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Morning Hymn

Now when the dusky night
retreating
Before the sun's red banner swiftly
flees,
Now when the terrors of the dark are
fleeting
O Lord we lift our thankful hearts to
Thee
Look from the tower of heaven and send
to cheer us
Thy light and truth to guide us on-
ward still,
Oh let thy mercy as of old, be near us,
And lead us safely to thy holy hill
When that morn of endless light is
winking
And shades of evil from its splendours
flees,
Safe may we rise the earth's dark breast
for aking,
Through all the long bright day to
dwell with thee

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, JANUARY 13, 1900.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

BY EVALENA I. FRYER.

It is the most renowned church in England, for in it her sovereigns have been crowned, and many of them buried, from the days of Harold to Victoria. In point of architecture it surpasses in beauty any other building in England, while its early history and the legend connected with its foundation lend it additional interest.

In past ages there was on the banks of the Thames River, near London, a jungle so overrun with thorns that it gained the name Thorny Island. Upon this spot, Sebert, king of the Saxons, began to build a temple in the early part of the seventh century.

The Bishop of London highly approved of this plan of Sebert's, promising to come and dedicate it when it was finished. The king was flattered by the promise, the workmen did their best, and at last the building was completed, and the ceremony of consecration by the bishop was eagerly looked forward to. Before the time arrived, however, one stormy night when the winds howled, the rain fell in sheets, and the river flowed in a mighty torrent, there appeared before a poor fisherman by the river-side a stranger of most majestic figure, and said:

"Take thy boat and row me across the river."

Reluctantly, and for the sake of reward, the man obeyed. As they landed on the opposite shore the sweetest and most angelic music issued from the church, while light blazed from every window, by which were seen angels passing to and fro. Trembling, the fisherman fell to his knees, while the stranger advanced to the church, bidding him wait his return.

Presently the lights went out, the stranger returned, and bade the man row him across the river again. When they landed the strange passenger calmed the frightened man with these words:

"I am Peter. My mission was to dedicate yonder church in my own name. In payment for your work this night

cast your net in the waters; the draught will be miraculous. When day breaks take the largest fish to the bishop and tell him what thou hast seen. Hereafter, let one-tenth of all fish caught here be given to the church, and no fisherman shall ever want."

The fisherman did as he was bidden, and the next morning the bishop hurried to the church—so runs the legend—and saw the marks of the chrism and the extinguished tapers, and believing that the building had indeed been dedicated by St. Peter himself, he refused to rededicate it.

We may put but little faith in this quaint tradition of the first dedication of the edifice, but it is an historical fact that the proceeds of one-tenth of all the fish caught within certain limits of the Thames were devoted to Westminster Abbey.

It was from this early building that there arose the splendid pile now known as Westminster Abbey, succeeding kings having built and added to it during many centuries—Edward the Confessor being impelled to erect his portion of the work by a dream, in which he said he saw St. Peter, who told him to build on Thorny Island a monastery, which should be the gate of heaven and the ladder of prayer. This same sovereign was buried immediately behind the high altar in soil brought from the Holy Land for that purpose. His is the most honoured place of sepulture, and well he deserved it, for he spent one-tenth of the national income upon the Abbey during fifteen years.

Through century after century England has buried her great dead within these splendid walls, and here lie kings, statesmen, bishops, soldiers, poets, artists, philanthropists, musicians.

In the Poet's Corner are statues to Shakespeare, Jonson, Spenser, Chaucer, Goldsmith, Browning, Tennyson, and other great poets. Here is a marble bust of Longfellow, bearing the inscription: "Erected by English Admirers of an American Poet."

At the eastern extremity of the building is Innocents' Corner, since only children lie buried there. Among them are the two brothers, Edward V. and Richard, Duke of York, who were murdered in the Tower by order of their uncle.

To mention even the names of the illustrious persons who have found burial in this stately building would be impossible, for here sleeps the mightiest dust of the English race. In one also the coffin of Elizabeth rests on the coffin of Mary—the executioner and the executed sleeping together. William Pitt lies not far from Fox, his great rival. On Lord Shaftesbury's tomb are the two words: "Love, Serve." Surely a beautifully simple epitaph of a noble and unselfish life.

The fine building is a fit setting for all the wonderful historical associations which cluster about it. Philadelphia.

PROMOTED.

A Story of the Zulu War.

BY SYDNEY WATSON.

Author of "The Slave Chase," etc., etc.

CHAPTER I.

BOUND FOR ZULULAND.

"Here comes the sodgers, Billy; come on, little 'un. My word, jist look at 'em, ain't they sweils? Here, guv us yer and, young 'un, or we shan't never keep up with 'em;" and the elder of the two street arabs grasped the dirty little hand of his mate, and together they dodged between the ever-thickening crowd that lined the streets through which a splendid regiment passed en route for Waterloo Station, where special arrangements had been made for their conveyance to Portsmouth, to embark on board the waiting troop-ship for the voyage to South Africa.

What a crowd that was through which they passed! How the people cheered! How the poor from the courts and alleys thronged their different entrances, as the sound of martial music found its way down even their dim recesses. "God bless 'em, and bring 'em back alive in

* We print this story of the Zulu war, not to promote the war spirit, but to show that even under adverse circumstances the Christian soldier may be true to his colours, and be at once a soldier of the Queen and a faithful soldier of Jesus Christ. The scene of the Zulu war was the very ground where Britain's troops are again fighting manfully for their Queen and country, and for the future liberty, peace and prosperity of her Majesty's great South African possessions.—Ed.

safety to their mothers and sweethearts, says I," was the audible remark of a stout, red-faced, motherly-looking woman, who, though bleary-eyed with recent dissipation, had yet enough of the woman and the mother about her to feel for these soldier lads of some other mothers. Everything had to give way in business and in the streets while the rush of the attendant cheering thousands swept along, gathering numbers as it passed. How indulgent those officers were, as they rode erect and handsome on their spirited horses, overlooking the many little temporary breaks in the ranks, as the march swept on!

Now a widowed mother, with eyes red and swollen, burst from the crowd and wept afresh as she hung round the neck of her soldier-boy, proudly marching on. Then a tall, lady-like girl, who had in her face all the tokens of an unusual share of reserve and shyness, forgetting everything, burst through all bounds, ran into the midst of the moving column, and raising her pale, tearful face to the lips of a stalwart, handsome-looking soldier, murmured, "It will break my heart, Charley! Oh, Charley! Charley! It will break my heart!" In a few moments she grows calmer; just to be with him she loves seems to make her more restful.

So scene after scene such as these passes before the gaze of the sympathizing thousands and those cool, aristocratic, soldier-looking officers; but no restraint is put upon the men. Perhaps these same officers have passed through some such scenes themselves in the stately mansions of the West End; or it may be that the several carriages and coroneted cabriolets, filled with ladies of decidedly the "upper ten" class, which, in spite of the comparatively early hour of the morning, hover around the march, keeping singularly close to the moving column, and towards which the glances of the different officers are frequently cast, contain mothers and lovers, the only difference being that of class, for hearts are cast much in one mould. Suddenly the music is hushed, and in the comparative lull a bugle note is heard, clear and distinct. In a moment the whole body of the men have come to a dead halt. An officer rides forward to ascertain the cause; the crowd has concentrated to one spot—a heaving, surging mass, over whom a sudden hush comes as the word passes from mouth to mouth, "She's dead, poor thing, and she so young!" and soon the sad story passes through the ranks that it is Corporal Harris's wife. Although very delicate, she had rushed with eager haste to meet the men on march, anxious to see her husband just once more. Having reached his side-breathless and tearful, she raised her face to his, then suddenly relaxing her hold, would have fallen but that his strong arm had caught her. A deathly pallor overspread her face, her breast ceased to heave, her pulse to beat, and in another moment she was dead.

With a sort of dazed look on his face, and in an almost mechanical way (after a hasty consultation among the officers), poor Harris stepped into the carriage into which the lifeless form of his poor wife had already been placed. The driver of

this rough, but earnest minister of comfort, as he replies, with choking utterance, "She was friends with him, but I am not; she often tried to win me over—to enlist me, she used to call it—but I've always feared to do it, it is so hard for a soldier; and, besides, I never could understand it; but she,"—and here he fairly sobbed aloud—"but she seemed to have another life, a life I could not understand, or touch, or influence. Oh, Maggie, Maggie, darling! where are you now?" he cried out in an agonized voice.



"SHE'S DEAD, POOR THING."

"She's with the King, in painless, glorious rest; she has joined the multitude whom no man can number, who came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes in the blood of the Lamb." These words, quietly, firmly uttered by the cabman, accompanied by another sympathetic pressure of the hand, before he closed the door of the vehicle, seemed to soothe the soldier.

But we must leave them with their sad burden while we follow the regiment, which soon arrived at Waterloo Station. Here, again, heartrending scenes are constantly taking place, while every effort is made by the well-meaning, hearty, though rough, and drink-loving "costers," and others of the neighbourhood, to smuggle liquor among the soldiers. The one watchword which has touched all the English feeling and generosity in the hearts of these rough sympathizers is that which has passed from end to end of that vast crowd, "Bound for Zululand."

Among the men, busy as she can be, is a frail, delicate, lady-like girl, fair, neatly dressed in close-fitting grey woollen homespun, and little Princess bonnet, neatly trimmed, who, with earnest gaze and more earnest words, is rapidly distributing to each soldier a copy of that beautiful leaflet, "The Muster Roll." But presently the last man is packed into the carriages, the last door is finally closed, the guard whistles, porters and



BOUND FOR ZULULAND.

the carriage stood for a moment hesitatingly, as if he would speak, but paused to think first; then, with a subdued voice, shaken with evident emotion, he took the hand of the sorrow-stricken soldier, saying—"Was she and 'the Master' friends?"

Poor bleeding, bursting heart! poor dazed brain! have you comprehended this question? Yes, the soldier, with a sad, grateful look, presses the hand of

officials shout, "Stand back from the train! Stand back there!" and the train, with a long, weird, unearthly shriek, steams out of the station; while sobs and cheers mingle, and men from carriage windows wave helmet and handkerchief, and friends stand on the platform with tear-stained faces and breaking hearts, watching what may be the last glimpse of son or husband, father or lover. The crowd slowly disperses, the

public-houses in the neighbourhood become crowded, and the world of London rushes on in spite of breaking hearts.

Four days later, at the jetty of the dockyard at Portsmouth, one of those monstrous vessels employed to carry our troops abroad, waits for the signal to cast off the last hawser before pointing her head southwards. The scene on board baffles description; tons of luggage yet have to find storage—piles of hay and straw for the immediate consumption of the horses and cattle, whose neighing and bellowing, now that they find themselves in such unusual quarters, help to make the confusion and noise more distracting. Then, too, the deck is crowded with a motley crowd of Jew clothiers, tradesmen, porters, soldiers, sailors, weeping girls and women bidding farewell; and all the many sides and shades of human form and feeling are to be found, while amidst all the confusion the sharp, deafening rush and hiss of escaping steam makes all other sounds as music compared with that.

Just as the officer gives the order to carry off the hawser, a cab drives up to the jetty, loaded outside with box, bag, and soldier's haversack, while from within, with pale, sad face, Corporal Harris steps out. There is a faint attempt at a cheer of welcome by the few who first recognize him; his hand is grasped by these, and then he is soon lost between docks, while the work of departure rapidly proceeds.

Now she's off, the band on the jetty from the neighbouring barracks playing, "The girl I left behind me." Then cheer after cheer ascends, the rigging of the ship and her sides are lined with men, seamen, and soldiers, waving hat and handkerchief, strong men weep; then choking down that terrible feeling in heart and throat, all things outwardly settled down.

But it is time we explained the arrival of Corporal Harris, whom we have seen welcomed just at the last moment before the departure of the vessel. On his return to the barracks in London, with the dead body of his wife, he held consultation with the adjutant, and there and then decided, if possible, to leave England with his own regiment.

"You see, sir," he said, "my dear wife was an orphan, and so am I, and as far as I know have no friends to look to or to think of, and amid the excitement and change I shall perhaps be better."

"Very well, Harris," replied the adjutant, "do as you like; I will telegraph to the colonel to tell him you will probably arrive on Saturday morning, before the trooper sails. I am truly sorry for you, my man."

With a soldier's salute, poor Harris went out to complete the remaining preparations for his wife's burial.

"I know that my Redeemer liveth," fell upon his ears at the graveside, and a deep longing came into his heart to know this Redeemer as his own. He knew, as he told the cabman, that his wife had a "Life" that he could not understand, nor yet touch or influence, and he felt that he wanted this "Life"; and all the time that tender, loving Saviour was crying through this very sorrow in the ears of this sad soldier, "Ye will not come unto me that ye might have life."

When poor Maggie had married Jem Harris, she had been as ignorant of Christ's salvation as he was, but a godly, faithful, earnest lady's maid to one of the officers' wives had been specially drawn out to her, and had striven to show her Jesus the crucified, and at last the new birth, resulting in the new life, was hers. She believed God, she saw Christ as her Saviour, her sins laid on him, and that she was free—had everlasting life through believing.

Now, as soon as she found Jesus, she wanted to bring her husband; but he gave her to understand that, while he would not interfere with her, she in her turn must not worry him with her religious notions. How it all comes home to him now; how hard it is to choke back those sobs and tears, and in his ignorance and simplicity he determines to "turn over a new leaf." He will be good. In this frame of mind, chastened and subdued, he had arrived on board the trooper just before she sailed; and God, who saw his desires, was preparing an instrument, and scenes, which were destined to lead him to Jesus.

(To be continued.)

AN EMBARRASSING ANSWER.

Any teacher who has ever attempted to "show off" her class, knows the inevitable disappointment of the process. No matter how well-trained the scholars may be, they seize the opportunity to make the most glaring blunders possible. Sometimes the situation is awkward for them, too, as in the following case, quoted from an exchange:

"Now, children," said a kindergarten teacher, showing off her little class with natural pride, "I told you yesterday about the various materials from which your dresses are made—silk, wool and cotton. Let me see how well you remember. Margie, where did the material come from of which your dress is made?"

Margie.—"It once grew upon the back of a sheep."

Teacher.—"Very good; and yours, Blanche?"

Blanche.—"My dress once grew upon the back of a sheep, and a part of it was spun by the silk-worm."

Teacher.—"Correct! And yours, Lucy?"

Lucy (with evident embarrassment).—

"My dress was made out of an old one of mamma's."

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE LIFE OF JESUS.

LESSON III.—JANUARY 21.

THE PREACHING OF JOHN THE BAPTIST.

Luke 3. 1-17. Memory verses, 8-6.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Prepare ye the way of the Lord.— Luke 3. 4.

OUTLINE.

1. The Beginning of John's Career, v. 1-3.
2. John's Career Foretold, v. 4-6.
3. The Gist of John's Message, v. 7-9.
4. John's Practical Advice for Daily Living, v. 10-14.
5. John Preparing the Way of the Lord, v. 15-17.

Time.—The summer of A.D. 26.

Place.—The country about the Jordan.

LESSON HELPS.

1. "The fifteenth year of the reign of Tiberius Caesar"—Tiberius came to the throne in A.D. 14. Here is one of the few direct notes of time in the Gospel story. "Tetrarch" means "governor of a quarter;" the dominions of Herod the Great were at his death divided among his sons, and to "Herod" Antipas came the "quarter" which included "Galilee" and Perea.
2. "The wilderness"—Where, apparently, from childhood he had made his home.
3. "Preaching, the baptism of repentance for the remission of sins"—Proclaiming the duty of repentance, the privilege of forgiveness, and the use of baptism as a symbol of both.
4. "Make his paths straight"—In the East little attention is given to the care of roads for common use; but when some "royal highness" comes along the people are compelled to clear and improve the old roads and to make new ones.
5. "All flesh"—All people.
6. "He"—John the Baptist, the forerunner of Jesus. "The multitude that came forth"—(See Matt. 3. 5). "Men left their work, or their calling; the keen trader, the Roman tax-collector, and the native and foreign soldier among them. Every rank was represented. All that was noble and all that was base in Israel—the holy and the worldly; the pure and the corrupt; the earnest and the false; the friends of Rome and its enemies, mingled in the throng."—Geikie. "Generation of vipers"—Literally, brood of vipers. Especially addressed to the Pharisees and Sadducees. "No apology must be made for the denunciatory preaching of John; no more than for the thunder and smoke of Sinai, or for the fire and brimstone of Gehenna."—Whedon.
7. "Bring forth"—"Implying instant effort."—Farrar. "Fruits"—"Profession of repentance was not enough. Practical reformation is the only evidence God recognizes of the genuineness of repentance."—Abbott. "Repentance"—"Implying, in John's view, an entire renunciation of the world; dying to the old, and consecration to a new life."—Lange. "We have Abraham"—"A matter of Jewish pride. This they thought would give them a right to share in the blessings of the Messiah."—Lange. According to the Talmud "a single Israelite is of more value in God's sight than all the nations of the world." "To"—For.
8. "Now"—While John spoke. "Ax"—Seven Hebrew words are translated thus. "The root"—"Not the unfruitful branches."—Lange. "Expressing utter destruction."—Whedon. Luke 13. 7. "Hewn down"—Denoting what is to happen at once and certainly. "Cast into the fire"—An Eastern agricultural practice; prophetic also of the "fire of perdition."
9. "The people"—John's first class of hearers.

11. "Two coats"—Extortion and selfishness prevailed. John calls for self-sacrifice. "I am that hath none"—"A second coat no man could want, as his neighbour who had none wanted his first."—Cowles. "Meat"—Food in general. "Do likewise"—"Selfishness is the root of evil. It is to be conquered not by religious emotions only, but by acts of unselfishness."—Ellicott.

12. "The publicans"—John's second class of hearers.

13. "Appointed"—Designated by the government.

14. "Soldiers"—John's third class of hearers. Either "Gallileans engaged in the war of Herod against Aretas" (Whedon), or "Roman soldiers from Judea" (Abbott). "Neither accuse any falsely"—"The temptation of soldiers was to terrify the poor by violence and undermine the rich by acting as informers."—Farrar. "Wages"—"Meaning both the money given a Roman soldier, three half-pence a day, and the necessary supply of wheat," etc.—Clarke.

15. "In expectation"—There was a widespread belief that the Messiah would soon appear. "The Christ"—"Showing both the expectation of Messiah's immediate appearing and the high estimation and even reverence which his own character demanded."—J. F. B.

16. "With water"—But only unto repentance. (Matt. 3. 11.) "Mightier than I"—"To effect what John's baptism was powerless to produce."—Lange. "The latchet," etc.—A reference to the work of the lowest household slave. Yet John was lower than he. "This menial duty was sometimes performed in reverence by disciples for the rabbi."—Whedon. "With the Holy Ghost"—"Water baptism is nothing but as it points out and leads to the baptism of the Holy Ghost."—Clarke. "Fire"—Some of the early fathers thought this a reference to the crosses and afflictions of the Christian life.

17. "Whose fan"—"An oriental figure which was clear to John's listeners. Symbolizing the preaching of the Gospel."—Lange. "Floor"—"Christ's sphere of action."—Ewald. "Wheat"—Bellevue. "Garner"—His church. "Chaff"—His enemies. "Fire unquenchable"—Eternal punishment.

HOME READINGS.

- M. The preaching of John the Baptist.—Luke 3. 1-9.
- Tu. The preaching of John the Baptist.—Luke 3. 10-17.
- W. Malachi's prophecy.—Mal. 4.
- Th. John's testimony.—John 1. 15-28.
- F. Repentance necessary.—Matt. 3. 1-12.
- S. Fruits of repentance.—Eph. 4. 25-32.
- Su. A voice in the wilderness.—Isa. 40. 1-8.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. The Beginning of John's Career, v. 1-3.
 - When John came, what was the name of the governor of Judea?
 - What part had he afterward in our Lord's crucifixion?
 - What was the name of the tetrarch of Galilee?
 - What part had he in that crucifixion?
 - Who were the high priests?
 - What part had they?
 - What did John do through all the country about Jordan?
2. John's Career Foretold, v. 4-6.
 - Who had foretold that the word of God would come to him?
 - Can you find the words here quoted in the Old Testament?
 - What was meant by "preparing a way" and "making the paths straight"?
 - When was the promise of verse 6 fulfilled?
3. The Gist of John's Message, v. 7-9.
 - What can you tell about John's parents, birth, and early history?
 - Where did he preach? Matt. 3. 1; John 1. 28.
 - What did he say to the multitude? Verse 7.
 - To what people were these words especially spoken? Matt. 3. 7.
 - What are "fruits worthy of repentance"?
 - What is true repentance?
 - Of what did he warn the people?
4. John's Practical Advice for Daily Living, v. 10-14.
 - What question was asked John?
 - What did he tell the people to do?
 - How did this command illustrate 1 John 3. 17?
 - How may we follow this command?
 - What two classes of people came to John?
 - Who were "the publicans"?
 - What command did he give them?
 - What publican afterward became a disciple of Jesus? Matt. 9. 9.
 - What vow did another publican make? Luke 19. 8.
 - What was John's command to the soldiers?

- How may we follow this command?
5. John Preparing the Way of the Lord v. 15-17.
 - What did the people think concerning John?
 - Why did they think that he might be the Christ?
 - What did John say to the people concerning himself?
 - Who did he say would come?
 - What spirit did his words show?
 - What warning did he give concerning Christ?
 - To what two kinds of people did this refer?
 - To which class should all seek to belong?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

- Where in this lesson are we taught—
1. That we must repent?
 2. That we must live righteously?
 3. That we must believe in Christ?
 4. That we must be baptized with the Holy Ghost?



The forerunner of our Lord came from the seclusion of the wilderness to prepare his way among men. The people were in intense expectation, and eager multitudes from all Judea gathered at Jordan to hear this fearless preacher who spared none and convinced all. "Repent," was the message with which he exhorted them to forsake their sins and to flee from the wrath to come. Then, as all men mused in their hearts of John, whether he were the Christ or not, he bore witness as a faithful prophet to the coming One, who should baptize them not alone with water, but with the Holy Ghost and with fire. Had Israel but recognized his mission and faithfully received his message, all flesh through him might have seen the salvation of God.

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The Boys We Want

BY A. SHERKST.

Boys, we want you—Our Country wants
The hearty, noble boys,
To make your world a happier place,
To purify its joys,
To stand among the leaders
Of every righteous cause,
To spread a sun the nation
Right, just and blessed laws.

Boys, we want you—Patriots call
You to the conflict now,
Beneath the sign of fashion's power
See millions daily bow,
There are hearts with grief overflowing,
Let us cheer them, if we can,
Come and help to burst the fetters
Which surround your fellow man.

Boys, we want you—Temperance wants
Firm, consistent lives to-day
Victory marks her glorious progress,
Homes are bright beneath her rays,
Shall the drunkard, lost forever
In despair and anguish, die?
Let us take the pledge to save him—
All together—you and I.

Boys, we want you—Jesus wants
Your hearts his truths to spread,
Follow him in storm and sunshine,
Ever in his footsteps tread,
There's a world of light and beauty,
This is not the traveller's home,
We are pressing on to Zion,
And we want you all to come.

Boys, we want you—Glory wants
Every one her crown to wear,
Each soul we've happier made on earth
Will increase its lustre there,
Time is flying, rushing onward,
Soon our day's work must be done;
And an earnest, prayerful life boys,
Is eternity begun.

ADrift IN ARCTIC SEAS.

—The picture of an unfortunate steamship cut adrift in the Arctic Ocean. She was called the *Polaris*, and was specially fitted up in the United States for conducting an expedition under Mr. Hall in the year 1871. Merely she sailed from New London on July 3rd, of that year, with about thirty persons on board, and by the 29th of August managed to reach higher latitude than had ever been reached before. But here she encountered so much ice that she could proceed no further. Indeed, if she had not been very strong she would have been crushed to pieces by the enormous blocks of ice that surrounded her. For months, many weary, anxious months, she lay helpless under the shelter of an enormous iceberg, and completely hemmed in by huge jams of ice which pressed in upon her feet all sides. The commander of the expedition, Mr. Hall, left the ship here and took a short journey in the direction of the Pole. He found high lands and a bay and a country that seemed much warmer than he expected, for there were places without snow. He also saw many wild animals, such as geese, ducks, wolves, rabbits, foxes, bears and musk-rattle. He returned after an absence of fourteen days full of hopes and said that he meant to make another trip of the same kind, but he was suddenly taken ill and died on the *Polaris* on the 28th of November. These unfortunate people, after the death of their leader, made several attempts to reach the Pole, but in every case they failed, and in the midst of their trouble the *Polaris* sprang a leak, and the pumps had to be kept going twelve hours out of the twenty-four. They then in despair, turned homeward, but they got into an ice-pack and the *Polaris* drifted about hopelessly in a field of ice, as seen in the picture. Some of the unfortunate people left her and made themselves comfortable as they could on a piece of floating ice for their home for a whole winter. In the spring of the year they were rescued by a ship from Newfoundland. Strange to say, he says not one of them had perished. Even a little baby that had been born among them was

saved. The people on the *Polaris* were also rescued afterwards by a Scotch vessel.

Mr. Hall had with him an Eskimo hunter named Eberburg and his wife Tooko-to-to, otherwise called Joe and Hannah. These, in their way, were a very worthy couple, and gave great assistance to Hall in his expedition. They had been in England and had been pre-

sent to the Queen and could both speak English fairly well. When poor Hall was being buried nothing was heard but the burial service, the earth falling upon the coffin, and the sobs of Hannah. And it was Joe who saved the people during that terrible winter when they were living on the large ice-boat. With his spear and his gun he provided food for all. He could have left them had he chosen to do so, for, knowing the country, he could easily have escaped, but he remained faithful to them to the last.

Hannah afterwards lived in Croton, Connecticut, and there, on December 31st, 1876, she died, aged only thirty-eight. He had become a Christian, and having lived the Christian life died in the Christian's faith, her last words being, "Come, Lord Jesus, and take thy poor creature home." This shows that good there is in the Eskimo, and how they might be improved if they were taught by missionaries the ways of Christ and his holy religion.

HOW AILSIE SAVED THE BIBLE.

BY MARY S. HITCHCOCK.

It was in the year 1555, when Queen Mary sat upon the English throne with her Spanish husband at her side, and filled the land with trouble because of her terrible persecution of the Protestants.

In the west of England there was a little village called Harrant. At one end of the hamlet, standing apart from the few dwellings scattered along either side of its single street, was the blacksmith's shop, with his small house just back of it, and a tiny garden in the rear.

The smith's wife was dead, but his bonny, blue-eyed little daughter kept his house. When lonely, she pushed aside

a small panel in the end of the shop and crept in and stayed with him, unless the sound of voices or hoof beats on the road drove her away, for she was a sly child.

One day when she had stolen in, her father was standing behind the door.

He had a silver in his big hand, with which he touched the side of the great black beam in the corner. Suddenly a block of wood fell forward, disclosing a



THE MINISTRY OF JOHN THE BAPTIST.

small opening. Into this he thrust a dark, leather-bound book, and quickly, but carefully, fitted it in into its place, so that no sign of the hidden space remained.

"Seeing his daughter, he started, and said sternly, 'Ailsie! Ailsie! How dare you spy upon your father?'"

"O father! I am not spying!" and the blue eyes filled with tears.

"Of course you were not, I was wrong to say so, child!" said the smith, remorsefully. "But you saw what I did?"

"You put the holy book into the beam, father. It is a fine hiding-place, too, for neither priest nor soldier can find it there."

"I would you knew not its place of concealment, for the knowledge may bring you into danger, lass. You must never betray it. When Parson Stout went away to foreign lands he gave me the sacred word, and told me to keep it as my life. For, by the queen's orders, all the Bibles have been gathered up and burned, and we are forbidden to read from the holy pages. This is the only one between here and the sea; and it is more precious than the crown jewels. You are fifteen, Ailsie, and old enough to understand, so I told you all."

"You need not fear, father," said Ailsie, firmly; "I will not tell. But the rosy cheeks grew pale as she remembered all that her promise might mean."

Now, there was a certain priest that came sometimes to Harrant to preach to the villagers. But, being all Protestants, they would neither listen to him nor pay him tithes. He was very angry at their behaviour, and spied about until he became sure there was a Bible among them; and he knew that it was in the blacksmith's possession, because he was the only man in the village who could read. After trying in vain to find the holy

book, he went to the nearest town and lodged information with the officers there on one day when the smith chanced to be away from home an officer and six men marched into Harrant.

They called upon the cottagers to surrender their Bible; but one and all declared that had none. Then the soldiers searched the cottages, and threatened to burn them, every one, unless the book was found.

But that did not suit the priest at all. He would get fewer tithes than ever if the village was destroyed. So he told the soldiers to let the rest of the villagers alone, for the Bible was in the blacksmith's possession. It was getting late, and the soldiers were in a great hurry to be gone. So they returned to burn the two little buildings, and thus destroy the book quickly and surely.

At the first sight of the strange men, Ailsie had fled through the garden, out upon the moor, and hidden among the furze bushes. She was terrified, for she feared that they might find her and demand the hiding-place of the precious Bible.

It was growing dark when she saw a bright light against the sky and sprang to her feet. Her father's house was on fire! The sight made the sly child a heroine. She forgot, but at last she reached the Bible and hid out in the open air. She only remembers that she must save the Bible at all cost.

Swift as an arrow, she flew homeward. The soldiers were intent upon pillaging stables round the burning buildings, and did not see the little figure that darted in between the house and the shop, whose thatched roofs were all ablaze. Breathless and determined, she pushed aside the moor and stumbled through the biting smokes.

The hungry flames scorched her dress and her hair, and burned and blistered her hands and face before she reached the Bible and hid out in the open air.

No one had noticed her in the darkness, and she crept safely into the little garden and sank down, choked and suffering, among the vines that the Bible was in danger even now. She slipped off her woollen petticoat and wrapped it around the volume; then digging with her little burned hands in the soft soil, she buried it under an immense cabbage. Then she crawled upon her hands and knees to the spring at the foot of the garden, where her father found her an hour later half-unconscious with pain and fright. He never ceased to praise and to praise his little daughter for her brave deed of that day.

The Bible always remained in the family, and years and years after, Ailsie's great-grandfather carried it with her when she followed her Puritan husband across the sea to the lonely coast of New England.—Morning Star.

The Mysterious Guest.

BY H. C. FABER.

I had three friends. I asked one day That they would dine with me; But when they came I found that they Were six instead of three.

My good wife whispered, "We at best, Under one roof to dine, Send one away." I did. The rest Remaining numbered nine.

"I too will go," the second cried, "I'll sit at once, but not at all." Although to count but eight I tried, There were remaining ten.

"Go call them back!" my wife implored; "I fear the third may go, And leave behind to share our board, Perhaps a score or so."

The second one then straight returned, "As might be then expected; He with the ten, we quickly learned, Eleven made. Dejected,

We saw the first returning; he, With all the rest turned round, And there, behold! I saw my friends three, Though six they still were found.

(For those of you who yet may find My riddle too complex, I'll say the third in mind Were "S" and "1" and "X.")

—St. Nicholas.

About Fathers.

When fathers jump up and they hover,
"Here, Jim! you rascal! you scamp!"
And hush, you run away by the collar,
And wrangle their cares and stamp,
You can laugh right out at the riot,
They like to be teased and dived;
But when they say, "James, real good!"
"Oo—oo—that's the time to be saved!"