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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XIX.]

TORONTO, JANUARY 14, 1899.

[No. 2.]

The Mother's Dream.

Boy, your mother's dreaming; there's a picture pure and bright,
That gladdens all her homely tasks at morning, noon, and night;
A picture where is blended all the beauty born of hope,
A view that takes the whole of life within its loving scope.

She is dreaming, fondly dreaming of the future, when
Her boy shall stand the equal of his grandest fellowmen,
Her boy, whose heart with goodness she has laboured to imbue,
Shall be, in her declining years, her lover proud and true.

She's growing old; her cheeks have lost the blush and bloom of spring,
But, oh, her heart is proud because her son shall be a king;
Shall be a king of noble deeds, with goodness crowned, and own
The hearts of all his fellowmen, and she shall share his throne.

Boy, your mother's dreaming; there's a picture pure and bright,
That gladdens all her homely tasks at morning, noon, and night,
A view that takes the whole of life within its loving scope,
Oh, boy, beware! You must not mar that mother's dream of hope.

THE KAISER'S WAY WITH HIS BOYS.

Emperor William, of Germany, as father of a family, is something quite different from his public self. True he remains the autocrat there but what father of seven lively children is not obliged to be that at least sometimes? While he is rather severe with them all, and never allows disobedience and some other childish crimes to go unpunished, he lets the young ones have their full measure of fun, nevertheless.

Just at this time a glimpse of the German Emperor's family does not come amiss. From the first says a writer M. A. P. of London, the little princes have been told never needlessly to annoy or request the services of imperial servants, but to do themselves everything which, without loss of dignity, they may do. Thus, the crown prince even to-day hardly ever accepts the services of his valet in dressing, no matter in how much of a hurry he may be, and each of the boys has been trained always to keep his belongings together in neat, tidy shape, not even accepting the smallest of them—little four-year-old Joachim.

To be considerate to their inferiors is another lesson which the Empress more especially has carefully inculcated in the youthful hearts of her children. On January 18th last, when the whole city was belagued and decorated to celebrate the anniversary of the establishment of the empire, the little princes, too, were bending out of the windows of the castle, waving little flags of their own, and hurrahing as boys will do on such occasions. Thus it happened to the crown prince that his flag slipped from his hand, and in falling it sailed down on the very head of the Emperor's chief valet, who quickly looked up, and seeing the prince at the window, smilingly cried: "You just wait, Prince William, till I tell your papa about it!"

Of course he only meant it in fun, but the crown prince became quite alarmed, and hurriedly went into the next room, where he got a sailboat from one of his smaller brothers, which he handed to a servant with the request to give it to the valet for his little boy, adding: "But tell him not to tell papa about it, for goodness sake!"

Eitel Fritz, the second in age, on the day his elder brother got his first uniform, became very much wrought up about it, and during breakfast he kept on saying that he, too, wanted a pretty suit of clothes. When the Emperor would not listen, the little fellow became obstreperous, shouting, "But I want a uniform!" To cure him of this, the Emperor sent

him in "arrest," the only convenient place at the moment being the large dining-room table, under which he was told to crawl.

After a time he was bidden to come out again, which he did, but with all his clothes removed excepting his undergarments. To the question what he meant by such conduct, he made reply, "If I can't have a uniform, I don't want any other clothes, either." Whereupon his imperial and royal highness got a little dose of "unburned ashes" as the Germans call it.

At a recent officers' prize shooting in Spandau the Emperor won a thaler, and he laughingly put the bright silver piece in his pocket, saying, "That is something for the boys at home!" Often, too, at big State banquets or other dinners,

her so long that she consented to let them act in the capacity of pages in carrying the long train of her gorgeous dress. On another similar occasion they wanted her to promise them to show herself in all her finery before going to a grand court function, and when she smilingly said that by that time they would doubtless be long asleep, they made her promise all the same. When she showed herself at the rather advanced hour, walking into the room where her little ones lay, cautiously, on tiptoe, she was greeted with a wild shout of joy. It then turned out that they had employed a queer trick in order to remain awake, the eldest tying a string to the feet of all the children and pulling it whenever it was noticed that one or the other was dropping asleep.—Watchman.

WHO KNEW BEST?

About some things Florence was sure who knew better than her mother, although she was but ten years old. One was about her new spring coat and hat. Florence wanted to wear them at once, but her mother said that she must wait for some time yet. This made her quite cross, but her mother did not allow her to wear her new clothes any sooner for that.

One bright, sunny morning her mother was in bed with a headache, and Florence had to get ready for school by herself. She went to the closet for her old coat and winter hood and there on the nail was the new coat, and on the shelf lay the hat all ready to be put on.

"I do believe I will wear it to-day," she said to herself. "I am sure mamma would let me, it is so bright and warm." But she was really not at all sure. She would not have put on the new coat and hat and gone so quietly down-stairs for fear Mary, the nurse, would see her, if she had been.

When she arrived at school, all the little girls came about her to admire her new clothes, and she felt very proud.

At recess the children were playing in the yard. The ground was damp and muddy, for it had rained all the day before. Florence was having a fine game of tag, quite forgetting her new coat. Suddenly, as she was running, her foot caught, and down she fell in the very muddiest part of the yard! The others ran to help her, and laughed merrily when they saw the plight she was in. But Florence did not laugh; she was much nearer crying! The front of her pretty light coat was black with mud, and her hat was bent out of shape. While the older ones were brushing off the mud and trying to console her, the bell rang and they had to go in to school. Florence was able to pay very little attention to her lessons, and received a number of bad marks, the first she had had that week. To make matters worse, when she came out of school, the rain was pouring down, and she had no umbrella. With her old coat and hood on she would have liked the fun of running home in the rain. Now it was anything but funny, particularly as her mother opened the door when she came home, and saw her condition.

"You may go upstairs," said her mother, "and wait till I come."

The waiting was dreadful. Mary came and took her coat and hat away, but did not speak to her. At last her mother came, and Florence would have preferred any punishment to her mother's way of talking, it made her feel small and so ashamed.

She cried a great deal, and said she was very sorry. But that did not take the stain off the coat. She was obliged to wear it however, stain and all, until it was outgrown to teach her that wrong doing has lasting effects. I am glad to say that it did teach her.

BOYS WHO MADE GREAT MEN.

A Swedish boy fell out of a window and was badly hurt, but, with clenched lips, he kept back the cry of pain. The king, Gustavus Adolphus, who saw the boy fall, prophesied that the boy would make a man for an emergency. And so he did, for he became the famous General Bauer.

A boy used to crush the flowers to get their colour and painted the white side of his father's cottage in Tyrol with all sorts of pictures, which the mountaineers gazed at as wonderful. He was the great artist, Titian.

An old painter watched a little fellow who amused himself making drawings of his pot and brushes, easel and stool and said "That boy will beat me one day." And he did, for he was Michael Angelo.

A German boy was reading a blood and thunder novel. Right in the midst of it he said to himself, "Now, this will never do. I get too much excited over it. I can't study so well after it." So here it goes "and he flung the book out into the river. He was Fichte, the great philosopher.



TIGER HUNTING IN INDIA.

TIGER HUNTING IN INDIA.

The tiger is the fiercest of all animals. He will not hesitate to attack as huge a beast as the elephant, and sometimes successfully. The hunter in our picture is evidently in a very precarious predicament. The enraged tiger has broken the "howdah" or hunting box, on the elephant's back and unless the Hindoo elephant driver can divert his attention from the hunter it will go pretty hard with the latter. The elephant seems to be very terrified, and is racing and trumpeting "for all he is worth."

Small Margery had just been stung by a wasp. "I wouldn't a minded its walking all over my hand," she said, between her sobs, "if it hadn't sat down so hard."

either he or the Empress wraps up a few pieces of candy, chocolate or cake and lays them aside, saying, "That is for the little ones at home, and especially for little Victoria, who is more than fond of such sweets."

It is the Empress, naturally enough, who is the idol of her children, and to be reproved by her, or, worse yet, actually punished by her, seems awful to them. She, no matter how preoccupied with other duties, never forgets any of those little attentions to her children which doubly endear a mother to her offspring; never fails to visit the little ones on retiring to rest at night, kissing them good-night, and these little ones would not miss that kiss for a great deal.

On one occasion recently, the evening being one of a great State ball at the castle, two of the little princes plagued

What I Live For.

BY J. LINNEUS BANKS.

I live for those who love me,
Whose hearts are kind and true;
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit too;
For all human ties that bind me,
For the task by God assigned me,
For the bright hopes yet to find me,
And the good that I can do.

I live to learn their story,
Who suffered for my sake;
To emulate their glory,
And follow in their wake;
Bards, patriots, martyrs, sages,
The heroic of all ages,
Whose deeds crowd history's pages,
And time's great volume make.

I live to hold communion
With all that is divine,
To feel there is a union
'Twixt Nature's heart and mine,
To profit by affliction,
Reap truth from fields of fiction,
Grow wiser from conviction,
Fulfill God's grand design.

I live to hail that season
By gifted ones foretold,
When men shall live by reason,
And not alone by gold;
When man to man united,
And every wrong thing righted,
The whole world shall be lighted,
As Eden was of old.

I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true,
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my coming, too;
For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the wrong that needs resistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do.

A Methodist Soldier

BY

ALLAN-A-DALE.

CHAPTER II.

A TRAIN OF CIRCUMSTANCES.

It was a warm and quiet Sunday afternoon in June when the curious train of



circumstances which eventually led to a great change in my life was started by an unfortunate affair in which Joe Harter and Michael took the chief part.

Michael and I were at that time both turned sixteen years of age and much of the same height, though he was better shaped, and did not show the marks of the field labour as I did.

I was coming down from the big house where I had been to take a message, and in returning had to pass "The George," as the village inn was called in honour of the first of that name. Just before leaving the house, Mary, the maid, caught me by the arm.

"If you see Master Michael," said she, "tell him to come home. The master has been asking for him, and I am afraid he is with Harter again."

I nodded assent, and plodding along the heavy road soon came in sight of "The George." A number of farm-hands were seated in front on benches. Among them I could see Harter, while on a table swinging his legs in the air sat Master Michael.

I went up to him, preparing to give him quietly my message, but as I did so, Harter, who divined what my purpose was and seemed to take a malicious pleasure in getting his pupil into trouble, sang out:

"Hallo, Methody, want to cut the par-

son and have a mug o' beer on a Sunday like the rest of us?"

There was a snicker from the other men, and Michael turned round.

"Mary says—" I began. It was an unfortunate beginning. Michael flushed.

"What have I got to do with Mary," he said with an oath, "or a hang-dog young Methody like yourself?"

"There's the right sort of young cockerel for you," shouted Harter, with a bigger oath—he rarely opened his mouth without one, and indeed in many ways was the biggest blackguard I ever met in the army or out of it. "See him fight. He's got the right stuff in him."

"Aye, that I have," said Michael. "I'll fight him or any other man my weight and age."

Prize-fighting was a fashionable amusement in those days, and even the youngsters were taught to use their fists for the amusement of older men, while many a one knew the language of the ring-side before he knew his catechism.

As Michael spoke he slid the table and began to take his coat on.

It was no easy position for me to be in. I was no coward, and in one or two of those little affrays that come the way of every boy I had not come off second best; but my training had been of the strictest, and, whether I would or no, I knew that a fight for the amusement of the crowd of ale-house loafers was no fit occupation for a Sunday afternoon.

The men saw the hesitancy in my face. "Your other bird is a bit shy," one said to Harter.

"Oh, they're a breed o' cowards," said Harter contemptuously. "It's lucky we haven't many of them in the army. Who ever saw a Methody fight? I could lick a crowd of 'em in spite of my game leg."

"I'll fight on Monday," I said, "but this day I will not fight. As for Michael, he's wanted in better company than he's in just now, and that's my message to him."

I turned on my heel and went my way, leaving Michael looking foolish, and not heeding the jeer of Harter or the clod that hit me in the middle of the back.

The next day I went to my shepherding as usual, and thought but little of my reception at "The George." It was evident that Michael had been drinking, though his father had many a time promised to thrash any man who gave the boy even as much as a drop out of his glass. I thought it likely he would have forgotten all about the incident next morning. But as it turned out I was wrong.

I was up in the higher pasture all that day, keeping an eye on a small flock of sheep which Erling had recently purchased with a view to improving his stock. They were of the short-legged, weighty variety, just then introduced by a few enterprising men who saw that there was value in mutton as well as wool, and Erling was both proud and careful of them. Every day I had to take them to the best pasture and bring them carefully back at night. He would take no chance of loss with animals of so much value.

The sun had dropped below the trees when I entered a narrow lane on the outskirts of the village, driving the sheep before me. At a bend in the road I came suddenly face to face with Michael. He was leaning against a bank, and whittling at the knob of a heavy stick which he had evidently chosen with some care from a number that lay at his feet. It looked as though he were lying in wait for me, and I wondered whether it was possible he could still feel any anger towards me on account of the affair at "The George."

He seemed to be expecting me, for when he caught sight of the sheep he sprang to his feet and barred the way.

Neither of us spoke for a moment.

"Let me pass with the sheep, Michael," I said at length, "and I will come back and talk with you after." I was hot with the memory of the insults I had received on the previous day, and none too sorry to have a chance to wipe them out, but just now the sheep were my first care.

Michael's face was flushed, and he tapped the road with the knob of the stick.

"Only a better man than I passes along this road," he said.

"Let the sheep go home, and I'll prove it," was the answer that came to my lips at once.

"So you think yourself a better man than I," said Michael, "and yesterday wouldn't dare show it?"

"Not on the Sabbath," I said.

"Would you dare it now?" he replied, twisting the heavy stick in his hand as if his fingers itched to use it.

I looked at Michael, and then at the sheep now crowding on either side of

me. The lane was narrow, and "seemed I could not pass without an encounter.

"You would not take your beating yesterday in your own way, you shall take it in mine to-day."

I now perceived what I had not noticed before, that Michael had evidently passed some of his time during the day in the company of Joe Harter at the ale-house, and the one-legged rascal had piled the boy with drink to such an extent that he scarce knew what he was saying.

Just as I was considering how I might best tackle him, there was a sound of pattering of feet behind him which made him turn round.

"Here comes Miss Spoil-sport," he said, with one of Harter's oaths; "now you shall have the stick whether you like it or not."

And with that he swung the club once round his head and hurled it with all his force at me.

Whether the drink had made his aim bad, or simply the weight of the stick was more than he could then control, it flew wide of its mark, and fell with an ugly crash across the head of one of the sheep.

I jumped forward in anger, but before I could touch him Ellen was by his side.

"Oh, Michael, Michael!" cried the little girl, panting, "see what you have done." And with that she ran to the spot where the club had struck, scattering the sheep with the exception of one which lay still, and, I feared, dead, on the road.

Michael appeared stunned for a moment by the mischief he had caused, and then turned and went sullenly in the direction of the village.

"It is dead! I'm sure it is dead!" sobbed the little girl. "What will father say when he hears this? I'm sure he will nearly kill Michael. It was only just now he heard again that he has been with Joe at 'The George,' and I came running down to find him and warn him to keep out of the way until father was less angry."

The distress of the little girl was so great that for a time I knew not what to say or do. The sheep was undoubtedly dead, and I knew only too well that it was one which Erling had recently bought. Here was undoubtedly a very serious matter for which I should have to answer in some way or other.

Just at present, however, I was too much distressed at the sight of the little girl kneeling in the muddy road by the side of the dead sheep, to think or care much else. I had one thought only, and that how I might best comfort her.

"Don't be afraid," I said; "your father need never know who did it."

She looked up at me with a smile in her tear-stained face. "Do you mean that you will not tell him that Michael did it?"

"Aye," I said, "I will not tell him."

She clapped her hands for very joy.

"Then you will say it was an accident."

"Nay, I cannot say that."

"You must not say you did it," she said, with a wondering and warning look.

I now saw that I was thoroughly committed to one course only.

"I will tell no untruth about it," I said, "one way or the other. If your father asks me I shall tell him that I did not do it. If he asks me who did it I will not answer."

"You are sure you will not?" said the little girl. "Michael sometimes says he will not, but father takes his whip and makes him."

It was evident that she realized the seriousness of the word I had given, and I began to realize it too. But I would not go back, if only for fear of seeing the tears come again in that now grave and solemn little face.

So I again gave my word to the little girl, and this time she shook me by the hand, and said good-bye, and then ran away to the village, while I was left behind with my sheep, living and dead.

(To be continued.)

HOW OUR ANCESTORS ATE.

A thousand years ago, when the dinner was ready to be served, the first thing brought into the great hall was the table. Movable trestles were brought, on which were placed boards, and all were carried away again at the close of the meal. Upon this was laid the table-cloth, which in some of the old pictures is represented as having a handsome embroidered border. There is an old Latin riddle of the eighth century in which the table says: "I feed people with many kinds of food. First, I am a quadruped and adorned with handsome clothing; then I am robbed of my apparel and lose my legs also."

The food of the Anglo-Saxon was largely bread. This is hinted in the

fact that a domestic was called a "loaf-eater," and the lady of the house was the "loaf-giver." The bread was baked in round, flat cakes, which the superstition of the rock marked with a cross to preserve them from the perils of the fire. Milk, butter, and cheese were also eaten. The principal meat was bacon, as the acorns of the oak forests, which then covered a large part of England, supported numerous droves of swine.

Our Anglo-Saxon forefathers were not only hearty eaters, but, unfortunately deep drinkers. The drinking-horns were at first literally horns, and so must be immediately emptied when filled.

Later, when the primitive horn had been replaced by a glass cup, it retained a tradition of its rude predecessor in its shape, for it had a flaring top while tapering toward the base, so that it, too, had to be emptied at a draught.

Each guest was furnished with a spoon; while his knife he always carried in his belt; as for forks, who dreamed of them when nature had given man ten fingers? But you will see why a servant with a basin of water and a towel always presented himself to each guest before dinner was served and after it was ended. Roasted meat was served on the spit or rod on which it was cooked, and the guest cut off or tore off a piece to suit himself. Boiled meat was laid on the cakes of bread, or later on thick slices of bread called "trenchers," from a Norman word meaning "to cut," as these were to carve the meat on, thus preserving the table-cloth from the knife. At first the trencher was eaten or thrown to the dog, but at a later date it was put into a basket and given to the poor.

During the latter part of the Middle Ages the most conspicuous object on the table was the salt-cellar. This was generally of silver in the form of a ship. It was placed in the centre of the long table, at which the whole household gathered, my lord and lady, their family and guests being at one end, and their retainers and servants at the other. So one's position in regard to the salt was a test of rank the gentlefolks sitting "above the salt" and the yeomanry below it. In the house of the great noble dinner was served with much ceremony. At the hour a stately procession entered the hall. First came several musicians followed by the steward bearing the rod of office, and then came a long line of servants carrying different dishes. Some idea of the variety and profusion may be gained from the provision made by King Henry III. for his household at Christmas 1254. This included "thirty-one oxen one hundred pigs, three hundred and fifty-six fowls, twenty-nine hares, fifty-nine rabbits, nine pheasants, fifty-six partridges, sixty-eight woodcock, thirty-nine plovers and three thousand eggs."

Many of our favourite dishes have descended to us from the Middle Ages. Macaroons have served as dessert since the days of Chaucer. Our favourite winter breakfast, griddle-cakes, has come down to us from the far-away Britons of Wales, while boys have lunched on gingerbread and girls on pickles and jellies since the time of Edward II., more than five hundred years ago.—S. S. Classmate.

WHAT A JUNIOR CAN DO.

BY REV. J. B. ALBROOK, D.D.

How the Holy Spirit may make use of a little nine-year-old Junior, who is thoroughly consecrated, was shown at R —, on my district. During a revival Hazel F — became greatly interested in two young men. One of them was her father's hired man. At first she prayed for them in secret. Then, with her mother's consent, she went and gave them a personal invitation when seekers were invited to the altar. This they treated so lightly that her mother advised her to let them alone in public. The next day she was observed in her room, at times on her knees, then reading her Bible, finally writing. "Iols was repeated many times. Often she was in tears. Evidently her soul was in travail. When her letter of appeal and Scripture references was finished, with her mother's permission, it was sent to one of the young men. In a few days he left town, apparently unmoved. With a month, however, he wrote Hazel that he was happily converted and had united with the Baptist Church. He thanked her for the interest she had shown in his soul's welfare, declaring that she was the means of his conversion.

The prophecy is fulfilled. "And a little child shall lead them." Moral: If a Junior can lead a careless man to the Saviour, why may not a Senior with the same earnest effort save several? Oh, that a hunger for souls may possess our Lower-Class hosts!—Epworth Herald.

Wanted.

Wanted! young feet to follow
Where Jesus leads the way,
Into the fields where harvest
Is ripening day by day.
Now, while the breath of morning
Scent all the dewy air,
Now, in the fresh, sweet dawning,
Oh, follow Jesus there!

Wanted, young hands to labour,
The fields are broad and wide,
The harvest waits the reaper
Around on every side;
None are too poor or lowly,
None are too weak or small,
For in his service holy
The Master needs them all.
—Monthly Echo.

LITTLE JEM.

"When little Jem was first brought here," said the head nurse at St. Mary's Hospital, "it was in a carriage with liveried servants. His father was a mill-owner in Pennsylvania, and Jem was his only child.

"When the boy's knee became affected the physicians advised his father to bring him here to be treated, on account of the skilled nursing and appliances. He had the largest room in the private ward. His parents brought the boy fruit, flowers or books every day.

"Please take them to that cripple in the next room, and to the children in the free wards, with my love—little Jem Bruce's love," he would say, raising himself in bed, with flushed cheeks and shining eyes.

"In two months he recovered and went away. But two years afterward Mrs. Bruce brought him back. She was dressed in black and asked for a cheap room. Mr. Bruce, I heard, was dead and had left his widow in moderate circumstances.

"Jem's knee was worse than ever. But what a cheery, happy fellow he was!

"He soon learned the story of all the patients in the neighbouring rooms, as he had done before, and when his mother brought him a bunch of pinks or a basket of apples, would eagerly divide them and send them out with his love.

"Maybe they will make someone feel happier just for a minute," he would say, with his rare smile.

"His right leg was taken off at the knee.

"Then I lost sight of Jem for three or four years. Last winter he applied for admission to the free ward. His mother was dead. The disease had appeared in the other leg some months before. Jem had been supporting himself by typewriting, but was now no longer able to work.

"He met me as if I had been his old, dear friend—as indeed I was—and then hobbled round the wards to see if he knew any of the patients, stopping to laugh and joke and say some kind word at each bed.

"The doctors amputated his other leg that day. It was the only chance for his life. But in a week they knew that it had failed.

"Make the boy comfortable," the surgeon said to me, "it is all that can be done for him now."

"Jem knew the truth from the first. But he never lost courage. This was his bed"—pointing to the middle one of a long row of white cots in the great ward. "He learned to know all the men and took the keenest interest in each case.

"When Johnny Royle died Jem took out the few dollars remaining in his pocket and gave them to me. 'They're for his children,' he whispered. 'They have nothing.' And when old Peter Short was discharged cured, he came up to Jem's bed to say good-bye, as if he had been his brother. Jem wrung his hand, and said, bravely: 'Take my overcoat, Peter, yours is gone, and—I'll never need mine again.' He waved his hand, and even cheered feebly as Peter hobbled away.

"He had nothing left to give now—I think that cut him sharply. But one day he began to sing. He had a remarkable voice, clear and tender; it would force the tears to your eyes. Every head in the ward was turned to listen. That delighted Jem. 'I can sing for them occasionally,' he said, 'if the doctors will allow it.'

"So, whenever it was possible, Jem's sweet voice would be heard, sometimes in a humorous song, sometimes in a hymn. I used to think he was standing at heaven's gate when he sang those hymns. But one morning his voice was gone, and before night everyone in the ward knew that he was dying. The patients were silent, many of them crying, for they all loved the boy. He died at sundown, sitting up in bed, leaning

against my shoulder. He glanced around the ward and then nodded and smiled.

"Give them," he whispered, then stopped, remembering, poor child, that he had nothing to give. Then he said suddenly, aloud, his eyes brightening, 'Give them my love—Jem Bruce's love!'
—The Household.

There would be no lack of funds in the Lord's treasury, were not the silver and the gold diverted into improper channels. One of the most mighty of these, and the most potential for evil, is the legalized liquor traffic. But we elect men to make laws for us who legislate that this traffic shall be under the sanction and control of "the powers that be," and annually our Dominion alone expends \$40,000,000 on its drink bill. The Royal Commission Minority Report proved beyond contradiction that Canada loses every year through the liquor traffic \$103,242,862, besides money directly paid by the consumers for the liquor. In view of this fact the wonder is that we manage to collect what we do for missions.—Outlook.



ARAB SLAVE TRADERS.

ARAB SLAVERS.

Dr. Livingstone has called the African slave door "the open sore of the world." It is one of the most dreadful and diabolical systems of iniquity on the face of the earth. Great Britain has long waged implacable war against the slave-trade by sea. She has kept cruisers on the African coast, ever on the alert to capture the slave dhows and release their wretched victims. There is still, however, a deal of slave hunting in the heart of Africa. Ruffian Arab chiefs will swoop down on the native villages, killing the inhabitants who resist and making prisoners of the remainder. These are often driven in wretched coffers to the slave market at a distance of maybe hundreds of miles. Often they are loaded with heavy fetters, as shown in the cut, and often, too, have a huge yoke placed upon their necks.

The agony of those long marches over the hot desert sand, it is difficult to conceive and impossible to exaggerate. The slaves who are unable from weakness or wounds to keep up with the caravan are cruelly dispatched, or, perhaps more cruelly, left to die a lingering death on the wayside. Great efforts are being made by the civilized powers of Europe to put a stop to this terrible traffic in the bodies and the souls of men. In this as in every other good work Great Britain is one of the foremost agents, and as

civilization and religion spread through the heart of darkest Africa, this sin against God and crime against man will doubtless be brought to an end.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL BY JOHN.

LESSON IV.—JANUARY 22.
CHRIST AND NICODEMUS.

John 3. 1-16. Memory verses, 14-16.

GOLDEN TEXT.

For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.—John 3. 16.

OUTLINE.

The New Birth:

1. Its Necessity, v. 1-7.
2. Its Mystery, v. 8-12.
3. Its Source, v. 13-16.

3. The New Birth: Its Source, v. 13-16.
Who only has ascended to heaven?
Who is this "Son of man"?
What act of Moses was a prophecy of Christ?
Why was the Son of man lifted up?
What moved God to give his only Son?
Golden Text.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Where in this lesson are we taught—

1. That we must be born again?
2. That the new birth is God's work?
3. The measure of God's love for the world?

BITS OF FUN.

"Who is that morose, sullen, unsocial chap?" "He's a socialist."

Jamaica, with its ginger, might become desirable territory if this country ever gets cramped elsewhere.

Mrs. Hiram—"Dear, I wish you'd bring home a dozen Harveyized steel plates." Mr. Hiram—"What do you mean?" Mrs. Hiram—"I'm just curious to see what Bridget would do with them."

Nurse Girl—"I lost track of the child mum, and—" Mistress—"Good gracious! Why didn't you speak to a policeman?" Nurse Girl—"I was speaking to wan all the toime, mum."

Mrs. Young—"Bridget, run over and see how old Mrs. Smith is this morning?" Bridget (returning)—"Shure ma'am, she says she's seventy years and eight months old, and wants to know what business that is of yours."

An Unprofitable Month.—President of Nickel-in-the-Slot Company—"How were the profits this month?" Treasurer—"Less than usual. The receipts were not much greater than the expenses." President—"Humph! Some of the machines must have been in order."

"Have you anything to say before we eat you?" said the King of the Cannibal Isles to a Boston missionary. "I have," was the reply. "I want to talk to you awhile on the advantages of a vegetarian diet."

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Time.—A.D. 27 or 28.

Place.—Jerusalem.

HOME READINGS.

- M. Christ and Nicodemus.—John 3. 1-13.
Tu. Christ and Nicodemus.—John 3. 14-21.
W. A new creature.—2 Cor. 5. 14-21.
Th. Born again.—1 Peter 1. 15-25.
F. The brazen serpent.—Num. 21. 4-9.
S. The love of God.—1 John 4. 7-14.
Su. Mighty love.—Rom. 8. 31-39.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. The New Birth: Its Necessity, v. 1-7.
What ruler is here named, and of what sect was he?
What visit by night did he make?
What did he say that he knew?
How only can one see the kingdom of God?
What says Paul about the change in this new birth? 2 Cor. 5. 17.
How did Nicodemus answer Jesus?
What two kinds of birth did Jesus contrast? Verse 6.
About what did he tell Nicodemus not to marvel?
2. The New Birth: Its Mystery, v. 8-12.
In what way is the wind like the new birth?
What question did Nicodemus ask?
What question did Jesus ask him?
What did he say of his own utterance?
What about earthly and heavenly things?