable to explain my silence, and almost inclined to agree with the Squire that it was due to fear of punishment, had yet pleaded successfully. The Squire had accepted the suggestion, made with great diffidence, that I should continue to work for him without wage until my scanty earnings reached the value of the dead sheep. This was a decision in keeping with my father's belief in my honesty, and his strong, Puritan determination that justice should be done.

Before an hour had passed I was again with the sheep on the hill.

(To be continued.)

THE NEW SKATES.

"Oh, ho!" shouted Tom Slade as he balanced himself on his heels, and came up standing to the bank where Ned was buckling on his sister Clara's skates. Just then he spied a new pair on Ned's feet. "Oh, ho! Now skates the last of January! Why didn't you wait till June?"

"I should I s'pose, if I hadn't got money enough before," said Ned smiling.

"My! aren't they beauties," said Tom. "Be't six of mine any day. But I say, Ned, why didn't you get them in some season? Here you've been sliding around on your boots all winter, and now the ice will break up in three weeks."

"They'll be just as good for next winter. I hadn't the money of my own to buy them any sooner, and father don't allow me to go into debt for anything, and that's the reason I've been without all winter."

"Isn't all the reason, Ned Devitt," said Clara. "You had money enough before Christmas, if you hadn't done something else with it."

"What else could he do to give up skates?" cried Tom.

"No matter what I did," said Ned.

"Yes, it is," persisted Clara, "and I shall tell. He had the money all ready, and was just going to buy them, when our washerwoman's boy came with his toes all out of his shoes, and couldn't go to school, and Ned said he guessed shoes were more needed than skates, and he went off and got that boy a pair of shoes, and that's why he didn't have them sooner!"

"Jingo!" said Tom with shining eyes. "I couldn't have done it; but it was awful good in you."

By that time Clara's skates were adjusted and the merry trio darted down the pond as swift as an arrow.

I think Ned enjoyed his skates all the more that day, and for all the rest of the winter, from the fact that they were truly his own. Skates that are not paid for do not belong to the skater, but to the merchant, or to the one who lent the money to purchase them. Debt is a bad thing, and it would be better never to skate than to use skates covered with debt.

There is another thing, too, of which I wish to make mention. Ned was something of a hero in the eyes of his companions all the rest of the winter. While, as Tom said, they might not have been equal to the task of making the sacrifice that Ned made, they were all able to see that it was a noble thing to do, and they admired him for the unselfish deed.

EUGENIE'S VALOUR.

The cholera scare that has afflicted Europe to a degree has recalled an incident of the time when Napoleon III. was at the height of his power. The cholera prevailed to a frightful extent at Amiens, yet never a day passed that the Empress did not visit the hospitals to superintend, as far as she could, the noble work of allaying the sufferings of the stricken. One morning a cure rushed into the ward where the Empress was consoling a dying man.

"Oh, your Majesty," cried the cure, "two hours ago my vicar was breakfasting with me, and now he is dead."

Eugenie smiled placidly.

"That is well."

"Well?" replied the cure in amazement.

"Yes, it is well," she answered.

"When once the cholera becomes as violent as that it ceases."

The Empress was right; from that day the plague abated. Eugenie's valour did much to fortify the people against the epidemic to which very many of the fell victims through sheer fright alone

Beauties of Education Pretty School Teacher "Thomas, state some of the beauties of education."
Thomas (oldest boy in the class)— "School-mistresses."

Were Coming to the Rescue.

We are coming to the rescue—
We are young and brave and strong—
And we're ready for the conflict
Between the right and wrong.
Our nerves are strong and steady
Our pulses full and true,
For we hate the vile tobacco,
And beer and cider too.

They tell us we are children—
We are glad to know the fact,
For in the coming future
We'll learn to think and act.
They tell us we are feeble,
But God we do not doubt,
Lo, in his name for all that's pure
We'll raise a mighty shout

We hope to grow to manhood,
And mingle in the strife,
And with loyal, steadfast purpose,
Join the noble ranks of life.
We'll work a few more summers
As Temperance Boys; and then
We'll stand among our elders,
The Loyal Temperance Men.

Yes we're coming to the rescue
A host of loyal men
To fight the foes of temperance,
With the vote or with the pen.
And we'll shout for right and justice,
Till the people understand
This blasting, deadly Upas
Shall cease to spoil our land

THE LIFEBOAT.

"A ship on the sands! a ship has struck!" was the cry that rang through a little fishing village, one stormy day in November.

Between two and three miles out to sea there were some treacherous sands, which were nearly uncovered at low water, and on which many fine ships had been wrecked. The day was stormy and wild, the rain fell, the wind was high, lashing the waves to fury, and the ill-fated ship was aground on the sands. Rocket after rocket was sent up to tell the tale of their peril to those on shore.

The rockets were seen, and the lifeboat was quickly taken out and put on a cart, and driven across the sands that it might be launched at the nearest point to the ship. The crew, with their oars and life-belts, followed it, brave, true men, risking their lives to save their fellow-creatures. The wives and children of the fishermen, and a few friends, struggled over the sands through the storm to cheer the noble lifeboat men, and to do what they could to help.

It was an awful time. The hungry waves looked ready to engulf the ship and drag it down; it shivered and staggered with every wave, and seemed ready to sink in a moment. The life boat was soon launched, and started amid the cheers and prayers of those on shore, who watched it with straining eyes, as now it floated on the top of a wave, and then was almost lost to sight deep down in the trough of the billows.

After what seemed a long, long time to those on shore, the boat was seen returning full of saved ones. Glad cries and welcomes greeted them, eager hands were stretched out to help them, and the lifeboat was pulled on shore with many hearty cheers, as it was known that all on board were saved, and that though the ship was rapidly sinking no lives were lost.

How much we rejoice when life is saved at sea, how much we admire the brave men who risk their lives to save others, but, oh, how little we think of the love of the Lord Jesus, who not only risked his life, but gave it up, that we might be saved from everlasting death and misery!

Are you in the lifeboat, dear child? That is, have you come to the Saviour, and are you now sailing on over the seas of this world to the bright land on the other side of the sea? If so, live for Jesus, shine for him, and do all you can to bring others to him, too.—Every Youth's Paper.

TEMPERANCE THOUGHTS AT RANDOM STRUNG.

A racy speaker put the different phases of the temperance problem in a nutshell, at a recent prohibition meeting. He said, "Take twenty-five snakes, and turn them loose on your premises; that is free whiskey. Put the same snakes in a box and bore twenty-five holes in the box; that is low license. Shut up all the holes but one; that is high license. Kill the snakes; that is prohibition."

When a school-boy, a drunkard's son, was asked to spell g-l-a-s-s the teacher, after the letters had been slowly pronounced, asked, "What do you put in

your window at home?" The boy answered, "Papa's old hat."

Many a man has ruined his eyesight by sitting in the bar-room looking for work.

A correspondent from South Dakota writes: "We have had only one saloon in our town for a year past and that is now closed. The proprietor was converted last Sunday night, in the Methodist church, and this morning poured out all his beer and liquor in the street." We have known the same thing to be done in these parts.

The Mail says, editorially, that "drinking at the open bar is rapidly becoming disreputable." It was always so in our estimation.

It is said of a young man who attended a certain church and gave one cent when the collection plate came round, that he smoked three five-cent cigars the same day.

THE NOBLE ART OF SELF-DEFENCE.

Do you think it would be wrong for me to learn the noble art of self-defence?" a religiously inclined youth inquired of his pastor.

"Certainly not," answered the minister; "I learned it in youth myself, and I have found it of great value during my life."

"Indeed, sir! Did you learn the old English system or Sullivan's system?"

"Neither. I learned Solomon's system!"



DUEL BETWEEN THE LIZARD AND THE SCORPION.

"Solomon's system?"

"Yes, you will find it laid down in the first verse of the fifteenth chapter of Proverbs. 'A soft answer turneth away wrath.' It is the best system of self-defence of which I know."

SOMETHING ABOUT LIZARDS.

BY REV. EDWARD A. RAND.

Oh, the kingdom of the lizards!—brown, black, olive-green, leaf-tailed, broad-tailed, turnip-tailed, banded, crested, speckled, but every one a lizard.

In the above statement, I did not exhaust the list of colours in the lizard kingdom. We find tints of blue, red, chestnut and yellow. Other features we will notice as together we look at this large, widely-scattered family.

When the spring sun shines on the green lizard, its colour is brightest. That master-painter, the sun, when he passes his brush over the earth, does not forget the members of this family. In return, this creature loves the sun. It is just a lazy loafer, seemingly, in localities bathed in sunshine. If one thrust his hand forward as if to seize it, the loafer is gone, he has darted into some safe retreat. Patience and kindness will tame him, and he will come at

last and breakfast on gathered flies in one's hand.

There is a lizard called the official skink, which might be loosely translated as the medicinal skink. Once it was highly valued by the doctors. They dried it; they pounded it, and gave it to their patients. "Lizard" was reputed to be a wonderful healer. It is said that the doctors would sometimes prove their belief in this panacea by taking a dose themselves. This was only fair. They did not hesitate to swallow some of their other remedies, such as "the grated flesh of a mummy," also "the burnt liver of a hyena," and "the moss from a dead man's skull" was not a dose too difficult for them. Do you laugh? Coming generations may smile and wonder at some of our remedies.

And here is the broad-headed plestiodon, but I will ticket him with an easier name by which he is known—the scorpion lizard. He is a native of our continent; and if he can find the forsaken home of a woodpecker, say, thirty or forty feet above the ground, he is pleased. Without asking who the landlord is, and what the rent may be a month, he drops in at once and is happy. He is called venomous, and can indeed put so much strength into his bite that people will have occasion to remember him at least an hour or two. So that very popular visitor, the mosquito, has enough virulence in his stinger to make us wish him at the bottom of the Atlantic, and yet neither scorpion, lizard nor mosquito is a dreadful creature. This lizard is fond of a home in a tree, lunches on insects, and

likes to sip the dew sparkling on the leaves. Another North American lizard is the five-lined plestiodon, or, as common folks would say, the blue-tail.

And who is this eyeing us out of circular eyeholes? This is a house gecko, the fan-foot, common in Egypt. He is an agile traveller, running over the floor or a wall, and is nimble in picking up a bug as he goes along. While common, he is not popular. In Cairo, they nickname him abou-burs, or, "father of the leprosy." The common gecko, or ringed gecko, is very much at home in India. By day it hides, and here it differs from the lizard that loves the sunshine, for at night the common gecko darts out of his retreat, and is such a soft-footed traveller that ignorant people in India give him a place among supernatural beings. When cold weather sets in, he retires to winter barracks, and is believed to be nourished by means of "two fatty masses" on its body.

Kind Old Party (to sobbing urchin)—"My little lad, you shouldn't cry that way."
Urchin—"What other way kin I cry?"

Don't be afraid to push your way in the world. The richest man now living was born without a penny in his pocket.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL BY JOHN.

LESSON V.—JANUARY 29.

CHRIST AT JACOB'S WELL.

John 4. 5-15. Memory verses, 13-15.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst.—John 4. 14.

OUTLINE.

1. The Well of Sychar, v. 5-9.
 2. The Well of Salvation, v. 10-15.
- Time.—A.D. 27 or 28. The date is not very certain.
- Place.—Jacob's well, in the valley of Shechem.

HOME READINGS.

- M. Christ at Jacob's well.—John 4. 5-15.
Tu. True worship.—John 4. 16-26.
W. Christ the Revealer.—John 4. 27-36.
Th. Samaritans believing.—John 4. 39-42.
F. The water of life.—Rev. 22. 1-7.
S. Without price.—Isa. 55. 1-7.
Su. Wells of salvation.—Isa. 12.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. The Well of Sychar, v. 5-9.
Near what city was Jacob's well?
In what parcel of ground was it?
See Josh. 24. 32.
What weary traveller sat by the well?
At what time of the day was this?
What visitor came to the well, and on what errand?
Where were the disciples of Jesus?
What did Jesus ask of the woman?
What question did the woman ask?
What reason did she give for her surprise?
2. The Well of Salvation, v. 10-15.
What did Jesus say about the living water?
What did the woman say in reply?
What question did she ask about Jacob?
What did Jesus say about the water from the well?
What about the living water? Golden Text.
What about everlasting life?
What request did the woman make?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

- Where in this lesson are we taught—
1. That earth cannot satisfy our hearts' longings?
 2. That Jesus can satisfy our hearts' longings?
 3. That through Jesus we can help to satisfy others?

Depends upon its Wearer.—"Tell me," said the teacher, "what is the difference between wrought iron and cast iron?"

"Well," replied Will, smiling, "the shoe worn by a horse is a wrought iron shoe, but when the horse loses the shoe from its foot it becomes a cast iron shoe."

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