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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XVIII.]

TORONTO, JANUARY 1, 1898.

[No 1.

The New Year.

BY LAURA E. RICHARDS.

"Now, what is that noise?"
said the glad New Year,
"Now, what is that singular
sound I hear?
As if all the paper in all the
world
Were rattled and shaken and
twisted and twirled."
"Oh! that," said the jolly
old Earth, "is the noise
Of all my children, both girls
and boys,
A-turning over their leaves so
aw,
And all to do honour, New
Year, to you."

WHAT THE LEAVES SAID.

I won't take Alice's sticks of
candy;
I won't call Robert a jack-a-
dandy;
I won't squeak my pencil on
my slate;
I won't lie in bed every day
and be late;
I won't make faces at Timothy
Mark;
I won't make fun behind any-
one's back.
Rustle and turn them, so
and so!
The good shall come and the bad shall
go.

I won't tear "barn doors" in all my
frocks;
I won't put my toes through all my socks.
I won't be greedy at dinner table!
At least—I think I won't—if I'm able!
I will not pinch, nor poke, nor tease;
I will not rutter, nor cough, nor sneeze.
I will not grumble, nor fret, nor scold,
And I will do exactly whatever I'm told.
Rustle and turn them, so and so!
The good shall come and the bad shall
go.

THE BAPTISM OF JESUS.

BY THE EDITOR.

Every year many thousands of Russian pilgrims visit the river Jordan that they may bathe in its sacred waters at the spot where it is supposed that our Lord was baptized.

The road all the way from Jerusalem is thronged with Russian pilgrims of the Greek Church on their way to the Jordan. They are a very picturesque, but shabby and dishevelled-looking crowd, in all degrees of raggedness. Most of them trudge along, sweltering beneath sheep-skin cloaks, like Bryan O'Flynn's, "with the woolly side in." They wear long, unkempt, square-cut hair and shaggy beards, and carry bamboo staves from the Jordan, or palm branches, in their hands.

The women are generally mounted on the backs of much-enduring donkeys,



FORD OF THE JORDAN.
Traditional Scene of the Baptism of Jesus.

crouched on their bedding with, it may be, one or two children. They often wear a fur-lined cloak and top boots, and ride with short stirrups, bringing their knees almost to their chin. In the sweltering heat they ineffectually try to ward off the sun's rays by a palm branch or the corner of a shawl stretched out on a bamboo cane. The village priest trudges along with his parishioners, dressed in black gown and tall black hat, whose rim is at the top instead of at the bottom. Some of these footworn and weary pilgrims carry heavy bags on their shoulders. They all wear sad and weary faces, and ceremoniously salute the howadgi with humble obeisance.

THIS PILGRIMAGE

is the event of a lifetime. The rustic inhabitants of some village in the remote Caucasus or Greek Islands, save their money for years and, with the village priest, make the pilgrimage to the sacred places, carrying with them the long, white shroud in which they bathe in the Jordan, and which they carry to their distant homes to be their final winding-sheet.

While the Russian pilgrims are said to number nine-tenths of the whole, yet there are many others, Cypriotes, Levantines, Abyssinians, Comos, Syrians, Armenians—adherents of the ancient Christian sects of the East. We saw at the Jordan a tall, handsome Abyssinian woman, weary and wayworn, who had got separated from her companions and was anxiously inquiring the way to the convent. It made us think of Mary return-

Jordan. We passed a couple of ruined monasteries, in a grotto beneath one of which John the Baptist is said to have dwelt; and another, with dilapidated vaults and ruined arcades, still bears the name, "Castle of the Jews." We were soon riding through the dense thickets or willows and caues which bordered the sacred stream. Its swift, turbid flow rushed past, steadily wasting away the steep clay banks which rise like cliffs. Its many windings greatly increase its length, as shown by the map on third page. The distance from its source to its mouth, in a straight line, is about 136 miles. From Tiberias to the Dead Sea is only about 64 miles, but the windings of the river make the distance nearly 200 miles. From its rapid fall it derives its name, "the Descender," its mouth being 3,000 feet below its source. It is exceedingly turbid, and we understood better after seeing it the contempt of Naaman for its muddy stream.

THE JORDAN VALLEY

at Jericho is about eight miles wide. Within this valley is a narrower one, less than a mile in width, and depressed about fifty feet below the level of the plain, with a dense thicket bordering the stream, once infested with lions (Jer. 49, 19). It has generally been crossed by fording, although David and Barzillai were conveyed across in a ferry boat (2 Sam. 19, 18-31). The legend of St Christopher and the child Jesus is at-

tached to the Jordan. The large cut on this page shows the traditional site where it is believed that our Lord was baptized.

For many centuries pilgrims have come by the thousands to the sacred stream for bathing and baptism. Royal baptisms in Europe have generally been in Jordan water. Each of us brought home some of it boiled down and sealed in glass vessels bearing Russian religious rollins. My friend, Mr. Read, I hear, has baptized half a hundred babies with his quantum. We sat by the river and sang, "On Jordan's stormy bank I stand," "Jesus, lover of my soul," and Mr. Read recited "On Nebo's Lonely Mountain." While Judge Carman, that persistent "Canaanite," went into the thicket with his jack-knife looking for souvenirs, I slowly walked with Madame along the dry and solid-seaming surface of the bank, but soon found myself sinking to my ankles in the soft mud.

At the base of the hill of Jericho is the "Fountain of Elisha," by which Jericho was formerly supplied with water. It flows into an ancient basin of hewn stone, still in pretty good repair, thirteen yards long by eleven wide, from which ran a well-built aqueduct. The temperature of the water is 84 degrees Fahr. This, it is claimed, is the water which Elisha healed with salt, and where he made the ax-head to swim (2 Kings 2, 19-23).

THE FATHER'S INVITATION.

Calling to see a gentleman at his office, I was surprised to find his little ten-year-old girl.

"Why, Nellie," I said, "I thought you were in the country, at school."

"Yes," said Nellie, "but I came up this morning."

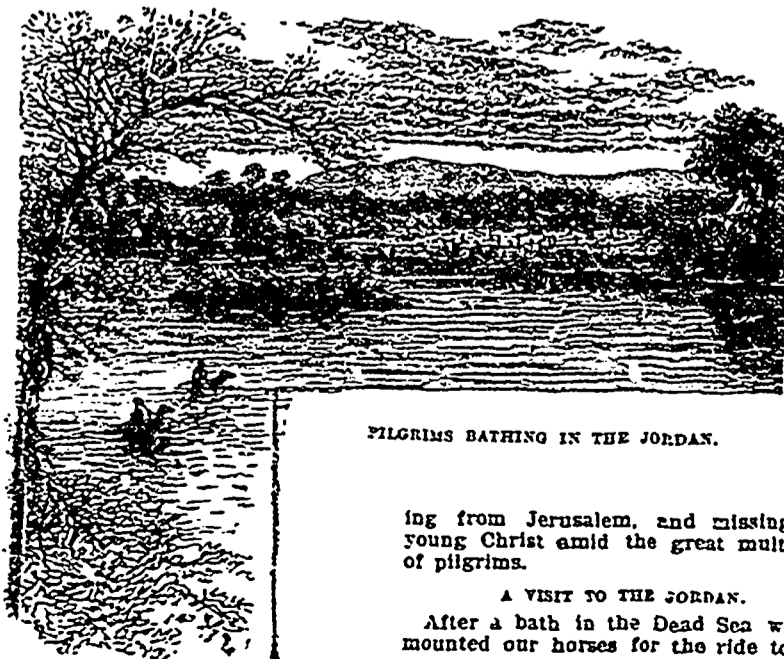
"Did you come so far by yourself? How did you find your way? Weren't you afraid?"

"Oh!" she said, "papa met me at the station."

"But what would you have done if he hadn't met you?"

"Oh! I knew he was sure to come, for he wrote to me and said, 'Come by the nine o'clock train and you will find me waiting for you on the platform.'"

So Nellie was not afraid to come in the train by herself, for she trusted her father when he said as plainly as could be, "Come, and you will find me." Our heavenly Father says the same thing to us in the Bible.—The Morning Star.



PILGRIMS BATHING IN THE JORDAN.

ing from Jerusalem, and missing the young Christ amid the great multitude of pilgrims.

A VISIT TO THE JORDAN.

After a bath in the Dead Sea we remounted our horses for the ride to the



THE JERICHO ROAD.

The Valley of the Jordan in the distance.

The Old Year.

Another year has gone,
With swift and noiseless tread
Winter and spring have glibbed on,
Summer and autumn sped
Each season with its joys and pain,
And they will never come again.

I mourn its wasted time,
If I could live it o'er,
Its sad mistakes I'd try to shun,
Its wrongs would do no more
But, no; the loss none can repair,
'Tis gone forever, the old year.

This only can I do
Be sorry for the past,
And at my loving Saviour's feet
My weary burden cast
He will blot out sin's crimson stain,
And strengthen me to try again.

And as a bright new year
Comes with its hope and joy,
I'll seek to live aright, and all
My hours for God employ
And this new year will try to live
That it a record fair may give.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, JANUARY 1, 1898

JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

JANUARY 9, 1898.

Earnestness of purpose.—Ecl. 9. 10

WISE MEN'S COUNSELS.

Solomon is reputed to be the author of the Book of Ecclesiastes. He was the wisest man God ever made. Hence, what he says is worthy of observation. The sayings of some men are soon forgotten. The sayings recorded in the Bible will never be forgotten.

EARNESTNESS COMMENDED.

The word "might" embraces this. We should never do anything if we cannot do it with our might. Whatever is worth doing should be done to the best of our ability. Nobody succeeds who does not work with earnestness.

SUCCESS.

Nobody, no matter what his avocation may be, feels pleasure in labouring if he does not succeed. He soon becomes disheartened, and begins to ask, "Why is this?" The want of earnestness in labour is the great cause of thousands not succeeding. The scholar will never graduate with honour if he does not apply himself with diligence to his studies. The same remark will admit of universal application.

WHATSOEVER.

This word may mean your secular calling, or the duties pertaining to your church relationship. Every person should find out what trade or business he is best fitted for, and having found it, should then apply all his energies to succeed in that calling. None should live an idle, lazy life. Having nothing to do is the sure way to find the path of ruin. Satan finds something still for idle hands to do.

WORKING CHRISTIANS.

The great want at the present day is

working Christians. Too many resemble the Syrian general, who was not willing to perform humble duties. They want the higher office. A sexton in one of the writer's circuits resigned, and when asked the cause of his going so said, "He had not been well used, seeing he was not appointed class-leader." The late H. W. Beecher once hired a horse for a few hours' drive, and the owner assured him that the animal was good for any labour to which he might be put. The preacher said, "I wish he was a member of my church."

REASONS FOR EARNESTNESS

There is no work etc., in the grave. The present state of being is the only working period we shall have. Hard work kills nobody. It is worry and fretting that shortens life. We hear a great deal about "hard times." Many make their own hard times, because they want to solve the problem, how to obtain a livelihood without work.

UNIVERSAL APPLICATION.

Let every one resolve to obey the advice of Solomon. Always act as though you heard the voice of Solomon calling aloud, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do," etc.

"THE BEST OF ALL"

Many things struck the little country girl as strange on her first visit to Philadelphia, especially the silent "blessing" at table; but after the strangeness had worn off, and Nellie no longer stood in awe of the aunt, until then almost a stranger, she asked questions as fearlessly as of her own dear mother, from whom she found herself separated for the first time.

And so, after wondering many times why her uncle and aunt bowed their heads before eating, but said not a word, she made bold to say:

"What makes you shut your eyes 'n' look down 'fore you eat! You don't say anything like my papa does when he asks blessing."

"Why, dearie, that is our way of asking blessing on our food, and returning thanks for it," was the gentle reply.

"But you don't say anything!" said the child, as if thinking aloud, which suggested the following question:

"Have you thanked your uncle for the book he ordered sent on his way to the office this morning, darling?"

With a half-grieved look on her face the child said:

"How could I, auntie, when I haven't had a chance?"

"But, dear, haven't you thanked him in your heart?" asked the aunt, in tender tones.

"Oh, yes, auntie, lots 'n' lots of times! When I look at my book I think how good he is, 'n' when I see him coming I'll run 'n' meet him 'n' tell him so."

"That is right," replied the aunt, looking pleased at the evident gratitude of the child. "Your uncle will be gratified to know he has given you pleasure. But God knows when we are grateful to him, even if our lips do not move."

"Oh, I see," said the child, after a slight pause, "you thank God in your hearts for food just as I do uncle for the book, don't you, when you drop your head 'n' don't say anything?"

"Yes, dear, and do you not thank him too?" kindly queried the aunt, but the child hung her head and did not reply, and no more was said on the subject until the next day, when they were again alone, Nellie said, half shyly:

"I thanked God, too, when you said silent blessing this morning, auntie."

"What did you thank him for, darling?" was the glad query.

"Oh, for food 'n' clothes, 'n' everybody I love! 'n' for Jesus, the best of all!"

I wish every child who reads this would feel as did Nellie, that of all our blessings Jesus is "best of all."

A NOBLE ACT.

Two little children, a boy and a girl, wandering from home, were caught in a snowstorm and lost their way. The distracted parents, accompanied by kind neighbours, went out to search for them. After a long, weary search, the two children were found lying side by side on a snowy slope, their slender forms rigid, and their young faces fixed by the frost in the repose of death.

The girl was wrapped in the boy's coat, but the pitiless wind had pierced her heart, as well as the kind heart of the little hero who strove to shield her from its fury. The coat folded so carefully about the little sister he loved so tenderly, and his own breast bare to the bitter blast, told of the courage, the generosity, the self-sacrifice, the loving solicitude of the heroic youth.

APPLES OF GOLD.

A young girl was passing her aged great-aunt one day, when she suddenly stopped, laid her hand gently on the white head beside her, and said, "How pretty and curly your hair is, Aunt Mary! I wish I had such pretty hair!"

The simple words brought a quick flush of pleasure to the wrinkled face, and there was a joyous quaver in the brief acknowledgment of the spontaneous little courtesy.

Few of us realize the dearth of such attentions which he old suffer. Many of them have been persons of consequence in their prime. As illness and sorrow gradually weaken their spirits, they retire into the background. They are no longer pursued by the honeyed words which interest or affection once heaped upon them. Too often they linger on in more or less cheerless obscurity until they die. Even if they are surrounded with what are called "the comforts" of life, they lack the sweet stimulus which comes from social appreciation.

"I was astonished to find what an interesting person that old lady is who lives at Mrs. D.'s," remarked one lady to another. "She seems to be an aunt or a great-aunt of Mr. D.'s, but she has always sat back in a corner when I have been there, and I never supposed she knew anything in particular. Yesterday Mrs. D. appealed to her several times. It seemed to draw her out. She is remarkably intelligent, and has had wonderful experiences of life."

"Did you think to tell her how much you had enjoyed talking with her?"

"No, that didn't occur to me."

The knowledge that her words and personality had so favourably impressed her visitor might have given the quiet old lady a pleasure which would lighten many weary hours. "There is no tonic like happiness."

A young man said to his mother: "You ought to have seen Aunt Esther to-day when I remarked casually, 'What a pretty gown you have on to-day, and how nice you look in it.' She almost cried, she was so pleased. I hadn't thought before that such a little thing as that would be likely to please her."

"I never expect to eat any cookies so good as those you used to make, mother," said a bearded man one day, and he was shocked when he saw her evident delight in his words, for he remembered that he had not thought to speak before for years of any of the thousand comforts and pleasures with which her skill and love had filled his boyhood.

PATTY'S NEW YEAR.

BY ELIZABETH CUMINGS.

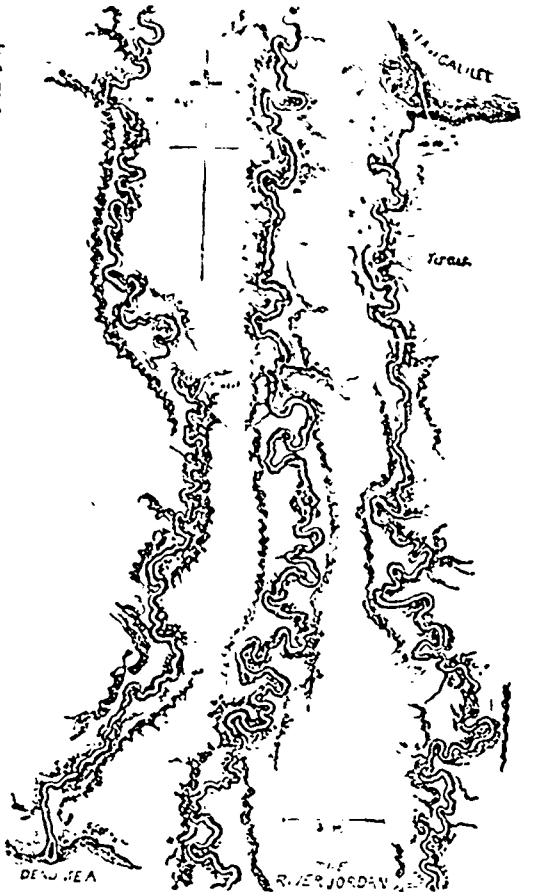
"I hope I'll not be lonesome." There was a little catch in Patty Dent's voice, and she pressed her papa's arm hard. "Gran'ma Howard is so deaf."

"Try to make somebody happy," said Papa Dent, smiling, and as if trying to make people happy were very easy. But as the cars whizzed Patty away he too hoped she would not be lonesome at Thornycroft with only Grandpa and Grandma Howard and Towzer for company. Towzer was a very knowing setter, and he gained courage thinking of him. Moreover, it could not be helped. Baby Dent had something "catching." Patty must go away though it was the last day of the year.

It was very cold, but as Patty dressed she saw a brave blue-jay hopping about in the great elm by her window, and when he sang out at her, "T-whittle," she laughed, and it was a very bright-faced little girl who cried, "Happy New Year!" to Grandpa and Grandma Howard, and Jane Ann, the cook, and Eliakim Putrell, the hired man. But after the chocolate and muffins, and Grandpa grew dizzy over The County Eagle, a heavy feeling began to come in Patty's left side, and she sighed heavily.

If Grandma Howard could not hear well she could see, and she saw that sigh and guessed the reason of it. "Did you bring your skates, Patty love?" she asked, and when Patty nodded, she continued, "The river is frozen so it is smooth as a mirror. Wouldn't you like to take New Year's greetings for me to three dear old friends of mine who live just a little way down on the other shore in three brick houses side by side?" "I'd like it splendid," cried Patty, and Towzer, who loved her dearly, wagged his plummy tail, for he guessed he would be allowed to go along.

Three tired old faces were looking out at the river on which skaters had begun to gather. Old lady Van Brunt had



neuralgia jabbing around where her teeth used to be. Old lady Marshall had rheumatism in her feet and could not step. Old lady Noxon was as well as usual, but her pretty white head shook all the while, for she had creeping palsy. Each old lady felt sad, very sad, and said to herself, "No one in the world thinks about me." But when suddenly in the midst of the sleety, blue river a little figure all crimson and brown skimmed into view, attended by Towzer Howard, each one bent forward and forgot herself. "Grandma sends her love and best wishes," said Patty shyly when she was ushered into Mrs. Van Brunt's parlour. "And I too wish you a happy New Year."

"Muff!" echoed Towzer from the front steps, where he sat on a scratchy mat.

"You dear, dear child!" cried old lady Van Brunt, forgetting all about her neuralgia, and she ran into her dining-room where, in a long old-fashioned sideboard, she found most delicious pound-cake hearts. Patty somehow felt she must stay just the same length of time at each house, which was both kind and wise. Mrs. Marshall's Ann, a very black woman, brought out cookies that melted in the mouth, and Mrs. Noxon had crullers equally dainty. Each old lady felt cheered up. Mrs. Marshall was not able to go out that afternoon, but she told Ann "she felt it in her bones she'd have company to tea," and had herself dressed in her best. Her bones were right. Mrs. Van Brunt and Mrs. Noxon came about four o'clock, and at five the three had jam and tea and cake and grew so merry telling stories of old times, Ann in the kitchen chuckled for sympathy and said to Moses, the hired man, "Jis' you listen at dem pilgrims!"

Patty spent the afternoon making a scrap-book for Sammy Putrell, Eliakim's little boy, and that night she told her grandma she'd had a "delightful day." The next morning she wrote her papa all by herself. So please excuse the spelling—Patty was only seven.

"Jan. 2, 189—"

"Dear Papa:
"I'm not lonesum. I'm too bizzy. My love to you all.

"P.S.—I guess if your bizzy enuf your never lonesum."

AN OBJECT LESSON.

Every wrong act leaves a scar. Nail a board to a living tree, and the nail-hole—the scar—remains. A parent once used this illustration as an object lesson. "John," said a father to his son, "I wish you would get me the hammer."

"Yes, sir."
"Now a nail and a piece of pine board."

"Here they are, sir."
"Will you drive the nail into the board?"

"It was done."
"Please pull it out again."

"That's easy, sir."
"Now, John," and the father's voice dropped to a lower key, "pull out the nail hole."

Little Clarence—"Pa, if a man from Portugal is a Portuguese, is his little boy a Portugoaling?"



"NEBO'S LONELY MOUNTAIN."—(see last page.)

The Old Year is Dying.

BY JOHN IMRIE.

The Old Year is dying,
His moments are flying,
On the "Ledger" of life may be seen
Opportunities lent
To be faithfully spent,—
Whether "profit or loss" hath it been?

Death the Old Year's decay
Leave us wiser to-day
Than he found us just twelve months
ago?
Have we done what we might?
Have we clung to the right?
Doth the "Ledger" a "credit note"
show?

Have we cause for regret
At "the losses" we've met?
Through sin, pride, or procrastination?
Let us humbly arise,
And resolve to be wise
The New Year may bring consolation?

To thine own heart be true,
For 'tis wise to review,
And a "balance-sheet" strike without
fear;
In life's sunshine or shower
Let each bright golden hour
Be well spent as if death might be near!

When our Lord shall appear,
And our names we shall hear
Sounded forth from God's great Book
above,
May the record then show
That "the debt" which we owe
Hath "been met" by his infinite love!

On Schedule Time

BY JAMES OTIS.

Author of "Toby Tyler," "Mr. Stubbs' Brother," "Raising the Pearl," etc.

CHAPTER I

BUSINESS OR PLEASURE.

"That finishes our portion of the work," Phillip Ainsworth said as he wiped the perspiration from his face and looked with satisfaction at the neatly packed and well-secured camp equipage piled high upon the baggage wagon. "If Aunt Lois and the girls have done their tasks as well, there's no question but we can leave here on schedule time to-morrow morning."

"There's a question in my mind as to whether that load can be packed again in the same compass," Phil's cousin, Dick Fullerton, said musingly. "It must weigh at least half a ton."

"Not more than that, and it won't be a heavy load for so stout a horse as Jack."

"I suppose he can pull it readily enough; but it's so bulky I'm afraid it will be difficult to get everything back into the wagon."

"Practice will make us perfect, and I count on our being able to do it very easily two weeks from to-day."

"Do you know, Phil, I can hardly realize we are on the eve of such a trip as we anticipate."

"One day's work setting up tents, grooming horses and carrying water, will soon convince you of that fact."

"When your letter came, stating that uncle was willing you and Gladys should spend the month of October among the hills and lakes, regularly camping out, it seemed about as improbable as anything to be found in the Arabian Nights."

"Yet you and Alice did not waste much time in coming here to Bangor."

"I thought if uncle was in the humour it would not be wise to loiter too long, lest he might change his mind. When Alice and I spoke about it to mother, she said she could understand why Uncle

Ainsworth should be willing for his children to go on such a jaunt, because, being interested in lumbering operations, he knew thoroughly the country over which they would travel, and has had a good bit of experience himself. But why Aunt Lois Hammatt, a woman whom I would as soon suspect of meditating a trip to the moon as of being willing to live in a canvas tent during the month

of October, and camping in the woods at that, should agree to go, surprised us all. Why, she is afraid of a mouse when she comes to our home, and believes she literally takes her life in her hands while crossing a city street if there is a vehicle to be seen in either direction. Now she proposes to rough it with us!"

"Well, you see it was necessary some one should go to look out for the girls, and she offered herself as the victim. I believe that every hour since the trip was decided upon she has added some different powder or pill to her medicine chest, and now has nearly everything than can be thought of, from quinine to peppermint. I tried to prevent her laying in a store of ointment warranted to

long stop will be made at Schoodic Lake, which is situated about seven miles north of Milo."

"Phil, father wants to see you in his room," and Gladys Ainsworth appeared in the doorway with something very like a mournful expression on her face. "What is the matter?" Phil asked quickly. "Anything wrong?"

"I don't know, but am afraid there is. From what I heard him say to mother, it seems as if something has happened to prevent our going away to-morrow morning."

"To prevent it?" Phil cried in dismay, and Dick started to his feet in alarm. "If anything of that kind happens we can set it down at Aunt Lois' fault. I suspected she didn't want to make this trip!"

"But it isn't Aunt Lois this time, Phil—indeed it isn't. It's something in regard to business. Father has gone to bed sick, and—"

"Why, I saw him go down-town this afternoon."

"Yes; but he came back half an hour ago, and went at once to his room. He wants to see you immediately."

"But it doesn't seem possible uncle could have grown ill so suddenly that it is necessary to put an end to the excursion," Dick said, half to himself.

"I don't understand what the trouble is. Something happened, that is evident. If Phil will go and see father there'll be no need of our standing here speculating."

Phil acted upon the suggestion by disappearing within the house, and Gladys

of the lawsuit and the disappointment of having lost what he considered a just cause."

"But how does that affect us, Aunt Lois? Dick asked in bewilderment.

"How does it? Why, if your uncle can't go to this township, such a number, range something I've forgotten what—what's to be done? He says it will be a jaunt that neither the girls nor I should undertake."

"Are the boys to go?" Gladys asked. "Of course. Benner must be warned. Otherwise it might cause very serious trouble for your father."

"Benner must be warned!" Gladys repeated. "Now, Aunt Lois, we don't understand anything, and you evidently do. Why not explain?"

"Be as you, child, I have explained. Didn't I tell you that, since your father can't go and there is no possibility of sending word by any other means, it is all that can be done. I am sure it will be very terrible, but everything has been made ready for the excursion, so why should anyone remain at home?"

"That is what I can't understand," Gladys replied, with a long-drawn sigh. "It is evident you are too much excited to explain."

"Aunt Lois can quiet herself without further delay," Phil cried as he came from the house, looking anything rather than sorrowful. "The excursion will not be delayed, but the purpose of it is to be changed very decidedly. I'll go into full particulars for Dick's benefit, since he is not supposed to be well informed on father's affairs. He owns, or thought he did, the right to cut timber in Township Eight, Range Fourteen. A dispute arose regarding the ownership, and this afternoon the case was decided against him. Now, it seems that Benner, who has charge of the business, went into the woods in September with a gang of men under instructions to begin operations promptly on the seventeenth of this month—that is to say, exactly six days from to-day. Since it has been decided that father has no right to cut timber there, it would be a very serious matter—perhaps contempt of court—for his men to begin work. Therefore it is necessary Benner should be warned, and there is no means of reaching him except by private messenger. He is to take timber from a different locality, and father desires that the spot decided upon shall remain a secret—for a while at least—less further complications ensue. Being unable to go himself—not that he is really sick, but simply unfitted for the journey—he proposes that Dick and I act as his messengers."

(To be continued.)

HOW JAMIE LOST THE PRIZE

This true incident from an English school-teacher's lips shows how a boy can be both high-minded and unselfish for the sake of another.

James Pettigrew and Willie Hunter were the clever boys in Mr. Howatt's school class, and used to "run neck and neck for the prizes." Examination day came again. Jamie and Willie were left last in the field. Jamie missed question after question, which Willie answered and got the prize.

"I," says Mr. Howatt, "went home with Jamie that night, and instead of being cast down at losing the prize he seemed rather to be mighty glad. I couldn't understand it."

"Why, Jamie, I said, 'you could have answered some of those questions; I know you could.'"

"Of course I could!" he said, with a laugh.

"Then why didn't you?" I asked.

"He wouldn't answer for a while, but I kept pressing and pressing him, till at last he turned round with such a strange, kind look in his bonnie brown eyes."

"Look here," he said; "how could I help it? There's poor Willie—his mother died last week, and if it hadn't been Examination Day he wouldn't have been at school. Do you think I was going to be so mean as to take a prize from a poor fellow who had just lost his mother?"

Bravo, my lad! a good speech that; and second was a good place, if not the noblest of any in all the school that day.

The largest standing army is that of Russia, 800,000 men; the next in size that of Germany, 592,000; the third that of France, 555,000; the fourth, Austria, 323,000; after which come Italy, with 255,000; Britain, with 210,000; Turkey, with 160,000, and Spain, with 145,000.

"I ought to study photography," I used the seaside young man who had proposed again. "I really ought. I can develop more negatives in a given time than anybody I know of."



"PHIL, FATHER WANTS TO SEE YOU IN HIS ROOM."

keep black flies at a distance by telling her we shouldn't see any insects of the kind at this season of the year; but, looking ahead for trouble as she always is, she decided it was better to carry it than to be deprived of it in case anything of the sort should be needed. But say, this is quick work! You arrived on the morning train, and in considerably less than twelve hours we are ready for the journey."

"Yes, thanks to the fact that you had everything prepared. I don't even know of what the outfit consists, save that there are so many bags and packages."

"You will become better acquainted with the contents of that wagon by this time to-morrow. When the first halt is made we shall put up a tent for the horses, another for Aunt Lois and the girls, and a third for ourselves, which last I propose shall also answer as cook-tent. The folding boat you have seen. The cameras will be carried in the surrey, for I don't think it safe to pack them among such a cargo as this. The cooking utensils are the same I used last year; and the provisions—well, you know about what they should be, and I don't think there is anything lacking."

"Where do you intend to stop to-morrow night?"

"Probably at Milo. According to the programme I have laid out, which shall be submitted to all hands later, the first

and her cousin Dick discussed in mournful tones the possibility of an untimely ending of the projected pleasure trip even before it was begun.

While these disappointed ones were trying to conjecture the possible cause of the threatened disappointment, Aunt Lois came into the yard in a high state of excitement.

This mental condition was nothing surprising, for Aunt Lois' tiny body often quivered with excitement under circumstances which would have seemed commonplace to the majority of people.

"I shall go with the party, Gladys, now that I have made up my mind, regardless of what your father and mother may say. It was a long time before I would consent to undertake what seemed such a perilous journey; but once the decision has been made, I shall carry out my portion of the plan unless positive dangers bar my way."

"What is it, Aunt Lois? What has happened to prevent our excursion to the lakes, and why do you speak as if some might go, while others will be forced to remain?"

"Well, you see, your father being sick prevents him from attending to his business in the woods."

"Mother didn't say he was dangerously ill."

"Of course not, child, because he isn't. He is simply worn out by the excitement

The Burial of Moses.

BY MRS. ALEXANDER

By Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave
In a vale in the land of Moab
There lies a lonely grave
And no man dug that sepulchre,
And no man saw it e'er.
For the angels of God upturned the sod
And laid the dead man there

That was the grandest funeral
That ever passed on earth,
But no man heard the tramping
Or saw the train go forth
Noiselessly as the daylight
Comes when the night is done
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek
Grows into the great sun

Noiselessly as the springtime,
Her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills
Open their thousand leaves
So, without sound of music,
Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down the mountain's crown,
The great procession swept

Perchance the bald old eagle,
On gray Beth-peor's height,
Out of his rocky eyrie
Looked on the wondrous sight.
Perchance the lion stalking,
Still shuns that hallowed spot;
For beast and bird have seen and heard
That which man knoweth not.

But when the warrior cloth,
His comrades in the war,
With arms reversed and muffled drum,
Follow the funeral car.
They show the banners taken,
They tell his battles won,
And after him lead his masterless steed,
While peals the minute gun.

Amidst the noblest of the land
Men lay the sage to rest,
And give the bard an honour'd place,
With costly marble drest,
In the great minster-transsept,
Where light like glories fall,
And the choir sings and the organ rings
Along the emblazoned wall.

This was the bravest warrior
That ever buckled sword;
This the most gifted poet
That ever breathed a word;
And never earth's philosopher
Traced with his golden pen
On the deathless page, truth half so sage
As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honour?
The hill-side for his pall,
To lie in state while angels wait,
With stars for tapers tall?
And the dark rock-pines, like tossing
plumes,
Over his bier to wave,
And God's own hand in that lonely land
To lay him in the grave.

In that deep grave without a name,
Whence his uncoffined clay
Shall break again, most wondrous
thought!
Before the judgment day;
And stand with glory wrapped around
On the hills he never trod,
And speak of the strife that won your
life

With the incarnate Son of God

Oh, lonely tomb in Moab's land,
Oh, dark Beth-peor's hill,
Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
And teach them to be still
God hath his messages of grace,
Ways that we cannot tell.
He hides them deep like the secret sleep
Of him he loved so well.

THE NEBO.

The purple peaks of Moab possess an intense interest from their Biblical associations. From yonder height of Pisgah, the prophet Balaam, summoned to curse, thrice blessed the people of God: "God is not a man that he should lie; neither the son of man that he should repent: hath he said, and shall he not do it? or hath he spoken, and shall he not make it good? Surely there is no enchantment against Jacob, neither is there any divination against Israel! . . . And falling into a trance and having his eyes opened, he exclaimed, How goodly are thy tents, O Jacob, and thy tabernacles, O Israel!"

Again, after the forty years' wandering were ended, Moses, the valiant leader and law-giver, climbs "the mountain of Nebo to the top of Pisgah, that is over against Jericho." There the Lord showed him all the land of promise, which his foot might not tread, and there, according to the Jewish legend, he died of the kisses of God's lips. "And he buried him in a valley in the land

of Moab, over against Beth-peor, but no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day." "Even in Palestine itself," says Dr. Manning, "there are few spots upon which the eye rests with a deeper sense of awe and mystery, and reverential wonder, than as we look across the Ghor of the Jordan, and gaze upon this peak, glowing in the light of the setting sun, where the prophet of the Lord breathed

W The tempter—1 Peter 5 6-11.
Th Safety of the godly—Psalm 91. 1-12.
F Enduring temptation—James 1. 13-17.
S Tempted, but without sin.—Heb. 4. 11-16.
Su Able to help—Heb. 2 9-18.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Bread of God, v 1-4.
Who was the tempter of Jesus?



THE PREACHING OF JOHN.

his last earthly sigh, and awoke in the presence of his God."

We never grow tired of watching the deep purple mountains of Moab, Nebo, Pisgah, and "Beth-peor's lonely height," and as we lingered all day in full view we were haunted with the music of Mrs. Alexander's beautiful hymn, "By Nebo's Lonely Mountain."

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL BY MATTHEW.

LESSON II.—JANUARY 9.

JESUS TEMPTED.

Matt. 4. 1-11. Memory verses, 4-11.

GOLDEN TEXT.

For in that he himself hath suffered being tempted, he is able to succour them that are tempted.—Heb. 2. 18.

OUTLINE.

1. Bread of God, v. 1-4.
2. Trust in God, v. 5-7.
3. Worship of God, v. 8-11.

Where did the temptation occur?
Who led Jesus into the wilderness?
What fast did Jesus undergo?
Who before him had fasted forty days?
Exod. 24. 18; 34. 28; 1 Kings 19. 8.
What was the first suggestion of the tempter?
What answer did Jesus make?

2. Trust in God, v. 5-7.
Where was Jesus taken by the tempter?
What was he there challenged to do?
What was Jesus' answer?
3. Worship of God, v. 8-11.
Where next was Jesus taken?
What was shown to him?
What promise was made to him?
What rebuke did Jesus utter?
What commandment did he cite?
Deut. 6. 13.
Who then took the devil's place?
In what ministry do the angels delight?
Heb. 1. 14.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson are we taught—
1. The source of temptation?
2. How to resist temptation?
3. Where we may get help in temptation.



JESUS TEMPTED.

Place.—The wilderness of Judea; according to the Christian tradition Mount Quarantania (which means Mount-of-Forty-days).

HOME READINGS.

M. Jesus tempted.—Matt. 4. 1-11.
Tu. "Not by bread alone."—Deut. 8. 1-6.

Discouraging Logic.—Johnnie—"Ma, I want a bicycle." Mother—"Johnnie, you should not desire anything too eagerly in this world." Johnnie (hedging)—"But I don't want it very badly." Mother (decisively)—"Well, I can't encourage every little passing whim. You can't have it."

BORROW AND KINDNESS.

A pale little lad in a West-bound train glanced wistfully toward a seat where a mother and her merry children were eating lunch. The tears gathered in his eyes, though he tried to keep them back. A passenger came and stood by him.

"What's the trouble?" he asked.
"Have you no lunch?"

"Yes, I have a little left, and I'm not so awful hungry."

"What is it, then? Tell me; perhaps I can help you."

"It's—it's so lonely, and there's such a lot of them over there, and—and they've got their mother."

The young man glanced at the black band on the boy's hat. "Ah," he said, gently, "and you've lost yours?"

"Yes, and I'm going to my uncle; but I have never seen him. A kind lady, the doctor's wife, who put up this lunch, hung this card to my neck. She told me to show it to the ladies on the car and they would be kind to me, but I didn't show it to any one yet. You may read it if you like."

The young man raised the card and read the name and address of the boy. Below were the words:

"And whosoever shall give drink unto one of these little ones, a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward."

The reader brushed his hand across his eyes and was silent for a moment. Then, "I'll be back very soon," he said, and made his way to the mother and her children.

And presently little Georgie felt a pair of loving arms about him, and a woman's voice, half-sobbing, calling him a poor, dear fellow, begged him to come with her to her children. And for the rest of that journey, at least, motherless Georgie had no lack of "mothering."

RETALIATION.

An old lady once had a cat of which she was very fond. One day she missed her pet, and on making inquiries she heard that a neighbour had killed it. After a little meditation she hit upon a way to avenge herself.

She bought some mousetraps, and having caught about fifty mice alive, put them into a large box, which she took to the unsuspecting neighbour. He, thinking it was quite safe, took it in.

When he opened it, he was horrified to see a swarm of mice scatter in every direction, while at the bottom of the box he found a note containing these words: "You killed my cat, and now I have the pleasure of sending you a few of my mice."

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