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# PLEASANT KNOWERS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XX.

TORONTO, APRIL 21, 1900.

No. 16

## Young Canada Was There.

BY ALEXANDER MOIR,  
Author of "The Maple Leaf Forever."

When on the road to school, after the noon hour on March 8, the writer was accompanied by an escort of little girls, one of whom asked him "Is there any war news from 'Bobs'?" Being answered in the affirmative, and that he was still defeating the Boers, she asked, "Was Canada there?" This question brought forth the following answer:

When Freedom's bugle called "to arms,"

From far South Africa's shore,  
The British lion, roused from sleep,

Sent up his battle roar;  
His cubs, responsive to the call,  
Sprang forth to do and dare;  
When round the Union Jack they stood,

Young Canada was there.

Go, ask the hard-won battlefield,  
Where heroes fought and fell,  
Where Cronje's Boers, by British pluck,

Were backward hurled, pell-mell,  
Whose doughty deeds and iron nerve

Deserve the palm to bear?  
The answer comes with ringing cheers,  
"Young Canada was there!"

Stand by the Modder's blood-stained banks,

With reverential mien,  
There fell the bravest of the brave,  
"O mong "Soldiers of the Queen."

Oh, to their mem'ry drop a tear,  
With bowed head and bare,  
Among Britannia's hero dead,  
Young Canada was there!

## TAHITI.

Captain Wallis, commander of his Majesty's ship Dolphin, when crossing the comparatively untraversed waters of the Southern Pacific Ocean, in the year 1767, discovered the splendid island of Tahiti, which has since occupied so prominent a place in the annals of missionary enterprise. Little did its discoverer think, when hoisting the broad pennant on the Tahitian shores and taking possession of the island in the name of his sovereign, King George III., that in a few short years the missionary, sent by the liberality and sustained by the prayers of British Christians, would follow in his track, search for the lovely spot he had discovered, unfurl another banner, and take possession of that and other islands in the name of the King of kings. This has been effected under the guidance of Him

Who plants his footstep in the sea,"

for the providence of God has evidently conspired with the Spirit of God in the accomplishment of this great work.

The following were the views of the Rev. J. Williams, who went as a missionary to Tahiti, in the year 1817:

To this mission, considered in its relation to other islands, too much importance cannot be attached, for, in addition to the numerous islands now professedly Christian, there are, within a comparatively small distance, many large and extensive groups of which little is known. Among these are the Fiji, the New Hebrides, New Caledonia, Solomon's Archipelago, New Britain, New Ireland, and, above all, the immense island of New Guinea. This island is said to be 1,200 miles in length, and, in some parts, about 300 in breadth. "When Pomare, the king of Tahiti, first determined to embrace Christianity, and attempt the introduction of it among

his people, before taking any decided steps, he convened a number of powerful and influential chiefs, and stated his wishes to them. Very many made strong objections to the proposed innovation, but Tenania, and his wife, who were reigning chiefs in a neighbouring island, cordially approved of the king's proposition, stating that they themselves had almost come to a determination to burn their god. This feeling had been in-

proposition, Tenania and his wife were well prepared by it to enter most cordially into the king's wishes, for they were bitterly enraged against the gods they had in vain endeavoured to conciliate. Thus Pomare had the influence of a bigoted idolater, and, at the very first announcement of his intentions, Pomare, another chief of equal fame, was present at this important consultation. He was a mighty warrior, the Bonaparte

shortly after he attended the meeting of his brother chieftains. It is the general opinion of intelligent natives to the present day, that, had Tapoa lived, Christianity could not have been introduced among the people. These events, therefore, show us that, although the age of miracles has ceased, God has ample means of effecting the purposes of his love by the ordinary interpositions of his providence, which are equally mighty in the pulling down of the strongholds of heathen superstition, and in removing obstacles to the progress of his truth."

The Tahitians are very fond of flowers, and wear wreaths and garlands of them, as shown in the picture. Through Christian influence they have learned to wear Christian costume, and are now found sitting clothed and in their right mind at the feet of Jesus.

## A YOUNG HEROINE.

"In these days," General Gordon once said, sadly, "the race is for honours, not honour, and for newspaper praise." Is it true? The most hopeless among us must admit that if true there are exceptions.

In New York, a few weeks ago, Miss Minnie Swarts, while out seeking work for the support of her younger brothers and sisters, came upon a great fire and learned that a number of firemen had just been disabled.

She ran to a neighbouring grocery, bought a gallon of milk, had it heated, and carried it to the exhausted firemen. Then she assisted a physician to revive those who were overcome by smoke. She climbed a fence and with an axe made an opening for the men to drag in their hose, and then, discovering two wounded firemen slipping into a water-filled cellar, she held them each by a leg till help came and she herself was faint and exhausted.

The fire commissioner, learning of the important assistance of this eighteen-year-old heroine, invited her to call at his office. In a heartfelt little speech he presented her, in the name of the grateful department, with a purse stuffed with bank-notes.

Tears came to the girl's eyes, but she put aside the purse. She was deeply touched and grateful, but she could not take money for doing what was her duty, and a privilege as well. And in this resolve she has ever since persisted.

It is said by spectators at the fire that while Miss Swarts worked so valiantly for hours, scores of able-bodied men stood outside the fire lines curiously looking on.

A quick eye to see where one may be useful, an ability to act wisely in an emergency and sturdy refusal to be paid for it—these are refreshing attributes in either man or woman, and lift the humblest life out of the commonplace.—Youth's Companion.

## WITH ALL HIS STRENGTH.

When little Frank declared that he loved his mother "with all his strength," he was asked to explain what he meant. "Well, I'll tell you," said he. "You see, we live up on the fourth floor of this tenement, and there is no elevator, and the coal is kept down in the basement. Mother is dreadfully busy all the time, and she isn't very strong, so I see to it that the coal-hod is never empty. I lug the coal up four flights of stairs all by myself. And it's a pretty big hod. It takes all my strength to get it up here. Now, isn't that loving my mother with all my strength?"

Do not be imposed upon by appearance.



NATIVES OF TAHITI.

HILDBRAND

duced by the death of a beloved and only daughter, who was to inherit their titles and estates, and, as might be expected, was the object in which their affections centred, and on whom their hopes were placed. She was a fine girl, about fifteen or sixteen years of age, and when she was unexpectedly taken ill, every priest of note, far and near, was applied to, and every god propitiated with the most costly offerings which it was in the power of this mighty chief to command. Still the disease increased, and the child died; and as this happened only a short time before Pomare made his important

of the Tahitian and Society Islands, and, having conquered all the latter, had come to Tahiti, ostensibly to assist Pomare in regaining his ascendancy in that island, but actually to conquer it for himself. Topoa was a bigoted idolater, and, at the meeting in question, expressed his full determination to oppose in every possible way so impious an innovation as the destruction of the gods. Although ill at the time, he removed immediately to Tahiti, for the purpose of making arrangements for the battles he expected to fight, but disease made rapid inroads upon his constitution, and he died very



**The Tale-Telling Bird.**

It's wonderful how boys' mothers  
Can find it all out as they do.  
If a fellow does anything naughty,  
Or says anything that's not true!  
They'll look at you just for a moment.  
Till your heart in your bosom swells,  
And then they know all about it—  
For a little bird tells!

Now, where the little bird comes from.  
Or where the little bird goes,  
If he's covered with beautiful plumage,  
Or black as the king of crows;  
If his voice is as hoarse as a raven's,  
Or clear as the ringing bells,  
I know not; but this I am sure of—  
A little bird tells.

The moment you think a thing wicked,  
The moment you do a thing bad,  
Or angry, or sullen, or hateful,  
Get ugly, or stupid, or mad,  
Or tease a dear brother or sister—  
That instant your sentence he knells,  
And to mother the whole in a minute  
That little bird tells.

And the only contrivance to stop him  
Is just to be sure what you say—  
Sure of your facts and your fancies,  
Sure of your work and your play;  
Be honest, be brave, and be kindly,  
Be gentle and loving as well,  
And then you can laugh at the stories  
The little birds tell.

**TIM'S FRIEND.**

By Annie M. Barton.

CHAPTER VIII.

"ALL THINGS WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD."

After his very unexpected meeting with John Wilson, Tim no longer dreaded sitting days at the hospital; on the contrary, not even Dick Rogers looked forward to them more eagerly.

The two little friends, from their respective beds, had a great deal to say to each other upon that eventful afternoon, when their visitors had departed.

Tim told Dick of the way in which he got to know the kind steward on board the Argus, and also of the splendid breakfast, every detail of which still dwelt in his memory.

"I always hoped I would come across him again, but I never dreamt it would be here. Has your father known him a long time? I quite forgot to ask if he came to see you."

"No, he didn't," cried Dick eagerly. "Father told me it was in this way he just met Mr. Wilson in the street, they used to be shipmates long ago, and he said, 'Come along with me as far as the hospital, I'm going to see my little boy'; and Mr. Wilson hadn't anything to do, so he said, 'All right,' and they came together. Now, wasn't it queer, 'cause if he hadn't come he wouldn't have found you?"

Tim did not answer, he was pondering the matter in his own mind, and that night, as the Sister was passing through the ward, asked if he might speak to her.

She came at once, and the boy told her what had happened that afternoon.

Then he paused, and she, answering the unspoken question in his eyes, said gently: "Yes, little Tim, I do think it was Jesus who sent your friend here to-day."

Some weeks passed on, until at last the time arrived when Tim must be discharged from the hospital. During his illness he had grown quite tall, though very thin and lanky, and the old rags he used to wear would have been much too small. Fortunately he did not need them, for John Wilson had provided a strong tweed suit and a warm, thick overcoat, in which Tim looked—to use his own words—"a reg'lar masher!"

The boy felt very sorry to leave the beautiful ward where he had been so happy, and the kind nurses who had attended to his needs with so much care and skill. But the prospect before him was so bright and hopeful, that this sorrow was only a passing cloud.

Dick Rogers had been sent home, well and strong, a fortnight ago; now it was Tim's turn. He had thrown aside his crutches, but was still obliged to use a stick. In a few weeks, the doctor assured him, he would be able to dispense even with that.

John Wilson came for him, and actually brought a cab, so, after a most affectionate leave-taking of his hospital friends, Tim drove away in state.

A very dingy-looking house and shop, close to the docks, with the sign, "Wilson's Dining Rooms," over the door, was Tim's future abode.

But if the outside was dingy, the in-

side was as bright and clean as hands could possibly make it, and Mrs. Wilson's motherly face and warm welcome made Tim feel that he was indeed at home.

She was not a very old woman, though her hair was white, and her face wrinkled and lined, she moved about with quick, busy steps, and had a brisk, decided way of speaking, especially when business was in question. Tim fell in love with her at first sight, and she, after a few days, adopted him as a younger son, insisting he should call her by the title of mother.

Part of the boy's sad story was already known to Mrs. Wilson; but he had a great deal yet to tell, a great deal that roused her keenest sympathy.

One evening, after the shop was closed, the three—John Wilson, his mother, and Tim—sat together in the little parlour kept for their private use. A bright fire burnt cheerily in the grate, for the spring evenings were cold, though the days were warm and sunny. Very cosy and home-like looked the little room, with its shabby furniture and faded carpet, and Tim, who had been sitting silent a long time, said suddenly: "Sometimes I'm just afraid that I'm dreaming, and I'll wake up to find myself in the cold street, or, worse still, in Granny Brown's collar. It doesn't seem as if it could be true as I've got such a home as this, and a mother and a brother as well," he added, shyly taking a hand of each. "I mind so sore the time when I hadn't a friend in the world."

"Stop a moment, little Tim," said Mrs. Wilson, smoothing his thick mop of hair with a very gentle hand; "stop a moment. Was there ever a time when you hadn't a friend in the world? Let us talk about it and see. You know I'm not a good scholar, so I can't make head or tail of the queer things people believe in nowadays; it is quite enough for me to stick to the old Bible truths I learnt when I was a girl, such as, 'God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.' 'Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him.' Why, those words have been an untold comfort to me many a time, when I've been cast down by trouble and difficulties. And you, my little laddie, when you were so poor and miserable, and thought nobody cared what became of you, had this same loving Father, this same kind Friend, close beside you, guiding your footsteps along the dark and dangerous path you had to tread, and bringing you into peace and safety at last. Think it over, Tim, and tell me what chance as sent my John to the hospital, with little Dick's father? or was it God as put it into his heart to go, knowing he would find you there? Some folks would say it just happened so, but I believe God sent him," she added reverently.

"And so do I," cried Tim, "and Sister at the hospital thought so as well. She talked to me a long time the night afore I came away, and I promised her I'd never forget Jesus is my Master and my Friend. I've got the three things they sang about in the mission school that Sunday afternoon,—a Friend, and a home, and a rest,—and the best of it is they're not 'above the bright blue sky,' but down here right in Sunderiand, where I needed them most."

"You will find plenty of work as well as rest, once you get into harness," said John Wilson, who, much as he loved his old mother, did not care for what he called "religious talk," and was anxious to turn the conversation.

"All right," was Tim's brisk reply. "I'm 'shamed of being idle so long; see how well I can walk without a stick." He took several turns up and down the room, and, in answer to his earnest petition, was pronounced fit to begin work the following day.

As Tim grew strong and well and resumed his active habits, he became of great use to Mrs. Wilson and her son. Under John Wilson's skillful management the business rapidly increased, and in two years' time was transferred to larger premises.

Tim's ready wit, and pleasant, obliging manner made him a great favourite with the customers; and many were the sixpences and threepenny bits bestowed upon him by the rough, kindly sailors who frequented the place.

This money he wished to hand over to Mrs. Wilson; but she insisted he must save it for future days, when a little stock of cash might be useful to start him in life.

Thus the once ragged and penniless little Tim became the proud possessor of a bank book, and a steadily increasing capital in the Post Office Savings Bank.

Tim's new life was not, however, all sunshine. There were gloomy days, as well as bright ones; days when Mrs. Wilson was laid aside by rheumatism, and John Wilson was cross and snappish and difficult to please, and when Tim him-

self longed for the freedom from restraint of his old vagabond life.

These were, however, only passing clouds. As the years rolled on, Tim became more and more satisfied with his lot in life. He never lost sight of his old ambition, some day to become a steward on board ship, and for this purpose learnt as much as possible from John Wilson about the necessary duties of such a post. He also attended a night-school, and studied hard to perfect himself in the simple branches of education taught there, until he became what Mrs. Wilson proudly termed "a wonderful scholar."

In all these years no news had reached Tim of his first little friend, Johnnie Dodds; but the silver shilling with the hole in it, bright with much polishing was still his most treasured possession. It no longer hung by a string round his neck, but was attached to a steel watch-chain, in the sight of all beholders.

Tim had fully entered upon manhood when a great sorrow fell upon the little household of which he was a member. Old Mrs. Wilson, after a very brief illness, died, and her loss was bitterly felt both by her own and her adopted son.

She died, as he had lived, in full assurance of faith, and the last words she spoke were a blessing and a prayer for her "two dear lads."

A year after his mother's death John Wilson married, and brought home his wife, a cheery, helpful little body, who treated Tim exactly as a brother; but Tim felt the time had now arrived for him to make an independent start in life. John Wilson and his wife were very reluctant to agree, but at last gave their consent, for it was evident Tim was no longer required in the business.

"I see the Argus is due in Sunderland next week," said Tim one evening, as he looked up from the paper containing shipping news which he was intently studying. "I wonder if Mr. Dodds is still chief officer?"

"Captain, most likely," answered John Wilson. "But, I say, Tim, what a queer chap you are! I believe there isn't a steamer in the world you think as much of as the Argus."

"And haven't I good cause to think well of her?" asked Tim, smiling. "Remember, it was aboard the Argus I first met you, such a wretched, miserable little kid as I was then, and look at me now—standing up and stretching his tall, well-developed figure to its full height. What do you say, John? shall I try next week if there's a vacancy?"

John only laughed, but Tim was in earnest.

And, strange to say, Tim did obtain the post of steward on board the Argus, with Captain Dodds, once chief officer, now for many years master of the vessel.

And, stranger still, little Johnnie, little no longer, but a tall stripling, invested with the dignity of a second mate's certificate, was going his first voyage as an officer under his father's command.

He could hardly believe it possible that Tim was the once ragged and destitute boy to whom he had given the precious shilling many, many years ago, and was both surprised and touched to find the coin had been so carefully treasured.

Thus Tim entered upon his new life with fair prospects of success; and though it proved in some respects both arduous and toilsome, never regretted the choice he had made. Amongst the sailors he was very popular, and in his own quaint, bright way seized every opportunity to drop a word in season. Tim did not forget he was pledged to the service of a greater Master and Captain than any earthly one, and in the midst of many temptations tried always to walk uprightly.

His sympathy for and desire to help poor, destitute children grew stronger as he advanced in life, and every voyage a large proportion of his earnings was set aside for that purpose.

His happy, genial disposition won for him many friends, and Tim loved and took pleasure in them all. But the great supreme love of his heart and life was given to the Lord Jesus Christ, that wonderful Friend whose hand had led him, step by step, out of poverty, wretchedness, and crime, into joy, and peace, and rest.

The End.

**THANK YOU.**

It is so easy to say, if you make it a habit; often difficult if you do not. Any slight favour or courtesy, even the seemingly smallest, may be appropriately acknowledged with a "Thank you." And why not say it to your younger brother or sister, to the "small boy" sometimes described as so "dreadful," and to the little sister who has served you. They perform for the older ones hundreds of unacknowledged courtesies. A small errand is to be made, you want a thimble,

or a spoon of thread from upstairs—a door is to be closed, a window to be opened, a glass of water to be brought, you daily want numberless undescribed little services performed for you. And what is more convenient than to summon the nimble feet or the quick little hands of the small boy or girl to execute your wish? And why should you not acknowledge the service done by a hearty "Thank you"? Besides being better for you who receive the favour, it will make it so much easier for the little ones to be polite. You are mortified when the younger brother or sister appears awkward or ill-bred. What have you done to help them to refined manners? Perhaps you have rebuked their blunders in the presence of company, and imagine that in so doing you have discharged your full duty. It may be a fact that they have only reflected your own ungracious example. The example of coarseness and bluntness is contagious, as well as that of politeness. Therefore, if you wish the little folks to be polite you must train them by the force of your own superior example rather than by numerous exhortations and occasional rebukes.

One more point. Do not say "Thanks." It is cutting politeness too short. Use the fuller form, "Thank you," or, "I thank you," and when circumstances make it proper, add "Sir" or "Madam," the latter often abbreviated to "Ma'am." We have often heard well-bred persons say "Thanks," but it is not in itself a proof of good breeding. Indeed, it is rather a mark that education in politeness is defective, and to persons of real refinement it is offensive. To some this may seem like a small and unimportant distinction, but remember that character is chiefly made up of small things, and also that when the proper habit is formed it is just as easy to use correct forms, both of speech and conduct, as it is to use the incorrect.

**HOW TO INTEREST JUNIORS.**

A wide-awake Junior League superintendent will find many things at her command which will help her to make impressions that will last. A few stones or sticks, a candle and a cardboard, all may be used to illustrate Bible stories with good effect. In giving a lesson I always use an object. One of the favourite lessons is the disciples of Christ. In this twelve cardboard men are cut out and painted to represent the disciples. A small pine block with grooves in which to stand the men is placed on the table, and the men are selected according to their names by the children, and placed in the block. This is a delight to the children, and stories connected with the men will always be remembered. Objects may be used carelessly and become an obstacle instead of a help, as desired. Tact and good judgment must be used. We must always bear in mind that the souls of these dear little ones must be saved and God has given us the great task to begin.

**On, Britons!**

BY S. W. MICHENER.

Liberty's call to war,  
Brave hearts have heard from far,  
O'er ocean's wave,  
Loud let our anthem ring,  
Let every true heart sing,  
Praise to our heroes bring,  
On! Britons brave!

God of our country dear,  
Thou, whom alone we fear,  
E'er be our guide,  
Still be the Queen's love  
Onward her ensigns move,  
Till peace, like thine above,  
Shall reign world wide,  
Pelea Island North.

**INDIAN CHILDREN'S ICE-SLEDS.**

Indian children cannot go to the store and buy their sleds, so they make them of blocks of ice. They cut from the river great slabs of ice, which they trim into proper shape, rounding them up in front, rubbing them off smoothly and making holes for the rope in the most ingenious way. They procure a hollow reed and, putting a little water into it, they blow through it upon the ice. The water rises and falls as the child blows or draws in his breath and gradually bores a hole through the slab. But the ice-sled would be cold and slippery. So water is poured upon it and a layer of grass, rubbed fine, pressed down and frozen into place, and the sled is ready. And tucking their little robes around them, away the children go, at a speed it would be hard to match by the sharp steel runners of our own boys and girls.—Plan Book.



## Only a Soldier True.

BY M. LOUIS SWART.

Only a soldier who  
Answered his country's call,—  
With loyal heart to do his part  
For his country—that was all

Only a mother who  
Stood where the transport lay,  
Breathing a prayer that God would care  
For her son when far away

Only a parting word  
A last wave of the hand,  
The shore-line pale the troop-ship  
Called  
For the far-off southern land

Only a soldier brave,  
Whose courage does not fail,—  
The danger grows, charging his foes,  
Facing the leaden hail

Only the Mauser's song—  
It spoke of death to him!—  
He faintly hears his comrades' cheers,  
As the soldier's eyes grow dim

Down on the Natal plain,  
A little rounded head—  
No cross, no stone, where unbeknown  
He sleeps his long, last sleep.

Only the long, long weeks  
Of waiting and suspense,  
Of hopes and fears, of sighs and tears,  
Of agony intense.

Only a woman who  
Over the death-list leans,  
With reeling brain, (O God the pain!)  
One of ten thousand scenes!  
Dorchester, Ont.

## LESSON NOTES.

## SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE LIFE OF JESUS.

## LESSON V.—APRIL 29.

JESUS AND JOHN THE BAPTIST.

Luke 7: 18-28. Memory verses, 22, 23.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

He hath done all things well.—Mark 7: 37.

## OUTLINE.

1. The Messiah Tested by His Works, v. 18-23.

2. The Greatest of Prophets and the Least in the Kingdom, v. 24-28.

Time.—Probably the early summer of A.D. 28.

Place.—Jesus in Galilee; John the Baptist in prison at Machaerus, near the Dead Sea.

## LESSON HELPS.

19. "Calling unto him"—He was at that time in prison on account of the hatred of Herod's wife. "He that should come"—The Jews in every age had expected a Messiah or Anointed One to appear as their king and deliverer, for whose coming they looked forward with great hope. "Look we for another"—The question was asked, perhaps, to obtain answer to John's own doubts, and also to encourage the faith of his disciples.

21. "Plagues"—Diseases. "He gave sight"—By these miracles he showed that he had divine power and was sent by God.

23. "Not be offended"—Who shall not fall into sin by misunderstanding and doubting Christ.

24. "A reed"—John's firm, strong character is contrasted with a trembling reed. When the wind of popular applause, on the one hand, blew fresh and fair, when the storm of Herod's rage, on the other hand, grew fierce and blustering, John was still the same, the same in all weathers.

25. "Raiment"—Clothing. "Apparelled"—Clad. A reference to John's manner of living (Matt. 3: 4).



DR. COKE.

27. "Prepare thy way"—John prepared the way for Christ by proclaiming repentance and leading the nation to righteous living.

28. "Not a greater"—John was the greatest of prophets, because what others foretold in the distance he proclaimed as at hand; and in true nobility of character he was surpassed by none. "Least in the kingdom"—Any believer in Christ, however low his station. "Greater than he"—In that disciples have all that John foresaw. Our privilege as Christians is greater than that of the prophets, since we know more of Christ than did David or Isaiah.

## HOME READINGS.

M. Jesus and John the Baptist.—Luke 7: 18-28.

Tu. Testimony of works.—John 10: 31-42.

W. Fourfold witness.—John 5: 30-39.

Th. Gabriel's message.—Luke 1: 13-22.

F. The forerunner.—John 3: 22-36.

S. A preacher of righteousness.—Matt. 21: 23-32.

Su. Prophecy fulfilled.—Matt. 11: 2-14.

## QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. The Messiah Tested by His Works, v. 18-23.

What John was this?

Where was he at this time?

What was his question?

Who is meant by "he that should come"?

How did people look forward to the coming of Christ?

What example may we find in their spirit?

To what event should we look forward in the same spirit? Acts 1: 11.

Did Jesus give a direct answer to John's question?

How did he answer in action?

What answer did he send in word?

What did these miracles prove?

Where had these miracles been foretold concerning Christ? Isa. 35: 4-6.

What did Jesus say about the poor?

How was this a proof that he was the expected One? Isa. 61: 1, 2.

What blessing did he pronounce?

How may we receive this blessing?

2. The Greatest of Prophets and the Least in the Kingdom, v. 24-28.

When did Jesus give this testimony?

What question did he ask?

With what did he contrast John's character?

For what did he praise John in verse 24?

To what did he refer in verse 25? Matt. 3: 4.

What did he say that John was?

How did John prepare the way for Christ?

Wherein was John the greatest of the prophets?

Whose privilege is higher than John's?

Wherein do we enjoy higher privileges?

How should we regard them?



HEALING THE AFFLICTED.

## PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Where in this lesson are we encouraged—

1. To tell our fears and troubles to Christ?

2. To find our faith strengthened by Christ?

3. To realize our privileges in Christ?

## Jonathan and John.

BY CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

Should Jonathan and John fall out  
The world would stagger from that bout;  
With John and Jonathan at one  
The world's great peace will have begun.

With Jonathan and John at war,  
The hour that havoc hungers for  
Will strike, in ruin of blood and tears,—  
The world set back a thousand years.

With John and Jonathan sworn to stand  
Shoulder to shoulder, hand by hand,  
Justice and peace shall build their throne  
From tropic sea to frozen zone.

When Jonathan and John forget  
The scar of an ancient wound to fret,  
And smile to think of an ancient feud  
Which the God of the nations turned to good.

When the bond of a common creed and  
speech  
And kindred binds them each to each,  
And each in the other's victories  
The pride of his own achievement sees,—

How paltry a thing they both will know,  
That grudge of a hundred years ago,—  
How small that blemish of wrath and  
blame

In the blazonry of their common fame!  
—The Century.

That is All.—"Who defrays the expenses of the Government of the so-called Filipino Republic?" asked Spatts. "There are none now," replied Bloombumper, "except Aguinaldo's running expenses."

"Did you say that boy of yours was ambitious?"

"Ambitious! Well, I should say! Why, that boy does nothing but sit around all day and think of the great things he's going to do."

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