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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XX.

TORONTO, JANUARY 20, 1900.

No. 3

When Papa's Sick.

When papa's sick, my goodness sakes!
Such awful, awful times it makes,
He speaks in oh! such lonesome tones,
And gives such ghastly kind of groans,
And rolls his eyes and holds his head,
And makes ma help him up to bed—
While Sis and Bridget run to heat
Hot water bags to warm his feet,
And I must get the doctor quick—
We have to jump when papa's sick

When papa's sick ma has to stand
Right side the bed and hold his hand,
While Sis she has to fan an' fan,
For he says he's "a dyin' man,"
And wants the children round him to
Be there when "sufferin' pa gets through,"
And kiss us all and then he'll die;
Then moans and says "his
breathin's thick"—
It's awful sad when papa's sick.

When papa's sick he acts that way
Until he hears the doctor say,
"You've only got a cold, you
know,
You'll be all right'n a day or so."
And then—well, say! you ought
to see,
He's different as a man can be,
And growls and scolds from noon
to night,
Just 'cause his dinner ain't
cooked right,
And all he does is fuss and kick—
We're all used up when papa's
sick.

BRIDGET.

BY SYDNEY CLARE.

She was not a girl in the kitchen, but a calf on the farm. How she came by her name is not easy to tell. She was not Irish but Jersey. Perhaps as good a reason as any for her name was the fact that she thought a great deal of Patrick, one of the farm workmen. To her pat was the best man in the world. She followed him about the farm as though she were a dog, and when shut up in pasture with the cows, Bridget would find some way to get through or over the fences, that she might be with her friend. She even followed him on the road when he went to visit his friends. Though she could not go with him into the house, she waited in the yard until he came out, and then walked quietly home with him.

Pat was a good-natured, kind-hearted fellow, who treated horses, cows and calves as though they were almost human, and only lacked the power of speech to make them worthy companions of himself. But Pat had one fault—he liked whiskey. He seldom became intoxicated, but when he did he was thoroughly drunk; and then the good-natured Pat was changed to a man of a very different character.

Patrick became very thirsty for liquor one Sunday, and, after after doing up his morning work about the farm, he started for a saloon two or three miles away.

Bridget saw him go, and wished to follow. It made little difference to her that Pat took no notice of her call, and that he seemed determined to leave her behind. Bridget meant to go along whether he wanted her or not. Making her way through the fence the calf was soon on the road, running and bellowing after her friend. At first Pat tried to drive her back; but as thirst was great and Bridget was determined to follow, he gave up the attempt and she was allowed to go along to the saloon.

Of course, as the calf had no money and would not even drink beer, she was not allowed to enter the saloon. Patiently she waited outside, but no Pat came. He had forgotten his sober companion without, in the company of the drunken ones inside the saloon.

Late in the afternoon Pat started for home. Bridget's patience was about exhausted, and she gladly welcomed his appearance. But the calf soon noticed something wrong about the man. His walk was slow, and he staggered from side to side so that the calf could not follow. She could not understand what was the matter, and may have thought that the Pat who came out was an entirely different man than the Pat who went into the saloon. The clothes were Pat's, but the man who wore them was so unlike her friend that Bridget, after watching him awhile, seemed to get the idea that he was a stranger, and that he was not fit company for her. While she appeared undecided the poor fellow stumbled and fell. As he lay almost

all. She hardly cared to go with him even about the farm. Instead, she chose the cows as her companions, and remained with them in the pasture-lot.

Bridget is a dignified cow now, and may have forgotten her fancy for Pat and her visit to the saloon; but could she speak of it, probably she would say that she was but a calf then, and that no respectable animal who knows what is proper will go to a saloon, or even keep company with a person who goes there to get drunk.

Though but a calf, Bridget was not a fool. When she learned what the saloon did to people she kept away from it. If even a calf can learn that much, surely a boy should learn more and have nothing whatever to do with saloons

those know what stout hearts it needs to face it all. Ought we not to be thankful that we have a Father who is on the sea as well as on the land?

THE DEPTH OF THE SEA.

Rear-Admiral Belknap's survey of parts of the Pacific, preparatory to the laying of the proposed trans-Pacific telegraph cable, indicates that extraordinary difficulties will be encountered. His soundings show the result of a trough or basin of enormous depth and extent along the east coast of Japan and the Kurile Islands and under the Kuro Siwo, or Japan or Black stream. The basin exceeds any similar depression yet found in any other region of the great oceans. In a run of thirty miles after leaving the coast of Japan the water deepened more than 1,800 fathoms, and upon the next cast of the lead the wire broke after 4,643 fathoms had been run out without the bottom having been reached. Thermometers specially constructed for deep-sea sounding were wrecked by the unprecedented pressures. The depth of the deepest cast—five miles and a quarter, the deepest water yet found—is sufficient to hold two mountains as high as Japan's great Fusuyama, one on top of the other; and then the summit of the highest would be nearly two-thirds of a mile under water.

A BOY'S IDEA OF PRAYER.

A little lad was keeping his sleep on Sunday morning. The bells were ringing for service at the church, and the people were going over the fields, when the little fellow began to think that he, too, would like to pray to God. But what could he say? for he had never learned any prayer. However, he knelt down and commenced the alphabet, A, B, C, D, and so on to Z. A gentleman happening to pass on the other side of the hedge heard the lad's voice, and, looking through the bushes, saw the little fellow kneeling with folded hands and closed eyes, saying the A, B, C's.

"What are you doing, my little man?" asked the gentleman, kindly.

The little lad looked up.

"Please, sir, I was praying."

"But what are you saying your letters for?"

"Why, I don't know any prayer, only I felt in my heart that I wanted God to take care of me, and help me to take care of the sheep, so I thought if I said all I knew, he would put it together and spell all that I wanted."

"Bless your heart, my little man, he will! He will. When the heart speaks right, the lips can't say wrong."

The prayer that goes up to heaven must come from the heart.

A MOTHER'S HEART.

BY J. R. MILLER.

We ought to watch closely the character of the memories we leave in our homes. One person has left this testimony:

"Many a night, as I remember lying quietly in the little upper chamber before sleep came on, there would be a gentle footstep on the stair, the door would noiselessly open, and in a moment the well-known form softly gliding through the darkness would appear at my bedside. First there would be a few pleasant inquiries of affection, which gradually deepened into words of counsel. Then, kneeling, her head close to mine, her most earnest hopes and desires would flow forth in prayer. Her tears bespoke the earnestness of her desires. I seem to feel them yet where they sometimes fell on my face. The prayers often passed out of thought in slumber and came not to mind again for years, but they were not lost. I willingly believe they were an invisible bond with heaven that severely preserved me while I moved carelessly amid numberless temptations, and walked the brink of crime." Is it not worth while for every mother to try to weave such memories into the early years of her children's lives?



PREPARING FOR SEA.

helpless on the ground, the calf came up to smell of him as though to make sure that it was not her friend. Perhaps his stupidity, perhaps his strange movements, or it may have been the smell of whiskey about him, settled the matter. After an examination, Bridget walked away and then started homeward, first walking quietly and then beginning to run. She neither stopped nor looked back, but hurried on towards home.

When late in the day Pat staggered home and, slightly sobered, tried to do up his night work, Bridget took no more notice of him than if he had been a stranger.

That was Bridget's first and last visit to the saloon. She never followed Pat after that when he went for whiskey, nor would she follow him along the road at

PREPARING FOR SEA.

These are strong, brave, stout-hearted men in the picture here, working away right willingly to get their good vessel ready for her long voyage on the sea. We know they must be strong, because none but strong men could do the heavy, rough work that sailors have to do, and we know, too, that they are brave, for it takes a great deal of courage to face the unknown dangers of the deep. Only those who have spent days and nights, and perhaps weeks and months, away far out of sight of land, with the boat sometimes tossing and reeling to and fro, now on the top of a huge wave, now down in the trough, with danger, it may be, of being dashed on the rocks or broken in two by the violence of the storm—only

THE COMMANDER-IN CHIEF OF THE BRITISH FORCES IN NATAL.

Lieut-Gen Sir Redvers Buller is a veteran soldier of proved ability. He is just sixty years old, and has won many honours by his skilful military operations in various lands. He served in China in 1860, in the Red River expedition in Canada in 1870, and later in three South African wars with the rebellious savages. He has also had experience in the administrative bureaux in London



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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.
 Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., Editor.
 TORONTO, JANUARY 20, 1890

ON THE SKAGUA TRAIL.

There was the confusion of arriving and leaving at Skagua, tents going up and coming down, new comers asking all sorts of eager questions, and concentrating baggage for a speedy departure over the dreaded trail toward Lake Bennett, and, here and there among them, Indians who had already been engaged as guides and carriers, and Indians who were still in the midst of their bargaining, and Indians who were there simply to sell berries or fish or moose venison, or perhaps snowshoes or pieces of their own manufacture.

Among these last was a boy of thirteen or fourteen, short and squat in figure, but with large, bright eyes that seemed to already fasten packages upon the dog-sleds or upon their own backs, while the Indian, who was apparently to be as guide, was walking from one to another with ostentatious authority. The boy started at sight of him, and shook his head in a way which "Wh, him here?" he muttered under his breath. "Bad Injun—berry bad!" he swore, run, steal horse, steal dog, sled, everything.

"The owner of the outfit stood near a stalwart, ruddy-faced man with ready laugh and kindly eyes. The boy went to him and offered his berries.

"At first the man shook his head gently, then seeming to like the boy's face, he thrust his hand into his pocket and took out some coins.

"Oh, never mind change," he said, carelessly. "It isn't worth the bother. Here, you," to one of his men, "pass me that bucket."

The bucket was brought and the berries poured into it, then the curious basket of wittes and birch-bark was handed back to the boy.

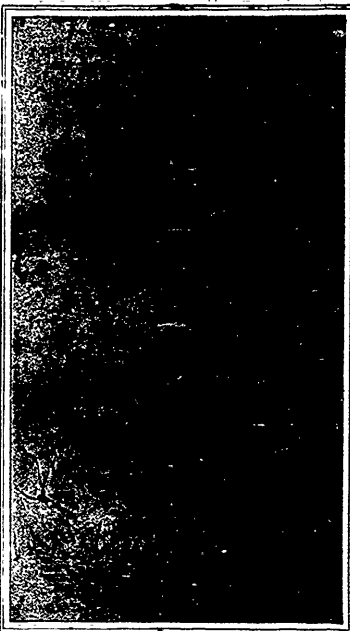
A few minutes later, as he was going down the slope, he happened to look back over his shoulder. The ruddy-faced man was in the act of pouring his berries into the basket of a little Indian girl who had stumbled and spilled here. The boy's eyes grew warm.

"Him good man," he muttered, anxiously. "Bad Injun go steal. Ugh! Me heap watch."

So when the outfit started up the Skagua Trail, an hour later, he followed at a distance, unobserved.

It was slow progress, almost like climbing up one side of the roof of a house, and slipping and scrambling down the other; up and down, up and down, with quagmires and sink-holes in the low places so treacherous that horses slipped and sank into them bodily, and were seen no more.

But the boy had already grown familiar with the hardships and horrors of the trail, and was accustomed to the scaling and surmounting of dangerous places. Untruly he followed the outfit until the third night, when his knowledge of the country assured him that if he guide intended mischief it would be attempted



THEY MAKE GREAT LEAPS AND THEREBY FEEL LIKE WINGLESS BIRDS.
 Copyright Charles Scribner & Sons. From "The Trail of the Sandhill Stag."

at this point. The country was so wild and broken that it would be impossible to trace one who was at all familiar with the labyrinthine passes; and there were places on every side in which booty, even as large as horses, could be safely hidden away.

As it grew dark the boy crept up closer and closer, until he was almost within the very limits of the camp. And there he waited, silent, motionless, vigilant, as though he might be a part of the dark soil against which he pressed.

He saw the ruddy-faced man enter his tent, and the guide and the carriers wrap themselves in their blankets and prepare for sleep. Then one, two, three, four hours passed, at the end of which he saw a dark shadow gliding stealthily toward the horses, and he knew that his surmise had been correct.

The ruddy-faced man was dreaming of a little girl at home, when he felt a light touch upon his face, and he murmured, "Elsie," and sought to reach the hands with his lips; but instead came a guttural, "Ugh! get up quick! Guide steal horse. Hurry!" and in an instant he was the old campaigner, alert, calm, comprehending.

"Who are you?" he demanded, without raising his voice.

"Not no man; 'tppantly. "Horse be steal. Hurry!"

The man had but to put on hat and boots to be dressed, and then he sprang from the tent. Five minutes later he returned, chuckling.

"The fellow's face scared to ever think of coming back," he said; "but I reckon we can find our way over the trail just as well without him." Here he caught sight of a small figure gliding away, and he called, sharply,

"Hold on there! Who are you?"

"Injun boy. You buy berry me."

"Well, I can't tell you how much I am obliged to you. Money won't pay the debt; but I'll do what I can."

He opened a buckskin bag and selected from it a generous handful of coins. But when he looked up the boy was gone.

Presently, however, his voice came back from somewhere down the trail.

"No want money. You good man; buy berry; all girl basket when spill. Injun boy no take money from you."—Western Christian Advocate.

THE SANDHILL STAG.

The hero of Mr. Thompson's book is a sportsman after our own heart. After following the trail of the Sandhill stag over the snowy hills of Manitoba for three years, when he came face to face with the monarch of the plains, the majesty and beauty of the magnificent creature was so overcome his hunting instincts that he had no heart to fire. "A change came over him, and every thought of murder went from him as they gazed into each other's eyes—and he saw that the stag look him in the eyes and take his life. 'I will never harm a hair of your. We are brothers.'"

The story of the three years' hunt is told in Mr. Seton-Thompson's sympathetic and fascinating style. When the hunter was himself stalked by wolves, he says: "Now I know how a deer feels when the wolf is heard in the trail behind him." As the trail of the Sandhill stag grew hot, the wild beast in the hunter's heart grew hot. He wanted to howl like a wolf, and he felt the thrill of the murderous instinct that made the hair bristle on the spine of the wolf.

The sixty drawings in the margin are full of life and character. Mr. Seton-Thompson is our Canadian Landseer. No one among us can paint animals like him. Though born in England, he received his education chiefly at the Toronto Collegiate Institute, and has his home for many years in Canada.

His work upon the zoology of Manitoba is a classic in its way. He was selected by the Century Company "as the most capable draughtsman in America" to illustrate the birds and mammals in their great encyclopædia. He has exhibited in the French Salon, and his picture, "Waiting in Pain," shown in the Toronto Art Gallery, has made his name like a spell. The publishers have made this book, with its coloured frontispiece and rubrics, a gem of art.

"Boys of the Priory School." By Florence Coombe. Illustrated. London: Blackie & Sons, Limited, Toronto; William Briggs, Price, 90 cents.

Very representative types of the British schoolboy are Raymond Wentworth, his companions who figure prominently in this stirring tale. The interest centres in the relations of Raymond and Hal Wentworth, and the process by which Raymond, the popular cricket champion and hero of the school, learns the person of his much-ridiculed cousin there beats a heart more heroic than his own.

"The Trail of the Sandhill Stag." By Ernest Seton-Thompson, Naturalist to the Government of Manitoba. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, Toronto: William Briggs. Price, \$1.50.

PROMOTED:

A Story of the Zulu War.
 By SYDNEY WARSON.
 Author of "The Slave Chain," etc., etc.

CHAPTER II.

"MAN OVERBOARD."
 The vessel had been out from England nearly a fortnight, and one beautiful tropical evening, when the seamen and marines and soldiers, in different parts of the ship, were assembled in groups, sitting, or lounging, or standing, listening to songs given in turn by one and another of the party, while all joined heartily in the choruses. This had been going on for fully half an hour, when a rough-faced young man, in a seaman's uniform, with a concertina under his arm, passed near. More in fun than in earnest, one man shouted, "Here's 'Christian Teddy,' let's have a song out of him." This partly suited the wild mood of many of them, and seizing hold of the seaman with the nickname of "Christian Teddy," they kindly but forcibly hurried him into the centre of the ring. His young, but good-temperedly he looked round upon them and said, "Well, chums, what do you want?"

A chorus of voices shouted, "A song!"

"Very well!" said he, as he ran his fingers nimbly over the keys of his splendid concertina, showing plainly how singularly perfect was his touch. "Only look here, chums; if I sing, you must let me sing in my own style, and right through, mind!"

"Right you are, Teddy; sail away, chum."

Then, as the preliminary notes from his instrument, rang out and an air of the united silence, his clear, rich, manly voice rose, as with deep feeling and touching pathos he sang:

"It's true there's a beautiful city,
 That its streets are paved with gold.
 No earthly tongue can describe it,
 Its glories can never be told.
 "But I know, I know,
 I know I shall be there."
 The air was admirably fitted to the words, striking, beautiful, and simple. A profound stillness rested upon the men as again his voice rang out:

"Those loved ones dwell in that city,
 Whom you have left in the god.
 When your hearts fell nigh to breaking,
 And you promised you'd serve your God.
 "Will you, will you,
 Say, will you men them there?"

As the two first lines of this verse were sung, the young man of olden years heard a deep, heavy sob. Following the sound, he saw Corporal Harris, with his head turned aside and his face resting in his hands, as he leaned across one of the guns in the ship's side. For a moment the singer paused, while a lingering note trembled on the air. Should he step out and speak to this sorrow-stricken man? Then for a moment he remembered that the next verse would perhaps help this poor soldier, if it was sin that was his burden; so, amidst almost deathly silence, he sang again:

"Yes! you can go there, my brother,
 For Jesus has died on the tree,
 And that same precious blood is now flowing
 To wash a poor sinner like me.
 "Will you, will you,
 Will you now wash and be clean?"

Then, breaking off suddenly and speaking quickly, he said, "Look here, chums; and compare, you see, I might as well sing to like and bore I finish it: I want to say a word or two to you. I'm not going to preach a sermon to you; but that last verse, and the sight of your face, and these tears, have touched my heart, and I thought I might as well speak my own words, with all the joy I've got. I did not try to get you to understand it, and share it too. Did you notice that I sang—"

"For Jesus has died on the tree?"
 Well, I guess this is pretty familiar to you all; we're mostly young men here; we've heard that like a lot of times at Sunday-school, or in sermons; but we must do more than simply hear it. Why, bless my heart, we've all sung hundreds of times—"
 "I think when I read the sweet story of old."
 But we sang a lie; how many of us did

think? It's just what God wants us to do, to think—to think that Jesus died on the tree, and why he died there. Some of you have tried what you call 'turning over a new leaf,' but it has been a failure, and now you feel more discouraged, more careless, more hardened than ever. Why? Why has it all been a failure? Because all your leaves were out of the same book—they were all of a piece, they were self, and self efforts; and 'all our righteousnesses are as filthy rags.' There are some of you that never were in the 'defaulter's sheet' or in the 'black



"COMRADE, YOU ARE IN SOME TROUBLE; CAN I HELP YOU?"

list' since you commenced to serve the Queen; there's some as is always in the 'black list'—some of you whom the officers swear over and declare that you are black sheep—

"Ah, that's me, Teddy," said a voice from the outer ring, in thick, beery tones, "that's me, and no mistake; I'm a black sheep."

"Ah, chums," continued the speaker, "that's all of us, naturally, for the good old Book says, 'All we like sheep have gone astray; we've turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.' 'All like sheep,' why, look here, chums; my dear old father has been a shepherd on the Hampshire downs these forty years; and I've heard him say, that in all his experience as a shepherd, he never knew a sheep that had wandered that ever came back to the fold of its own accord; ain't got sense enough for that—no more have we; the fact is, if we had to depend upon our own sense in turning we should die, be lost, and be damned, as the Bible says. But the Good Shepherd has missed us; he is out after us, by sea or by land; it don't matter to him. He's walked on the sea to save afore to-day, and he has come out here on the sea to seek and to save that which was—"

"Man overboard!" "All hands!" "Away there, life-boat's crew!"

These startling words, accompanied by the shrill whistle of the boatswain's mate's pipe, and various strokes on the gong, on bridge, and in engine-room, announcing the reversal of the engines, broke up the ring of attentive men, and stopped the song-sermon of Teddy Jones.

Popping his concertina in a little nook, he rushed, with others, to his post, and in less time than it takes to describe the sound of ropes running rapidly over the wheels of the blocks announced the lowering of the life-boat. The vessel had been running very swiftly, so that, with all their haste, the struggling man was nearly a quarter of a mile astern before the ship had got well round and was steaming full speed ahead again, ready to pick up the life-boat when she should have secured the man, if they were fortunate enough to rescue him.

Oh, how eagerly every one waited and watched the boat; what an age were those few minutes! Once or twice it seemed as if the poor fellow had sunk, but he was only hidden by a wave. At last, the watchers see the gleam of the two dripping ears, that are tossed aloft, ready to be laid in the boat, that the two men who were pulling them may have their hands free to haul in the drowning man; and almost immediately a shout from the bridge, where with his glass the officer of the watch has been carefully noting all, announces, "They have got him, lads! Hurrah!" And from every throat there burst such a glad loud cheer as to cause the very deck to tremble with the concussion.

Very soon the boat comes alongside; and, exhausted, but sensible, they carry the poor fellow on deck. Then, again, cheer after cheer rings out from hundreds

of glad throats, for the rescued man and for the life-boat's crew.

While the doctors are attending to the exhausted sailor, people began to ask all sorts of questions, "How came he to fall overboard?" etc.

The man at the wheel had seen him fall, he said. As he came tripping lightly down from aloft, a ratline had snapped, and he fell backwards.

Of course, the adventure became more or less the topic of the hour. Teddy Jones, meanwhile, went "forward" to get his concertina from the spot where he had stowed it, breathing, all the while, in his heart, a prayer that the broken words he had had an opportunity of saying might indeed be a message from the Master.

As he turned to go below to his "mess," he saw the soldier who had attracted his attention by his sobbing while he was singing; and, going over to him, he laid his hand on his shoulder, and said, "Comrade, you are in some trouble; can I help you?"

Corporal Harris—for it was he—looked at him for a moment, as a sad little smile just touched his face, and then, holding out his hand to the sailor, which was grasped with a warm, sympathetic grasp, he said, "Thank you, it's very kind of you; I don't know whether you can help me or not, and yet perhaps you can. Ain't you the chap that sang that hymn just now, and talked about being lost?"

"Yes," said Teddy, "that's me; and it's true, ain't it?"

"Ah! that it is," replied the soldier; "and if ever a fellow wanted a friend, I do just now." His voice grew husky with emotion as he commenced to tell the story of his dear wife's death, of her preparedness to meet it, and of his own unpreparedness; and, said he, "I came on board at Portsmouth determined to turn over a new leaf; but I believe I feel worse in my mind than ever; and then, to 'cap it all,' you said just now 'hat turning over new leaves was no good, and somehow, though I don't understand it, yet I feel it's true.'" Then, with another thick sob, he cried, "Oh, Maggie, Maggie! shall I ever get to heaven, where you are?"

For a moment Teddy Jones was silent, letting the grief of the poor fellow have full vent. Presently, laying his hand gently on the arm of the weeping soldier,

"Poor fellow!" said Teddy, looking all the real concern he felt. "So you've spent all, and are nothing better, but rather worse, as the Gospel puts it. Well, praise God, I can tell you how you may know your sins forgiven, and how you may get everlasting life."

"It is not your tears of repentance or prayers,

But the blood that atones for the soul;

On Him, then, who shed it thou mayest at once

The weight of iniquities roll."

Then, noticing the soldier shiver slightly, he said, "It's chilly, rather, since the wind freshened; shall we walk up and down?" and, slipping his arm through that of the soldier, together they paced backwards and forwards, and were soon deep in conversation.

"See here," said the sailor; "you said just now you were lost, and that you had tried all you could to get saved. Now, it seems to me you are very much in the same fix that poor fellow was who fell overboard an hour ago. He cried out, he struggled, he wept— but did that save him?"

"Why no," said the soldier, now fairly interested.

"What did then?"

"Why, the strong arms of the men lifting him into the life-boat."

"What's your name, comrade?" said the sailor, abruptly.

"James Harris."

"Well, now, see here," said he, taking a Testament from his pocket and turning to the third chapter of St. John's Gospel, and laying his finger on the sixteenth verse; "let us read this verse for you: 'God so loved James Harris, who was lost, that he gave his only begotten Son, that if James Harris would believe in him, would trust him, he should be saved, should have everlasting life.' You say you are lost. How do you know that you are lost?"

"Oh, because of my sin!"

"But the Lord hath laid on Jesus the sin of James Harris."

As these words were emphatically uttered by the young sailor, the soldier gave a quick, eager start, as he said, with a glad ring in his voice, "Say that again."

Then slowly and deliberately, with quiet, touching earnestness, the young

the soldier turned to his friend, and looking him full in the face, as the brilliant tropical moon shone down upon them, he said, as he took the sailor's hand, "Tis Jesus who saves me, but 'twas you who pointed me to him, I shall never forget you—God bless you!"

"Well, you see," replied Teddy Jones, "I can't do much, but by God's help I'll do what I can. I suppose when those bitten Israelites were lying all around in the wilderness camp, that some of those who had been healed went around to those who needed healing; and if they found any one who wanted to look at the brazen serpent, but who were too weak to get their heads turned round, that these watchful healed ones would just kneel down at the bitten ones' side and turn their heads for them, so that they could get a good actual look. Well, that's what God has let me do for you."

Just then the ship's bell struck two (two o'clock), and the sentry in the starboard gangway, followed in turn by each of the others on port gangway, life buoy, and both cathedrals, according to naval custom, cried, at the stroke of the bell, "All's well," and, as the young sailor and the soldier-convert grasped each other's hands before going to their hammocks, they felt a divine echo pealing through their hearts, "All's well." Yes, Jesus has done all things well, and, as heaven's joy-bells rang out their glad strain, surely Maggie, amid the angel host, sang too, "All's well."

(To be continued.)

POLITENESS.

"Can you write a good hand?" asked a man of a boy who applied for a situation.

"Yaas," was the answer
"Are you good at figures?"
"Yaas," was the answer again.
"That will do, I don't want you," said the merchant.

After the boy had gone a friend said "I know that lad to be an honest, industrious boy, why don't you try him?"
"Because he has not learned to say 'Yes, sir,' and 'No, sir,'" replied the merchant. "If he answered me as he did, how will he answer customers?"
Baptist Signal.



"HERE'S CHRISTIAN TEDDY, LET'S HAVE A SONG OUT OF HIM."

he said, "Do you know that you are lost? Do you need a Saviour?"

"Oh, yes! yes! yes!" said Harris, with increasing emphasis at each assent. "Yes, that's how it is! I know I'm lost, but how to get saved just beats me. I've tried since I came on board to get saved, but it seems of no use."

"You've tried to get saved?" said Teddy. "How do you mean you've tried to get saved? What have you done in the way of trying?"

"Why, I've read the Bible every day; I've left off going to the canteen, and don't drink; I've not joined in any of the nonsense of the fellows; I've said my prayers, and—and—"

"Well, go on," said Teddy, "what next?"

"I think that's about all, except that I must confess I've cried more this week than I have since I was a child, I believe," said the soldier.

sailor repeated, "The Lord hath laid upon Jesus the sin of James Harris."

Then, with equal deliberation, and as if speaking to himself, with a far-away look in his eyes, the soldier said, "That whosoever believeth in him should have everlasting life." Yes, that must be it; believing that he bore the iniquity of James Harris. "I see it! I see it!" he cried rapturously; "precious, precious Saviour! I take thee at thy word." Then, as if the memory of his wife's love and prayer came over him, he cried, "Oh, Maggie, darling wife, do you know? Can you see your Jem now?"

"Yes," broke in the sailor teacher, "you may depend upon it she knows, for Jesus said himself, 'There's joy in the presence of the angels of God,' and who are they who are in the presence of the angels but our loved ones gone before? Yes, she knows."

Then, stopping abruptly in his walk,

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FORD OF THE JORDAN.—TRADITIONAL SCENE OF THE BAPTISM OF JESUS.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE LIFE OF JESUS.

LESSON IV—JANUARY 28

THE BAPTISM AND TEMPTATION OF JESUS.

Matt. 3. 13 to 4. 11. Memory verses 16, 17.

GOLDEN TEXT.

This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased. Matt. 3. 17.

OUTLINE.

1. The Baptism of our Lord, v. 13-17.
 2. The First Temptation, v. 1-4.
 3. The Second Temptation, v. 5-7.
 4. The Third Temptation, v. 8-11.
- Time.—A.D. 26.
- Places.—1. The country about Jordan. 2. The wilderness, probably directly west of the north end of the Dead Sea.

LESSON HELPS.

13. "Then cometh Jesus"—While all Israel was pouring forth to hear John in the wilderness. "To be baptized"—As a sign of his settled purpose to live up to the ideals John held up.

14. John forbade him—"Sought to hinder him, feeling a measureless inferiority to Jesus."

15. "It becometh us to fulfil all righteousness"—It is our duty to obey every requirement of the law, to indorse every movement toward goodness.

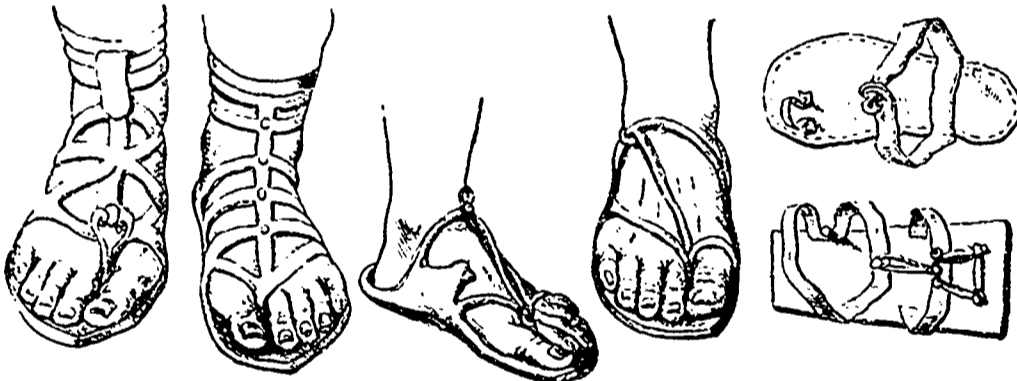
16. "When he was baptized"—Luke says that while being baptized he was praying. "The heavens were opened unto him"—And probably to none but him and John. Then he saw "the Spirit of God descending like a dove," not a dove, but descending like one, although Luke says, "in a bodily shape." The dove was at this time recognized as the national symbol of Israel, and its descent upon a man would be generally regarded as an omen, marking him as the Messiah.

17. "A voice from heaven"—From that heaven where God dwells. "In whom I am well pleased"—In whom I take great delight." (See Isa. 42. 1.)

1. "Led up of the Spirit"—Which had descended upon Jesus at his baptism. "To be tempted"—There could be no overwhelming of evil except by personal contest. "We learn from the Bible that 'the devil' is a created being of a higher order than man, that he originated sin, that he is an adversary, accuser, and tempter of God's people; that in the strength of God the redeemed are fully able to conquer him, as their Redeemer did; that he still rages on earth and persecutes, that he is the father and patron of lies, leathenish and all other; and that, together with everything anti-Christian, he shall be delivered up to eternal punishment." Butler.

2. "Forty days and forty nights"—This is to be understood literally. Forty days were spent by Moses in the wilderness (Exod. 34. 28), and by Elijah (1 Kings 19 8).

3. "The tempter"—The same evil spirit who had tried and overthrown the first Adam. "Stones be made bread"—Satan knew the power of hunger. "He appeals to the animal nature first."—Whedon.
4. "It is written"—In the Holy Scriptures, which are my law of action. "Not live by bread alone"—Man lives two lives, a physical and a spiritual. Obedience is better than sustenance for the body. (See Deut. 8. 3.)
5. "The holy city"—This had become the favourite name of Jerusalem, and is its Arabic name to-day, El Khuds. "Pinnacle of the temple"—Some lofty point of the edifice.
6. "Cast thyself down"—A temptation to presumption, or abuse of God's care. "It is written"—A quotation from Psa. 91. 11, 12. "The history of sects and parties and churches and men of high re-



"SHOES, LATCHETS."

ligious claims shows us that thousands who could not sink into the slough of sensuality have yet thrust themselves into needless perils, and been dashed into headlong ruin from the pinnacle of spiritual pride."—Farrar.

7. "Thou shalt not tempt"—To tempt God here means to offend him by presumption or running needlessly into danger (Deut. 6. 16).

8. "High mountain"—Perhaps Mount Quarantania, near Jericho. "Showeth him"—By a vision or a glowing account. "Kingdoms of the world"—China and India were then in their glory. Rome ruled every nation that bordered on the Mediterranean (northern Africa was then nearly as populous as southern Europe), and many other nations. Persia rivalled Rome in power. Some such vision came in later days to Napoleon Bonaparte.

9. "Will I give"—It will explain much that follows in Christ's life, and render the whole story very complete and consistent, if we suppose that what he was tempted to do was to employ force in the establishment of his Messianic kingdom." Seeley. "Fall down and worship"—Render homage, as to a king.

10. "Get thee hence"—He commanded the tempter as a conqueror commands a captive.

11. "Leaveth him"—"For a season," says Luke.

HOME READINGS.

- M. The baptism.—Matt. 3. 13-17.
 Tu. The temptation.—Matt. 4. 1-11.
 W. The Father's testimony.—Mark 1. 1-13.
 Th. The Son of God.—John 1. 29-34.
 F. Enduring temptation.—James 1. 12-20.
 S. Highly exalted.—Phil. 2. 5-11.
 Su. Able to help.—Heb. 2. 10-18.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

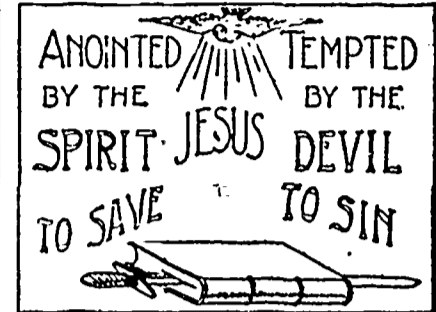
1. The Baptism of our Lord, v. 13-17.
 What unexpected applicant for baptism came to John?
 What journey had Jesus taken?
 What shows John's surprise?
 How did Jesus remove John's scruples?
 As Jesus came up from his baptism what opened to him?
 What wonderful vision had John?
 What did he subsequently say of this vision? John 1. 33, 34.
 Whence did John hear a voice?
 What did it say to him?
 From whom did the voice proceed?
 On what other occasion was similar testimony heard? Luke 9. 35.
- When again did the Father testify to his Son? John 12. 28.
2. The First Temptation, v. 1-4.
 Under what guidance did Jesus go to the wilderness?
 For what purpose did he go?
 What preliminary trial did he undergo?
 What doubt did the tempter first suggest?
 What test did he propose?
 What did Jesus say as to the true source of life?
3. The Second Temptation, v. 5-7.
 On what journey did the devil take Jesus?
 What seat was given to Jesus?
 What risk of life was he urged to take?
 With what weapon did Jesus repel the tempter?
 Whom may we never tempt?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Where in this lesson are we taught—

1. The duty of baptism?
2. The divinity of Christ?
3. The source of temptation?
4. How to resist temptation?
5. Where we may get help in temptation?

What a scene that was when Jesus, after the holy anointing of the Spirit, was led up into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil! He upon whom the Spirit rested that he might save the world was tempted in all points of hu-



man frailty, yet without sin. The prince of this world came, and had nothing in him; all his wily assaults were futile against the word of God, the sword of the Spirit, by which Jesus prevailed. Baptized by the Spirit and armed with his quick and powerful weapon—"It is written"—we too may repel the tempter without argument or compromise.

"WHOSE SHOES, LATCHET I AM NOT WORTHY TO UNLOOSE."

A sandal was the article ordinarily used by the Hebrews for protecting the feet. It consisted simply of a sole attached to the foot by thongs. We have express notice of the thong—(Authorized Version, "shoe-latchet")—in several passages, notably Gen. 14. 23; Isa. 5. 27; Mark 1. 7. Sandals were worn by all classes of society in Palestine—even by the very poor; and both the sandal and the thong, or shoe-latchet, were so cheap and common that they passed into a proverb for the most insignificant thing.—Gen. 14. 23; Eccles. 46. 19. They were dispensed with in-doors, and were only put on by persons about to undertake some business away from their homes. During meal-times the feet were uncovered.—Luke 7. 38; Ex. 3. 5; Josh. 5. 15. It was also an indication of violent emotion, or of mourning, if a person appeared barefoot in public.—2 Sam. 15. 30. To carry or to unloose a person's sandal was a menial office, betokening great inferiority on the part of the person performing it.—Matt. 3. 11.

"The lamp of genius, though by Nature lit,
 If not protected, pruned, and fed with care,
 Soon dies, or runs to waste with fitful glare."
 —Wilcox.

"With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphan—to do all that may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."—Lincoln.



THE TEMPTATION OF JESUS.