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# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XIX.]

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 4, 1899.

[No. 6

## Write Them a Letter To-night.

Don't go to the theatre, concert, or ball,  
But stay in your room to-night;  
Deny yourself to the friends that call  
And a good, long letter write—  
Write to the sad old folks at home,  
Who sit, when the day is done,  
With folded hands and downcast eyes,  
And think of the absent one.

Don't selfishly scribble, "Excuse my haste,  
I've scarcely the time to write,"  
Lest their brooding thoughts go wandering back,

To many a bygone night,  
When they lost their needed sleep and rest,  
And every breath was a prayer,  
That God would leave their delicate babe  
To their tender love and care.

Don't let them feel that you've no more need  
Of their love or counsel wise;  
For their hearts grow strongly sensitive  
When age has dimmed their eyes—  
It might be well to let them believe  
You never forget them quite  
That you deem it pleasure when far away  
A long letter home to write.

Don't think that the young and giddy friends,  
Who make your pastime gay,  
Have half the anxious thought for you  
That the old folks have to-day.  
The duty of writing do not put off,  
Let sleep or pleasure wait,  
Lest the letter for which they looked and longed,  
Be a day or an hour too late.

For the sad old folks at home,  
With locks fast turning white,  
Are longing to hear from the absent one—  
Write them a letter to-night.

## HOW SOME BOYS ARE EARNING AN EDUCATION.

If a boy really wishes to go to college, the lack of money or of friends to help him need not hinder him. One who has health, and is willing to work, can pay his own way through college without undergoing great hardship.

Among the boys whom I know that are now paying their own college expenses, is a young man twenty-two or twenty-three years old, who entered the freshman class last fall. He worked for five or six years, part of the time on a farm, and a year or two as a clerk, until his savings were enough, with what he can earn vacations, to take him through his course. He is one of the best scholars in his class. In speaking of some of his classmates who were not improving their time, he said: "If they had worked as hard as I did to come, they would have a better appreciation of their opportunities."

Many other boys have earned the money for their education in a similar manner; and many are supporting themselves partly or entirely by work while in college.

One young man who had learned the jeweller's trade before going to college finds work enough at his trade to pay all of his expenses and still leave him the necessary time for study.

Several college boys that I know are working in stores as clerks, or errand boys a part of each day. One boy is making his living in the news business. After spending an hour or two in the morning, and the same time in the afternoon, carrying papers to his patrons, he has the rest of the day for study.

A few boys find employment as janitors of the college buildings, or of churches. A considerable number work for private families, receiving a room and board as compensation for from three to five hours work a day. Others earn their board by being table waiters in boarding-houses. Some make a little money during the year by working in gardens, and mowing lawns in summer, cleaning carpets, and doing any other odd jobs they can find. For this sort of work they usually receive about fifteen cents an hour.

Some advanced students of good scholarship help themselves by teaching classes, or tutoring other students who

are behind in their studies. A few do writing or copying for the professors. Two or three young men of my acquaintance have work in college libraries which is furnishing them a support.

Several boys with good voices, and some knowledge of music, have had a nice little income while in college, from leading church choirs in some of the surrounding towns. Still others have agencies for various articles, from the sale of which they contrive to make a living.

A young man who has the ambition to go to college will find the means if he has energy.

## KEEPING RANK.

BY JULIA H. JOHNSTON.

"Attention!" Every member of the "Try" company knew what that meant. The company, composed of boys from the Dean Street Sunday-school, met weekly for drill, with their leader, Captain Elwood. It was not all marching, however. They had a little Bible drill besides, and the captain made this as interesting as the other. Whatever was undertaken, the boys promised to do their best. Nobody pledged himself to make a brilliant success, but all could try.



THE MORNING HYMN.

## THE MORNING HYMN.

There is no better way of beginning a day than with a hymn of praise. In many schools this is the custom. In Germany, most of the schools sing some grand old German verse of Luther's and then begin work with the words and the melody still ringing in their heads. In the private schools of England this is also the case, only the German words are changed to those of some of our beautiful old English hymns. In our cut we see seven or eight little girls singing the Morning Hymn of praise and thanksgiving. How they seem to enter into it, all singing away with their heads in different positions as the music rolls out of their young lips. Look at the tiny little one listlessly standing there with her little head on one side and finger between her lips, listening to the sweet strains of her older school companions. What a pretty group it makes up altogether, with the bright, pleasing faces and the picturesque caps and aprons.

"When a boy comes into this company he must learn first of all what 'attention' means," said the captain. "He can't take a big jump into soldierly ways without taking his first step."

Now, Burton Foster knew perfectly well what position he should take when this command came, but knowing and doing are not always coupled, and the boy lounged so lazily that he looked like a straggler out of place. The worst of it was that two or three other fellows followed his example, and the result was a very uneven line which the captain straightened in short order. His drill would have been worth little if he had not.

Soon after this, Captain Elwood called the boys together to propose a plan of work. They had been having good times together and "no end of fun," as they expressed it; they had also been honestly trying to form good habits, but now it was time to undertake some actual service.

"Comrades," said the captain (the boys

liked this), "suppose we go down to Ford Street and try to help the fellows there a bit. They don't go to Sunday-school, and no one seems to care whether they do or not. What do you say?"

"Let's help if we can," said one.  
"How can we do it?" asked another.  
"By having our drills down there for awhile instead of in our own pleasant room. It might draw them in, you know, and if we make them feel that we are friendly, we can draw them farther."

When the vote was taken it was unanimously agreed to undertake the work. "I voted for it," said Burton Foster to Henry Field, "but I wasn't very unanimous," and he laughed. "It's no fun going down there, and what is the use anyhow?"

Henry, who had felt interested, began to have a little doubt about the matter, and afterward he said to Ralph Gray that Burton wasn't very keen about the plan and maybe it wasn't just the best thing. Whereupon Ralph, who was naturally lazy, and hated to take trouble, felt his enthusiasm cool, so easy is it to fall out of line and draw others after one.

But all the boys were present at the first meeting, and a number of curious onlookers gathered around and were invited in. A good beginning was made, and the plan seemed to promise well. Presently, however, Burton, Ralph and Henry began to be very irregular, and their example influenced others. The ranks were seldom full at the Ford Street drills, and the captain felt that something must be done.

One day, in their own pleasant hall, the leader had something to say to them.

"Boys," he began, "do you know why it is that a great number of men are seldom allowed to keep step when marching across a bridge not known to be perfectly safe?"

None knew, but all wished to know.  
"Because," said Captain Elwood, "there is such force in the steady tread, when all keep step, that it must be a strong bridge to endure the vibrations unmoved. The force is, therefore, distributed harmlessly by breaking ranks. That is about the only time soldiers are allowed to fall out of step."

A buzz of talk followed this, and then the captain began again.

"Boys, I want you to remember the lesson we had about that grand army that came to Hebron to make the magnificent soldier David king. Don't you know that it was said in their high praise that they could all keep rank? Good soldiers keep in line, keep step, and march on together. Now, we want to go over the bridge to those Ford Street boys, keeping step, so that after we are over the bridge will fall and they will feel that we belong together. But we can't do soldier's work unless we keep in line and keep the ranks full. Now, shall we go on or give up?"

"Go on," was the shout that went up.  
"But we must march together and all keep rank."

"We will," said Burton Foster, earnestly; and those who had been straggling after him, echoed, "We will," for as one can put others out of line, so he can also help them in again.

And in time, when all the "Try" company kept rank and made their name true, the Ford Street boys were won to the Dean Street Sunday-school and to better things.

## THAT BOY.

His name is not Solomon. There are many things he does not know. Remember that he is only a boy. You were one once. Call to mind what you thought and how you felt. Give that boy a chance! Keep near to him in sympathy. Be his chum. Do not make too many cast-iron laws. Rule with a velvet hand. Help him have a "good time." Answer his foolish questions. Be patient with his pranks. Laugh at his jokes. Sweat over his conundrums. Limber up your dignity with a game of ball, or a half-day's fishing. You can win his heart utterly. And hold him steadily in the path which leads higher up. That boy has a soul, and a destiny reaching high above the mountain peak.

Have Faith in the Boy.

Have faith in the boy, not believing
That he is the worst of his kind
In league with the army of Satan.

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blowed to fly from his enemies. He
was wandering about in the woods, and
being very weary, he lay down to sleep.

THE MAKING OF DICK.

"I'll tell the tale as 'twas told to me."
It all happened long ago, so long ago
that the boys who were now grown up

their depths and shadows, and the rocks
of the shore, and the adobe lands,
were the waters beating against the old town.

over the Divines, none but the records,
I myself know.
At the end of three years Miss Mary
came back to the school.

WILLIAM BRIGGS,
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Montreal.

Pleasant Hours.

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

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 4, 1899.

LEGEND OF PONTIUS PILATE.

Concerning the death of Pontius Pilate
the Scriptures are silent. The modern
history does not say very much about him.

There were other pupils in the school,
of course, but my story deals only with
Dick, or, rather, with Dick and the
teacher.

A shout of derisive laughter went up
from the other boys. The idea of Dick's
studying was funny, to say the least.

He held up an arm which might have
won him a laurel wreath in classic
Athens and as expert in throwing the
discus as at quoits, which as I understand
it is the same thing.

The sun had been a came to the door-
just then and rang a hand-bell, and the
pupils went in. The first day with a
teacher was not to be interesting, and
they were all in a state of excitement
as to what Miss Mary would do next.

"One who never turned his back but
marched breast forward."
When Miss Mary went to her boarding-
place that night, and was eating her
supper of clam chowder and codfish, she
knew why she had told that story, and
to whom it was to Dick Devine.

"Does Dick drink now?"
"Yes, hard, at spells. Sometimes he
is sober for weeks. But it will come.

"What of the boy's mother?" Miss
Mary asked Cap'n Esau. Yes, his
mother was a fine seaman's son.

"What good would it do to promise?"
he asked gruffly. "It is only a question
of time with me. Every man jack of

"I'd like to please you, Miss Mary, but
if I was to do all I could I would end
the war right now, and I don't think
one fellow can do—to fight an enemy
that has been growing strong on generation
after generation.

"Because I do not believe in heredity,
if a man will use his will against an
appetite. Besides, I see great posted
bilities in you."

"Well, I am beat," was his only com-
ment.
Miss Mary did not talk to Dick again.
For he had a hemorrhage soon after, and
his friends took her away, and the next
person supposed they would never see
her again.

Three years went by, and the fishing-
boat came and the people
lived and loved and sinned and suffered,
and the teacher was forgotten by nearly
every one except Dick. Sometimes in
the afternoon no one, and he had them
gathered up, and they were sitting,
as she stood on the shore, the wind blowing
her cloak away from her slight
figure, telling him to fight as for his life.

The ocean seemed to mourn more than
usual that night, and Miss Mary tossed
restlessly on her bed under Cap'n Esau's
low roof. The moan of the sea seemed
to voice the unrest of the whole world.

"What object could any one have in
going to sea in that style? Unless,
perhaps, to die. He would never see her
again. And it was only half responsible,
and died out with fighting the Divines—
she was sure now. Just below the
bluffs were boats—Cap'n Jacob's and
the other boats—were sitting over the
water none too soon. For Dick had
plunged in now, and all was black. The
moon shot out from behind a cloud for
a moment, and her strained eyes made
him see that the boat was sinking. He
was about to go down for the third time,
he heard Miss Mary cry. The instinct of
self-preservation awoke within him, and
he caught at the boat.

"The morning broke as mildly as ever,
and the sea lay smiling in the sunlight.
Miss Mary was not at Cap'n Esau's, nor
was she to be found anywhere in the
town. The only clue to her absence was
Dick's story—that he went to drown him-
self and on the struggle with the De-
vines he was taken up by the boat on
the last time, Miss Mary was there with
a boat. He thought she was in the boat
until he got to land, but then it was
too late to look for her.

"THE LAND OF THE FREE"
An exchange tells us that there are
over three millions of women and children
working for as little as they can
stave on in the United States. Thousands
of children under fourteen years
of age are working for their living
day in the mills where the unemployed
men should be, and in the sweating
dens the hours of labour are still longer.
They are compelled to go on thus, or
else starve. We know of no other
social purity organizations nothing to
say to such wretches of things?

"But the young, young children.
Oh, my brothers,
They are weeping bitterly;
They are weeping in the playtime of
In the country of the free!"

Heartless Prayers.

"Thy kingdom come," prayed a bright-eyed boy;  
The words he was taught to say,  
But his thoughts were with his new-bought toy.  
And his mind intent on play.  
Carelessly fell from his lips the prayer,  
Then quickly he turned to go:  
If in that kingdom he had a share,  
He cared not to ask or know.

"Thy kingdom come," a young Christian prayed,  
And she thought her prayer sincere;  
But the needy poor besought her aid,  
And she turned a deafened ear.  
"What can I give to the poor?" she pled,  
"I have nothing I can spare."  
Then she bought a costly gem instead,  
To deck her beautiful hair.

"Thy kingdom come," prayed a widowed one,  
Repeating it o'er and o'er;  
Then rose from her knees to urge her son  
Not to sail for Burmah's shore.  
"Let others the name of Jesus preach,  
But you are my only boy;  
If you go in heathen lands to teach,  
My life will be robbed of joy."

"Thy kingdom come," came in trembling voice  
From a man about to die;  
"God bless the church of my early choice,  
And all her needs supply;  
On earth as in heaven, thy will be done,"  
He added, with falling breath;  
Then gave his wealth to his spendthrift son,  
And slept in the arms of death.

A Methodist Soldier

BY

ALLAN-A-DALE.

CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

When I returned the minister was already talking to my father and mother, and from the manner in which they all turned towards me as I entered I knew that they had lost no time in placing before him the whole of my story.

"Why, Jim, lad," said Mr. Ullathorne, in a tone full of surprise but as free from vexation or reproach as it well could be. "what's all this I'm hearing about you? Getting into trouble with the Squire, losing one of his sheep, refusing to tell how the thing happened, and now wanting to run away and be shot by a Frenchman? That doesn't sound like the Jim I left here two weeks ago. I thought you looked rather glad to see me this morning, but by all counts you ought to be hiding in a barn. Lads who disobey their masters and parents don't get well received by their pastors as a rule, and what is all this silence but disobedience?"

Slow as I might be in those days to think, I could still see that he understood the matter thoroughly, and fully expected me to explain everything to him. And yet, if I kept my word, how could I tell even him?

"Well, what is it? Guilty or not guilty, Jim?" he went on, looking from one to another and puzzled at my silence.

"Not guilty, Mr. Ullathorne."

"I don't doubt it for a moment, but you know more about it than you have told?"

Again I was silent.

"And you have given your word to some one that you won't tell?"

The shot struck home, and the colour rushed into my cheeks, dyeing the tanned skin a deeper red.

"Well, we know you're honest, Jim—sixteen years of good training isn't knocked out in a week over a dead sheep."

My mother looked the gratitude she could not speak.

"And I suppose we can guess how the matter stands. If you're willing to pay for the sheep, though you do it with a life that is worth the lives of a thousand dumb animals. I don't think we can ask you to do or say any more."

It was my turn to look grateful.

"But are you willing that he should volunteer?" said my father—it was the first word he had spoken since I entered the room. "Think of a soldier's peril, Mr. Ullathorne."

"I know it, Barber," said the minister. "I know what is in your mind. If I have never been in the field I have been in a barrack-room. But, with your leave, Mrs. Barber, we will not spoil that joint by over-roasting, and after dinner, when a man's mind is better able to look at things in all lights and calmly, we'll have some further talk. Where's the rest of that fine family of yours, Mr.

Barber? There is something for them in a certain bag that I know of, and they shall have three guesses apiece at dinner what it is."

And so the good man, about whom there was not a trace of austerity, but whose absolute virtues won the admiration of even such stern men as my father, sat down at our table and attacked his meal with the zest of a hungry man.

When we had finished our meal, seeing there was yet half an hour before the folks would assemble on the green for service, Mr. Ullathorne pushed his chair back, and running his hand through his hair, a favourite trick before he commenced a sermon or a long speech of any kind, began to speak as he had promised. But first he asked my mother not to dismiss the younger children, but allow them to stay and hear what he had to say.

"There is a time, Brother Barber," he said, addressing my father first, "when it is the duty of every man to take what weapon he can find, and fight as lustily as he may. If his home, his liberty, or his religion is in peril, it is his manifest duty to take up arms in defence. If our national rights are endangered, our liberty as a nation in peril, or the sacred cause of our common Christianity suffers at the hands of godless men or rulers, then we fight with the strong right arm of God on our side.

"You know in what condition our country stands to-day. In spite of the glorious victory at Trafalgar, which has saved us, perhaps, from the fear of invasion, we are threatened on all sides by the might of the still-conquering Corsican. England has been declared an isolated country, other nations are forbidden to trade with us, and all our fellow-countrymen in France and her dependent countries have been robbed of their property and been made prisoners of war. Napoleon has failed to conquer us and would now starve us.

"That is the first part of my discourse," continued the minister, "and sorry as you will be separated for a time from your lad, I feel that he will not be doing less than his duty as a man if he serves his king and country in one of our loyal regiments."

As Mr. Ullathorne waxed thus eloquent over his subject, we sat so still that one might have heard a leaf fall to the ground outside. My mother's face grew white, my father's more stern, and mine flushed to a fiery red, while the children looked frightened at the unusual turn the after-dinner talk had taken.

But the minister went on, as if addressing a great concourse of people instead of the humble circle in our cottage home.

"You are afraid of Jim's life in the army," he continued. "Let me tell you something for your encouragement and his. From the earliest days of our Methodism there have been men who, to their great and lasting honour, have carried the standard of Christ on the battle-fields of our country. You must have read of Captain Webb, who forty years ago astonished the Methodists of New York, then a mere handful of persecuted people, by walking into their humble church, and in his full regimentals taking part in their services. He was one of Wesley's own converts. And surely we have not yet forgotten John Halme, John Evans, and Sampson Stanforth, who with four other companions-in-arms moved so mightily their godless comrades in Flanders, that on the field of Fontenoy four Methodist soldier-preachers and more than a score of converts fell facing the foe, leaving behind them a reputation for bravery second to none.

"Was it for nothing that those Methodist soldiers preached in Flanders and fell at Fontenoy? Have you not heard how certain dragoons of the Flanders army formed the first Methodist societies in Scotland, at Musselburgh and Dunbar. There is to-day a strain of pure Methodism in the army which can be traced step by step back to the converts of John Halme, and which will, please God, never die out. A plant such as Methodism is perennial and always growing.

"Had I time, Brother Barber, I would rejoice to tell these children of that noble man, Howell Harris, the great Welshman, who sent five young men of his household to the army. Most gallantly did those young men fight at Louisburgh with the Puritan troops of Boston under Whitefield's flag, with its glorious superscription, Nil desperandum Christo duce, 'Fear nothing while Christ is captain.' And did not Harris at a later time in this country himself equip and lead a troop of twenty-four Welsh Methodists, marching—and preaching Methodism, mark you—from one military station to another with the regiment to which his troop was attached? The army is a hard school, I grant you, and dangerous ground for young seed to

be planted in, but there is One who watches over it as he does over this village, and he will keep the wheat separate from the tares.

"I don't fear for Jim," went on this kind and vigorous apostle of militant Christianity, while my face burned again at the words he spoke. "Coming here every other Sunday for nearly three years, I have watched the lad's growth and conduct. I believe, if he were free to speak, he would prove himself blameless in the matter of the Squire's sheep. Moreover, I think that he is led to make this choice of a career by a higher will than ours.

"As for his start in the army, I will see that he begins in the right path; and he is not the lad I take him to be if he does not continue in it. On Thursday I shall be in Winchester again, if you can part with him so soon, Mrs. Barber."

My mother for the first time was not present at Mr. Ullathorne's preaching, and in later days I knew that she spent that hour on her knees.

(To be continued.)

STEVE'S PRESENT.

"Get up, Steve, get up! the rising bell has rung."

The little boy rolled over, and wound himself up in the bedclothes like a cocoon, but did not get up.

Next time it was Mamma Jane that called:

"Yo' bes' git up outen dat bed, Mars Steve; I gwine to call yo' ma."

This threat did not even make our lazy little boy wind. But now it was mother's voice:

"Get up, little boy, some one has brought you a present."

"A present!" cried Steve, rolling out on the floor with a thud. "What is it?"

"I ca't tell you till you are dressed," said mother; "but it is big, and blue, and bright, and has twelve pieces."

"What in the world!" muttered the little boy, who was now covering buttons with button-holes at lightning speed.

"Now, mother, where's my present?" he asked.

She smiled as she looked at him, for one stocking was on wrong-side out, his hair had no part to be seen, and he had left off his necktie.

"The last time I looked out of the front window," she said, "it was out in the yard."

Steve flew out to the front porch, and looked around. It was very sweet and dewy and fine out there, but Steve did not see any present.

"Maybe it is in the back yard," suggested mother.

But Steve did not half like the smile with which she said it. A little more slowly he went out to the back porch. Mamma Jane and Diana were hanging up wet sheets and tablecloths to dry in the breezy sunshine. Steve thought they must have worked all night to get them out as early as this seemed to him. In the lot below Blossom was chewing her cud, with a little spotted calf friking beside her. Hens were clucking and scratching for their chicks. Violet-coloured pigeons were walking about on pink toes, and away beyond rose the Alleghany Mountains. But there was no present that Steve could see.

"Mother, I believe you are just fooling me," he said, reproachfully.

"Well, you must forgive me," she said. "If I am fooling you just a little. Yet it is true about the present, and I did not say it just to make you get up; I really wanted you to think about it. I thought you would guess my riddle when I said it was blue and bright and had twelve pieces."

As mother said this she looked at the sky, at the sun, at the clock, and then, of course, he guessed right off.

"You mean the day, mother?"

"Yes," she answered. "I mean this new day, this big, bright, beautiful blue day that God has sent you. You are turning your back on it, as if you did not care anything for it, and yet the earth has been travelling all night to bring it to you, the sun has journeyed far to make it warm for you, summer has put forth a thousand energies to make it beautiful for you, gentle sleep has made you ready to enjoy it, and your heavenly Father has crowned it with mercy and loving-kindness! Is it not worth while for you to put out your hand to take this gift?"

Steve was silent, but he looked pleased and interested.

"There is another thing about this new day," said his mother. "You will have to give account for it as to how you have used it, and whether you have abused it. Now ring the bell for prayers, and we will thank God for our new day, and ask him to show us how to use it aright."

Autumn Ploughing.

More than the beauty of summer  
Is shed on the hills to-day,  
And the fragrant breath of the vintage  
Is borne on the winds away.  
As, father and son together,  
The farmers are guiding the plough  
Deep and straight is the furrow  
They set in the green earth now.

"Plough deep," is the old man's counsel,  
As they turn the fallow field  
That yet shall laugh with the harvest,  
And wave with a golden yield.  
"Plough deep and straight," and the sturdy  
Answer rings back with a will,  
As the till is ready for sowing,  
On the sun-swept reach of hill.

I watch, and over my spirit  
There waits an echoed psalm;  
Sweet as a thought of our Father,  
And full of heaven's balm,  
God knows how deep the furrow  
Needs by soul of mine,  
Ere the stony soil shall quicken  
And bloom with fruits divine.

And God who cares for the vintage  
When the sap is in the stem,  
And God who crowns the summer  
With the autumn's diadem,  
And God who all the winter  
Beholds the world's bread grow,  
May be trusted for loving kindness,  
Though his plough-share lay me low.

In storm and sun, our Father  
Hath a care surpassing ours,  
That is fain to find a shelter  
For our little fragile flowers.  
Why do we borrow trouble,  
And why resist his hand,  
That sends us gifts in sorrow  
That we do not understand?  
—Christian Intelligencer

HOW A DOG SAVED A REPUBLIC.

The Hon. Charles Francis Adams writes the Boston Herald as follows:

"Most persons have heard of the great William of Orange called The Silent. If the dog enemies will turn to Motley's 'History of the Rise of the Dutch Republic' (Vol. II., page 398), they'll find this little incident related: 'On the night of September 12, 1672, a body of Alva's Spanish troops surprised Dutch William's camp. And for two long hours the Spaniards butchered their foes.' Then Motley goes on to describe what happened:

"The boldest, led by Julian in person, made at once for the prince's tent. His guards and himself were in a profound sleep, but a small spaniel, which always passed the night upon his bed, was a more faithful sentinel.

"The little creature sprang forward, barking furiously at the sound of hostile footsteps and scratching his master's face with his paws. There was but just time for the prince to mount a horse which was ready saddled, and to effect his escape before his enemies sprang into the tent.

"His servants were cut down, and two of his secretaries, who gained their saddles a moment later, also lost their lives, and but for a little dog's watchfulness, William of Orange, upon whose shoulders the whole weight of his country's fortunes depended, would have been led within a week to an ignominious death. To his dying day the prince ever afterward kept a spaniel of the same race in his bedchamber. And in the church at Delft may be seen to this day, at the foot of the recumbent statue of the great Hollander, a figure in stone of that 'little spaniel.'—Saturday Evening Post.

THE WHITE SHARK.

He is an ugly customer indeed, this man-eater of the sea, and we can easily believe all the stories that are told about him. His great mouth has only one row of sharp, jagged teeth that shows from the outside, but when you come to look at that tremendous jaw closer which you can only do in safety when its owner is as dead as a herring you will find that the white shark has no need of a dentist, for he has five or six rows of teeth, one behind the other.

The inner rows, however, by a curious arrangement, are laid flat in the month until they are wanted. When the "sea tiger" has used up his first set of teeth, they drop out, and the next row rises up ready for use. So he can go on comfortably through a long life, with no fear that his chief weapons of attack will fail him.

The white shark sometimes grows to be forty feet long. He is found in many seas, but more in the tropics than toward the north.

**The Wind Over the Chimney.**

BY H. W. LONOFFELLOW.

See, the fire is sinking low,  
Dusky red the embers glow,  
While above them still I cower,  
While a moment more I linger,  
I touch the clock, with lifted finger,  
Points beyond the midnight hour

Sings the blackened log a tune,  
Learned in some forgotten June,  
From a school boy at his play,  
When they both were young together,  
Heart of youth and summer weather,  
Making all their holiday.

And the night-wind rising, hark!  
How above there, in the dark,  
In the midnight and the snow,  
Ever wilder, fiercer, grander,  
Like the trumpets of Iskander,  
All the noisy chimneys blow!

Every quivering tongue of flame,  
Seems to murmur some great name,  
Seems to say to me, "Aspire!"  
But the night-wind answers, hollow  
Are the visions that you follow,  
Into darkness sinks your fire!"

Then the flicker of the blaze,  
Gleams on volumes of old days,  
Written by masters of the art,  
Loud through whose majestic pages  
Rolls the melody of ages,  
Throb the harp-strings of the heart.

And again the tongues of flame  
Start exulting, and exclaim:  
"These are prophets, bards, and seers;  
In the horoscope of nations,  
Like ascendant constellations,  
They control the coming years."

But the night wind cries, Despair!  
Those who walk with feet on air  
Leave no long-enduring marks;  
At God's forge incandescent  
Mighty hammers beat incessant,  
These are but the flying sparks.

"Dust are all the hands that wrought,  
Books are sepulchres of thought;  
The dead laurels of the dead  
Rustle for a moment only,  
Like the withered leaves in lonely  
Churchyards at some passing tread."

Suddenly the flame sinks down;  
Sink the rumours of renown;  
And alone the night-wind drear  
Clamours louder, wilder, vaguer,  
Tis the brand of Meleager  
Dying on the hearth-stone here!"

And I answer, "Though it be,  
Why should that discomfort me?  
No endeavour is in vain;  
Its reward is in the doing,  
And the rapture of pursuing  
Is the prize the vanquished gain."

**LESSON NOTES.**

**FIRST QUARTER.**

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL BY JOHN.

**LESSON VII.—FEBRUARY 12.  
CHRIST'S DIVINE AUTHORITY.**

John 5. 17-27. Memory verses, 24-27.

**GOLDEN TEXT.**

This is indeed the Christ, the Saviour  
of the world.—John 4. 42.

**OUTLINE.**

1. Power Given to Christ, v. 17-23.
  2. Life through Christ, v. 24-27.
- Time.—Probably A. D. 28.  
Place.—The pool of Bethesda in Jerusalem.

Rulers.—Herod in Galilee, Pilate in Jerusalem.

Connecting Links.—Jesus had cured an impotent man who had been laid at the pool of Bethesda waiting for the angel whom the superstitious of the country expected to come down and touch the pool with healing properties. The miracle had been performed on the Sabbath day, and the Jews complained of this. Jesus, in reply, claimed that he was equal with God.

**LESSON HELPS.**

17. "My Father worketh"—The Sabbath was originally instituted as a memorial of the rest of God after his "six days" of labour in the creation of the world. Nevertheless, as Jesus here shows, God works during this period of rest; the activity of nature, the changes of the seasons, the movements of the sun, the springing of the green things from the ground, all are simply the working out of God's will during that long Sabbath of years which follows his actual work of creation. And as

all God's works are works of benevolence, so, says Jesus, "I work;" and so by implication he permits his disciples to perform works of mercy and necessity on the Sabbath day.

18. "Therefore"—Because Jesus distinctly avowed himself the Son of God, and equal in dignity with God. "To kill him"—This seeking to kill is a blood-red thread which runs through the whole of this section of the Gospel. "Equal with God"—They rightly judged that he claimed divine authority, and in their view this was blasphemy.

19. "What he seeth"—The Son of God liveth on earth in perfect harmony with the Power above.

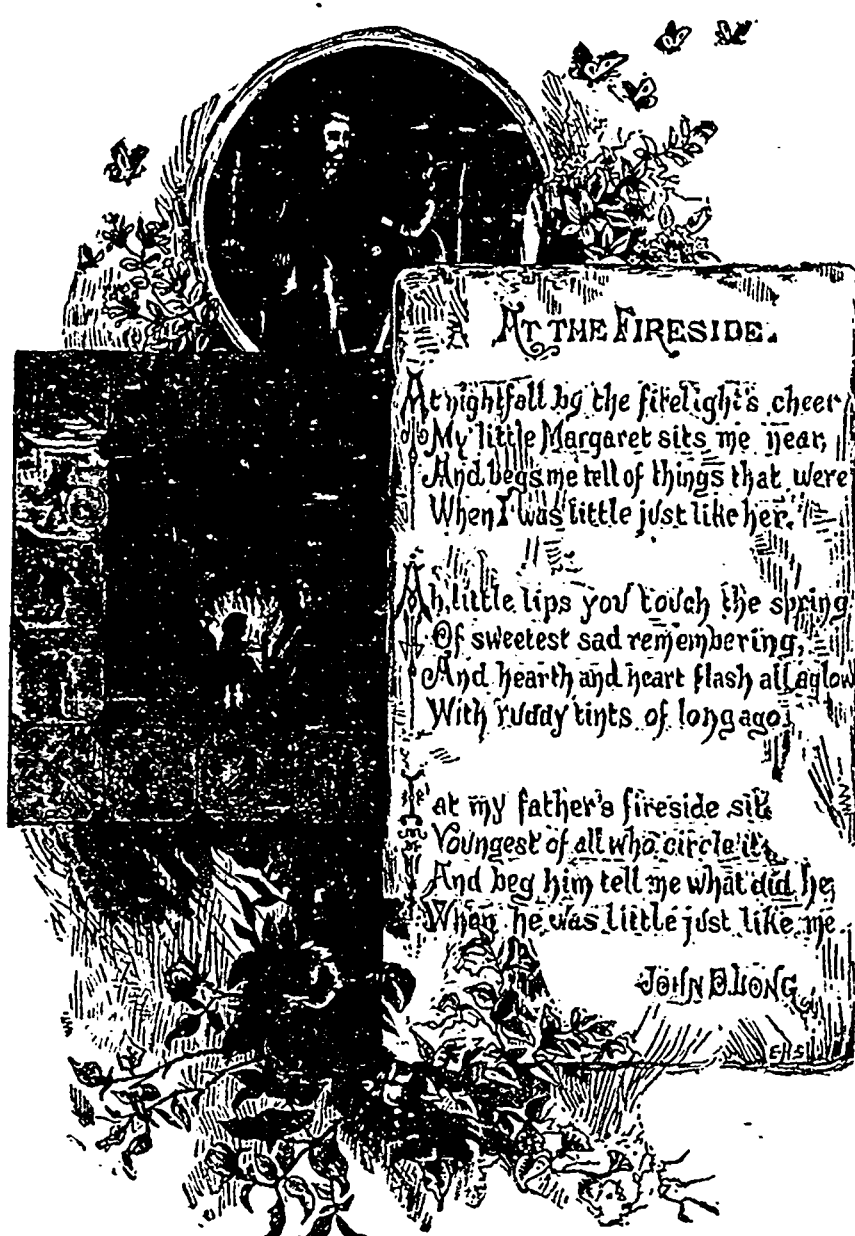
20. "Greater works than these"—"These" were only physical miracles; but moral miracles were to come. The regeneration of a sinner is a greater work than the raising of Lazarus itself.

21. "The Son quickeneth whom he will"—Jesus gives new spiritual life to all souls who seek him, as really a renewal of life as is the resurrection.

22. God has given the power of final judgment to the Man whom these Jews reject.



- Why has he given the Son this power?
1. Life through Christ, v. 24-27.
- What believer has everlasting life?  
Through what change has he passed?  
Whose life-giving voice will the dead hear?  
Who alone has life in himself?  
What is the Golden Text?  
What authority has been given to the Son?  
Who will yet hear his voice?  
What result will follow?



**AT THE FIRESIDE.**

At nightfall by the firelight's cheer,  
My little Margaret sits me near,  
And begs me tell of things that were  
When I was little just like her.

Oh little lips you touch the spring  
Of sweetest sad remembering,  
And hearth and heart flash all aglow  
With ruddy tints of long ago.

at my father's fireside sit  
Youngest of all who circle it,  
And beg him tell me what did he  
When he was little just like me.

JOHN BRIGGS

**PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.**

- Where in this lesson are we taught—
1. That Jesus is the Son of God?
  2. That the dead will be raised?
  3. That Jesus will judge the world?

Do you see this crown? No one has a right to a crown except a king. Jesus did his work by the right God gave, and now he gives us the right to work for him. What work shall we do for Jesus this very week? How shall we do it so as to please him? When shall we busy ourselves with his work?

**A FRIEND IN JESUS.**

A dear girl of eighteen, when told what a true, real, and ever-present friend Jesus is, said: "I have wanted a friend like that for so long!"  
Alice had lost her mother when quite a little girl, and she was now an orphan, her father having died a fortnight before this. She had no brothers, and her one little sister lived with friends a long way off. She did not know the Lord Jesus, and was therefore lonely indeed!  
But, oh! what a change took place in her whole life when she received Christ for her own Saviour and proved the truth of God's word, that "The Lord is good, a stronghold in the day of trouble" (Nahum 1. 7). When she was told how

24. "Hearth"—With heart as well as with ear.  
25. "When the dead shall hear"—This refers distinctly to those who are devoid of spiritual life.  
26. "So hath he given"—Elsewhere Jesus says, "I and my Father are one."

**HOME READINGS.**

- M. Healing at Bethesda.—John 5. 1-9.  
Tu. Enmity and persecution.—John 5. 10-16.  
W. Christ's divine authority.—John 5. 17-27.  
Th. John's testimony.—John 5. 28-35.  
F. Testimony of the Scriptures.—John 5. 36-47.  
S. The Father's testimony.—2 Peter 1. 10-18.  
Su. Glory of Christ.—Heb. 1. 1-9.

**QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.**

1. Power Given to Christ, v. 17-23.  
What is said here about work and workers?  
Who sought to kill Jesus?  
What two reasons are given for their hatred?  
What did Jesus say about the Father and the Son?  
What about the Father's love?  
What about power to raise the dead?  
To whom has the Father committed judgment.

Jesus would never leave her nor forsake her, she believed his word; and he has made himself so precious a friend to her, that she told me, only a week after her conversion, that it had been the happiest week of her life.

Dear reader, have you also "wanted a friend like this for so long"? If so, think how very much Jesus loves you. He left his Father's home in glory that we might share it with him. He died that we might live. He bore the awful load of our sins that we might not bear them. He suffered on the cross that we might escape the wrath to come. As a beautiful hymn expresses it:

"I gave my life for thee,  
My precious blood I shed,  
That thou might'st ransomed be,  
And quickened from the dead.  
I gave my life for thee;  
What hast thou given for me?"

There is one thing God asks you for, only one thing; he says, "Give me thy heart." What will you answer?  
I do beseech you, in the name of the Lord Jesus, to come to him now; for he says, "Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth" (Prov. 27. 1).

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