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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Excuses for Drinking.

Some drink to make them wide awake,
And some to make them sleep;
Some drink because they merry are,
And some because they weep.

Some drink because they're very hot,
And some because they're cold;
Some drink to cheer them when they're
young,
And some because they're old.

Some drink to give them appetite,
And some to aid digestion;
Some, for the doctor says it's right,
And some without a question.

Some drink when they a bargain make,
And some because of loss;
Some drink when they their pleasure
take,
And some when they are cross.

Some drink for sake of company,
While some drink on the sly;
And many drink, but never think,
About the reason why.

—Alliance News.

WINTER SPORTS IN CANADA.

The Montreal Ice Palace was the first ever tried in the New World. The building was made of blocks of ice, forty-two by twenty-four inches, each block weighing five hundred pounds, and the whole structure containing forty thousand cubic feet of ice. Its dimensions were about ninety by ninety feet, with rectangular towers at each corner, and a central square tower one hundred feet high. The blocks were "cemented" together by snow for mortar, and then water was pumped on from a hose, and the whole palace made into one solid piece, so that you couldn't separate one block from another without sawing them apart. The Ice Palace was the most beautiful sight I ever saw in sun-light or moon-light. By the electric light it reminded one of what Charles the Fifth said of Antwerp Cathedral, that it was worthy of being placed under a glass shade. I went on top of the mountain and looked down at the thousands of lights throughout the city, and at this glowing structure in the middle. It was like fairy-land.

Tobogganing is the nearest thing to flying one can find. One couldn't live long if he kept going at such a speed. The toboggan is made of two pieces of thin bass wood, about six feet long and two feet wide, bent up in front like the dashboard of a sleigh. It has cross pieces of wood for strength, and long, round sticks at each side, and is all clasped together by cat-gut. The Indians make them, and use them to carry the game they shoot over the snow through the woods, and the Canadians turn them into use for pastime in sliding down hills. The toboggan is so light that it doesn't sink in soft snow like a cutter, and is so smooth on the bottom that it goes down hill like a shot, especially when the hill is slippery.

My first experience of tobogganing was on the back part of Mount Royal. The mountain was thus named by the discoverer of Canada, when he first saw the St. Lawrence river and the landscape from its summit. The tobogganing slide here is purely an artificial one. It is a big structure of logs and planks made in an inclined plane, up one side of which there are steps, and down the side beside it a smooth, ice-covered slide. There is room on top like a little platform upon which you settle yourself on your toboggan. To tell the truth, there's no danger on proper hills. A man sits behind and steers with his foot.

The sensation is exciting. You lose your breath as the snow dashes up into your face, and you have all the feeling of going on the road to a regular smash-up, but before the smash comes, your sleigh eases off as gently as it started, and you get up and want to do it again. If you stand to one side of the slide, and see a toboggan whiz past you like a shot, and see the frightened faces of the strangers who are having their first try,

you feel as if you were looking at a group who were going to destruction; but by-and-bye you see them coming up hill again laughing at their fears.*

The Montreal Tobogganing Club has a splendid series of slides a short ride from the Windsor. The inauguration night

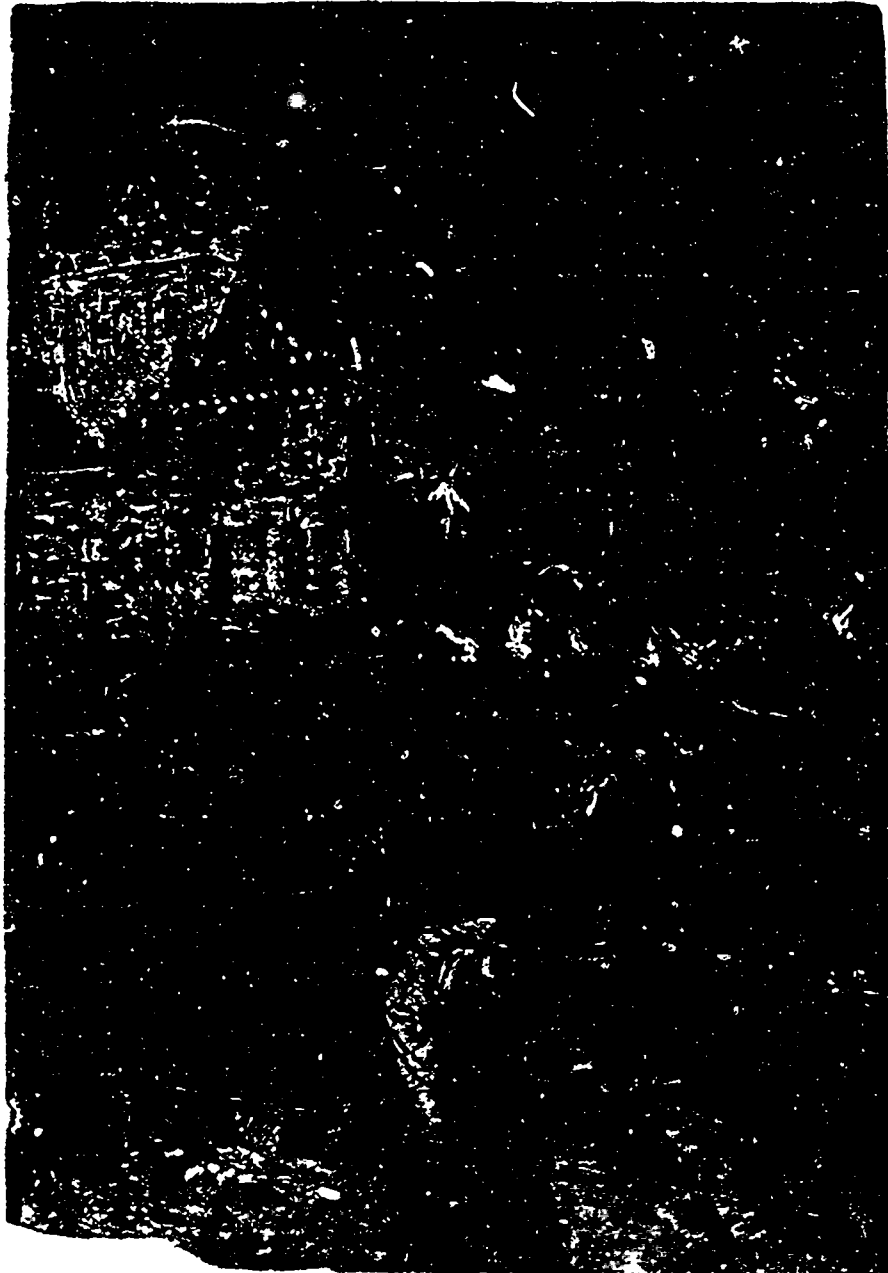
* The Chinese description of a toboggan ride is very graphic—"Swish-h-h!—walkee back half a mile-a."

was magnificent. The hills were lit up all along the route with torches stuck in the snow banks at each side; and a great lot of lanterns and locomotive headlights illuminated the ground, while at the foot a huge bonfire was kept burning, into which they threw coloured powder.

What a city Montreal is for sleighing! No sloppy roads one day and hard ones the next. No wheels to-day and runners to-morrow. A constant jingle of bells



INSIDE THE ICE PALACE.



THE ICE PALACE, MONTREAL, INAUGURATION NIGHT.

and quick trot of horses, and all kinds of sleighs, rough and handsome, little and big. On the civic half-holiday, there were over two thousand sleighs in the procession in which the hackmen joined. After the drive, we stopped at McGill College gate and saw the snowhoers start to run to the top of the mountain and back, a distance of about three miles cross country. They think nothing of running to the Back River, eight miles; and they go to Lachine and back, or some other place, every Saturday, about twenty miles, just for the sport of the thing. It was great fun to see some of the most eager fellows going headlong into the deep snow when they tried to pass those ahead.

Snowshoes are of Indian origin, made of light ash, bent to an oval, and the ends fastened together by cat-gut. The interior is then crossed with two pieces of flat wood to strengthen the frame, and the whole is woven with cat-gut, like a lawn tennis bat. An opening is left for the motion of the toes in raising the heel in stopping out. The netting sustains the weight of the body, and the shoe sinks only an inch or two, and when one foot is bearing the weight the other is lifted up, and over and onwards. The shoes are fastened to the moccasined feet by thongs of deer-skin. In the evening of the inauguration of the Ice Palace, everybody came to Dominion Square where there was every sort of light but sunlight. The Ice Palace looked like glass; and I never saw anything so beautiful as when they burned blue, green, crimson and purple fires inside. By and-by the procession of fifteen hundred men appeared in club uniforms, each carrying a lighted torch in one hand, and discharging Roman candles from the other. After going around the Palace, the procession headed for the mountain, went up the old snowshoe track, and returned down the zigzag road, singing as they swung along.

"Tramp! tramp! on snowshoes tramping.
All the day we marching go,
Till at night by fires encamping,
We find couches 'mid the snow!"

From the city below the sight was picturesque. The long, serpentine trail was seen moving in and out, and twisting like a huge firesnake, while the Roman candles shot their balls of fire into the air. It was a grand and wild sight to see them coming back. A snowstorm had set in, and the flickering lights, the costumes, the sturdy, steady tramp of the fellows made one think of a midnight invasion by an army.

"BIBLE FIRST, PAPA."

"About forty years ago, a Christian man sat at his fireside in Philadelphia. Near by him, playing on the floor, was his only child, a beautiful little boy. It was early in the morning. The day's work had not yet begun, and waiting for his breakfast, it may be, the father took up the daily paper to read. The boy at once climbed into his lap, snatching away the paper, exclaiming: 'No, no, papa! Bible first—Bible first, papa!' That lesson, taught by a little child, was probably a turning point in the life of that man. Death soon came and tore away the sweet little preacher, but his morning sermon was never forgotten. The business man, in his loneliness and sorrow, went forth to do his work for Christ. 'Bible first, papa,' was ever ringing in his ears. It became the motto of his life. He was exceedingly prosperous in business. Wealth accumulated, business increased, friends multiplied. But uppermost in that man's heart was the precious word of God. He read and studied it. As teacher and superintendent in the Sabbath school, he taught it. He did more than this; he practiced its precepts."

The gentleman referred to was the well-known locomotive engine builder, Matthias W. Baldwin, of Philadelphia. Would not the child's cry, "Bible first!" be an excellent motto for every Sunday-school teacher in the land?—S. S. Times.

Finding Fault.

The winds refused to blow.
'No use,' said they, 'to try
From north or south or east or west
These folks to satisfy
The North Wind 'is too cold'
The West Wind, 'bold and rough,'
The East is 'chilly,' they complain.
The South, 'not cool enough!'

And so the windmills stopped,
And ships lay idle by.
The sun beat down from morn till night
Because no clouds could fly
The people sighed for wind
Blow hot or cold," said they,
From north or south or east or west.
'Twill be the wisest way'

OUR PERIODICALS:

Table listing various periodicals such as Christian Guardian, Methodist Magazine, and Pleasant Hours with their respective prices.

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto.
C. W. COATES, S. F. HURSTON,
2170 St. Catherine St., Wesleyan Book Room,
Montreal, Halifax, N.S.

Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 9, 1899.

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE.

Announcement is made in the November St. Nicholas of the St. Nicholas League, an organization of the readers of that magazine.

The St. Nicholas League stands for intellectual advancement and higher ideals of life. To learn more and more of the best that has been thought and done in the world—to get closer to the heart of nature and acquire a deeper sympathy with her various forms—these are its chief aims.

WILLIAM'S LOOK.

Here is a good story of a man called William who is engaged as a window-cleaner at a certain great hotel in London.

One morning William instead of doing his work was amusing himself by reading the paper, and, as bad luck would have it, the manager looked in.

'What's this?' he said. William was dumbfounded. 'Pack up your things and go,' said the manager.

So poor William went to the office, drew the money which was owing to him, and then went upstairs and put on his Sunday clothes.

'Do you want a job?' asked the manager.

'Yes, sir,' said William.

'Can you clean windows?'

'Yes, sir.'

'You look a handy sort of chap. I only gave the last man 22s. but I'll give you 25s.'

'Thank you, sir,' said William, and in half an hour he was back in the same old room—cleaning the window this time, and not reading the paper.—Tit-Bits.

CHAIN WILL NOT BREAK.

Miss Nathalie Schenck's endless chain is still as endless as ever. Every Monday morning even now the postman drops from forty to fifty letters at the door, and on other days in the week there are anyway from fifteen to twenty-five.

Before the week had ended, the postmaster at Babylon, where Miss Schenck was staying with her grandfather, Matthew Morgan, began to grow uneasy.

Hundreds of thousands of letters were burned back of the Morgan stable. No one ever pretended to read them.

WHAT "SING A SONG OF SIX-PENCE" MEANS.

You all know this rhyme, but have you ever heard what it really means?



GAMES ON THE RIVER ST. LAWRENCE.

The four-and-twenty blackbirds represent the twenty-four hours. The bottom of the pie is the world, while the top crust is the sky that overarches it.

The king, who is represented sitting in his parlour counting out his money, is the sun, while the gold pieces that slip through his fingers, as he counts them, are the golden sunbeams.

The queen, who sits in the dark kitchen, is the moon, and the honey with which she regales herself is the moonlight.

The industrious maid, who is in the garden at work before her king—the sun—has risen, in the day dawn, and the clothes she hangs out are the clouds.

Rotuma is a lonely island some 300 miles from Fiji. It is one of the most beautiful islands of the Pacific, covered with large forests of palms.



THE SEAT OF WAR.

THE TROUBLE IN SOUTH AFRICA.

It is about four centuries since the Cape of Good Hope became a supply port for Portuguese traders on their way to and from the East Indies.

In 1620, the English took possession of the port, deposited a gang of convicts and sought to effect a settlement, but owing to the ferocity of the natives the scheme failed.

In 1652, the Dutch made their first settlement and established slavery. In 1684 they had conquered several tribes and began to annex surrounding lands.

In 1795, the English came back again, conquered the Dutch settlers and took

Boers fought this annexation scheme, and in the battles of Malwand and Majuba Hill, in 1880, won such decisive victories over the slender British forces as to secure peace on a Boer basis, allowing the Boers to re-establish the republic of the Transvaal with self-government but under British auspices.

As to the merits of the present dispute, opinions differ. As a matter of fact, the Boers as a nation are fierce and tyrannical, as all people are who have been addicted to slave-holding propensities.

SOME AMUSEMENT AFTER ALL.

An English nobleman, whose entertainments are noticeably dull, is nevertheless himself a man of much dry humour.

'Pretty slow, isn't it?' volunteered the lively young stranger. 'I wonder if the parties Lord and Lady—give are never any livelier than this.'

'Never,' returned the unrecognized host, promptly.

'Then I shall make my bow and take myself off at once,' said the young man.

Something in his tone enlightened the young man, who turned crimson and began to stammer apologies.



PAUL KRUGER.

The Carpenter of Nazareth.

That evening, when the Carpenter swept out
The fragrant shavings from the workshop floor,
And placed the tools in order and shut to
And barred, for the last time, the humble door,
And, going on his way to save the world,
Turned from the labourer's lot for evermore,
I wonder—was he glad ?

That morning, when the Carpenter walked forth
From Joseph's doorway in the glimmering light,
And bade his holy mother long farewell,
And, through the rose-shot skies with dawning bright,
Saw glooming the dark shadows of the cross,
Yet, seeing, set his feet toward Calvary's height,
I wonder—was he sad ?

Ah! when the Carpenter went on his way,
He thought not for himself of good or ill;
One was his path, through shop or thronging men,
Craving his help e'en to the cross-crowned hill,
In tolling, healing, teaching, suffering, all
His joy, his life, to do his Father's will,
And earth and heaven are glad!
—Author Unknown.

THE QUEEN'S CHORISTERS.

Boys are not, as a rule, given to being proud of their clothes, but a lad whose Sunday suit costs two hundred dollars, and is of so striking a character that it is not considered safe for him to go out walking in it alone, might, perhaps, be excused for being a trifle lifted up.

There are ten boys in London who are thus expensively and brilliantly habited every Sunday, and on state occasions besides. They are the ten choristers belonging to her Majesty's private chapel in St. James' Palace, and truly gorgeous they are when arrayed in their "state suits."

Scarlet cloth is the foundation of the costume, and bands of royal purple between rows of heavy gold lace are the adorning of it. Grandest of all, old lace ruffles are worn at the neck and wrists; but these are so valuable and difficult to replace, that it has to be a special occasion on which they are donned, white lawn bands being substituted as a rule. A boy has to take care of his state suit, for it must last him three years, while his undress suit is replaced every eight months.

The choir of the Chapel Royal, St. James', is one of the historical institutions of England, and many of its old-time customs—including the dress of the boys—are retained to this day. It has numbered among its singers Sir Arthur Sullivan, Edward Lloyd, Sir John Goss, Dr. E. J. Hopkins, the veteran organist of the Temple church, and many other famous English musicians.

Some curious customs, peculiar to St. James' choristers, are mentioned by Mr. K. Klickmann in The Strand Musical Magazine. The most interesting of these, perhaps, is the right of the head boy to demand one guinea, as "spur money," from any officer entering the chapel wearing spurs. It is said that when Sullivan was head boy, the Duke of Wellington would always come to the chapel in his spurs, in order to have the pleasure of paying the forfeit to his favourite chorister.

A now boy at St. James' has some of the same sort of experience that come to all new boys; only, from the nature of things, his mistakes are apt to be a little more laughable.

"That seems to be a nice old gentleman," remarked one such newcomer to an older boy, as the two stood in the corridor after the service, and were greeted with, "A happy New Year to you, my lads," by the old gentleman in question.

"A nice old gentleman, indeed! Don't you know who he is?" was the response. "Well, you must be a greenhorn! I say, fellows, he doesn't even know Mr. Gladstone!" and the nine waxed derisive over the mistake of the unlucky new boy.

This unfortunate wight still further impaired his reputation when, a few days later, he meekly inquired why they had all raised their hats to a certain officer

whom they had passed on horseback in the street. The head boy merely ejaculated. "Who in the world does the duffer know, if he doesn't know the Prince of Wales?"

THE BARREL RACE.

A funny form of sport is the barrel race. No doubt it is very old in its origin, going back at least to ancient times in England, as do most of our outdoor diversions. At a point about midway in the race-course a row of barrels is placed, with the heads knocked out. Each "sprinter" is assigned his barrel, through which he must crawl before completing the running. The antics of the contestants in endeavouring to make good time through these obstacles never fail to set the crowd of spectators in a roar. Sometimes a man gets fast in the barrel and rolls about helpless on the ground until his more fortunate competitors have reached the goal.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

LESSON XII.—DECEMBER 17.

FRUITS OF RIGHT AND WRONG DOING.

Mal. 3. 13 to 4. 6. Memory verses, 16-18.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.—Gal. 6. 7.

OUTLINE.

- 1. A Stern Arraignment, v. 13-15.
2. A Precious Promise, v. 16-18.
3. The Refining Fire, v. 1.
4. The Sun of Righteousness, v. 2-6.
Time.—About B.C. 433.
Place.—Jerusalem.

LESSON HELPS.

13. "Your words"—The words of infidels and scoffers, who denied that there

memory of God and his commandments, for they "thought upon his name." Speaking should be the expression of thought. "A book of remembrance"—An allusion to the record kept by kings of such as had performed honourable service and should be rewarded. See Esth. 3. 1.

17. "My jewels"—Rather, my treasures. A day will come, the day of judgment, when these shall all be safely gathered. "I will spare them"—Take care of them as a father takes care of his children.

18. Not now, but "then shall ye . . . discern." Why not discern now the difference between "the righteous and the wicked"? Be wise! Wait not for the revelations of the judgment.

1. "Behold, the day cometh"—The day of divine punishment. "All the proud"—Spoken of in chap. 3. 15. "Neither root nor branch"—A proverbial expression for complete destruction. Neither man, woman, nor child was to be spared.

2. "The Sun of Righteousness"—Even Jesus, the Messiah, the hope of Israel. "In his wings"—F. expression for beams or rays. "As calves of the stall"—With health and vigour. A promise fulfilled in many ways—especially in vigorous development of the Christian church.

3. "Ye shall tread down the wicked"—What will the infidel, whose utterance is in chap. 3. 15, now say?

4. "The law of Moses"—Which predicted these things. "In Horeb"—Deut. 1. 10.

5. "Elijah the prophet"—John the Baptist is here meant, in whose spirit and power he came. See the allusion in the New Testament. This brief chapter contains three wonderful predictions: (1) The coming of John the Baptist; (2) The coming of Christ; (3) The destruction of Jerusalem.

HOME READINGS.

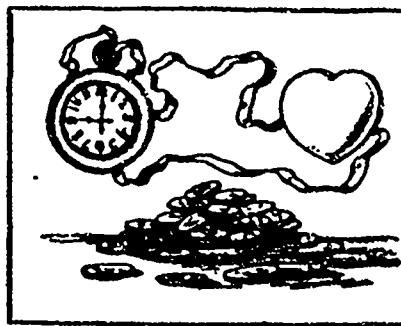
- M. Fruits of right and wrong doing.—Mal. 3. 13 to 4. 6.
Tu. The mystery explained.—Psalm 73. 1-20.
W. Folly of rejecting God.—Job 22 12 27.

- 4. The Sun of Righteousness, v. 2-6.
Who have hope in the coming of the Lord?
What is it "to fear his name"?
What has Jesus declared himself to be? John 18. 12.
What does the Sun of Righteousness secure to godly men?
What promise of spiritual prosperity is given them?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

- Where in this lesson are we taught—
1. That public opinion is not always safe?
2. That God loves those who "fear and talk of him"?
3. That God's blessing is ever on the good and his punishment on the wicked?

What and how should we give? The watch will remind us of our time. We should give our time to Jesus—all of it, but a part should be used in doing special things for him, helping others, and earning money to do good with it. We will make a pile of money, too. At least a tenth part of our money should go to



Jesus for his poor and his wandering children. Then we will make a heart. That must not be divided. It is all his. And these gifts must be made gladly and as long as we live.

This is a precept-lesson, and the precept is, "Bring ye all the tithes," etc.

On one occasion the Prince of Wales had a hearty laugh at a Hindu schoolboy in Madras. The youngsters had been drilled into the propriety of saying, "You, Royal Highness," should the Prince speak to them; and when the Her-Apparent accosted a bright-eyed lad, and, pointing to a prismatic compass, asked, "What is this?" the youngster, all in a flutter, replied, "It's a Royal compass, your prismatic Highness."

BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG

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WE PAY POSTAGE.

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto.
C. W. Carter, Montreal. E. F. Hurdle, Halifax.



THE BARREL RACE.

was profit in serving God, for the wicked man, they affirmed, was the prosperous one. "What have we spoken so much against thee"—A strange question for such to ask. They would either deny or defend their conduct.

14. "It is vain to serve God"—They thought and taught that piety did not pay. "What profit is it"—A question too many ask in their hearts to-day; nevertheless "godliness is profitable unto all things." "Walked mournfully"—In the pathway of repentance. Tears of contrition do not add to one's wealth, they thought. Perhaps not, but is money everything? Is character nothing? Is goodness nothing? Is not the triumph over evil a triumph worth attaining?

15. The practical infidel speaks. Here is an old objection to the divine administration. Some men deride, some are puzzled by what they see in society, but Christian faith exclaims, "God is just, God is good, and time will vindicate both his justice and goodness." "We walk by faith, not by sight."

16. Mark the contrast. Good men were found among many evil men. They were as grains of salt to prevent the utter decay of social life. Even so are they now. "They that feared the Lord"—A holy fear, not a slavish one, and it led them to forsake evil. "Spake"—In

- Th. God knows his own.—2 Tim. 2. 19-26.
F. Certainty of judgment.—Eccles. 3. 1-13.
S. Remember!—Deut. 4. 5-13.
Su. Sowing and reaping.—Gal. 6. 1-10.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

- 1. A Stern Arraignment, v. 13-15.
How had the people spoken against God?
What did they say concerning God's service?
What change of sentiment had come concerning the proud? And the wicked?
2. A Precious Promise, v. 16-18.
What did they who feared the Lord do?
What should all do who fear God?
Who heard and remembered their words?
What precious promise is given them?
What further promise is given them?
Is this promise to us as well as to them? Heb. 6. 12.
What knowledge is given to those who fear God?
3. The Refining Fire, v. 1.
There is a day coming for which all other days were made, what shall it be like?
What shall the proud and the wicked be like?
How thorough shall be their destruction?



TODOGANING ON MOUNT ROYAL.

Jim Crow.

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD.

O, say, Jim Crow,
Why is it you always go
With a gloomy coat of black
The year long on your back?
Why don't you change its hue,
At least for a day or two,
To red or green or blue?
And why do you always wear
Such a sober, sombre air,
As glum as the face of Care?
I wait for your reply,
And into the peaceful pause
There comes your curious, croaking cry
"O, because! 'cause! 'cause!"

O, say, Jim Crow,
Why, when the farmers sow,
And the corn springs up in the row,
And the days that once were brief,
Grow long, and laugh into leaf,
Do you play the rascally thief?
I can see by the look in your eye—
Wary and wise and sly—
That you know the code in vogue;
Why will you then, O why,
Persist in the path of the rogue?
I hearken for your reply,
And into the empty pause,
There rings your graceless, grating cry—
"O, because! 'cause! 'cause!"

And say, Jim Crow,
With all the lore you know—
Lore of the wood and field,
Lore of the clouds and the clear
Depths of the atmosphere,
To our duller ken concealed—
Why is it you ever speak
With a mingled squawk and a squeak?
You, with your talents all,
And your knowledge of this and that,
Why must you sing like a squall,
And talk like a perfect "flat"?
I listen for your reply,
But in the lapse and the pause
All I hear is your impudent cry—
"O, because! 'cause! 'cause!"

"MISS FANNY."

BY E. B. MANWELL.

"Hi! You chaps, come over here.
Make a back, Little Dabbs, this moment
for your betters!"

It was the luncheon quarter of an hour, and over the playfields rushed some two hundred boys, the scholars of St. Margaret's. The football season was past, and cricket was "on," for it was early May, and the weather gloriously warm. But to-day was to be given up to a jumping competition; there would be no cricket.

The headmaster's uncle, a rich New Yorker, had come on a brief visit to the old school where he himself had been educated. He had brought some handsome prizes and offered them for a jumping competition. The boys of every form were wildly excited over the event, none more so than a couple of chums about the same age—twelve—Little Dabbs and "Miss Fanny."

Why Dabbs went as "Little," seeing he was the only Dabbs at St. Margaret's

nobody knew "He must have been born Little Dabbs!" thought the boys. As for "Miss Fanny," otherwise Francis Eade, there never was such an unfortunate boy sent to boarding-school.

"Poor little chap, he is so horribly pretty and girlish!" even the kindest of his schoolmates said pityingly. The rest led him a terrible life because of his crisp, curly, golden hair, his pink cheeks and his large blue eyes. They didn't know the boy—yet. So he was just "Miss Fanny" to the whole school; even the masters, catching up the nickname, secretly agreed among themselves that the cap fitted.

Both Little Dabbs and "Miss Fanny" were wild to win the special prize for the junior boys under thirteen—a belt, with a wonderfully carved Indian silver clasp. They had entered themselves and practiced jumping assiduously, particularly Little Dabbs.

The luncheon quarter of an hour was over, and the boys bolsterously charged into school. All but two, who lagged behind.

"What's up?" whispered "Miss Fanny," for Little Dabbs' face was all puckered and drawn.

"Brown Major gave me awful kick on the shin with his heel when I made a back for him, that's all!" faltered Little Dabbs, and "Miss Fanny's" face lengthened.

A kick on the shin, and the jumping contest that very afternoon! "Miss Fanny" was strangely quiet for the rest of the morning.

As for Little Dabbs, his hurt shin grew hourly more painful. A sixth-form boy good-naturedly anointed the inflamed part with a private remedy, but shook his head over Little Dabbs' chances.

"I do so want to win the prize!" moaned Little Dabbs in confidence to "Miss Fanny." "But you'll gain it now, for we two are the best of the junior lot, everybody says!"

"Miss Fanny" bit his lip, and screwed up his large blue eyes, as if making up his mind to something. Of course, he should easily win now.

Afternoon came, and with it a crowd of ladies invited from the neighbourhood to see the fun.

The competition was keen enough among the elder boys, the bar being raised again and again to try their powers. At last, the various prizes were won, and there remained only the juniors' contest.

"Oh, what a dear, pretty boy!" loudly murmured the ladies seated on chairs within the ring of watching boys, who all grinned widely at the flutter as "Miss Fanny," his jacket and shoes off, and blushing pinker than ever, stepped into the circle.

Behind him came Little Dabbs, and a number of juniors. The bar was lowered for them, and the contest began. It was at once seen that "Miss Fanny" was the best jumper, and the ladies clapped their hands delightedly. Then the bar was raised gradually, and, one by one, the juniors failed and fell away until there remained but "Miss Fanny" and Little Dabbs, whose shin was getting insufferably painful. Still his pluck kept him up. Finally the bar was again raised.

"Miss Fanny" has missed!" A disappointed groan burst from the eager watchers, and it deepened when the boy, a second trial being allowed each, again failed, knocking off the bar. It was now Little Dabbs' turn. Pulling himself together, with an effort that whitened his face to the lips, he cleared the bar without brushing it, and fell heavily, fainting from pain.

They carried Little Dabbs off the field on a stretcher, to be tended by the doctor. But they carried "Miss Fanny" off shoulder-high, with uproarious cheers.

"Ha! ha! found you out!" said the New Yorker, clapping the blushing boy heartily. "You let him win! Eh?"

"Well, sir, Little Dabbs was so set on winning!"

"Miss Fanny" walked innocently into the trap, and wondered why everybody cheered louder.

When Little Dabbs' shin healed, there was another sports day held, and the prizes were given. Oddly enough, there were two belts with silver clasps pre-

sent—one for the junior who won the final jumping competition, and another for the junior who didn't. From that day forth everybody at St. Margaret's knew that if a boy had pretty features and dainty ways, it was not to say he could not do brave things, and win the hardest victory of all—that over self—Church Standard.

TED'S VERSION.

BY KATE W. HAMILTON.

The family had gathered as usual for the morning reading, for Grandma always liked to begin the day with a Bible chapter, and though Rob was secretly impatient to be off, and Nell's thoughts were straying in the direction of a garden party, they dutifully read the verses which came to them, for no one could bear to cross the wishes of the dear grandmother who had been father, mother and home-maker for the orphaned children.

"Whether therefore ye eat, or drink, or—" began Ted listlessly.

"That means," interrupted the old lady's gentle voice, "not eating and drinking only, but everything we do. Let us try to read it in that way, thinking what it means."

"Yes'm." Ted stared at her a moment as if not quite comprehending, and then began again, slowly and emphatically:

"Whether therefore ye eat, or drink,—or play the piano—or ride a bicycle—or— or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God."

There was a titter from the twins, Dilly and Grace. Nell flashed an indignant look at the young reader as if she suspected him of mischief, and Rob waited for reverent grandma to utter some word of reproof. But instead she only said composedly:

"Yes; that 's just what it means, dear," and then she read the next verse which fell to her turn.

As for Rob, he went on his way half-laughing as he thought of the new rendering, but by no means able to dismiss the thought with a laugh. It clung to him with strange pertinacity. He had been very proud of his new wheel, but it had never occurred to him that he was to use it in that way. Once in the course of the morning he came upon Ted, deeply engaged in a game of marbles. Rob stopped and looked at him.

"See here, young man," he said, somewhat gruffly, "when you were getting up that new text this morning, you might have put in your own favourite occupations as well as those of other people. Why didn't you say anything about marbles, eh?"

"I didn't think of 'em," answered Ted, looking up with a pair of honest brown eyes. "But anyway I'm trying to do it. I never play for keeps, and I've lent my prettiest agate to Jack Ray, because he hasn't any."

"The youngster is really trying," Rob said to himself with a low whistle as he whirled away. "There are ever so many things I might do," he muttered.

All the forenoon the thought came coming, now as a hindrance in this direction, now as a spur in that one, and it was because of it that he made a wide detour on his homeward way, and stopped at a pretty house on a quiet street. The one he sought sat on the piazza, a sweet-faced, gracious lady, who arose, sewing in hand, as he paused beside her.

"I've been thinking about you asking me to help in that little mission school, Aunt Lizzie," he said, using the name he had given her since childhood. "You are keeping it up. I know, and if you still want me—"

"Want you? Oh, Rob! you don't know how much I want you if you can really come so far."

He flushed as he remembered the excuse he had given, though it had not been wholly an idle one.

"I thought it would be a long walk from our house. But I have my wheel now, you see, and I might ride out Sunday afternoons, if I can be of any use."

"I thought it would be a blessing to me if it brings you there," she said, heartily, "and to those poor children beside."

There it was again! "Well, I will come," he

promised. At the home gate he met Nell with a roll of music in her hand.

"Have you been taking a lesson?" he asked.

"No, not exactly," she answered, trying to hide a certain embarrassment, and to look as if her next words were the most natural in the world. "I've been trying to give one. Little May Glenn is so anxious to take music lessons, and her mother doesn't feel that she can afford it while there is no one but herself to earn anything, and so I thought—"

She looked up suddenly, met her brother's eyes, and they both laughed.

"The fact is, Nell, some of those old texts that we slip over so comfortably, have a power of meaning in them when they are translated into every-day, nineteenth-century English."

The Bible.

Study it carefully;
Think of it prayerfully;
Deep in thy heart let its precepts dwell;
Slight not its history;
Ponder its mystery;
None can o'er prize it too fondly or well.

Accept the glad tidings,
The warnings and chidings,
Found in this volume of heavenly lore;
With faith that's unfeeling,
And love all prevailing,
Trust in its promise of life evermore.

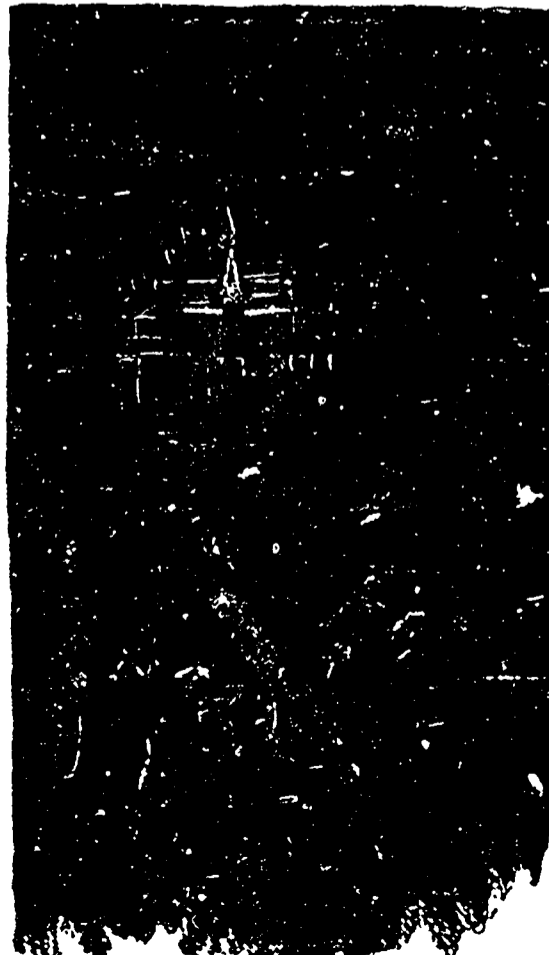
TAKING REED.

Did you ever watch people walking on icy sidewalks? Those who walk carefully, watching their steps and holding at the fence alongside, get safely over, but pretty soon a boy comes along who just knows he can walk along safely without any help, and thinks it foolish to be so careful about a little ice, and before he has time to think anything more, down he goes. Did you ever try to be good without asking Jesus to help you? If you did, I am sure you did not succeed. There are so many slippery places that unless we have his help we will surely fall. We are in greatest danger when we think we are safe.

TO SCHOOLS NEEDING HELP FROM S. S. AID FUND.

Applicants for help from Sunday-school Aid Fund will please give full particulars about the school asking such help—the number of scholars and teachers; amount raised for S. S. Aid Fund last year; amount promised toward grant, and number of papers, etc., wanted. Please do not say, "Continue same grant as last year." This requires much search of account books and mailing sheets. State definitely just what is wanted, and how much, if anything, the school can pay toward it.

W. H. Withrow,
Sec. S. S. Board.



SKATING AT THE VICTORIA RINK, MONTREAL.