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The Mother's Dream.

Boy, your mother's dreaming; there's a picture pure and bright, gladdens all her homely tasks at

morning, noon, and night;
A picture where is blended all the beauty born of hope.

view that takes the whole of life within its loving scops.

She is dreaming, fondly dreaming of the

fature, 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 kirg;
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, gladdens all her homely tasks at

merning, noon, and night, A view that takes the whole of life with in its loving scope, boy, beware! You 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?

obliged to be that at least sometimes." While he is rather severe with them all, and never allows disobediente and some other childish crimes to go un minished, he lets the young ones have heir full measure of fun, nevertheless.

Just at this time a glimps: of the German Emperor's family dornot come amiss. From the first says a writer if A. P. of London, the little princes have been told never needlessly to annoy ar request the services of imperial servants, but to do themselves overwhing vants, 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 beleast termined. 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 in eleated in the coutful hearts of her children. On January 18th last, when the whole city was beliagged and decorated to celebrate was the anniversary of the establishment of the empire, the ittle princes, too, were bending out of the vindous of the castle, waving little faces of their own, and hurrshing as boys will do on such oc-casions. Thus it happened to the crown prince that his fing slipped from his hand. and in falling it sailed down on the very head of the Emperor's chief vaiet, who dulckly looked up, and seeing the prince of the mindow smilingly cried: "You at the window, smilingly creed: "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; ot his first uniform, became very much wrought up about it, and during breakfast he kept on "aying 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

'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 unfergarments. 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 ect a little dose of "unburned ashes" as the Germans call it.

At a recont officers' prize shooting in Spandau the Emperor won a thaler, and

her so long that she consented to let them act in the capacity of pages in carrying the long train of her gorgeous On another similar occasion they wanted her to promise them to show her-self 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. he laughingly put the Eight silver piece, the eldest tying a string to the feet of all in his pocket, saying. "That is something the children and pulling it whenever it for the boys at home!" Often, too, at was noticed that one or the other was big State banquets or other dinners, dropping asleep.—Watchman.



TIGER HUNTING IN INDIA.

either he or the Empress wraps up a few pieces of candy, chocolate or cake and The tiger is the nercest of an animals. lays them aside, saying, "That is for the He will not hesitate to attack as huge a

It is the Empress, naturally enough, which doubly endear a mother to her trumpeting for all he is worth. offspring; never fails to visit the little ones on retiring to rest at night, kissing them good-night, and these little ones.

castle, two of the little princes plagued

Small Margery had just been stong by would not miss that kiss for a great deal. , a wasp. I wouldn't a minded its walk-On one occasion recently, the ovening in all over my hand, she said, between being one of a great State ball at the her sobs. If it hadn't sai down so

TIGER HUNTING IN INDIA

little ones at home, and especially for beast as the elephant, and sometimes suclittle Victoria, who is more than fond of cessfully. The hunter in our picture is such sweets." ment. The enraged tiger has broken the howdah." or hunting box. on the who is the idol of her children, and to "howdah." or hunting box. on the be reproved by her, or, worse yet, ac elephant's back and unless the Hindoo tually punished by her, seems awful to elephant driver can divert his attention them. She, no matter how preoccupied from the hunter it will go pretty hard with other duties, never forgets any of with the latter. The elephant seems to those little attentions to her children be very terrified, and is racing and

WHO KNEW BEST?

About some things Florence ras sure he knew better than her mother, albough she was but ten years old. was about her new spring coat and but Florence wanted to wear them at one 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 Flor-ence had to get ready for school by her-self. 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 n 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 muddlest part of the yard! The others ran to help her, and laughed merrily her, they have the plight she was in 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 belt rang and they had to go in to school Florence was able to pay very little at tention 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 the had no um 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 upstaire, 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 Flutthice would have preferred any punishment to het mothers way of taiking, it made her fee, small and so ashamed She cried a great deal, and said she

to wear it however stain and an until ir was outgrown to teach ber that wrong doing has lasting off is I am glad to say that it did ten a 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 Hauer.

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 great artist. Titian

An old painter watched a little fellow who amused himself making drawings of his pot and brushes, casel 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 we'l after 't So here it goes " and he f ng the book out into the river He was Fich e, the great philosopher

Conceit

A fittle dog-barked at the big, round

moon,
That smiled in the evening sky,
and the neighbours smole him with
rocks and shoon,
sut-still-he continued his rageful-tune,
And he barked till-his-throat was dry

The little dog bounced like a rubber ball,

For his anger quite drove him wild,
And he-said, "I'm a terror, although I.
am small,
And I dare you you i...pudent fellow to
fall."

But the moon-only smiled and smiled

Then the little dog barked at a terrible

rate.
But he challenged the moon in vain,
or as calmly and slow as the workings
of fate,
h moon moved along in a manner
Sedate

And smiled-at-the dog-in-disdain.

But soon 'neath a_hill that obstructed the west. The most sank out of bis sight, And it milled as it slowly dropped under

the crest, But the little dog said, as he lay down

to-rest"Well I_scared-it_away all right-"

OUR PERIODICALS:

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-WILLIAM DESIGNS

Methodist Book and Publishing Hou W Coargs, S. F. Hi zaris, 2176 St. Catherine St., Wesleyan Book R. Montreal Hallfax, N.S.

Pleasant Hours:

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

TORONTO, JANUARY 14, 1899

We have received many kind congratulations on our Christmas number of Unward The following, from the Rev. George M. Young, of Chatham, N.B., is a typical one. We propose still further to improve the paper .

You certainly deserve congratulations "You certainly deserve congratulations upon the very-creditable Christmas number of Onward You keep-up-a good reputation as a bright, readable, and helpful-paper but your-tast-venture puts you in the front rank of-special-numbers May 1899 be your very-best year."

It is always a gratification to us to find an intelligent interest in the accuracy of statements made-in Pleasant Hours. nishes us the following instructive statement concerning the habits of the par-tridge. A good many of us the Editor included, would not know a partridge if we saw one. But we are glad to note such a close observation of nature and appreciation of bird life and its ways.

appreciation of bird life and its ways.

Mi. Boand eath in Jour Sundayschool paper, Picasant Hours, of December 3, the artist-makes a great-mistake
in showing the partridge and the hittochicks in the snow. How would sho
make her nest in the snow, and lay her
eggs where they would be frozen. They
would never hatch after. It is the fullgrown birds that sleep in the snow during the cold weather. The writer has
requently seen the head and neck of
several sticking up out of the snow at
once. They hear you walking, and-lookout to see if there is any danger. The
little ones are hatched out about the out to see it there is any danger. The little ones are hatched out about the first of June. When the mother partridge sees that you are coming too near,

she gives a peculiar note, and the little ones disappear before your eyes, and you can seldom find one. They are the ones disappear foctore your eyes, and you can seldom find one. They are the colour of the leaves. As soon as she sees the little ones safe, she drops her wings and runs away, as if wounded, so as to get you to follow her. I have known them fly in a cow's face when she came among the chickens."

OUR SCHOOLS AND OUR COLLEGES.

These-two institutions are more closely related than is often thought. It may be safely said that almost every student in our colleges has been a scholar in our Sunday-schools An increasingly large proportion of our Sunday scholars will year by year find their way to our college halls. But this is not the only tie. All our ministers are now required to spend-two-years in-college so that there soon will be, if there is not already, this direct and vital-link between the college and the church and school

and the church and school

The college is not an institution afar
off, like a snow-capped mountain peak,
cold and inaccessible, which our scholars
can never reach, and from which they
derive no benefit. Even the snowy peak
is a benefit to the plain beneath. It intercepts the clouds and causes them to
distit in fertilizing rain upon the land.
Its snows and glaclers are the fountain
head and source of the streams and
rivers, which water the whole country
side. So from our colleges, the fountain
head of learning, the fertilizing streams
of knowledge flow to every village and
hamlet of our fair Canada.
Our schools should, therefore, take an

or knowledge now to every vininge and hamlet of our fair Canada. Our schools should, therefore, take an active interest in the colleges. They should bear where they are, what their solonary organizations for they all have them—and where their missionaries go. They should read of them, think of them, pray for them, and, above all, give liberally in the collection authorized by the General Conference for the maintenance of those institutions of learning. In the United States, the rising mintenance of the Methodists churches are, in very large degree, supported at the colleges by the generous givings of the Sunday-schools II Canadian Methodism is to be worthy of our great country.

day-schools II Canadian Methodism is to be worthy of our great country, worthy of the traditions of Methodism in the past, and adequate to the neces-sities of the future, our colleges should have the generous co-operation of every church and every school throughout the entire Connexion. We trust that Dr. Potts' appeal to our schools will meet a very hearty-and generous response.

To Sunday-school Superintendents, Offcers and Teachers . ear fellow-workers,—You

Dear fellow-workers,-You represent one of the most important departments

one of the most important departments of Canadian Methodism. The Sunday-school institution has an historic glory, but it has a prophetic glory that ex-celleth. It is of incalculable importance culeth. It is of incalculable importance that all our Sunday-schools be kept in sympathetic touch with our connexional interests. Property looked at, there is superficient and the sunday schools be supported by the sunday superficient and the superficient and interest than in Christian education, and interest than in Christian education, and especially the education of the coming pastors and missionaries of Methodism. The late General Conference renewed the action of four years ago in strongly recommending that a collection be taken yearly in each Sunday-school of our church.

I write now to ask your hearty co-operation in this matter, because of the pressing need for large increase in the funds of the Educational Society. The funds of the Educational Society. The legislation of the General Conference makes it necessary for all probationers to attend college at least two years. The present income will not enable the Society-either to help the colleges sufficiently or to give the probationers a loan large enough to carry them throughtheir college residence. If the church is wise in requiring the young men to attend college, it is the manifest duty of the church to enable them to do so by giving them such ald as will help them to take advantage of our educational institutions. One collection in the year will not sectiously tax your school, while is the advantage of our educational in stitutions. One collection in the year will not seriously tax your school, while it will be the collection of the collection in the year will not seriously tax your school, while it will be the collection and young the first of the collection of your officers and teachers subscribed in sums of \$11 and upwards the same may be entered in the report as from the Sunday-school.

Dear friends, I appeal to you on behalf of our collegts and ministry, for the mother and carried it to her being so much needed in view of the imbellies of the work."

portance of having a well-trained min-istry for our beloved-church. I fully expect your sympathy and practical help.

Ever yours. JOHN POTTS, General Secretary of Education. Victoria College, December, 1898.

THE REFORMATION OF KATHERINE.

BY EMILY O. PULLER.

T.

"But, Charles, something must be done to break-Katherine of this. The habit grows constantly, and if her fault is ever to-be corrected, we must begin at once. She is now fifteen, and I have thought

to be corrected, we must expent as once, the standard of doing that, the habit is, as I said, becoming worse."

"Oh, pahaw, Mary, that's just imagination on your part, nothing but imagination. Katherine displays vivacity in he language, to be sure, but not too much to be interesting, and it just suits me. Would you take all the picturesqueness from her-descriptions? Why, scarcely a day passes but some one remarks to me about Katherine's Dirightness."

"Yes, I also hear of Katherine's brightness, Charles, but I fear to hear of her untruthfulners. At least you will not interfere when I correct hero'in your presence.

interfere when I correct her in your presence?"
"No, no, certainly not; but don't make her dull and ordinary in your reforming process, Mary, or-"
"Oh, paps," crief Katherine, sweeping fato the room like a hurricane, her big what was the special of the state of the could guess in a hundred years, though could guess in a hundred years, though so you needn't try Professor Schultze said my voice was going to be simply magnificent! With such a perfectly wonderful voice at my age, he sai' absolutely no success was too great for mot to expect! What do you think of that momelo? Don't, please, please don't think I'm concelted, mamma: I'm not the least, tiniest mite, for I'm oudin't tell a single person in all the world, but you and paps, what the professor said."

and papa, what the professor said."

She was on her knees now, at her mother's side, with her arms about her

neck.
"Did he say anything about practicing?" asked Judge Marley, with a twinkle in his eye.
"Indeed he did, papa. He talked a solid hour about it."

"My dear," Mrs. Marley remonstrated,
"your entire lesson lasts but an hour.
How could he talk all that time about
practicing, and hear your lesson be-

sides?"
"Oh, you know what I mean, mamma.
"Oh ead me a regular lecture about it,
and now that school is out I intend to
practice six hours of the day every week;

and now that school is out I I intend to practice six hours of the day every week; two on vocal and four on instrumental Then I must put an hour on my harmony, and she sprang up and went into the property of the six hours will dwindle in the course of two days, "he said "But what about the new girl? She is here, is she? You look very tired, my dear. Try to rest, now that you have some one to relieve you. I'll be through with courtleve you for a little change. It will do you good." "Perhaps it might," Mrs. Marley answered absently. "Charles, you must he proposed the processary it is that something be done." "Well, if Katherine must be reformed.

Well, if Katherine must be reformed well, if Kainerine must be reformed suppose I shall have to assist; and the judge, who had been standing with his bast in one hand, the other upon the door knob, hastened to take his departure. He could not bear to hear that his pet He could not bear to hear that his pet and a faults. He knew her to be so much his miself that he considered her metter.

much like numeri cuas as construction perfect.
Unfortunately, as it turned out, the reformation of Katherine was delayed by Mrs. Marley's liness.

"Katherine, your mother is not well enough to come downstairs," said Judge Marley to his daughter as she came into the deline-come the next morning, " and the dining-room the next morning, "and you must look after the new girl as well as your mother. She will tell you what she wishes done after you've break-

fasted."
"Is mamma very dangerously sick,
"Is mamma very dangerously sick
papa ?" asked Katherine, anylously.
"No. Do, not dangerously sick at all.
She has overworked, I think. I shall
leave word for Dr. Harter to call, and
you must take his directions. Be verycareful to make no mistake with the
medicine."

medicine."
When Katherino had finished her breakfast, she prepared a dainty meal for her mother and carried it to her.
"It is very unfortunate that I am not

Mrs. Marley. "So much depends upon a new girl being started aright. You must do the best you an with her, Katherine, for a short time, when I hope to be well again." And she gare in-

must to the east you as will nor, Katherine, for a short time, when I hope to be well sgain. And she gare in structions for Sail'y s installation.

Katherine for Sail'y s installation.

Katherine for Sail'y s installation.

Katherine for Sail'y s installation. But very silling to learn at her employer's orpense. "Now that you understand all about our lunch, Saily, 'Ill tell you about
mamma's. She wishes only beet tea
and wafers. You mustn't take a great
quantity of either to her, for sick people
are very dainty, and mamma is the most
particular person you ever saw when she
is ill, about what she eats. Here is the
beef extract on this shelf. Take just a
tiny bit, for it is as strong as concentrated iye. There's pretty nearly a
whole beef in one little jar, so, of course,
you can't use much. Put the wafers in
the oven till they are crisp, not brown.
About half a second will do it, I
salvight of a supplied of well-sailed
and mamma says I must keep my word.
Saily follow gifteen as instructions.
The result was a cupful of well-sailed
to work warm wafers.
"What is this ?" Mrs. Marley asked,
as Saily gave her the cup.
"The beef tea, ma'am. I made it

"What is this?" Mrs. Marley asked, as Sally gave her the cup.
"The beef tea, ma'am. I made it just as the young lady said! should. Is it too strong, ma'am?" asked she, anxi-

it too strong, ma'am?" asked she, anxiously.

"A-little strong of salt, perhaps," was the answer, as Mrs. Marley returned the tea to the tray.

"Fall, 'its too bad, thin. But thir was the very wurruds she sald to me. The mato is one whole cow sthewed down into that little jar, and ye must take a teenty bit av it and a great big sphoon av salt; for it's most awful frish, thin-And I thinks to myself, thin was awful chape cows at forty cints. They tell me that is all the little jar costs, to say nothin' av the worruk."

Mrs. Marley could not doubt that Sally had followed instructions. She was too lit to explain to her, and when, as hour the words. "Oh manma, it is all my fault. I never, never should have left you in that scandilly thoughtless way. The luncheon

"Oh, mamma, it. is all my fault. In never, never should have left you in that perfectly thoughtless way. The luncheon was just simply adorable, and the girls looked like dreams of beauty—what is it. dear mamma?" she exclaimed, as she saw the colour die out of her mother's saw the colour die out of her mother's her was the colour she head sink back on the full of the saw of the colour die out of her mother's her colour she was a saw of the colour die out of her colour she can be colour she can

face and her head sink back on the fallow. "Oh, she's dying," she cried, "mamma's dying," She ran to the stairs and called franteally, to Sally: "Send for papa as quick as you can. Mamma's dying," the syou can. Mamma's dying," further Stithout waiting to inquire further to be assing a manile by the control to a said the paper of the control to a said the present so in the control to one of the officials, who broke the news to Judge Marley as gently as possible. Court was at once adjourned and the judge driven rapid y home. Katherine met him at the gate. "Oh, papa, it was a mistake! I was frightened nearly to death, for I never saw mamma. cook so ill before, and you musta't blame me."

"Not this time, daughten," and he passed hastly into the house.

"Katherine was excited when alse sent you that word," said Dr. Harter, smilling, to the better now. She tells mo she the tolking at noon, and she is very weak."

Judge Marley said nothing to Katherine, but he was convinced that his wife was right about her habt of exaggeration becoming a serious fault, and paged with her that the reformation should be attempted without further delay.

"Dear me," said Katherine in tears.

spread with her than the continuous should be attempted without further delay, should be attempted without further delay. The trief of half a century to watch every single word that passed my ilps. I am just completely worn out and winkled with trying. But if you think it is really noticeable, I'll keep on trying every second of my life, if it kills me, as no doubt it will."

"Katherine, Katherine," exclaimed her mother, despatringly.

"Why, what's the matter, dear mama? Don't you think I'll try when. I say I will?"

"I hope no, child," answered her mother, who, still weak from her illness, felt unequal to polating out the inaccuracies of her speech.

(To be continued.)

(To be continued.)

rery the Well, Teddy, have you been a good boy to-day?" saked his mother upon her return home late in the afternoon: meal "No, ma'am," rolled the truthful Ted.
I hope you have not been a bad boy." in not "No, ma'am, not "N

What I Live Por. BY J. LINNÆUS 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, Fulfil 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, or the wrong that needs resistance, . or the future in the distance, And the good that I can do.

A Methodist Soldier

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 Gecrge," 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 needed assent, and plodding along the heavy road soon came in sight of The George." A number of farmhands were seated in front on benches. Among them I could see Harter, while on a table swinging his legs in the Lir 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 pupi. into trouble, sang out:

"Hullo, 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,

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 irdeed in many
ways was the biggest blackguard I ever
met in the army or out of it. "See met in the army or out of it. "See him fight. He's got the right stuff in

"Aye, that " 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 young-sters were taught to use their fists for the amusement of older men, while many a one knew the language of the rang-elde before he knew his catchism.

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

It was no easy position for me to be in.
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 of cowards," said
"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 ...an 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

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 hest 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 fest. 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

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

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

Let the sheep go home, and I'll prove 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,

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 plied the boy with drink to such an extent that

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.
"Hero 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

Michael appeared stunned for a moment by the mischief he had caused, and

then turned and well direction of the village.

"It is dead! I'm sure it is dead!"

What will the little girl. "What will sobbed the little girl. "What father say when he hears this? sure he will nearly kill Michael. only just now he heard again that he has been with Joe at 'The George,' and I came running dayn 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 undoubt-edly 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 acci aent.

'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 com-

mitted 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 If he asks me who did it I not do it. 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 be-hind 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 Movable trestles were brought, on which were placed boards, and all were carried away again at the close of real. Upon this was laid the tablecloth, 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

fact that a domestic was called a "loafeater," and the lady of the house was the "loaf-giver". The brend was baked round, flat cakes, which the superstition of the cook marked with a cross to preserve them from the perils of the Milk, butter, and cheese were also eaten. The principal mest was becon, as the scorns of the oak forests, which eaten. then covered a large part of England,

supported numerous droves of swins Our Anglo-Baxon 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, to that it, too had to be emptied at a draught.

had to be emptied at a draught.

Each speak was furnished with a spoon; while his kulfe he always carried in his belt; as for forks, who dreamed of them when nature had given man tendingers? But you will see why a servant with a basin of water and a fowel always presented himself to each guest before dinner was served and after hwas ended. Roasted meat was served on the split or rod on which it was cooked, and the guest cut off or tore off 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 "trench ers," from a Norman word meaning "to cut," as these were to carve the mean on, thus preserving the table-cloth from the knife. At first the trencher wa-caten or thrown to the dogs, but at a later date it was put into a busket and given to the poor.

During the latter part of the Middle Ages the most convolctions 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 nobledinner was served with much ceremony At the hour a stately procession entered the half. First came several musicians the hall 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 Kinz Henry III, for his household at Christmas 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-right 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 Chancer. Our favourits 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 Ed. ward 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 Hazei F became greatly interested in two young men. One of them was her father's hired man. At first the prayed for them in secret. Then, with her mother's consent, she went and gave them a personal invitation when seekers well invited to the altar. This they treated so lightly that her mother ad This they vised her to let them alone in public The next day she was observed in her room, at times on her knees, then leading her Bible, finally writing. Tals was repeated many times. Often she was in tears. Evidently her soul was in travall. 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 no left town, apparently unmoved. Withing a mouth, however, he arms 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 mun to the twisting the heavy stick in his hand as if his fingers liched to use it.

I looked at Michael, and then at the absence now crowding on either side of largely bread. This is hinted in the Lyborth.an hosts:—Epwerth Heraid. Saviour, why may not a Senior with the same earnest effort save several? Oh. that a hunger for souls may possess our

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 Scents 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 resper 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 a ivised 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 war!

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 him-self in bed, with flushed cheeks and shin-

ing 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 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

"Then I lost sight of Jem for three or four years. Last winter he applied for admission to the free ward. His mother The disease had appeared in the other leg some months before. Jem had been supporting himself by type-writing, 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

"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

"He had nothing left to give now-think that cut him sharply. But of But one day he began to sing. He had a re-markable 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 '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, cometimes 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

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 sauction 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,-242 812 begins managed the field by 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.

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 COSPEL 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 whoseever 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.



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 rel ase 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. slaves who are unable from weakness or wounds to keep up with the caravan are cruell dispatched, or, perhaps more cruelly, left to die a lingering denth 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 patients were ellent, many of them crying, for they all loved the boy. He died
at sundown, sitting up in bed, leaning is one of the foremost agents, and as

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 What says Paul about the change in this new birth? 2 Cor. 5. 17.

How did Nicodemus answer Jesus? What two kinds of hirth did Jesus con-

trast? Verse &.
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

What question did Nicodemus ask 2 What question did Jesus ask him? What did he say of his own utterance? What about earthly and heavenly 3. The New Birth : Its Seurce, v. 13-16.

Who only has ascended to heaven? Who is this "Son of man"? What act of Moses was a prophecy of

Why was the Son of man lifted up? What moved God to give his only Son?

PRACTICAL TRACHINGS.

Where in this lesson are we taught-

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

10000011000**00000000001** BITS OF FUN.

KARIKANI DE BARIKAN BA

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

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," Isles to a Boston missionary. "I have," was the reply. "I want to talk to you awhile on the advantages of a vegetarian

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