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# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XIX.]

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 11, 1899.

[No. 6.]

## The Bishop's Visit.

BY MRS. EMMA HUNTINGTON NASON.

Tell you about it? Of course I will!  
I thought 'twould be dreadful to have  
him come,  
For mamma said I must be quiet and  
still.

And she put away my whistle and  
drum,

And made me unharness the parlour  
chairs,  
And packed my cannon and all the  
rest

Of my noisiest playthings away off up-  
stairs,  
On account of this very distinguished  
guest.

Then every room was turned upside  
down,

And all the carpets hung out to blow;  
For when the bishop is coming to town  
The house must be in order, you  
know.

So out in the kitchen I made my lair,  
And started a game of hide and seek;  
But Bridget refused to have me there,  
For the bishop was coming—to stay a  
week—

And she must make cookies and cakes  
and pies,

And fill every closet  
and platter and  
pan.

Till I thought this  
bishop, so great  
and wise,  
Must be an awful  
hungry man!

Well! at last he came;  
and I do declare,

Dear grandpapa, he  
looked just like  
you,

With his gentle voice,  
and his silvery  
hair,

And eyes with a smile  
a-shining through.

And whenever he read  
or talked or  
prayed,

I understood every  
single word;

And I wasn't the least  
bit afraid.

Though I never once  
spoke or stirred;

Till, all of a sudden, he  
laughed right out

To see me sit quietly  
listening so;

And began to tell us  
stories about  
Some queer little fel-  
lows in Mexico.

And all about Egypt and Spain—and then  
He wasn't disturbed by a little noise,  
But said that the greatest and best of  
men

Once were rollicking, healthy boys.

And he thinks it is no matter at all  
If a little boy runs and jumps and  
climbs;

And mamma should be willing to let me  
crawl

Through the banister-rails in the hall  
sometimes.

And Bridget, sir, made a great mistake,  
In stirring up such a bother, you see,  
For the bishop—he didn't care for cake.

And really liked to play games with  
me!

But though he's so honoured in word and  
act—

(Stoop down, for this is a secret now)—  
He couldn't spell Boston! That's a fact!  
But whispered to me to tell him how.

"I'd like to hear you play the violin,  
Mr. Bishop," said seven-year-old Tommy,  
who was entertaining the visitor.

"But I don't play the violin, Tommy." "Then  
papa must be mistaken. I heard him tell  
mamma that you played second fiddle at  
home."

## A STORY OF LINCOLN.

In a recent address before the Young  
Men's Christian Association of Trenton,  
N.J., General James F. Rusling related a  
new and interesting anecdote of Abraham  
Lincoln.

In the third day's fight at Gettysburg,  
Daniel E. Sickles, ex-sheriff of New York,  
lost a leg. It was amputated above the  
knee, and the wounded man was con-  
veyed to Washington and placed in a  
building opposite the Elliott House.  
General Rusling, who knew Sickles well,  
called to see him. While there, Presi-  
dent Lincoln was announced, and he was  
shown into the room. The three men  
fell into conversation about the battle.  
Sickles asked Lincoln whether he had  
been greatly worried as to the result of  
the fight.

"Oh, no," said Mr. Lincoln; "I thought  
it would be all right."

"But you must have been the only  
man who felt so," replied Sickles, "for  
I understand there was a deep feeling of  
anxiety here among the heads of the  
Government."

"Yes," replied the President, "Stanton,  
Wells, and the rest were pretty badly  
rattled, and ordered two or three gun-  
boats up to the city and placed some of  
the Government archives aboard, and  
wanted me to go on board; but I told

I have great confidence in him. I like  
Grant. He doesn't bother me or give me  
any trouble. I prayed for success here,  
too. I told the Lord all about the  
Vicksburg campaign; that victory here  
would cut the Confederacy in two, and  
it would be the decisive one of the war.  
I have abiding faith that we shall come  
out all right at Vicksburg. If Grant  
wins here I shall stick to him through  
the war."

This conversation took place on the 5th  
of July. Vicksburg had been captured  
the day before, on the 4th, but the news  
had not yet reached Washington.

## TWO BIRTHDAYS.

BY KATE W. HAMILTON.

"Do you want some walks swept, or  
leaves raked, or kindlings chopped?"  
asked a cheery young voice outside Mrs.  
Grey's open door.

"Why, Jamie Lyle, is that you?" Mrs.  
Grey brought her sewing to the porch,  
and sat down on the steps. "Yes, the  
lawn needs raking. And so you have  
gone into business?"

"Yes'm; I want to earn some money  
for Laurie's birthday."

"Your baby brother? I thought his  
birthday came last month?"

"Yes'm; but things went very crooked

it means something, only you don't know  
what—and then she said:

"Well, that will be a long time to  
wait, so I must wrap it in tissue paper  
and lay it away in my drawer where it  
will keep bright. It's Laurie's present,  
so it wouldn't be right to let any one use  
it or spoil it before he gets it."

"Wasn't I disappointed! But I couldn't  
say anything, and that knife was laid  
away, and father nor mother didn't say  
another word about it. This week my  
birthday came. Did you know I was  
eight years old, Mis' Grey? I hoped  
father would get me a bicycle, but I  
didn't know, and what do you think he  
did that morning? He came into the  
room rolling a great big wheel, a man's  
wheel, and said he had bought it for my  
birthday."

"Why, I can't ride that one," I told  
him, and I felt most ready to cry.

"No, not yet," he said, cool as you  
please, 'but you'll grow up some day.  
It's just right for me to ride now."

He and mother smiled at each other  
over my head; I knew they did, and I  
thought if we were going to do that  
miserable old present business all over  
again, he should have it just the way I  
did. So I said:

"It's a very nice wheel, but it's a good  
while to wait. I'll do it up, though, and  
lock it up in my room so it'll keep new  
'cause it's for me, and 'twouldn't be fair  
for somebody else to spoil it while I'm  
growing up."

"How he and mother did laugh! The  
lump sort of went out of my throat then  
so I could laugh, too, and father said:

"Well, that is turning the tables, isn't  
it, Jamie, boy?"

"Then he brought in another wheel  
just right for me, he'd only bought him-  
self a new one, too,—and we had a splen-  
did ride together. I guess he thought I  
didn't need any more preachin' to, and  
I didn't. It's the meanest kind of sel-  
fishness to do selfish things and then try  
to cheat folks by pretendin' you did 'em  
because you're so generous. So I want  
to earn some money, and I'm going to  
buy baby something for his two-year-old  
birthday, and not for my eight-year-old  
one."

Mrs. Grey laughed heartily. "Well,  
Jamie," she said, "I've got quite a lot of  
kindling to be cut, and you shall have it  
all to do. And I guess perhaps it would  
be a good thing for all of us to learn  
the same lesson you've learned about  
giving."

## ENGLAND'S STRENGTH.

No one takes a keener interest in the  
proceedings of peace conventions than  
does Queen Victoria. With all the ten-  
derness of a mother and a true woman  
she abhors war. She has known well  
what it is. The experience of the Crimea  
was to her most painful, as she felt in-  
tensely the widowhood of her people at  
that time. Quickly after the Crimea  
came the Sepoy revolt, and again her  
heart was made to bleed for the woes  
of her subjects. No wonder she shrinks  
from the contemplation of war. As a  
Queen she not only presides over the  
British, but also over all her other people.  
And if she is strong in her goodness, it  
is because of what is behind her. When  
she invited her wilful grandchild to look  
on fifteen miles of ironclads, and they  
only one of many fleets under her orders,  
she gave an object lesson to the world  
which the world can never forget.  
Queen Elizabeth did great things at Til-  
bury, but nothing that great Queen ever  
did more powerfully impressed the  
nations than Queen Victoria's review of  
the fleet over the waters commanded by  
Fort Moncton. Let Russia pursue her  
policy. Let France disturb Europe, as  
she has always. But Britain sits still  
on her throne of peace and says, No!  
There shall be no war if she can prevent  
it, because war is bad policy to begin  
with, and, anyway, she says, whichever  
of you, kings, emperors, or republics,  
dares to break the peace of the nations  
has to reckon with The Policeman of the  
Sea—England. After a while the swash-  
buckling nations will begin to under-  
stand the truth and govern themselves  
accordingly.—Truth.



THE BISHOP'S VISIT.

them it wasn't necessary; that it would  
be all right."

"But what made you feel so con-  
fident, Mr. President?" persisted Sickles.

"Oh, I had my reasons; but I don't  
care to mention them, for they would,  
perhaps, be laughed at," said Lincoln.

Of course the curiosity of both the  
other gentlemen was greatly excited, and  
General Sickles again pressed Mr. Lin-  
coln to explain the grounds of his con-  
fidence. Finally Lincoln said, "Well, I  
will tell you why I felt confident we  
should win at Gettysburg. Before the  
battle I retired alone to my room in the  
White House, and got down on my knees  
and prayed to Almighty God to give us  
the victory. I said to him that this was  
his war, and that if he would stand by  
the nation now, I would stand by him  
the rest of my life. He gave us the  
victory, and I propose to keep my pledge.  
I rose from my knees with a feeling of  
deep and serene confidence, and had no  
doubt of the result from that hour."

"General Sickles and myself," con-  
tinued Rusling, "were both profoundly  
impressed by Lincoln's words, and for  
some minutes complete silence reigned.  
Then Sickles, turning over on his couch,  
said, 'Well, Mr. President, how do you  
feel about the Vicksburg campaign?'"

"Oh, I think that will be all right, too.  
Grant is pegging away at the enemy, and

then." Jamie studied the toes of his  
tan shoes for a minute, and then  
looked up with a sudden burst of con-  
fidence. "I s'pose I've been pretty sel-  
fish a good while, but I didn't know it  
till baby's birthday honest, Mis' Grey, I  
didn't! He was two years old last  
month, and of course father and mother  
gave him things, but I meant to buy him  
a present, too. I thought I'd get him a  
rubber ball and a little red tin pail, so I  
went to Mr. Denton's first. While I sat  
on the counter looking at things, I saw  
the nicest knife—four blades and a  
gimlet!

"I wanted it the first minute, and the  
longer I looked the more I wanted it. I  
had money enough to do it if I didn't  
buy anything for baby, so at last I took  
it. I thought I'd call it buying it for  
Laurie but I could use it just the same.  
Well, when I showed it to mother she  
said it was 'a very nice knife,' but there  
was a little look on her face that made  
me feel queer inside. She said baby was  
too little to use it, for he'd cry to have it  
opened, and cut himself if it was open.

"Yes'm, but I thought he'd like it  
when he gets big enough" I told her  
'It's just the thing for a boy like me to  
use."

"She and father looked at each other  
—the kind of look that makes you think

## Enigma.

They say I am superfluous in our great family;  
I know I cannot go alone, you always follow me.  
I wonder why we are such friends, and how I got my name;  
Some argue that it was applied to shill my comic frame.  
I am of Eastern origin, adopted by the West,  
And useless as they say I am, I'm ever in request.  
'Tis true I'm first in quarrels but still keep out of strife,  
And in the midst of earthquakes live yet lead a quiet life.  
In oriental mosques I'm seen, but out of church I stay.  
And once I used to lead the choir yet neither sing nor play.  
I'm lacking not in quantity, in quality as well,  
But far from perfect, and so small my name I'll never tell.

Ans.—The letter Q.

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## Pleasant Hours:

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

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 11, 1899.

## BE THOROUGH.

"I never do a thing thoroughly," Mary said to me the other day. She had just been competing for a prize in composition. "I only read my composition once after I wrote it, and never practiced in the chapel at all."

She was naturally far more gifted than Alice, who was her principal competitor. Alice wrote and rewrote her article, and practiced it again and again.

The day came. Alice read her composition in a clear, distinct voice, without hesitation or lack of expression. It was condensed and well written. Mary's could not be heard beyond the fifth row of seats, and was long and uninteresting. Alice won the prize. One remembered and the other forgot the truth so trite, but so aptly put by Carlyle: "Genius is an immense capacity for taking trouble." One, by patient, persistent effort, obtained what the other relied on her natural talent to win for her.

Whatever you do—whether you sweep a room, or make a cake, or write an essay, or trim a hat, or read a book—do it thoroughly. Have a high standard for everything; not alone because only thus can you win honour and distinction, but because this is the only honest, right, Christian way to use the gifts God has bestowed upon you. To be honest before him we must be thorough.—Observer.

## HOW THEY LOST THEIR RIDE.

BY ELIZABETH P. ALLEN.

"Katie, you promised to go for the Millers this afternoon, and take your sled down to Long Hill, don't you remember?"

"Oh, yes, but I'm not going to do it. Uncle Frank told Buster and me to wait at the pump, at three o'clock, and he would give us a sleigh-ride."

"An' he has two stings of bells," added Buster, conclusively.

"But you promised Katie," remonstrated the older sister "and the little Millers will watch for you, and be disappointed when you don't come."

"Oh, it's no matter," answered Katie, carelessly, "another time will do."

Uncle Frank, reading his paper in the back parlour, while this little talk was going on out in the hall; he laid down The Daily News when he heard Katie's last words, and looked very grave. Soon he walked down to the stables, shaking his head and saying, "It's a great pity, but they've got the lesson to learn."

At "free" o'clock, by the fastest time in the house, the two children were booted and gloved and capped, and waiting by the pump. Wouldn't they have a jolly time when the grey horse, with two rows of bells, came around the corner?

But the grey horse didn't come; many a belled sleigh went past, many a fur-capped boy and girl looked out at Katie and Buster, but no Uncle Frank made his appearance. Sorrowfully the disappointed children went home. About five o'clock Uncle Frank came in, in a fine glow of humour. "I've had a fine ride," he cried, "I took the two little Millers with me."

"Oh, Uncle Frank, why didn't you take us?" exclaimed Katie, bursting into tears. "You promised!"

"Eh? Oh, yes, bother, so I did, but it didn't matter, you know, any other time would do as well."

Katie knew that he was thinking of her speech about the Millers, though she wondered how he knew about it. But that lost ride taught Katie, and, perhaps, even little Buster, what it feels like to be disappointed in a promised treat. It was a good afternoon's lesson.

## TWO INTRODUCTIONS.

"Why, Gay, what is it? Your cheeks are red as two lobsters—boiled ones," cried Esther Tripp, in her clear, sympathetic little voice. It was so queer to see Gay's face anything but laughing. Just now it was full of indignation and little sparks shone in her eyes.

"Come over in the secret corner and I'll tell you," Gay said, mysteriously, looking still more indignant.

The "secret corner" was over at one end of the playground, where a little leafy nook between two syringa bushes made a splendid place to tell secrets in. Gay and Esther hurried to it with their arms around each other's waists, but Gay's daintily-shot little feet made hard thumps on the pavement at every step. She was so indignant.

"Now tell, Gay; quick, or the bell will ring."

"Well, what do you s'pose? Miss Hope's been introducing me to that new scholar that came this morning."

Esther laughed in spite of herself. It was such a funny thing to be cross over.

"Is that all, Gay Tenney? Why, she introduced me, too. I guess I'm going to like her—she's got such funny little freckles on her nose."

"Freckles! Esther Tripp, she's my washerwoman's daughter."

Gay's voice rose, shrill and indignant. It pierced right through the thick syringa leaves and hurt a little shabby, gentle-faced girl going by.

"And that isn't all—but I hope that's enough. She's got on my old gingham dress this minute—and my boots. I know 'em by the prickled spots all over 'em where I went through the blackb'ry bushes. Mamma gave 'em right to the washerwoman. There! An' Miss Hope went and introduced me!"

The bell rang then, and Gay stumped back across the paved yard with her pretty, fluffy head in the air. Esther followed slowly, and a gentle-faced little girl with "prickled boots" on and a "prickled" place in her heart, went last of all with heavy feet.

Something even more dreadful happened to Gay that afternoon. As if the introducing hadn't been dreadful enough. But this! Miss Hope put the gentle-faced girl with the funny freckles at Gay's desk beside her.

"She is near-sighted, like you, dear," Miss Hope whispered, "and she can see the board better here."

It was very dreadful to sit next to your own old gingham dress with the tips of your own old boots just touching the floor beside your new ones—and then to remember about the washerwoman.

Gay was sure the gentle-faced girl smelt of soap-suds and steam. And she thought the tips of the little red fingers looked puckered up and parbolly—probably she inherited it from her mother's fingers.

But Gay was too well-bred to turn her back on her seatmate, or—well, she couldn't help cowering some, truly.

It was composition day, and Miss Hope read them a beautiful story about the bell in the market-place that people rang—the king told them to—when they were wronged, and somebody would come and

help them. And when the bell rope grow old and frayed with so much pulling they mended it with a vine, and one day a poor, old, half-starved horse strayed in under the roof and covered the bell and nibbled hungrily at the vine in the rope and rang the bell. And the people came to see who was wronged.

It was a beautiful story, but the best part of all was the beautiful ending, where they gave the poor horse a stall and shelter and plenty to eat.

"Now, tell me the story," Miss Hope said, and all over the room pencils began to scribble and little lips to chatter, softly—all but Gay's.

It was such dreadful work to write out Miss Hope's stories. You couldn't think of a thing to say. There was Esther Tripp's pencil going like everything—and, oh, dear, the washerwoman's daughter's pencil, too.

Gay bit her own pencil and then wrote, "Once" in shaky, down-hill letters. Then she looked across at the little, neat rows of even letters at the other side of the desk. Such a lot of rows, too.

"Once—on—a—t—l—m—e," wrote Gay, laboriously, "a horse nibbled a bell and—"

"Now, we'll see who's told the best story," Miss Hope was saying, brightly, and she was holding out her hand for Gay's.

The best story was always read aloud, and this time Miss Hope read the gentle-faced little girl's whose mother was a washerwoman. Gay listened to it with honest admiration—it was so prettily told. Oh, if she could only write like that! If she could only think what to say!

"Well, anyhow," she thought, "she had on my gingham dress and my boots, so 'twas some mine." And then she laughed, and then she slipped her hand under the desk and squeezed the little gentle-faced girl's hand.

And that was the second time they were introduced that day.—Our Boys and Girls.

## DOINGS OF DRINK.

The following touching incident, by the Ven. Archdeacon Farrar, is given by The Scottish League Journal:

"At the entrance of one of our college chapels lies a nameless grave; that grave covers the mortal remains of one of its most promising fellows, ruined through drink. I received not very long ago a letter from an old schoolfellow, a clergyman, who, after long and arduous labour, was in want of clothes, and almost of food. I inquired the cause; it was drink. A few weeks ago a wretched clergyman came to me in deplorable misery, who had dragged down his family with him into ruin. What had ruined him? Drink. When I was a Cambridge one of the most promising scholars was a youth who, years ago, died in a London hospital, penniless, of delirium tremens, through drink. When I was at King's College I used to sit next to a handsome youth who grew up to be a brilliant writer; he died in the prime of life, a victim to drink. I once knew an eloquent philanthropist, who was a very miserable man. The world never knew the curse which was on him; but his friends knew that it was drink. And why was it that these tragedies are daily happening? It is through the fatal fascination, the seductive sorcery of drink, against which Scripture so often warns. It is because drink is one of the surest of the devil's ways to man, and of man's ways to the devil."

## DOWN WITH THE SALOON.

Down with the saloon! Let that be the slogan, and every voice a trumpet to proclaim it!

Down with the saloon! It is God's relentless enemy, the nation's, and yours.

Down with the saloon! It has no respect for home, the church, the Sabbath. It curses the one, blasphemes the other, and tramples upon the third.

Down with the saloon! It breeds violence and ruin. Twenty anarchists were dragged from an apartment of a Chicago doggerly the other day. It was a fitting place for them. The two bad things mix.

Down with the saloon! It is pledged by the most infamous means to perpetuate its diabolical rule. It fattens upon the corruption it breeds, and, like the wrecker, is enriched by the ruin it works.

Down with the saloon! It multiplies mad-houses and prisons, and crowds their cells with brutalized, raving, cursing human wrecks.

Down with the saloon! It controls our politics, corrupts our legislators; intimidates our judiciary, and insults every sense of decency with insolent contempt. Down with the saloon! Its ranks are

filled by troops of murderers, thieves, perjurers, tramps, libertines, and harlots, who scoff at the restraints of society and thirst for blood.

Down with the saloon! It robs thousands of homes of their most promising boys, and, all besotted and ruined, huris them into drunkards' graves.

Down with the saloon! Talk against it. Plan against it. Work against it. Fight against it. Pray against it. Vote against it.—Epworth Herald.

## THE PURIFICATION OF SANTIAGO.

Major Barbour, with 126 men dressed in spotless white, and thirty-two United States mule teams and carts, having dug out from the streets of Santiago the filth of ages, is now able to keep them absolutely clean. Every day, by the aid of petroleum, the garbage of the city is burned. The work of sanitation is not confined to the streets, but extends to the dwelling-houses, shops and buildings of all kinds. To accomplish this, however, the doors of houses had to be smashed in, and people throwing filth into the thoroughfares were publicly horsewhipped in the streets. The campaign has ended in a complete surrender to the sanitary authorities.—Chicago Record.

## A MEXICAN MERCHANT.

The Mexicans have little knowledge of business, as compared with their American neighbours. A St. Louis traveller says: "While travelling in Mexico a few years ago, I had a funny experience with a Mexican vendor while I was on my way to some mines up in the mountains."

"At the station where we left the train to take the stage I saw an old woman selling some honey. She did not have more than ten pounds of it altogether, and it looked so good I wanted to buy it all to take along with us. I asked our interpreter to buy it. Much to my surprise, the old woman would sell him but two boxes, claiming that if she sold it all to him she would have nothing to sell to other people, neither would she have anything else to do during the remainder of the day."

This reminds us of an experience in the Adirondack woods a few years ago. The only storekeeper in the tiny village near us was induced by his summer customers to send for some turkey red calico. It turned out a great success, for those who had cottages bought it eagerly for cushions, curtains, etc. Indeed, there was quite a pilgrimage of buyers to the little store, and the calico went like wildfire. But the storekeeper did not approve of this active trade. When the first piece was sold, he refused to order more.

"It sells out so fast it's a sight of trouble," he said. "I only got it last week, and now it's gone." And no persuasion could induce him to change his mind!

## A PARABLE OF LUCK.

A king in the East said to his minister:

"Do you believe in luck?"

"I do," said the minister.

"Can you prove it?" said the king.

"Yes, I can," said the minister.

So one night he tied up to the ceiling of a room a parcel containing peas mixed with diamonds. In the room were two men, one of whom believed in luck, and the other in human effort alone. The former quietly laid himself down on the ground, the latter after a series of efforts reached the parcel, and feeling in the dark the peas and stones, he ate the peas one by one and threw the diamonds at his companion, saying, "Here are the stones for your idleness."

In the morning the minister came with the king and bade each take to himself what he had got. The man of effort found that he had eaten every one of the peas. The man of luck quietly walked away with the diamonds.

The minister said to the king, "Sire, you see that there is such a thing as luck; but it is as rare as peas mixed with diamonds. So I would say—let none hope to live by luck!"

A thousand school-masters—industrial teachers—would do a hundred times more to keep the peace in the Philippines than a hundred thousand soldiers, and they would cost a hundred times less. Suppose we try what can be done in such populations by weapons that are not carnal. A peaceful invasion of arts and industries would greatly lessen the cost of armaments. And this is the way to get speedy and splendid returns. If we wish to extend our markets, then we must civilise these people and thus multiply their wants.—Independent.

Don't.

I might have just the mostest fun,  
If 'twasn't for a word,  
I think the very worstest one  
'At ever I have heard;  
I wish 'at it'd go away,  
But I'm afraid it won't;  
I s'pose 'at it'll always stay—  
That awful word of "Don't."

It's "Don't you make a bit of noise;"  
And, "Don't go out of doors,"  
And, "Don't you spread your stock of  
toys  
About the parlour floor;"  
And, "Don't you dare play in the dust,"  
And, "Don't you tease the cat,"  
And, "Don't you get your clothing  
mussed;"  
And, "Don't do this and that."

It seems to me I've never found  
A thing I'd like to do,  
But what there's some one close around  
'At's got a "Don't" or two.  
And Sunday—at's the day 'at "Don't"  
Is worst of all the seven.  
O goodness! but I hope there won't  
Be any "Don'ts" in heaven!

A Methodist Soldier

BY  
ALLAN-A-DALE.

CHAPTER VII.

WE GO TO WINCHESTER.

A boy's first home leaving is always a sorry affair. Encouraged as they were by the brave and kind words spoken by Mr. Ullathorne on the Sunday, my mother



and father yet felt my going keenly. When the good man called at the big farm and told the Squire of my intention to enlist, he was not a little surprised.

"I did not think he would do that," he said. Then, thinking the matter over, added, "Well, he's a lad of spirit after all. Perhaps I have misjudged him. What do you say, Barber, do you think he would stay with us if I over-looked that matter?"

But my father shook his head, and thanking the Squire for his kindness, said, in his exceedingly simple manner, that he felt the affair had been taken out of his hands. Upon that Erling said he doubted whether there was another man in the country who would have refused his offer. Still, he was not altogether displeas'd, I think, at the refusal, and later made no demur when the price of his sheep was handed to him out of the bounty money paid for my enlistment.

The story of my approaching departure spread rapidly through the village, as such stories will, and many a woman called at the cottage. Not a few had relatives in the ranks, for in those days the drain on the country to keep up the fighting strength of the regiments was very great, and scarcely a hamlet but had men in the field.

With some of her callers my mother smiled, with others she wept tears of sympathy for the memory of sons who had gone across cottage thresholds never to return, members of those lost legions whose bones have whitened on battle-fields wherever the British flag has flown.

Few and simple were the preparations made for my departure. There was little to be done, and yet the days seemed all too short. Of one thing I was glad: Michael Erling, the author of my misfortune—for as such I then looked upon him—kept carefully out of sight. He had, perhaps, the grace to feel ashamed of the part he had played. Not so, however, Joe Harter, who several times paraded his wooden leg in the road outside the cottage, out of a malicious desire, I fully believe, to remind my poor mother of the mishaps that may befall the soldier in battle. But the sight of the rascal, generally showing the effects of overnight potations, only served to remind

her that there were perils as dangerous in a Hampshire village as in any tented field. She had strengthened herself to the breaking of the home-ties on that quiet Sabbath afternoon, and, though she shed not a few tears when the parting came, I do not think her faith in my future wavered for a moment.

I had one friend in the village, who, recovering from a first passionate burst of grief at the news of my going, soon shared my mother's firm belief in the fortune that ought surely to come my way when once I donned the scarlet and gold of his Majesty's forces. That friend was Ellen; my friend then and for all time. Maid Mary, from the big farm, told us about the child's grief, and wondered at it, not knowing of course all the reason for it. I could guess, however, how sorely she must have been tried by the news, feeling at the moment, perhaps, not less my going than the circumstances which brought it about.

It was for the encouragement of the little girl that I was induced to put on as merry a face as I could when she came down to the cottage with the maid on the day before I left. Sadly she looked at me at first with wide-open and reproachful eyes, and would scarce say a word until I had begun to laugh and joke about the strange places I should see and the curious people I might meet in foreign lands. Then when I began to compare myself to Jack the giant-killer, she smiled, and wondered why it was so hard to kill the little "ogre," as in those days we always called Napoleon, when Jack of the nursery story had such an easy task with the big one. Then we fell to wondering how long it would be before I saw my home again, for the soldier had no fur-lough in those days, and it seemed as though the wars in Europe, which had been going on ever since we could remember, would never cease. When I came back, said Ellen, I was to be a general at the very least, with a cocked hat and a fine sword and lots of gold lace. They would ring the church bells for me, and light a big bonfire on the green, declared the child, conjuring up memories of the rejoicings after the great victory of Trafalgar two years before.

"And I will come and meet you, riding on the pony papa is going to give me next year," she went on, "and you must take off your grand hat and bow to me. You won't be too proud to notice me, will you?"

"No, that I won't," I said, ready then as ever to worship the very ground on which she stood. "But suppose I come back, Ellen, a poor soldier without any gold lace, all in rags and walking on my bare feet instead of riding in a carriage. Will you come and meet me then?"

I shall never forget the look the poor child gave me, as I seemed to sweep away all her bright visions with a word. It was such a queer commingling of hope and fear, sorrow and confidence, that I knew not for the moment whether she was going to laugh or cry. Happily she smiled, and then slipping her little hand into mine, said:

"Always, Jim—always."

To this day I never think of that last night at home but I remember the smile on that winsome little face and recall the pressure of that tiny hand.

Thursday, the day on which Mr. Ullathorne had advised us that he would be in Winchester, dawned bright and beautiful as only a summer day in the south country can. We were early astir, for our village lay far from the main road, and my father and I had to walk some distance before we could hope to find a conveyance to carry us the rest of the journey. Of baggage I had next to nothing. All my worldly possessions were on my back, save a few shirts and two books which I carried in a bundle over my shoulder. One of those books, I need hardly say, was a Bible with my name written therein by my dear mother, and the other a little volume of Meditations by good Bishop Hall, a quaint little volume dated two hundred years ago and bound in leather tied with strings of like material. It was one of my father's treasures and had been his father's before him. He entrusted it to me, not knowing that he would ever see it again; and I have it still, though sadly worn by much handling. In it I found at times as much comfort and advice as any man could hope to gain from earthly counsellor.

Our good-byes were said at the garden gate. My younger brothers and sisters would have liked to go with us some distance down the road, but my mother held them back. So I kissed them one and all, and receiving my mother's last fond embrace, set out at length on my journey, only turning at the bend of the road to wave a last farewell.

As we had hoped, we had not walked

many miles before we fell in with a farmer and his wife jogging contentedly along Winchesterwards. With these good people we would have made a bargain, but asking who we were they astonished us by refusing to take anything.

"I know your name, Mr. Barber," said the farmer, "and perhaps you know mine. They call me John Dunn, the Methodist farmer."

"Mr. Dunn!" cried my father, grasping the old man's outstretched hand; "I have heard of you from Mr. Ullathorne a hundred times."

"And that same good man has talked of you many a time," replied the farmer. "Why, it was only last Sunday that he told us he expected to spend the afternoon with you and your good people. Come and ride with me, and your boy can find a place beside Mrs. Dunn. But what is taking you to Winchester to-day?"

In we climbed without more ado, and soon our companions were in possession of our story. They had hearts full of sympathy, having one of their own boys in the army, and as they knew Winchester well I heard much about the city and soldier-life in the great barracks on the hill.

For several hours we travelled on at no very great pace, stopping at noon to rest the horse and refresh ourselves at a posting inn. Then we jogged along once more, and it was nearly sunset before Winchester came in sight.

It was my first view of Winchester, and indeed the first time I ever saw a larger place than our own little hamlet. Still the memory of the ancient city as it looked 'at the close of that splendid June day in the year 1807 lingers with me. The sun was setting, reddening the sky with the promise of a fair morning. As we mounted the crest of a hill the whole of the city lay outspread before us, a grey mass of houses embowered in green foliage. Here and there rose the towers of churches and the roofs of city buildings. The whole was set in a landscape of hill and dale through which the river Itchen took its silvery way.

I remember how the stately grandeur of the cathedral struck me like a vision of something I had never seen and yet had longed to know; but in all that wonderful panorama of hill and dale, river and tree, church and cottage, there was one great central feature which attracted me far more than anything else.

Standing on a hill, isolated and impressive, commanding the whole city by its position and great size, stood a huge red brick building faced with white stone. It occupied three sides of an irregular quadrangle, each side having for a main entrance a columned portico. The building faced south and east, and was surrounded on three sides by the remains of a deep ditch or moat. From the staff over the centre was flying a flag which even at that distance I recognized as the one in defence of which I was soon to pledge myself.

I rose in my seat to gain a better view. "There you are, my lad," said Farmer Dunn, pointing with his whip in the direction of the city. "Do you see the barracks? Did I not describe them well to you? You are near the end of your journey now."

"Say rather near the beginning of it, Mr. Dunn," interposed my father.

"Well, that is true," said the farmer, "and I wish him with all my heart a safe and prosperous journey. But, what is this? If I am not mistaken, our friend Mr. Ullathorne has ridden out to meet us."

And so it was; and great was Mr. Ullathorne's astonishment when he found that we had come thus far in such pleasant and friendly company. Under his guidance we continued our way down the hill into the city, finding at length a resting-place in the home of some good Methodist people, almost under the shadow of the cathedral.

(To be continued.)

FEEDING THE FIVE THOUSAND.

One day a little boy said to his mother, "Everyone is going to see the God-man, cannot I go too?" "Yes, dear," said the mother, "and you must remember what he says and does so as to tell me. You may be gone a long time, so I will give you in a basket three barley loaves and two fishes."

The people are near the Sea of Genesaret. Jesus is tired and wishes to be alone; so with his twelve disciples he crosses the sea in a boat. The other people had no boats, so they walked around the sea, for they wished to be with Jesus.

Jesus is looking down, thinking of the home in heaven he had left and about God, his Father; then he raises his eyes and sees all the people. He has come

here so as not to be with them, but he is so good that he lets them stay. Yes, and he begins to think how hungry they must be, for they have had no dinner.

Jesus tells his disciples to have the people sit down. He wants them to do something to show that they believe he could do something for them. Jesus asks the lad for his lunch. The lad is hungry himself, but is glad to give all that he has to Jesus. The people, about five thousand in all, sit down in the grass. Jesus takes the loaves and fishes, asks God to bless them, gives them to the disciples and tells them to give to the people. They mind Jesus, but they don't see how so little food can feed so many people.

After the people have eaten all that they wish, Jesus tells the disciples to gather up the fragments—that is, the pieces not eaten lying all around the ground—for Jesus always want to save anything that will be of any use. The disciples have bags in which they carry the food, also hay on which to sleep when away from home, so they won't have to sleep on the beds of people who are not Jews, or God's people, like themselves. Each disciple empties his bag of hay and fills it with the fragments. Each gets his bag full. This makes twelve baskets of pieces of bread and fish—more food than there was before the people had been fed. The touch of Jesus had made the food grow more. The lad's basketful had fed five thousand and also become twelve basketfuls.

The feeding of five thousand men on five loaves and two fishes is a miracle. No one but God can do a miracle, so the people know that Jesus is God. They



now want to make him king. He does not want them to do so, so he goes off on the mountain alone and the people go home.

God does not make one barley loaf grow into many every day, but he does something just as wonderful. He makes one barley head grow into many barley heads every year. Yes, what God did on the mountain he is doing all the time. One little seed makes many seeds. From one flower comes a thousand flowers. God gives every robin four little blue eggs, and from each egg is born a little bird. God lets one robin bring us four robins.

The Little Lad.

BY MRS. GEORGE A. PAULL.

Beside the tranquil waters  
Of the Sea of Galilee,  
Where the mountains' purple shoulders  
Stretch down to meet the sea,  
The eager people gathered  
Upon Batiba's slope,  
To listen to the Master,  
His words of love and hope.

"Send them away, dear Master,  
This hungering multitude;  
The evening shadows gather,  
We cannot find them food  
Two loaves and five small fishes  
A little lad hath brought,  
But for these many thousands  
That childish gift is naught."

"Make them sit down," he answered,  
And then, O happy lad,  
Who gave the loving Saviour  
So freely all he had!  
He took the loaves and fishes  
And blessed and brake the food  
And, lo! the scanty offering  
Fed all the multitude.

Famished and weak and weary,  
To-day a multitude  
Long for the Bread of Heaven—  
Ah, who will send them food?  
So small and scant your offering!  
Yes, but the Christ who blessed  
The lad's few loaves and fishes  
Will add to it the rest.

Place in his hand your offering  
And thousands you may feed,  
Of those who sit in darkness,  
Not knowing of their need  
To you comes this sweet story  
Dear little lad, I say—  
What can you bring to Jesus?  
Give him your all to-day.

**LESSON NOTES.**

**FIRST QUARTER**

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL BY JOHN

**LESSON VIII.—FEBRUARY 19**

**CHRIST FEEDING THE FIVE THOUSAND.**

John 6. 1-14. Memory verses, 9-11

**GOLDEN TEXT**

I am the bread of life—John 6 35

**OUTLINE**

1. The Multitude, v. 1-7.
2. The Loaves, v. 8-11
3. The Fragments, v. 12-14

Time.—Probably March or April, A.D. 29.

Places.—1. The Sea of Tiberias (Genesaret). 2. Probably the rich level plain of Butha, near the upper Bethsaida.

Rulers.—Herod in Galilee, Pilate in Jerusalem.

Connecting Links.—The feeding of the five thousand is the one miracle related in every gospel. As none of the evangelists tell their story in the exact order in which the events occurred the connection of this incident with others cannot be certainly told, but it was probably not very long after the death of John the Baptist

**LESSON HELPS.**

1. "Went over the Sea of Galilee"—From the western side, where the homes of Jesus and his disciples were, to the north-eastern shore. "The Sea of Tiberias"—John, writing for Gentile readers, gives the name by which this lake was known to foreigners. The city of Tiberias was built in our Lord's lifetime, by Herod Antipas, on the shore of this lake.

2. "A great multitude"—"This is explained by three facts: (1) That the Baptist had been put to death, and many of those who had followed him would now follow Christ. (2) That the twelve had returned from their ministry in the towns and villages of Galilee. (3) That the Passover was at hand, and numbers were flocking from Northern Palestine to Jerusalem, for the usual caravan road was on the eastern side of the lake."—Watkins. "Because they saw his miracles"—(1) Curiosity and excitement sometimes lead men to Jesus. (2) Jesus sympathizes with all who are in trouble.

3. "A mountain"—Not a peak, but a mountainous region. "Sat"—Sitting is the usual attitude of an Oriental teacher

4. "A feast of the Jews"—These five explanatory words are one of many beautiful evidences of the genuineness of this gospel. The aged apostle wrote primarily for the benefit of the Christian Church of the second generation, which numbered thousands of Gentile converts. "Nigh"—Near to hand. The month was "Nisan," our March, which in Palestine is balmy and verdant.

5. "He saith unto Philip"—It has been conjectured that Philip commonly provided food for the disciples, just as Judas commonly kept the bag. "Whence shall we buy"—(3) Learning the poverty of our own resources is a step toward having them supplied.

6. "To prove him"—At once to test and to teach him

7. "Two hundred pennyworth"—About thirty-five dollars' worth. Philip lacked spiritual penetration, but did not lack common sense. (4) The perfect Christian has both clear sight and clear insight.

9. "A lad"—It has been conjectured that this little lad was employed by the apostles to care for their supplies. (5) Jesus never ignores the "lads" or girls. "Barley loaves"—The food of the poorest. Something like our "pilot biscuit." "Small fishes"—Probably dried, and about the size of our sardines. (6) To share what we have is true benevolence.

10. "Make the men sit down"—Mark tells us that they were grouped in fifties, and thus the more easily counted. If they had not sat down they would not have been fed. (7) Many blessings are to-day lost because men will not stop long enough to take them.

11. "When he had given thanks"—Whenever Jesus is represented as eating a meal he is represented as giving thanks for it. (8) We should follow his example and commune with God concerning every act of our lives.

12. "Gather up the fragments"—Even the Lord of glory, who made the world, was careful about the fragments. (9) Let us never waste that which is left.

13. "Baskets"—Wallets. A Jew on a journey was always in danger of eating unclean Gentile food, so each carried his own wallet full. Those of the disciples had been emptied long before this.

14. "That Prophet"—Foretold in Deut. 18. 15, 16. Some of the rabbis regarded this "prophet" as the Messiah, some as his "forerunner" (10) Manifestation of divine power impresses even thoughtless observers. Jesus might have talked all day without making as deep an impression on the minds of those men as that which this miracle made. (11) So now, one thorough conversion, one life turned from sin to godliness, is worth a thousand sermons.

**HOME READINGS.**

M. Christ feeding the five thousand.—John 6. 1-14.

Tu. The four thousand fed. Mark 8. 1-9.

W. The miracle remembered.—Mark 8. 14-21.

Th. Not by bread alone.—Deut. 8. 1-6.

F. The first things.—Matt. 6. 25-33.

S. The true Bread.—John 6. 22-34.

Su. The Bread of Life.—John 6. 35-51.

**QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY**

1. The Multitude, v. 1-7.

Across what sea did Jesus go from Capernaum?

Who followed him? Why? Where did Jesus go with his disciples? What Jewish feast was soon to occur? What question did Jesus ask Philip?

**HAMBURG—A STRICKEN CITY.**

The city of Hamburg gained notoriety a few years ago as the scene of one of the most disastrous plagues which has visited Europe since the "Black Death" of the Middle Ages. Several causes conspired to give this city this unhappy prominence. It is the greatest seaport in the continent of Europe, and ranks in this respect next to London, Liverpool, and Glasgow. It is connected by a perfect network of railways with all parts of the continent, and thus furnishes facilities for receiving the fatal germs of epidemic disease. It is the great port of departure of immigrants from the Old World, especially for the Russian Jews, who have been driven from their homes by the stern ukase of the Czar.

Many of these unhappy people were wretchedly poor and squalidly filthy. A multitude of them camped beside the river Elbe on the outskirts of the city, and the filth of their encampment was allowed to drain into the river. To this contamination is traced the outburst of the disease. The city, moreover, is penetrated in every direction by canals like that shown in the cut below. These canals are the very nest and breeding-places of disease, their sluggish waters promoting the growth and spread of

stagnation of business. Scores of great ships lay idle at the docks for weeks.

The city is supposed to date back as far as the time of Charlemagne, who founded a castle here and established a church and bishop whose mission it was to promote Christianity in this northern region. The city joined the Hansatic League, an alliance of the great commercial towns of Northern Germany for trade purposes. It won prominence as a Free City (i.e., customs duties were not levied), and gained honourable distinction in the good work of sweeping the sea of pirates. The discovery of America and of the sea route to India did much for the trade of Hamburg, but not so much as it did for that of England and Holland. In 1529 the citizens adopted the Reformed Faith, and it has ever since been strongly Protestant. It has now a population of 300,000, or including suburbs, 470,000.

It has a magnificent harbour, where lie numerous vessels from all quarters of the globe. The old market-place is one of quaint architectural interest, and on market days the peasants of the neighbouring country still wear, to a considerable extent, their quaint rustic costumes.

Some one once sent to Eugene Field a poem, entitled, "Why do I Live?" Field sent back the reply: "Because you send your verses by mail."



ON A CANAL, HAMBURG.

Why did he ask this question? What was Philip's answer?

2. The Loaves, v. 8-11.

Who made a suggestion to Jesus about food?

What did Andrew say? What command did Jesus give? How many were there in the company? Who were there besides these men? Matt. 14. 21.

How did Jesus distribute the loaves and fishes?

What did he first do? What does he say about true bread? Golden Text.

3. The Fragments, v. 12-14.

What command was given about fragments?

What amount was gathered up? What shows that the people had been satisfied?

What did the people say about Jesus? To what promise did they refer? Gen. 49. 10; Deut. 18. 15.

5. The Fragments, v. 12-14.

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What did the people say about Jesus? To what promise did they refer? Gen. 49. 10; Deut. 18. 15.

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**PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.**

Where in this lesson are we taught—

1. To have sympathy with the needs of others?

2. To obey Jesus' commands?

3. To guard against needless waste?

morbid germs. As a too-late precaution against the sickness, pure water was brought from a distance and furnished to the poor. Many of the well-to-do people even had their food supply brought from Berlin and other distant places. The unhappy poor could not fare thus, and every article of food was rendered extremely unpalatable by being saturated with the fumes of brimstone, which was copiously burned as an antidote to the disease.

The following tragical account indicates the dire distress in which the city was placed:

The epidemic carried in its train such want and suffering as never before marked the history of Hamburg. Nearly all the trades in the city were at a standstill, and thousands of workmen found it utterly impossible to earn a penny. The people who had done business with Hamburg were afraid to handle anything made in the plague-stricken city. With no demand for products, manufacturers found it impossible to keep their employees at work, and daily the idle population of the city gained fresh accessions from the ranks of clerks, artisans and unskilled labourers who were discharged because of the utter

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