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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XIX.]

TORONTO, JANUARY 7, 1899.

[No. 1.

Amateur Photography.

BY MARGARET SEYMOUR HALL.

We bought a camera, for we meant
To take the country round;
But when our work was ended up,
What do you think we found?
Why, this—on every single plate
Was baby's picture, sure as fate!

Whatever else we tried to do,
We ended so, somehow.
We had a lovely clover-field,
With Farmer Thompson's cow.
"Why take a stupid cow," said Kate,
"When Pet's so sweet to contemplate?"

A waterfall our next attempt,
We rose at break of day;
The horses both were harnessed up,
To bear us on our way;
But Baby shook her dimpled fist—
A thing we simply can't resist.

Well, now our films are gone at last,
To take the journey back,
And anxiously we look for them
Upon the homeward track.
Ye' folks will laugh to see, I fear,
Twelve dozen views of Baby dear!

ON BOARD A MAN-OF-WAR.

A man-of-war, now-a-days, is a sort of floating fort and great fighting machine combined. The giant ironclads with their stumpy masts, huge funnels and turrets are not nearly so picturesque as the old "Hearts of Oak," with their towering masts and immense spread of snowy canvas—one of the most beautiful sights in the world. On the new ships almost everything is made of iron or steel, hollow masts and yards, etc., and almost every kind of work is done by machinery, raising the anchors, moving the guns, steering the ship, reefing the sails, and the like. Our cut shows the view of the "forward" part of one of these floating forts. It is a winter view, as may be seen by the snow on houses on the shore. Very strict discipline is observed, and the sentries pace their rounds, day and night, as if in the tented field.

While Great Britain has fewer soldiers than any other of the great powers, she has a much more powerful navy. This seems to be a necessity on account of her many colonies and commercial interests in the remotest parts of the globe. It is, however, maintained at an immense cost, and we trust that under the influence of Christian civilization the disarmament of the great war powers may take place, which will lessen the necessity for the expenditure of such enormous sums on British forts and fleets by land and sea. We are reminded of Longfellow's fine poem on "The Arsenal at Springfield," and its prophecy of the reign of peace, part of which we quote:

This is the arsenal, From floor to ceiling,
Like a huge organ, rise the burnished arms;
But from their silent pipes no anthem pealing,
Startles the villagers with strange alarms.
Ah! what a sound will rise, how wild and dreary,
When the death angel touches those swift keys!
What loud lament and dismal miserere
Will mingle with their awful symphonies.

I hear even now the infinite fierce chorus,
The cries of agony, the endless groan,
Which through the ages that have gone
before us,
In long reverberations reach their own.

Is it O man with such discordant noises,
With such accursed instruments as these,
Thou drownest nature's sweet and kindly voices,
And jarrest the celestial harmonies?

Were half the power that fills the earth
with terror,
Were half the wealth bestowed on
camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from
error,
There were no need for arsenals nor
forts;

The warrior's name would be a name
abhorred!
And every nation, that should lift
again
Its hand against a brother, on its fore-
head
Would wear for evermore the curse of
Cain!

Down the dark future, through long
generations,
The echoing sounds grow fainter and
then cease;

vesting is carefully but brilliantly described by Lieut.-Col. Knollys. Fifteen hundred white men at £1 a day, and 12,000 natives at five shillings for twelve hours' labour, find constant employment at the diamond mines. They work in the diamondiferous region, which is enclosed and screened by means of high barbed-wire fencing and lofty corrugated-iron hoarding, as skillfully guarded as one of the Vauban's fortresses, and is further safe-guarded externally at night by numerous armed patrols, and by powerful electric lights casting a glare on every spot otherwise favourable to intending marauders.

At the bottom of a long incline nearly 800 feet below the surface of the earth the mine runs through the very heart of the diamond-bearing stratum. The mine is sloppy and dirty, and every now and then a deafening roar announces that dynamite blasting is going on in a neighbouring chamber.

"Almost the only fatal accident of magnitude recorded in the annals of these mines occurred eleven years ago, when some timber caught fire and over three hundred imprisoned natives were choked to death. The ruling passion for gain then proved strong up to the last, many bodies were found in attitudes which showed that their dying gasps had been expended in efforts to plunder their comrades of the little

precautions taken to prevent natives removing the diamonds are most elaborate.

THE PRISONERS IN THEIR COMPOUND.

Lieut.-Col. Knollys' account of the native compound, covering an area of one acre and a half, surrounded by a corrugated iron wall ten feet high and guarded by warders, bolts, and bars like a prison, is very interesting. Beer, spirits, and alcohol in any form are rigidly excluded. Gambling goes on without check, but there is not the slightest difficulty experienced in maintaining order. A certain number of tribal princelets, who receive wages, but never do a stroke of work, contribute materially to maintaining the peace. The different tribes have different quarters assigned to them. Each native binds himself to remain a prisoner for three months at least, and during that period they are not allowed to quit the enclosure on any pretext whatever. They seem to be very happy, and have adopted a fashion of smoking their cigars with the lighted ends in their mouths, a method which is said to be warm, comforting, delicious, and far superior to the usual mode.

THE "GOLIATH" BOYS.

Listen while I tell you a story of some heroic boys in our day. Five hundred boys from different workhouses in London were put to school to be trained as sailors on board the training-ship Goliath. This great ship suddenly caught fire about eight o'clock one winter morning. It was hardly daylight. In three minutes the ship was on fire from one end to the other, and the fire bell rang to call the boys each to his post. What did they do? Did they cry, or scream, or fly about in confusion? No; each ran to his proper place. The boys had been trained to do it, and no one forgot himself, none lost his presence of mind, but all behaved like men. Then, when it was found impossible to save the ship, those who could swim (at the command of the captain) jumped into the water and swam for their lives. Some, at the captain's command, got into a boat, and when the sheets of flame and clouds of smoke came out of the ship at them, the smaller

boys for a moment were frightened and wanted to push away. But there was one among them, the little mate, his name was William Bolton (a quiet boy, loved by his comrades), who had the sense and courage to say: "No; we must stay and help those who are still in the ship." He kept the barge alongside the Goliath as long as possible, and was thus the means of saving more than one hundred lives. And there were others that were still in the ship while the flames went on spreading, and they were standing by the captain who had been so kind to them all, and whom they all loved so much. In that dreadful moment they thought more of him than of themselves; and one threw his arms around his neck, and said, "You'll be burnt, captain," and another said, "Save yourself, captain!" But the captain said, "No, boys! that is not the way at sea." He meant that the way at sea is to prepare for danger beforehand, to meet it manfully when it comes, and to look at the safety not of oneself only, but of others. The captain had not only learned that good way himself, but had known how to teach it to the boys.



ON GUARD ABOARD A MAN-OF-WAR.

And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,
I hear once more the voice of Christ say, "Peace!"

Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals
'The blast of war's great organ shakes the skies!
But beautiful as song of the Immortals,
The holy melodies of love arise.

DIAMOND DIGGING IN SOUTH AFRICA.

A bright and most interesting account of diamond digging in South Africa is given by Lieut.-Col. Knollys, in Blackwood's Magazine. A more vivid picture of that extraordinary treasure-trove, the possession of which enabled the De Beers Company in 1887 to produce over £4,000,000 sterling worth of diamonds from four mines of a total area of one hundred and eleven and a half acres, has never been written. Such a crop was never before harvested from so small an area. The whole process of the har-

leather purses which most of them wear suspended round their waist."

Lieut.-Col. Knollys found members of well-known English country families working as day labourers, and there is a tradition in the mines of a tallyman who employed the interval between counting trucks by reading an elaborate treatise on conic sections. The blue diamondiferous earth is sent up to the top in trucks each of which holds 1,600 pounds, from which in due course of time one and a half carat weight of diamonds will be extracted. The diamondiferous earth is distributed over the open country to the depth of two and a half feet, where in six months the weather disintegrates the earth with the assistance of constant harrowing and watering. Then the disintegrated soil is taken to the washing machine and the smallest diamonds are extracted with the most absolute certainty by an ingenious machine which Lieut.-Col. Knollys describes as clearly as he knows how. Ten pounds' worth of diamonds are said to be stolen, chiefly by the white labourers, for every £100 worth discovered. Every visitor is watched carefully and constantly. The

When the Angels Came to Town.

BY REV. ALFRED J. HOGGIN

People tell the story yet With the gust of a breeze One day Along the streets...

It has been and will be so Angels come and angels go Opportunity and light...

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Pleasant Hours:

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

TORONTO, JANUARY 7, 1899.

"A METHODIST SOLDIER."

We begin in this number a story of great interest, which we are sure our young readers will devour with avidity. We print this story not merely for its striking adventures...

The events of this story take place during what may be called the Napoleon era of Europe. The Little Corporal of Corsica, who became the despot of Europe, was one of the greatest enemies of mankind who lives in the page of history...

THE SLAVE-BRAND

BY REV. SAMUEL GREGORY.

"Marks of the Lord Jesus"—Gal. 6: 17. If you had been in Rome in the days of St. Paul you would have seen Roman citizens and Roman ladies carrying them-

selfes very proudly. And you would have seen besides a large number of people who were slaves.

Some of the slaves had blue eyes and flaxen hair—these had been brought from Britain or Germany. Others had dark eyes, and came from France or Spain.

Some were brown-skinned, from Asia Minor or other Eastern countries. These slaves served in Roman villas, or worked as gardeners, or carried burdens. Some were secretaries to Roman gentlemen.

As you passed them in the streets you would not see that many of those slaves had marks on their bodies, a hole in one ear, or a mark on the bare arm. In some cases the mark was a scar on the forehead, in the shape of a letter of the alphabet.

ST. PAUL'S MARKS.

When St. Paul saw these marks he said to himself, "Yes, and I am not my own master. I belong to Jesus. I have to serve him always, and I am not my own. I am bought with a price."

For once Jesus met him where he was on his way to Damascus, but St. Paul resisted, and became violent like an ox that refuses to drag the plough. He yielded at last, and cried, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"

ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI.

But now notice how people have mistaken St. Paul. They have said: "Jesus had marks—one on each hand, one on each foot, one in his side—these were the marks of the cross." And St. Paul had just the same marks as if he had been crucified with Jesus!

Francis was the son of a rich man. One day in church he carried a Scripture lesson read aloud. It was the chapter which tells how Jesus wanted the rich young ruler to give up the world and be a Christian.

Francis became one of the sweetest, kindest, happiest men ever known. There is a pretty but curious picture of him, which you have all seen. St. Francis is standing under the blue sky. All sorts of pretty birds are on the ground at his feet, or on branches of trees, looking at the good man. It is said that Francis preached to the birds. But what is really meant is, that Francis was kind to the birds, and the birds knew that. Birds know that very well in any case. They know little of who could go and stroke a robin sitting on its nest, or feed it without scaring the bird.

THE LOVE-MARK.

One mark of Jesus then is love. We call him the loving Saviour. All our hymns of Jesus are full about his love. "Greater love hath no man than that he laid down his life for his friends." A friend was telling me about a vessel that was sinking at sea, on which he was a passenger. All the people put on

life-belts, and while they were waiting, expected the vessel to go under.

Then, all sorts of kind thoughtfulness was shown by one to the other. One who had an overcoat gave it to one who was only half dressed, to keep him warm. Others spoke encouragingly to the more timid passengers.

We borrow the great word which describes our Lord's own act of love, and try to imitate that. "Love is of God." Love is one of the marks of the Lord Jesus.

THE TRUTH-MARK.

Truth is another mark of Jesus. He was like clear glass. No one could doubt his word. No guile was found in his heart.

There are some people who have not much sense of truth. After such people have said anything you do not feel sure of them. You wonder whether or not it is really as they have said. Such people go about with a "doubtful suspicion." Others are reliable. It is one of the things said of the great Duke of Wellington, that he could not tell a lie.

What mark is it? Well, on his shoulders were cuts made by heathen galleys, who had "beaten him with rods." On his wrist were scars where he had worn irons in prison. Stones had been thrown at him, and some of these left a mark where they struck. He had scratches made by wild beasts. In shipwrecks, and among robbers on wild mountain roads, and in foreign cities, St. Paul had gone through a thousand adventures, and all the rest of his life he carried a scar on his crucifix, like the scars on a soldier after many battles.

When Dr. Livingstone went about in Africa, it was not his wife's face for I fancy that it grew very dark after under that hot African sun—it was not his dress that marked him. The marks that made the people trust him, and love him, were his "marks of Jesus."

But there are many other "marks of Jesus," marks of character which show to whom we belong. In our old letters St. Paul calls these marks "fruit of the Spirit." Goodness of all sorts grows in us like fruit on a tree, if we have Christ's own spirit. St. Paul called consistent "living letters"—"live letters in transparent envelopes"—and anybody can see on them signs and marks of Jesus.

What St. Paul meant then by saying that he bore "marks of the Lord Jesus," was that he belonged to Jesus in his time, his talents, all his life were for the sake of serving his Saviour, and doing all the good he was able to do. "Henceforth," he said, "let no man trouble me." He could not be tempted or persuaded, or turned out of the way: that he believed to be right, and it was the glory of his life, not that he was a Roman citizen though he was proud of that in a way, but that he was a true letter.

There will be no climbing the hill of the Lord without effort, nor going to glory without the violence of faith. It is here that the secret of the hill, as Bunyan described it—a staircase, every step of which will have to be fought for.—Spurgeon.

Pop-Corn.

BY J. MERVIN HULL.

The North-Wind roars upon the hill; The deep drift hides the window-sill. The frosty nail starts from the beam, The Pop-star darts a silencing gleam; The humming stove is chery red; The apples' splay odours spread— As rosy eaks precede the morn, These truthful signs foretell pop-corn.

Take down the lantern from its nail, Bring out the newest, brightest pall, Trip up the attic's dusty stair, And fill the pall with rice-corn there. Make every rattling door-latch fast, Against the whistling, wrestling blast. Be sure the fire is burning well, And then sit down the corn to shell; And as it rattles in the pan, Find morter milder if you can.

Now take the popper from the wall, And in it let the kernels fall; Then on the ruddy stove, with skill, Just keep it rattling, never still; And as it swishes to and fro, Delightful visions come and go.

It is the breezy breath of spring, When bees awake and robins sing; The weary Anemone, And stirs the leaves on every tree.

It is the dashing of the fall, Deep-hidden under maple leaf; A noisy party round the corn, And melody of birds is there.

It is the rustling of the leaves, When lovely Minnelaha weaves A mystic pattern round the corn, Before the coming of the corn.

Snap! Snap!

In the depth of the popper the game has begun, And the fat little brownies are bursting with fun;

Fairly splitting their sides with a shriek of delight,

In their great transformation from yellow to white,

They are popping and hopping; in feats acrobatic;

They are rending and blending in whirls aromatic;

See them flying and trying in vain to be proper!

Near them splitting and hitting the top of the popper!

Not a moment's respite of musical din— Till the last of the brownies a word has put in—

Only one little fade in a corner has stayed,

With a firm resolution to be an "old maid."

The snowy mound is growing fast,— But, hark! what sound comes on the blast!

A smothered sound of laughter low,— The frothy creak of trodden snow,— The door flies open, and, pell-mell, Come trooping John and Rosy Nell,

Then Mary, Cleopatra, Lizzy, Ned, Trim, little Jane with six-foot Fred; The friend of school and youthful days With greetings true and merry lays,

With lips that laugh the frost to scorn, Have come to keep the Feast of Corn.

A QUEEN'S WHITE DOVES.

One of the prettiest features of the installation of Wilhelmina as Queen of the Netherlands was the releasing of 6,000 carrier pigeons to bear to every part of the Low Countries the message of joy to the Dutch people. Lizzy, her beloved young queen, had really come into her own—had taken her oath of reality to them and received through their representative their own pledge of loyalty and devotion. In quaint little towns, where windmills turn and where lax-looking sail-boats drifted up and down canals, Dutch peasants watched for the white-winged messenger, whose coming would announce the enthronement of the young girl Holland loves.

In her childhood she was allowed a rare privilege for royal children—to play with other children in the streets. Once, when she was about ten years old, she was enjoying a slight ride with her mother, the Queen Regent, and came upon a large group of children, playing snow-ball. Wilhelmina asked permission to join in the sport, and the royal sleigh stopped still for half an hour, while the future Victoria of the Netherlands was boisterously hitting and being hit by nobody knows who. Her teachers were charged by her mother to treat her as they would any other school-girl. The mother-in-law of the young queen, Wilhelmina, just what she is, a sweet, wholesome, healthy, well-educated Dutch woman.

The Town of Nogood.

My friend, have you heard of the town of Nogood,

On the banks of the river Slow,
Where blooms the Waltawhile flower fair,
Where the Sometimorother scents the air

And the soft Goeasys grow ?

It lies in the valley of Whatathouse.
In the province of Leterslide,
That Tired feeling is native there,
It's the home of the reckless Idontcare,
Where the Giveltups abide.

It stands at the bottom of Lazyhill,
And is easy to reach, I declare,
You've only to fold your hands and glide
Down the slope of Weakwill's toboggan's
slide.

To be landed quickly there.

The town is as old as the human race;
And it grows with the flight of years,
It is wrapped in the fog of idlers' dreams,
Its streets are paved with discarded
schemes,
And sprinkled with useless tears.

The Colledgebred fool and the Richman's
he'r

Are plentiful there, no doubt,
The rest of us crowd are a motley crew,
With every class except one in view—
The Foolkiller is barred out.

The town of Nogood is all hedged about
By the mountains of Despair,
No sentinel stands on its gloomy walls,
No trumpet to batt'e and triumph calls,
For cowards alone are there.

My friend, from the dead-alive town
Nogood,

If you would keep far away,
Just follow your duty through good and
ill,

Take this for your motto, "I can, I will,"
And live up to it each day.

A Methodist Soldier

BY

ALLAN-A-DALE.

CHAPTER I.

MY GRANDFATHER'S STORY.

I was born, said my grandfather, in the year 1790, in the days when George III. was king. My father was a farm-labourer, a man of old Puritan type, simple in his manners and limited in his purse and everything else, except his honesty and thorough-going belief in the Methodist faith as the best road to a better world.

How he became a Methodist I never learned. He was a silent man about his own religious experience, and professed to nothing he did not illustrate in a daily life of exceptional uprightness and self-denial. It is probable that he heard the Methodist doctrine first from some travelling preacher, for I do not think that he himself ever went twenty miles from the Hampshire village in which I was born. That he was the first Methodist in the village I think must also be taken for granted. It was he who took the bold step of inviting a Methodist preacher to visit the village as often as he could, and offered him the use of the living room in my mother's cottage as a preaching place. This offer was gladly accepted, and my earliest recollections are of the little company that used to gather every other Sunday in the cottage to meet the minister. Methodism met with little opposition in the village, for, truth to say, it was a most godless place, and its official spiritual head was an old vicar whose infirmities were such that he rarely appeared more than once in a week at the old Norman church; and sometimes winter weeks went by without any service at all.

To my mother belonged the cottage in which we lived and the bit of ground attached. She was the daughter of a small farmer, who like my own grandfather belonged to a class which almost disappeared in the closing years of the last century when the great landlords began to enclose the open spaces. Out of my father's small earnings and the produce of the bit of land they managed with rare economy to raise a large family and offer hospitality to the travelling preacher.

My early life was quiet and uneventful. Of schooling I had little, and that chiefly in the winter. Our schoolmaster was the old parish clerk, who, for a small consideration, usually paid in kind by the farmers and in services by the labourers, taught a few of the children of the village the rudiments of spelling and writing. Some even who had extra wit or time he instructed in Latin and figures.

It was at this school, when I was scarce ten years old, that I first met two persons who afterwards had considerable influence on my life. The one was Michael Erling, a boy of my own age, and the other Joe Harter.

This Joe Harter was a lusty ne'er-do-weel, who, vagabond that he was, caring nothing for body or soul, had fought well in the great wars in India, and had returned to his native village with less body but a great deal more rascality than he ever took out of it. He was of a type that I afterwards found only too common in the British army of that day—a veritable tiger in the fight and a still worse tiger out of it. Time and again, as he used to boast, he had been strung up to the triangle and lashed until the officer gave the order to stop lest the army should lose too useful a soldier. The scars of these infamous lashings he would show as proudly as the bullet furrow in his scalp or the wooden leg which he earned along with his pension and a solid amount of prize-money as one of the forlorn hope of Seringapatam. Each lashing was to him the memory of a drunken spree or outrageous action. In the recollection of which he gloried rather than shamed, as he drank his pension away on the bench outside the village ale-house.

Now, Joe, more's the pity, was the son of our poor old parish clerk and schoolmaster, and when I first went to the

became known as one of the most successful of the new farmers who in every part of England were at that time introducing new methods and ideas into English farming.

Erling had two children, Michael, about my own age, and his little sister Ellen, some years younger. The little girl was all sweetness and good looks, very dutiful and obedient to the maid Mary, who brought her up after her mother's death; her brother Michael, though sharing her good looks, was always of a mischievous and cruel disposition, lacking all honour, and even, as a small boy, eager to do anything which he knew to be forbidden or wrong.

In Michael Erling, Joe Harter found a pupil only too ready and willing to be instructed. He first met the boy when he visited the house-place of the big farm-house, where, in return for mugs of home-brew, he retailed wild stories of adventure under the flag in India.

At first the Squire used to tolerate these visits, but after a time, seeing the character of the man, forbade him the house. He did it, I think, at the request of the Mrs. Mary, who was a good girl and careful of her charge, and who, before she had been long in the village, under my mother's instruction, became a very consistent Methodist. But Mary, though she managed her own charge well, had no control over the boy, who, finding out why Joe Harter had been for-

being fond of the little one, could scarcely bear to let her out of her sight. My father was also very fond of the child, and used to declare that her childish voice, joining in the hymns we sang at the fortnightly preaching, was the sweetest music he ever heard.

It is related that the old vicar, aroused by the visit of a fellow cleric of more ardent temperament, once ventured to warn the Squire of the danger of allowing his little girl to consort with villagers and dissenters. And Erling in turn spoke sharply to the maid about it.

Happening, however, to pass our cottage the very next Sabbath evening, and hearing the sound of singing, Erling stepped to the open door and looked in. Whereupon his little daughter, who was then but a tiny mite, standing on a chair close to the door, laid hold of his arm and drew him to her side.

Smiling, he counted to stay, and actually waited until the hymn was finished; but then as the little one hid her face in her hands, while the rest knelt in prayer, he stole shamefacedly away.

Although he came not, Erling never again rebuked the maid for taking the child to the cottage. On the contrary, he took early occasion to commend her for the good care she bestowed upon her charge.

(To be continued.)



JOE HARTER AND HIS PUPIL.

school, he frequently found his way thither, having but recently returned from the wars. When sober I think perhaps he had a bit of kindly feeling for his old father, and tried to show it by doing odd jobs for him, for he was a handy man in his way, and being deprived of the use of one leg used his fingers the more.

One of Joe Harter's most evil instincts was a desire to train others in his own peculiar wickedness. He was, I take it, one of the most blasphemous men I ever met. If he could get hold of one of the village boys and teach him some of the strange oaths used by our army in India he was merry for a day afterwards, and many was the time he tried to persuade "the Methody kid," as he called me, to repeat after him some of his favourite expressions. I was only a child then, but my father, hearing from my mother of it, sought for the one-legged scoundrel and promised him a terrible beating with his own wooden leg if he caught him at such tricks again.

But there were others who were not so fortunate as I, and chief amongst them was Michael Erling.

The boy's father—the Squire as he used to be called, though he was only a farmer renting his land like others in the neighbourhood—came to the village about the year 1800, not long after Joe Harter's appearance in it. He arrived with the avowed intention of sheep-farming on a large scale, and he carried out all he promised. He took the big farm-house near the schoolhouse with all the land that went with it, and more; and soon

bidden the house, followed him the more. Erling himself was, unhappily, too much concerned with the affairs of his large farm, and the experiments he continued to carry on for the improvement of his sheep, to care what became of the children, though he could not fail to notice, as time went by, the habits of idleness and the mean evasions by which Michael sought to escape the consequences of the trouble into which he frequently fell. He tried vigorous whipping, as the custom was in those days, but the fear of the whipping only drove Michael to deeper evasions and more deliberate lying.

I have said that my schooling was chiefly in the winter. The reason was that, as soon as I was old enough to follow my father into the field, my services became worth a few pence a day, and my time as fully occupied as that of a full-grown man. It was not labour that was either very heavy or very distasteful to me, and whether I was frightening birds from the standing corn, or gleaming after the harvest, or later, when I came to be employed as a shepherd by Erling, I was always of a merry heart and cheerful disposition. Obeying my mother's wishes and my father's stern injunction, I kept as clear of Joe Harter as I conveniently could, and as Michael Erling was often in his company, saw but little of a boy who might have been something of a close companion to me otherwise.

His little sister Ellen, on the other hand, often came to my mother's cottage, brought there by the girl Mary, who,

"O THAT I HAD THE WINGS OF A DOVE."

In one of our local churches, last Sunday, "Oh, that I had wings like a dove," was sung by the soprano, and "Oh, that I had wings," sang the contralto, and even the tenor and bass joined in the "ongling for "wings like a dove." The music was finely rendered, but while listening to it, and afterwards to the words of the pastor, as he prayed that he might be "borne on the pinions of faith,"—the writer could not help thinking, irreverently perhaps, but relevantly nevertheless, of the countless variety of birds' wings and feathers worn by members of that congregation that morning in church. And not only are wings and feathers used, but even birds themselves.

Poor birds! They look as if they would like to "fly away and be at rest!" Celia Thaxter, with her intense love for birds, wrote, "God gave us these exquisite creatures for delight and solace and we suffer them to be slain by thousands for our adornment. A bit of ribbon, or a bunch of flowers, or any of the endless variety of materials used by the milliner, would answer every purpose of decoration, without involving the sacrifice of bright and beautiful lives."—Westfield Times and News Letter.

When Mother Sits Down by the Fire.

BY MARTHA BURR BANKS.

Oh, the five-o'clock chime brings the cozlest time

That is found in the whole of the day
When Larry and Gus, and the others of us,

Come in from our study or play.

When we push the big chair to the hearth over there,

And pile the wood higher and higher,
And we make her a space in the very best place—

And mother sits down by the fire.

There's a great deal to say at the close of the day,

And so much to talk over with mother,
There's a comical sight, or a horrible plight,

Or a ball game, or something or other.

And she'll laugh with Larry and sigh with Harry,

And smile to our heart's desire,
At a triumph won or a task well done—
When sitting down there by the fire.

Then little she'll care for the clothes that we tear,

Or the havoc we make on her larder;
For the toil and the strife of our every-day life

She will love us a little bit harder

Then our lady is she, and her knights we would be,

And her trust doughty deeds will inspire;
For we long then anew to be generous and true—

When mother sits down by the fire.

The prayer-meeting killer is often the one who goes away bragging to himself that he saved the meeting.

The devil's sandals are so constructed that those who wear them can only walk down hill.

The Christ-Cradle.

THE OLD SAXON NAME FOR MINCE-PIE.

"Twas the time of the old Crusaders;
And back with his broken band,
The lord of a Saxon castle,
Had come from the Holy Land

He was tired of war and sieges,
And it sickened his soul to roam
So far from his wife and children,
So long from his English home.

And yet with a noble courage,
He loved for the Faith to fight;
For he carried upon his shoulder
The sign of the Red-Cross Knight

It was Christmas Eve in the castle;
The yule-log burnt in the hall;
And helmet and shield and banner,
Threw shadows upon the wall

And the baron was telling stories
To the little ones at his knees,
Of some of the holy places
He had visited over seas.

Then he spake of the watching shepherds
Who saw such marvellous sights,
And the song that the angels chanted
The first of the Christmas nights.

He told of the star whose shining,
Outsparkled the brightest gem;
He told of the magic cradle
They showed him at Bethlehem.

And the eyes of the children glistened
To think that a rack sufficed,
With only the straw for blankets,
To cradle the Baby Christ.

"Nay, dry up your tears, my darlings!"
Right gaily the baron cried;
"For nothing but smiles must greet me—
I'm home! and it's Christmas-tide!"

"Come, wife! I have thought of a cradle,
Another than this, I say,
Which thou in thy skill shalt make me,
To honour this Christmas Day.

We would not forget the manger,
So choose of thy platters fair,
The one that is largest, deepest,
And cover it in thy care—

With flakes of the richest pastry,
Wrought cunningly by thy hands,
That thus it may bring before us,
The wrap of the swaddling-bands.

"And out of thy well-stored larder,
Set forth of thy very best,
Is ought that we have too precious
To honour this Christmas guest?"

"Let raisins and figs of Smyrna,
That draw to the East our thought,
Let spices that call the Magi,
With their gifts, to mind, be brought.

"Let sweets that suggest frankincense,
Let fruits from the Southern sea,
Be given ungrudged; remember,
His choicest he gave for thee!"

Then over the piled-up platter,
A cover of pastry draw,
With a star in the midst, to remind us
Of that which the wise men saw

And ever, sweet wife, I pray,
With such thou wilt make us merry,
At dinner each Christmas Day."

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL BY JOHN.

**LESSON III.—JANUARY 15.
CHRIST'S FIRST MIRACLE.**

John 2, 1-11. Memory verse, 11.

GOLDEN TEXT.

And his disciples believed on him.—
John 2, 11.

OUTLINE.

1. The Marriage in Cana, v. 1-2
2. The Mother of Jesus, v. 3-5
3. The First Miracle, v. 6-10
4. The Manifested Glory, v. 11

Time.—The spring of A.D. 27. Four days after the last lesson, and probably on a Wednesday.

Place.—Cana of Galilee.

HOME READINGS.

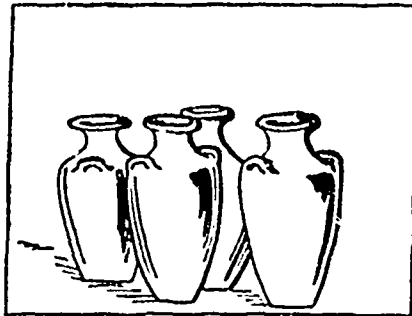
- M. Christ's first miracle.—John 2, 1-11.
- Tu. Customs of purifying.—Mark 7, 1-9.
- W. Miracles, proofs of authority.—Luke 7, 16-23.
- Th. Evidence of divinity.—John 10, 31-42.
- F. Good company.—Luke 24, 13-18, 25-27.

8 A visitor.—Rev. 3, 14-22.
51. Do ye now believe?—John 16, 25-33.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. The Marriage in Cana, v. 1, 2.
At what time did this marriage occur?
From what time is "the third day" reckoned?
What guests are named as being invited?
Give the names of these disciples.
J—, A—, P—, P—, N—, J—.
2. The Mother of Jesus, v. 3-5.
What lack arose at the feast?
What did Mary say to her Son?
What was his reply?
Was it disrespectful for him to call her "woman"?
What did he mean by "mine hour"?
What did Mary say to the servants?
3. The First Miracle, v. 6-10
What vessels were near at hand?
Why were such vessels needed?
Mark 7, 3.
What command did Jesus give about the vessels?
What did he direct the servants to do?
Who first tasted the wine?
What was the custom at feasts?
How did this occasion differ?
4. Manifested Glory, v. 11.
What does John say of the "glory" of Jesus? John 1, 14.
What was the effect of this miracle on the belief of the disciples? Golden Text.

learn the more we will trust Jesus. So we come back to our golden word, "Be-



lieve." Take Jesus at his word. He can change bitter things into something sweet and good for us. Here is Mary on a little white cot in a hospital. She has been hurt and will never walk again. Oh, how hard and sad, and the pain is so bad. But Jesus stands beside her. If she had not been hurt, she might have forgotten him, but she won't now. He gives patience in the pain, and teaches her sweet lessons she would never have known any other way. She lives to help others love Jesus. The pain is changed to blessing. Isn't this better than water turned to wine? Nothing is too hard for Jesus. He is with us everywhere and always, to make everything turn to good if we trust and obey.



THE ECLIPSE.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

- Where in this lesson are we taught
1. Whom to invite to share our joys?
 2. To whom to tell our wants?
 3. Whose manifested glory calls for our faith?

THE WATER POTS.

Here are the waterpots. Jesus says, "Fill them with water." The servants fill them to the brim. Jesus bids them take to the head man of the feast. How surprised he is at its goodness. He doesn't know where it comes from, but the servants who drew all the water for the jars, they know. Do we not want to be Jesus' servants, always near to him, doing as he says, and seeing his wonderful power?

How pleased the guests were! How they praise the wine! And it was nothing but water till Jesus changed it. None but he could do such a thing; so this is a miracle. Now his disciples, who knew before something of Jesus, know more and believe as never before since they knew him. The more we

Fasten in your hearts the golden word "Believe."

THE ECLIPSE.

There is to be an eclipse of the sun on January 11, but it will not be visible in Canada. Artist Brown's pictures of boys are simply inimitable.

The boys in our cut are looking at the sun through a piece of smoked glass. It was reported that there would be an eclipse of the sun, so they found a piece of broken glass and held it over a lighted candle that the surface of it might be coated with smoke in order that they might look at the bright sun without injuring their eyes.

An eclipse of the sun is caused by the moon coming between it and the earth. Sometimes it becomes so dark that persons can hardly see. The next time there is an eclipse of the sun don't fail to look at it though a piece of smoked glass. You will then see a dark object moving gradually upon the sun until that luminary is almost totally hidden. It will be worth seeing. Examine the

almanac, which will tell you when the next eclipse occurs, have your glass ready and you will see something you will never forget.

**Polly's Year.
JANUARY 1st.**

Come, sit in my lap, and let me hear,
Polly, my dear, Polly, my dear,
What do you mean to do this year?

I mean to be good the whole year long,
And never do anything careless or wrong.
I mean to learn all my lessons right,
And do all my sums if I sit up all night.
I mean to keep all my frocks so clean,
Nurse will never say I'm "not fit to be seen."

I don't mean to break even one of my toys,
And I never, oh! never, will make any noise.

In short, Uncle Ned, as you'll very soon see,
The best little girl in the world I shall be!

DECEMBER 31st.

Come, sit in my lap, and let me hear,
Polly, my dear, Polly, my dear,
What have you done in the course of the year.

Oh dear, Uncle Ned, oh dear, and oh dear!

I fear it has not been a very good year,
For somehow my sums would come out wrong.

And somehow my frocks wouldn't stay clean long,
And somehow I've often been dreadfully cross,

And somehow I broke my new rocking horse,
And somehow nurse says I have made such a noise

I might just as well have been one of the boys.

In short, Uncle Ned, I very much fear
You must wait for my goodness another year.

The soul on earth is an immortal guest,
Compelled to starve at an unreal feast,
A spark that upward tends by nature's force;
A stream diverted from its parent source
A drop dissevered from the boundless sea;
A moment parted from eternity,
A pilgrim panting for a rest to come,
An exile anxious for his native home.

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