

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Showthrough/
Transparence

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from:/
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments:/
Commentaires supplémentaires:

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	14X	18X	22X	26X	30X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>
12X	16X	20X	24X	28X	32X

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XVIII.]

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 26, 1898.

No. 9.



THE SNOWBIRDS.

"Pretty little snowbirds,"
Sang a tiny maid—
"Pretty little snowbirds,
Where can you have strayed?"

"When the sparkling snowflakes
Fall upon your head,
Where do you find shelter?
Where's your little bed?"

"Pretty little snowbirds,
Aren't you cold to-day?
Don't you wish the winter
Soon will haste away?"

"No, dear little maiden,"
Thus the birds replied,
While they lightly bounded
Nearer to her side.

"Fear we not the snowflakes
Falling soft and white,
Sparkling like rich jewels
Mid the sunbeams bright;

"For our robe of feathers
Keeps us warm and nice;
So we love the winter
With its snow and ice.

"And we sing as blithely
As we gaily roam,
As you, little maiden,
In your sheltered home."

"Jesus loves the snowbirds,"
Thus the maiden said,
As upon her pillow
Laid she her fair head.

"I'm so glad He gave them
Jackets soft and warm,
That the pretty snowbirds
May not feel the storm!"

The Ripened Leaves.

BY MARGARET F. HANCOCK

Said the leaves upon the branches,
 One sunny autumn day
 We've finished all our work, and now
 We can no longer stay
 So our gowns of red and yellow,
 And our sober cloaks of brown,
 Must be worn before the frost comes
 And we go rustling down

"We've had a jolly summer,
 With the birds that built their nests
 Beneath our green umbrellas,
 And the squirrels that were our guests
 But we cannot wait for winter,
 For we do not care for snow;
 When we hear the wild northwesterners
 We loose our clasp and go

"But we hold our heads up bravely,
 'Til to the very last,
 And shine in pomp and splendour
 As away we flatter fast.
 In the mellow autumn noon-tide,
 We kiss and say good-bye,
 And through the naked branches
 Then may children see the sky"

OUR PERIODICALS:

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.

	Yearly	Sub'n
Christian Guardian, weekly	\$1 09	
Methodist Magazine and Review, 96 pp., monthly illustrated	2 00	
Christian Guardian and Methodist Magazine and Review	2 75	
Magazine and Review, Guardian and Onward together	3 25	
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly	1 00	
Sunday School Banner 65 pp., 8vo., monthly	0 60	
Onward, 8 pp., 4to., weekly, under 6 copies	0 60	
6 copies and over	0 50	
Pleasant Hours, 4 pp., 4to., weekly, single copies	0 30	
Less than 20 copies	0 25	
Over 20 copies	0 24	
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than ten copies	0 15	
10 copies and upwards	0 12	
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than ten copies	0 15	
10 copies and upwards	0 12	
New Groups, weekly (2 cents per quarter)	0 07	
Berens Senior Quarterly (quarterly)	0 20	
Berens Leaf Monthly	0 05	
Berens Intermediate Quarterly (quarterly)	0 06	
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 24 a dozen; \$2 per 100; per quarter, 6c a dozen; 40c per 100.		

THE ABOVE PRICES INCLUDE POSTAGE.

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto
 C. W. COOPER, S. F. BRISTOL,
 21 St. Catherine St., Montreal. Wesleyan Book Room,
 Halifax, N.S.

Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 26, 1898.

"A GOOD SOLDIER OF CHRIST JESUS."

"Suffer hardship with me, as a good soldier of Christ Jesus."

The Apostle Paul must have loved soldiers, for he refers to them very often, especially during the latter part of his life. It is more than likely that when he wrote this letter to Timothy, his wrist was chained to a Roman soldier, for he was in prison, and expecting every day to be led out to execution. If he looked down into the courtyard below his prison, he would see soldiers drilling—the finest soldiers in the world. He learned many a useful lesson from them. He was an old veteran soldier and, writing to his friend Timothy, a young soldier in the same army, he asks him to "suffer hardship as a good soldier of Christ Jesus."

First, then, let us find out the meaning of the first words of the text, "Suffer hardship with me." As you see a soldier swaggering along the street with a short cane under his arm, I dare say you think sometimes that it is a fine thing to be a soldier. That seems an easy way of earning a shilling a day. But if you think a soldier has nothing to do but wear fine clothes and enjoy an easy life, you make a great mistake. No; a soldier's life is a hard life. You must not judge from what you see when he is off duty. During active service a soldier must often undergo great hardships. He has to make long and fatiguing marches, he seldom sleeps in a comfortable bed; he must expose himself to great and terrible dangers. Probably more soldiers are killed in time of war by hunger and cold and disease than by actual fighting. Even at home a soldier has no easy time, as we shall see. Assuming then, that you, like young Timothy, have already joined the army, I want to tell you a few things about a soldier's life at home—about the training which is necessary to make "a good soldier of Christ Jesus." There are four lessons which a soldier must learn before he is fit for active service.

CONQUER YOURSELF.

A soldier is no use for fighting against any other foe until he has conquered that one. Now, we are all proud of our British soldiers. You would know a soldier if you saw him in plain clothes, he has such an easy, graceful walk, such a fine, manly bearing. He stands erect, his shoulders thrown back, his broad chest expanded. But you should see some of these men when they enlist. You would notice their sloping shoulders, their hollow chests, their awkward, clumsy, ungainly walk—they are anything but smart. Their first duty is to conquer all that. They are not ready for active service until that is put right.

Now, if we are to be good soldiers of Christ Jesus we must begin with ourselves. And that will be our hardest battle. If we conquer that enemy we shall be ready for anything; only it is not a deformed body we have to fight against, but a crooked soul, not round shoulders, but the laziness which produces them, and surly words and quick tempers. This is the hardest fight of all. Shall I tell you why I think so? The wise man tells us, "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty: And he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city" (Prov. 16. 32). It is not easy work, this ruling the spirit; but we must do it if we are to be good soldiers of Christ Jesus.

OBEDIENCE.

Every soldier in the British army, from Lord Wolseley to Tommy Atkins, must learn this lesson. A soldier may not choose his duty. He is not asked whether he will go to the burning Sudan or the bleak waste hills on the Indian frontier. He must be ready to go anywhere at any time. You remember that Roman officer who came to Jesus in Capernaum. He knew how to obey and make others obey (Matt. 8. 9). "I also am a man under authority, having under myself soldiers; and I say to this one, Go, and he goeth; and to another, Come, and he cometh." A soldier must obey the word of command, even if he thinks his officer has made a mistake. Most of you have read "Lanyon's" "Charge of the Light Brigade." That story tells about a regiment who were commanded at the battle of Balaklava to charge against the entire Russian army. Of course the order was a mistake; but the brave men never stopped to ask any questions.

"Their's not to make reply,
 Their's not to reason why,
 Their's but to do and die."

Most of the six hundred were killed, but it will be to their everlasting honour that they had learned so well the lesson of obedience.

You may have read, too, of the brave Roman sentry who stood at his post at Pompeii when everybody else fled to escape the terrible eruption which buried that great city. You see, he had been told to stand guard at that post, and he was true, even to death.

We read of a great soldier in the Old Testament who might have done splendid service for God, but he was rejected because he had not learned this lesson. "To obey is better than sacrifice" (1 Sam 15. 22).

If we are good soldiers of Christ we shall obey his orders. The great Captain of our salvation himself "learned obedience by the things which he suffered" and became unto all them that obey him the author of eternal salvation" (Heb. 5. 8, 9).

COMRADESHIP.

Good soldiers must learn to help each other. No army could win a battle if each man in it fought for himself, and merely looked after his own interests. Soldiers must act together. They must be loyal to one another, both in war and in peace. No punishment is too severe for those who deal treacherously towards their comrades.

Not long ago we read in the papers about a famous officer in the French army who had forgotten this lesson of comradeship. One day the troops were drawn up where all could see the offender, and first his sword was taken away, then his epaulettes were stripped off, and he was drummed out of the regiment, a disgraced man. If a soldier is once dismissed for bad conduct he can never join the arm, again. Such a disgrace is always remembered against him. Good soldiers of Christ must always help one another. "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ" (Gal. 6. 2).

BELIEVE IN YOUR CAPTAIN.

After all, that is the best way to make a good soldier. The reason why Wellington's soldiers won so many battles was just this—they all believed in Wellington. Some people tell us that the Iron Duke never lost a battle. I am not at all sure about that; but I am certain

that our Captain never lost a battle. The motto on the coat-of-arms of the county of Kent is just this one word, "Invicta" (unconquered). And that is true of the great Captain of our salvation. He is always victorious. And he has promised his help and strength to every one who is fighting "the good fight of the faith." The apostle Paul was perhaps the greatest of all Christ's soldiers. He won splendid victories for Christ; but he never thought he had done it. He used to say: "Thanks be to God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ" (1 Cor. 15. 57). And another veteran said: "This is the victory that hath overcome the world, even our faith" (1 John 5. 4).

Let every young soldier of Christ, then, learn these four lessons well: (1) Self-conquest, (2) Obedience, (3) Comradeship, (4) Trust.

SHALL WE LEAVE THE LAD?

BY DEAN FAIRBAIRN.

The Grosvenor, East Indian, homeward bound, went ashore and was wrecked on the coast of Caffraria. The crew, one hundred and thirty-five in number, had to penetrate on foot across trackless deserts infested by wild beasts and cruel savages, to the Dutch settlements at the Cape of Good Hope. It was their only chance of saving their lives. With this forlorn object before them, they separated into two parties—new more to meet on earth.

There is a solitary child among the passengers—a little boy seven years old. As the first party moves away, he cries after one of them—the ship's carpenter—who had been kind to him. The poor, shipwrecked wayfarers were in extremity. A frightful death stared them in the face. Their one hope lay in the rapidity of their march.

But the cry of the child touched them. They took him with them, they made him a sacred charge. The sailors, swimming themselves, pushed him on a little raft across broad rivers, they carried him through the deep sand and the long grass.

They lie down and wait for him, when the poor carpenter, who has special charge of him, lags behind, beset by lions, by tigers, by savages, by thirst, by hunger, by death in a crowd of ghastly shapes, they never ("O Father of all mankind, thy name be blessed for it," says the great writer who tells the tale—Charles Dickens) forget the child.

The captain and the coxswain, too feeble to stagger along any further, sit down to die. They are seen no more. The carpenter dies of poisonous berries, eaten in starvation; the steward succeeds to the sacred guardianship of the child.

God knows all he does for the poor baby; weak and ill, he carries him in his arms; he feeds him, when himself in the agonies of want; he folds his ragged jacket around him, when he himself is shivering through the chilly nights; he lays his little worn face, with a woman's tenderness, upon his sunburnt breast; soothes him in his suffering; sings to him as he limps along, unmindful of his own parched and bleeding feet.

They fall ill, the man and the little child, and cannot proceed. Though delay may mean death, for two days those starving men wait beside them. On the third day they must move for dear life. The little boy is sleeping by the fire, while they make their silent preparations to move on, and they agree that he shall not be disturbed till the last moment.

The moment comes, the fire is dying, and the child is dead; his faithful friend, the poor steward, staggers on for a few days, and then he too lies down in the desert and dies.

"But" says he who tells the tale, "he shall be reunited in his immortal spirit—who can doubt it?—with the child, when he and the poor carpenter shall be raised up with the words, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto me.'"—Christian Endeavour World.

THE HAT AND ITS OWNER.

A good illustration of the detective quality was shown in the trial of a house-breaker a few years ago. The burglary was effected—as most burglaries are—by the aid of a neighbouring uninhabited house. The thieves crossed along the roof, and made their descent through a skylight. They robbed the premises at their leisure, and decamped successfully with the stolen property. There was one clue left—only one. A hat was found on the roof. The hat was sent to Scotland Yard, and the force was invited to inspect it. One policeman immediately said that he knew who was the owner. In the event it was found he was as good as his word. The owner was discovered,

and, being unable to give a satisfactory account of how he spent the evening of the burglary, and, moreover, being awkwardly for him, in the possession of the stolen property, the jury came to the conclusion that he was guilty, and found their verdict accordingly. A more interesting question remained. How did the policeman know the exact head on which to fit that very unlucky hat? The constable told the story himself. He had been on duty in the gallery of the Old Bailey during the trial of a well-known burglar. He sat on a back bench, and wore plain clothes, and he noticed in front of him a young man, with a highly criminal type of face, who seemed to take the greatest interest in the trial. The constable, accordingly, took the greatest interest in him and in his belongings, and, as the unconscious spectator held his hat in his hand, looked into it, and, as Inspector Bucket would say, "totted it up." The result in this little sum in addition was the registering in his memory of a peculiarly-shaped grease-mark on the lining which crossed the maker's name. The constable never forgot that hat, and the professional career of its owner soon rendered him more and more interesting. Thus he was able in a moment to restore to the burglar the property he had been so unfortunate as to leave behind him on the roof.

A Marvel.

BY CAROLYN WELLS.

An old astronomer there was
 Who lived up in a tower;
 Named Ptolemy Copernicus
 Flammarion McGower.
 He said: "I can prognosticate,
 With estimates correct;
 And when the skies I contemplate,
 I know what to expect.
 When dark'ning clouds obscure my sight,
 I think perhaps 'twill rain;
 And when the stars are shining bright,
 I know 'tis clear again."
 And then abstractedly he scanned
 The heavens, hour by hour,
 Old Ptolemy Copernicus
 Flammarion McGower.

JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE
PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

MARCH 6, 1898.

How our Junior Pledge helps us: By prayer.—Matt. 6. 9-13; Matt. 26. 41; Luke 16. 1.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

First Text. A grand summary of prayer, which every one should be taught from infancy. It is used in all pulpits, and no written prayer can equal it, not to say surpass it. Every sentence is pregnant with meaning. All who make a practice of using it daily will experience untold advantage by the practice.

THE DUTY OF PRAYER.

This is incumbent from the fact of the universal need of mankind, and then further, to all who read the New Testament it is well known how the Saviour inculcates the duty, and whatever he commands is of universal obligation. We are morally bound from our relation to him to obey his commands, even should they not harmonize with our own preconceived notions.

SPECIAL SEASONS.

When exposed to dangers or beset with temptations, we should especially pray for Divine help. Watch and pray should be faithfully attended to at such seasons. Watch for seasons and opportunities to pray. Keep a close inspection lest we should be ensnared by the enemy of souls and be taken captive. The Christian soldier keeps his armour bright by the use of the weapon—all prayer. There is no season when prayer is not necessary. We are commanded to pray always. This does not mean that we are to be always upon our knees, but we are to maintain the spirit of prayer, and when so situated that we cannot perform the duty by a regular formal prayer, we can repeat a few sentences of pious ejaculations, as, "Lord, bless me," "I am thine, save me." In this way we will obey the command, "Pray without ceasing."

ENCOURAGEMENTS TO PRAYER.

Promise of reward. We are commanded, "In everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving to make known our requests unto God," that is, in prayer, "and the peace of God which passeth understanding shall keep your hearts and minds in Christ Jesus." This is the promise. "Every one that asketh receiveth, and he that seeketh findeth, and to him that knocketh it shall be opened." Here you see that prayer is illustrated by asking, seeking, and knocking. "Ask and receive, that your joy may be full."

What the Wood Fire Said to the Little Boy.

BY FRANK L. STANTON.

What said the wood in the fire
To the little boy that night,
The little boy of the golden hair,
As he rocked himself in his little arm
chair,
When the blaze was burning bright?

The wood said: "See
What they've done to me!
I stood in the forest, a beautiful tree!
And waved my branches from east to
west,
And many a sweet bird built its nest
In my leaves of green
That loved to lean
In springtime over the daisies' breast.

"From the blossom dells
Where the violet dwells
The cattle came with their tinkling
bells
And rested under my shadows sweet,
And the winds that went over the clover
and wheat
Told me all that they knew
Of the flowers that grew
In the beautiful meadows that dreamed
at my feet.

"And the wild wind's caresses
Oft ruffled my tresses,
But, sometimes, as soft as a mother's
lip presses
On the brow of the child of her bosom,
it laid
Its lips on my leaves, and I was not
afraid;
And I listened and heard
The small heart of each bird
As it beat in the nests that their mothers
had made.

"And in springtime sweet faces
Of myriad graces
Came beaming and gleaming from
flowery places,
And under my grateful and joy-giving
shade,
With cheeks like primroses, the little ones
played,
And the sunshine in showers
Through all the bright hours
Bound their flowery ringlets with silvery
braids.

"And the lightning
Came brightening
From storm skies and frightening
The wandering birds that were tossed
by
the breeze
And tilted like ships on black, billowy
seas;
But they flew to my breast
And I rocked them to rest
While the trembling vines clustered and
clung to my knees.

"But how soon," said the wood,
"Fades the memory of good!
For the forester came with his axe
gleaming bright,
And I fell like a giant, all shorn of his
might,
Yet still there must be
Some sweet mission for me;
For have I not warmed you and cheered
you to-night?"

So said the wood in the fire
To the little boy that night,
The little boy with the golden hair,
As he rocked himself in his little arm-
chair,
When the blaze was burning bright.

On Schedule Time

BY JAMES OTIS.

Author of "Toby Tyler," "Mr. Stubbs' Brother," "Raising the Pearl," etc.

CHAPTER V.

TRAVELLING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

Promptly at four o'clock Dick aroused Phil, and made a brief statement of the condition of affairs.

"I've walked around the tents every fifteen minutes without having seen anything wrong. The horses are all right, and have just been fed. Jackson has had his medicine regularly, but insists that he will take no more. His leg is not swollen, but he begins to look sick."

"So would any man after being dosed as I've been," the alleged cripple growled. "I believe that old woman counted on poisoning me."

"Better keep any such idea as that to yourself," Phil said sternly. "She is trying to do you good, and I won't allow a word spoken against her!"

"But, look here, Ainsworth, I'm limp

as a rag this morning, and it must be the medicine."

"What about your leg? A severe sprain might pull you down a good bit. I don't think it is even a sprain now. It doesn't ache as much as it did, and the swelling has gone down."

There has been no swelling whatever since I saw it, Dick interrupted.

"I agree it didn't look bad," Jackson replied with a whine, but it ached powerful for a spell."

"All of which proves you have been benefited by the medicine, and I shall not allow you to stop taking it unless you confess that you are well enough to be left behind."

"I can't say what ain't true, my boy; an' you must know yourself that I'm in no fit condition to be turned loose, specially after I've taken so much of your aunt's dosin'."

"We won't argue the matter," Phil replied, striving not to allow the mirth in his heart show itself on his face. "If we are forced to take care of you, Aunt Lois' instructions must be carried out to the letter. Now, Dick, if you're ready we'll begin packing."

It was not yet daylight when Phil summoned the girls and Aunt Lois to a breakfast of cold meat, bread and butter, and there were only the faintest signs of the coming day in the eastern sky when the little party set out once more.

Phil had decided that Gladys should act as driver of the surrey, and Alice sat beside her.

In his character of invalid, Jackson was given a place by the side of Aunt Lois, where, as the boys felt confident, there would be no question as to his taking the prescribed doses with the utmost regularity.

Both Phil and Dick were to walk during this day's journey, in order to lighten Jack's load, and the order of march was reversed, that the baggage-waggon might go in advance.

"The question is, whether we shall meet with any of Jackson's friends to-day," Dick said in a whisper as he and his cousin trudged along by the side of Jack, forced to walk with bodies bent in order to distinguish the faint outline of a road in the gloom.

"I'm inclined to think they won't molest us while he is in our company. They'll depend upon him to make certain we don't get through on time, and he is the one we must watch during this day's work. It's safe to say he'll do mischief at the first opportunity."

"If Aunt Lois has the management of affairs twenty-four hours longer, he won't be in a condition to do very much. Do you know, Phil, I really believe the enormous quantity of medicine she is administering, in connection with his own fears, will result in making him seriously ill."

"In which case she'll be doing us a grand, good turn without knowing it. Keep your eyes on Jackson every moment he is out of the surrey, and I'll do the same. If we are wide awake, it should be possible to travel farther to-day than he anticipates."

Two hours elapsed before the travellers arrived within sight of the Joe Mary Lakes, and Phil said mournfully, as he pointed to the blue waters which were turned to gold by the rays of the morning sun:

"There is where we should have stopped last night, and by this time we'd be well along with the third day's task!"

"Never mind, Phil," Gladys cried cheerfully, "don't cry over spilled milk; and unless Mr. Jackson grows suddenly worse, we may be able to make up the lost time before night."

"I hope he won't have a relapse, because in such a case I should feel obliged to abandon him. There can be no question of turning back to Milo, now we are so far beyond it."

Jackson bit his lips as he smiled; there was a threat in the boy's words which he understood plainly, and he might not find it as easy to delay this party as he had fancied.

A mile farther on the road forked to the right, and Jackson shouted:

"If you're bound for your father's camp, it'll pay you to take this turn; it's four or five miles nearer the West Branch ford."

"I'll keep on the road I'm acquainted with," Phil replied, and Aunt Lois asked quickly:

"Why don't you go as Mr. Jackson suggests, Phillip? Of course he is familiar with the nearest way, and by taking him as a guide we shall save many miles, I have no doubt."

"I'm not so certain of that, Aunt Lois. I know where I am now, which is more than I might be able to say after we had ridden in that direction a couple of hours."

"But I'm acquainted with every inch of the way, Ainsworth. You can't want to get to the camp any worse'n I do."

That remains to be seen, and Phil quickened his pace to prevent any further conversation on the subject.

"He didn't make much that round," Dick whispered gleefully. "I suppose no counted on your doing whatever he advised."

I shouldn't have done so, even if he had proven to be what he professes. This has always been said to be the most direct road to the ford, and I'd hesitate a long time before accepting any man's word to the contrary."

When a halt was made at noon the spirits of Phil and Dick had risen very decidedly.

The road had not been as bad as was expected, and after six hours of steady travelling it was safe to assume they had covered considerably more than half the distance between the last camp and the halting-place for the close of the third day's journey as set down in Mr. Ainsworth's schedule.

Jackson was moody and silent during the noonday halt.

In the hope of exciting Aunt Lois' sympathy to such an extent that she would insist upon a halt on his account, he had complained during the forenoon that his injured limb was causing him severe pain, and she replied by doubling his dose of drugs, saying, as she literally forced him to swallow the disagreeable mixture:

"We have proven, Mr. Jackson, that this is exactly what you need, and if you are not more comfortable in an hour, we will still further increase the quantity. I am surprised at my success in ministering to such an injury as yours!"

Gladys and Alice were forced to look straight at Bessie's head in order to hide their mirth. This meeting an evil-doer with medicine seemed very comical to them.

Jackson allowed himself to be assisted from the vehicle when the halt was finally made, and during the hour and a half the little party remained at this place either Dick or Phil kept him under constant surveillance.

The horses had been fed generously, and were not displaying nearly as much fatigue as on the previous day.

"Unless something serious happens, we will ford the West Branch to-night, even if we do not arrive there until after sunset," Phil said to his cousin when they were "on the road" once more.

"Keep the horses moving as long as possible. Aunt Lois and the girls should be able to ride as many hours as we can walk, and it will be a big thing if we make up the time lost yesterday."

During this afternoon there was but little conversation indulged in between the boys. It was as if they were so careful to husband their strength for the long tramp, that they could not afford even the slight exertion of talking.

Phil steadily led the way, allowing Jack to choose his own pace, believing he would thus hold out the longer; and when, late in the afternoon, they were nearing the ford, he whispered to Dick:

"Fall back and remain by the side of the surrey, in order to keep your eyes on Jackson. By this time he must know we have made up the time lost through him, and will be ready to do mischief."

"It puts me in a rage to see him riding there by Aunt Lois' side while we walk."

"So that we get the best of him, it's all right; and perhaps after this job is finished we may be able to square matters with that precious rascal, if Aunt Lois has not already done so."

Dick did as he was requested, but refused to be led into a conversation by Jackson, who appeared most eager to learn where the boys proposed to camp that night.

The fellow had ceased to complain through fear of the little woman, who was ready to double or quadruple his portion of drugs at the first intimation of severe suffering.

It was not yet four o'clock when the river was seen in the distance, and for the first time that day Phil urged Jack to a faster pace.

"Is that the stream we are to cross, Richard?" Aunt Lois asked.

"Yes, aunt."

"Is it dangerous?"

"If you'd seen the accidents on that bit of water which I have, you'd think it was dangerous," Jackson said, before Dick had time to reply.

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear! I do believe Phillip is intending to drive right into the river, without waiting to ascertain which is the safest point!"

"If he'll listen to me I can tell him how to put the horses across without sending them in over their knees," Jackson said eagerly, and Aunt Lois bent forward as if to hail Phil; but Dick said sharply, before she could speak:

"He doesn't need to be told, and I hardly think he would listen to advice, so please don't speak to him. I'll take the reins until we are on the other side," and he leaped lightly into the vehicle, seating himself between Gladys and Alice.

By this time Phil, with the baggage waggon, was in mid-stream, and Dick watched carefully his every movement, that Bessie might be forced to follow in the footsteps of Jack.

As a matter of course Aunt Lois was terrified when the water came within an inch of the carriage door, but fortunately her screams could not prevent the passage, and before she had time to give full sway to her fears they were on the opposite side.

(To be continued.)

"IN WHATSO WE SHARE"

BY J. R. MILLER, D.D.

We are all familiar with the story of the Holy Grail, which so many poets have wrought into verse. The Holy Grail was the cup from which Jesus drank, with his disciples at the last supper. According to the legend, this cup was lost, and it was the favorite enterprise of the knights of Arthur's court to go in quest of it. One of the proudest of these stories tells of Sir Launfal's search for the Holy Grail. Far away over cold mountains and through fierce storms and over deserts, rode the brave young knight, till youth turned to age and his hair was gray. At last, after a vain search, he turned homeward, an old man, bent, worn out and frail, with garments thin and bare. As he drew on there lay a leper, lack and wan, cowering before him. "For Christ's sweet sake, I beg an alms," the leper said. Sir Launfal saw in the beggar an image of him who died on the tree.

"He parted in twain his single crust,
He broke the ice on the streamlet's brink,
And gave the leper to eat and drink."
Suddenly a light shone about the place.

"The leper no longer crouched at his side,
But stood before him glorified,
Shining, and tall, and fair, and straight,
As the pillar that stood by the Beautiful Gate."

Sweetly now he spoke as the knight listened:

"In many climes, without avail,
Thou hast spent thy life for the Holy Grail;
Behold, it is here—this cup which thou
Durst fill at the streamlet for me but
as I—
This crust is my body broken for thee;
This water his blood that died on the
tree;
The Holy Supper is kept, indeed,
In whatso we share with another's
need;
Not what we give, but what we share,
For the gift without the giver is bare.
Who gives himself with his alms feeds
three—
Himself, his hungering neighbour, and
me."

The path of glory for a life lies not away among the cold mountains of earthly honour, not in any paths of fame where worldly ambition climbs, but close beside us, in the lowly ways of Christ-like ministry. He who stoops to serve the poor and the suffering, in Christ's name, will find at length that he has served Christ himself. "I was a-hungered, and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink."

A CHILDISH CAPER.

When Mr. Wayne sold out his furs one spring Mrs. Beeman thought it a good time to buy. She had two little girls, Bessie and Mattie, who had wished all the winter before for fur capes and muffs. Now was a good chance to provide them. So they were bought, carefully wrapped in newspapers, and put in the cedar chest upstairs, away from the ravages of moths. If the little girls could have had their way, they would have worn the furs every time they went out to church, irrespective of temperature, at least until the novelty of having them had passed away.

One hot day in August they got to talking about those furs, and determined to steal a march on mamma and wear them anyhow. They always went to prayer-meetings with their mother, and on this particular evening they begged to precede her thither, and she consented that they should. They went upstairs, arrayed themselves in their furs, stole down the back stairs and out at the gate without being discovered, and got safely to the prayer-meeting room.

When Mrs. Beeman came in, a few minutes later, the first thing that met her gaze was her little girls sitting demurely on the front seat with muffs in their laps and fur collars about their necks, while the mercury in the thermometer was away up in the nineties.—
N. Y. Advocate.

The Golden Imago.

(Daniel 3)

BY JENNIE MAYCOCK.

In Dura's plain the haughty king
Hath set a stately image high;
Bow down and worship now this thing,
Or in the furnace you must die.

And all the host on bended knee,
Their servile homage to the king
Show forth. What! all but Judah's three,
Who dare his wrath on them to bring.

The wrath of kings, the furnace hot,
Is dreaded less than heaven's frown;
Their high estate avails them not,
Into the furnace! Cast them down!

The mighty God, the Lord of lords,
Hath power to stay that awful heat,
Protection to his own affords,
And walketh with them, for 'tis meet

That to the haughty king his power
And great deliverance should be shown,
A new decree, framed from that hour,
Makes all the God of Israel own.

Think you, my friend, that since that time
No furnace hot hath been prepared?
No land, no age, no race, no clime,
From fiery trials hath been spared.

Where'er an idol hath been reared,
By custom, or by social plot,
A furnace, too, for those who veered
Around, and worshipped it not.

Some cry for style, dress well, dress well,
Society will not receive
You in her set, your funeral knoll
They'll ring (or so make you believe).

Get wealth, some cry, get gold, get gold,
How'er you can! Nor be too just:
Bow down and worship this god old,
Bow down and worship yellow dust.

And others—is their idol higher?
Cry out aloud and say, "Get fame!"
For fame will live 'mid tempests dire,
Bow down and worship just a name.

And hosts bow down on bended knee,
To vanity and fame and gold,
Nor ever give a thought to thee,
Who in thy hand their lives do hold

Methinks that he who will not bow,
(Though poor and humble and un-
known),

To any save Jehovah, thou
Wilt set beside thee in thy throne.
Woodstock, Ont.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL BY MATTHEW.

LESSON X.—MARCH 6.

JESUS AND THE SABBATH.

Matt. 12 1-13. Memory verses, 10-13.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The Son of man is Lord even of the Sabbath day.—Matt. 12. 8.

OUTLINE.

- 1. God's Day, v. 1-8.
- 2. God's Work, v. 9-13.

Time. In the early summer of A.D. 28, before the preaching of the Sermon on the Mount.

Place.—Not known.

HOME READINGS.

- M. Jesus and the Sabbath.—Matt. 12. 1-13.
- Tu. The great Healer.—Matt. 12. 14-23.
- W. The Sabbath a delight.—Isa. 58. 8-14.
- Th. A day of rest.—Jer. 17. 19-27.
- F. Sabbath teaching.—Acts 13. 42-52.
- S. Teaching and healing.—Luke 13. 10-17.
- Su. The Sabbath for man.—Mark 2. 23-3. 6.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

- 1. God's Day, v. 1-8.
 - Where was Jesus walking on the Sabbath day?
 - What did his disciples do?
 - What charge did the Pharisees make against them?
 - Whose example did Jesus quote in his defence?
 - To what act of David did he refer?
 - What legal temple service did he cite?
 - What comparison did he make?
 - Of what precept were the Pharisees ignorant?
 - What injustice had their ignorance caused?
 - From whom did Jesus claim lordship over the Sabbath? Golden Text.
- 2. God's Work, v. 9-13.
 - Where did Jesus then go?
 - What sufferer did he find?
 - What tempting question did the Jews ask?
 - With what merciful phrase of the law did Jesus reply?
 - What question about values did he ask?
 - From this, what conclusion did he draw?
 - What command did he give?
 - What miracle at once followed?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Where in this lesson are we taught—

- 1. That the Sabbath was meant to be a blessing to man?
- 2. That acts of mercy are always lawful?
- 3. That prejudice blinds people to the truth?

STRANGE SALUTES.

In the West Indies the negroes say, "Have you had a good sleep?" The Polow Islanders seize the foot of the person they desire to salute, and rub their faces with it; and New Guinea people place on their heads leaves of trees, as emblems of peace and friendship. The Romans, in ancient times, exclaimed: "What doest thou?" "Be healthy!" or "Be strong!" It was also customary to take up children by the ears and kiss them. Japanese remove their sandals when they meet a superior, exclaiming, "Hurt me not!" Manillas bend their bodies, place their hands upon their cheeks, raise one leg and bend the knee. Persians salute by inclining neck over neck, and then cheek to cheek, with the extravagant greeting, "Is thy exalted high condition good?" "May thy shadow never be less!" and "Peace be upon thee!" In Poland the inhabitants bow to the ground with the significant inquiry, "Art thou gay?" and "How hast thou thyself?" Russian ladies permit not only their hands but their foreheads to be kissed by friends. The men salute by inquiring, "How do you live on?" and "Be well."

ON THE TRACK OF CIVILIZATION.

The construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway was a great surprise to the Indian tribes. They knew not what to make of the iron horse with breath of flame and lungs of fire, that snorted its way like a huge dragon over the prairie and through the mountain canyons. But they soon accepted the situation and readily availed themselves of the facilities it offered for rapid transit, and learned to travel with all the composure of veteran globe-trotters. The railway is to be the great civilizer of the great Northwest. It is the path-finder of Empire—the pioneer of Christian civilization. It makes straight in the wilderness a highway for the coming of the Son of man and the preaching of his Gospel of grace. Instead of illimitable herds of bison we will soon have fertile farms and smiling villages and happy Christian homes all through our vast inheritance in the new Canada of the far West.

A large number of Indians are required for portaging and other labour in the Klondike region, and the C. P. R. furnishes facilities for their conveyance from East of the Rockies to the Pacific Coast.

MUSIC BOOKS

For Sunday-Schools, Epworth Leagues, and Evangelistic Work.

	Each	Per doz.
The Canadian Hymnal. Revised and enlarged, 450 hymns. Our authorized S.S. Hymnal.....	.50	5.00
Search Light. For Sunday-Schools and Gospel Meetings, etc. By A. F. Myers.....	.40	4.20
Crown of Gold. For Epworth Leagues, Endeavour Societies, etc. By W. T. Giffé and Frank M. Davis.....	.35	3.60
Glorious Bells. For Christian Endeavour Societies, Sunday-Schools and Gospel Meetings, etc. By W. J. Giffé.....	.35	3.60
Triumphant Songs, No. 5. One of our most popular books. By E. O. Excell.....	.35	3.60
The Great Redemption. Hymns, Thrilling, Evangel Songs. (Paper) By John M. Whyte.....	.25 .35	2.50 3.60
Finest of the Wheat, Nos. 1, 2. Hymns, new and old, for Missionary and Revival Meetings and Sunday-schools. Chaplain McCabe's new and popular book.....	.40 .60	4.20 6.00
Revival Hymns. Selected by Rev. J. McD. Kerr.....	.20 .25	2.00 2.60
Songs of Calvary. A new and choice collection, most of which were composed by the Whyte Bros. (Paper) (Limp Cloth).....	.25 .35	2.50 3.60
Songs of Salvation. As used by Crossley and Hunter in Evangelistic Meetings, and adapted for the Church, Grove, Choir and Home. Edited by H. T. Crossley.....	.25	2.50
Songs for Young People. The Sunday-School, the Church. Edited by E. O. Excell.....	.25	2.40
The Seed Sower. For Sunday-Schools and Gospel Meetings. By A. F. Myers.....	.35	.60
Nuggets of Gold. (Just issued.) Rallying Songs for the Temperance Campaign.....	.25	2.50

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto.
C. W. COATES, Montreal. S. F. DUBOIS, Halifax.



ON THE WAY TO THE KLONDIKE.