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# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XX.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 24, 1900

No. 8.

## "Considerable String."

"Yes, yes! he might make out to be a very useful lad.—  
Our neighbour's son.—If but enough of string he only had  
To tie up the dangling loose ends  
He leaves 'round every day;  
To fasten him in, good and strong  
At work to make him stay

"And then, about his pocketbook,  
So ev'ry cent won't go  
Right out, as fast as it gets in,  
He needs tight wound, you know.  
Another length and strength of string  
He'd want to tie his tongue  
That wags so busily all day,  
With talk, and nothing done.

"Yes, as I said before, he might  
Be quite a useful lad  
About our town, if but enough  
Of string he only had."  
The hearer shook his head, the while  
Said not a single thing;  
But at the last groaned out, "T'would  
take  
Con-sid-er-a-ble string!"

Now, boys, don't be the sort of lads  
Who need to be tied strong,  
To keep you at your work in life,  
And held from going wrong.  
And if you are, unless you change,  
I fear you're surely bound,  
To need, when you are men, to have  
Strong strings about you wound.

## BE COURTEOUS, BOYS.

"I treat him as well as he treats me," said Hal.  
His mother had just reproached him because he did not attempt to amuse or entertain a boy friend who had gone home.  
"I often go in there and he doesn't notice me," said Hal again.  
"Do you enjoy that?"  
"Oh, I don't mind! I don't stay long."  
"I should call myself a very selfish person if friends came to see me and I should pay no attention to them."  
"Well, that's different, you're grown up."  
"Then you really think that politeness and courtesy are not needed among boys?"  
Hal, thus pressed, said he didn't exactly mean that; but his father, who had listened, now spoke.  
"A boy or man who measures his treatment of others by their treatment of him has no character of his own. He will never be kind, or generous, or Christian. If he is ever to be a gentleman, he will be so in spite of the boorishness of others. If he is to be noble, no other boy's meanness will change his nature."  
And very earnestly the father added.  
"Remember this, my boy, you lower your own self every time you are guilty of an unworthy action because some one else is. Be true to your best self, and no boy can drag you down."—Christian Work.

## DICKENS' CAT.

Charles Dickens was a lover of animals, and like all true lovers he was likely to become the slave of his pets. *Williamina*, a little white cat, was a favourite with the whole household, but showed an especial devotion to her master. She selected a corner of his study for her kittens and brought them in from the kitchen one by one. Mr. Dickens had them taken away again, but *Williamina* only brought them quietly back. Again they were removed, but the third time of their return she did not leave them in the corner. Instead, she placed them at her master's feet, and, taking her stand beside them, looked imploringly up at him.  
That settled the question. Thereafter the kittens belonged to the study, and they made themselves royally at home, swarming up the curtains, playing about the writing-table, and scampering behind the book-shelves. Most of the family were given away; one only remained, en-

tirely deaf, and known, from her devotion to *Dickens*, as "the master's cat."

This little creature followed him about like a dog, and sat beside him while he wrote. One evening *Dickens* was reading by a small table whereon sat a lighted candle. As usual, the cat was at his elbow. Suddenly the light went out. *Dickens* was much interested in his book, and he reighted the candle, giving the cat a stroking as he did so.

Afterward he remembered that puss had looked at him somewhat reproachfully while she received the caress. It was only when the light again became dim that he guessed at the reason of her melancholy. Turning suddenly, he found her deliberately putting out the candle with her paw, and again she looked at him appealingly.

She was lonesome; she wanted to be petted, and this was her device for bringing it about.—*Youth's Companion*.

less woman be left a widow, her lot was indeed sad. If she escaped being burned alive upon her husband's funeral pyre she was condemned to a perpetual solitude and seclusion, amounting almost to living burial. The strong arm of the British Government has been stretched out for the protection of the widowed daughters of India. Suteeism has been forever abolished, and the possibilities of home and family ties and support have been given her. But even into the jealous seclusion of Oriental homes the blessings of Christianity, with its ennobling and elevating influence, have penetrated, and the *Zenana Mission* has opened up new possibilities of happiness and knowledge, of mental and moral development, to the daughters of that dusky race.

If you can't be an apostle, be an epistle.



HINDU WIDOWS.

## HINDU WIDOWS.

This picture shows a group of Hindu widows rescued by the British Government from the cruel rite of suteeism, that is, from being burned to death. One of the greatest obstacles to civilization is the degraded condition of women. It is impossible to raise the moral status of a people without raising that of its women. And here the Gospel has shown itself the best friend of the women of India, as well as of womanhood throughout the world. Till the advent of Christianity they were regarded in youth as the toys, and in age as the slaves, of their lords and masters. Married at a very early age to men of twice or thrice their years, whom they had never seen before, their union was, with few exceptions, a loveless one on their side. Should the help-

## HOW A GIRL SUCCEEDED.

In a simple home in Paris some fifty years ago lived *M. Bonheur* and his poor family. He was a man of talent in painting, but he was obliged to spend his time in giving drawing lessons. His wife gave piano lessons, going from house to house all day long, and sometime sewing all night. All this was to support the family; for they had four little mouths beside their own to feed. There was *August*, *Isadore*, and *Juliette*, and lastly, the one I am going to tell about, *Rosa*. Her mother—tired with hard work—died when *Rosa* was eight years old. The children were placed in the care of a good woman, who sent them to school, but *Rosa* was a little truant. She didn't like to be shut up in a schoolroom, and spent most of her time playing in the

woods gathering daisies and marigolds. But her father thought if she did not have school she must be taught something useful, and tried to have her taught sewing, but she couldn't learn this, and became so sick at the sewing-school that she had to be taken away.

Finally she was left to herself for a while, and she hung about her father's studio copying whatever she saw him do. Then he suddenly woke up to the fact that his little girl had great talent. He began to teach her carefully in drawing. At this she studied and worked with all her might.

One day she happened to paint the picture of a goat, she found so much pleasure in the work that she made up her mind to paint animals only.

She had no money to buy or hire models, so she had to take long walks in the country, working all day in the open air. She loved animals, and it pained her to see them killed, but she must learn how to paint their suffering on canvases, and so she went to the slaughter pens of Paris and sat on a bundle of hay with her colours about her, drawing and painting, while the drovers and butchers gathered around to look at her pictures.

At home—when the family had all moved together again—on the roof of the house *Rosa* made a little flower-garden, and kept a sheep there for a model. Very often *Rosa's* brother would carry the sheep on his back down six flights of stairs, and after letting him graze on the outside would bring him back to his garden home on the roof.

At nineteen years of age *Rosa* sent two pictures to the Art Exhibition. The critics spoke kindly of these, and she was encouraged to keep on painting.

At twenty-seven her splendid picture, "Cantal Oxen," took the gold medal, and was purchased by the English Government. Her own Government presented her with a silver vase.

Her father shared the success of his daughter, he was at once made the director of the Government School of Design for girls. But this relief from poverty and trouble came too late, for he died the same year.

Orders for work now poured in upon her, more than she could do; four years later, after long months of study, she painted the "Horse Fair." This was greatly admired, both in England and America. It was sold to an Englishman for eight thousand dollars, and was finally bought by the late *A. T. Stewart*, of New York, for his famous collection.

One day, after she had become famous, the Empress of France called upon her, and coming into the studio without warning, found her at work. She rose to receive the Empress, who threw her arms about *Rosa's* neck and kissed her. After a very short call the visitor went away, but not until after she had gone did *Rosa* discover that as the Empress had given the kiss she had pinned upon the artist's blouse the Cross of the Legion of Honour. This was the highest honour that the Empress could bestow.

Perhaps some of you girls want to reach and hope to reach the heights of fame as artists, but don't forget that everything worth having in this world has a high price set on it—and if you want a true fame as an artist, you must be willing to pay the price. *Rosa Bonheur* says:

"Art demands heart, brain, soul, body. Nothing less will win its highest favour. I wed art it is my husband, my world, my life-dream. I know nothing else, feel nothing else, think of nothing else. I have no taste for general society. I only wish to be known through my works."

Accompaniment. A police officer met a street organ grinder in the street, and said, "Have you a license to play?" If not, you must accompany me." With pleasure," answered the street musician. "What will you sing?"

"They have moved our choir to the other end of the church."

"What's that for?"  
"Our clergyman is delicate, and he said he couldn't stand having twelve girls fanning his bald spot all at once."

A Conscience in the Wind.

BY EUGENE FIELD.

M. mother told me long ago (When I was a little lad) That when the night went wa- Somebody had been bad And then when I was snug in bed, Whether I had been sent With the plank—trawled up round my head. I'd think of what my mother'd said, And wonder what boy she meant! And "Who's been bad to-day?" I'd ask, Of the wind that hoarsely blew, And that voice would say in its awful way:

"Yooooo!" "Yooooo!" "Yooooo!"

That this was true I must allow You'll not believe it though! Yes, though I'm quite a model now, I was not always so; And if you doubt what things I say, Suppose you make the test, Suppose, when you've been bad some day, And up to bed are sent away From mother and the rest— Suppose you ask, "Who has been bad?" And then you'll hear what's true, For the wind will moan in its ruefullest tone,

"Yooooo!" "Yooooo!" "Yooooo!" —Chicago World

OUR PERIODICALS:

Table listing various periodicals such as Christian Guardian, Methodist Magazine, and Pleasant Hours with their respective prices and subscription rates.

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto. C. W. COATES, S. F. HESTER, 2176 St. Catherine St., Montreal. Western Book Room, Halifax, N.S.

Pleasant Hours:

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

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 24, 1900.

A KINDERGARTEN FOR THE BLIND.

BY J. L. HARBOUR.

Of all the philanthropies of modern times, none have been nobler than that which has had for its object the education of blind boys and girls, and, in some instances, deaf and dumb. Some one has wisely said of this work that it has added a new province to our wide kingdom of the Spirit.

The time has been when a child, born blind and deaf, had no hope of being led into the fields of knowledge because there was no system by which it could be taught to read, and become mentally the equal of children who see, and hear, and speak. Now it is not so. A child coming into the world to-day with the three-fold affliction of blindness, deafness, and dumbness, can develop character and intelligence, and a capacity for happiness equal to that of children who can see, and speak, and hear. From its almost animal-like existence it can be brought into a state of the highest and sweetest spiritual perception, and may know God with a spiritual vision keen and clear.

There are not many children who come into the world with this threefold affliction heavy upon them, but blindness is a common sorrow, so common that there are those who, holding their own unspeakable blessing of sight cheaply, look lightly upon it, and give little thought to its full and sorrowful import. But that there are less selfish and more generous and thoughtful souls is evident from the three great buildings of the

Kindergarten for the Blind, in the Jamaica Plain suburb of Boston. It is the only kindergarten for the blind in America, if not in the world, having its own ground and buildings separate from any other school.

Here may be found seventy-five boys and girls under twelve years of age. Many are totally blind, and none of them can see well enough to be educated by any but the system for teaching the blind. Some are deaf and some dumb, but only three of the pupils since the ten years of its existence have come to it deaf, dumb, and blind.

Helen Keller has never been a regular pupil of this school, but has spent a number of weeks here as a visitor, and she takes the most intense interest in it, and particularly in Tommy Stringer, the most remarkable blind boy in the world. They who have to do with the blind dwell in a continual moral sunshine, which abundantly repays all the labours undertaken in their behalf.

The Boston Kindergarten for the Blind is situated in the residence part of one of the most beautiful suburbs of the city. The kindergarten was organized in May, 1887, with ten pupils in attendance in a small building. To-day it has three large four-story buildings, besides a large gymnasium, and yet the facilities are inadequate for the reception of all the little blind children who would like to be received into the kindergarten. From a very small beginning it has in eleven years accumulated, in legacies and bequests, property to the value of more than half a million dollars. This is because its work has appealed so directly and so strongly to those sympathizing with afflicted childhood.

The three most noted pupils of the kindergarten have been Edith Thomas, Willie Elizabeth Robbin, and Tommy Stringer. Edith Thomas and Willie Robbin have graduated from the kindergarten, and are now at the advanced school for the blind, the Perkins' Institute, in South Boston. Here they are making good progress; Willie Robbin, who is but fourteen years old, being far more advanced in her studies than many seeing girls of her age. She is a singularly beautiful girl, of a very lovable disposition, and most acute perceptions. Rendered deaf, dumb, and blind by a very severe illness, she was brought to the Kindergarten for the Blind in Boston, where she developed into one of its most interesting pupils. Like many of the other pupils, the expense of her education has been met by the gifts of the charitable. Tommy Stringer is now the "star" pupil of the kindergarten. He has a special teacher of his own. He excels in mechanical skill, and his sloyd work is remarkable. This boy, who is entirely blind and deaf, and who is just beginning to learn how to articulate, does work that would be creditable to many a carpenter's apprentice. He knows eight different kinds of wood by their smell alone, and can drive nails as straight as any carpenter. He uses a saw with wonderful precision, and has made several articles requiring the use of twelve different tools. He quickly detects any imperfection in his work, and is not satisfied until it is made perfect. He can take a rough pine board, and, without any assistance, convert it into a neat letter-box, coat-rack, or shovel. He has made a sled for himself, and is as fond of coasting as any other boy of his years.

JUST FOR FUN.

BY BEATRICE YORK.

School had just begun, and the buzz of study filled the air when Tommy Jones entered the room and crept to his seat. He was the worst boy in school, and always playing jokes on the other children. He pretended to study at first, but presently he nudged his desk-mate and whispered: "I say, Johnny, let's have some fun with the boy that came in yesterday. He lives two miles from here, and he is not going home till nearly dark to-night, so we might dress up as ghosts and scare him."

Johnny readily assented, he being always ready to follow some bolder nature, though too timid to take the lead himself.

After school Tommy went home and took one of the sheets from his bed and got some matches and set out toward the spot where he and Johnny had agreed to meet; a lonely spot in the woods through which Virgil Hanley had to pass. Johnny soon came, similarly equipped. It was already dusk, and they had to hurry into their ghostly outfit lest Virgil should come. They wet their matches and made rings of the wet sulphur around their eyes and all over their faces, and wrapped the sheets about them. Johnny looked frightened when Tommy turned to him for approval, for the marks upon his face glowed like fire in the dusk.

Just then they heard a merry whistle, and Virgil came hurrying along. He was a sensitive-looking lad—just the subject for a practical joke. They hid till he had gone past, and then stepped out, and Tommy gave a shriek that echoed through the air. The sound started Virgil, and he turned quickly, but was utterly unprepared for the sight that met his gaze. He stared at the two figures till they suddenly started toward him, and then he tried to run away, gave a gasp, and fell like a log.

The boys had not expected that their joke would go so far; they thought they would simply have a good laugh at his fright. They ran toward him and were horror-stricken at the look of terror on his face. They tried to revive him, but failed.

Finally Tommy told Johnny to run for help while he stayed with Virgil. The doctor came back with Johnny, but there was no help for Virgil. He died soon after from the effects of the fright. All the excuse the boys could give was that they had done it "just for fun."

It was a terrible lesson to them, and they never played another practical joke.

HE NEEDED NO TIP.

"To tip, or not to tip—that is the question" with many of us. On one hand, the custom is decidedly a bad one; but on the other, the man who gives no tips receives almost no service. Here is a pointer, however, clipped from The Youth's Companion, which casts a faint ray of light upon the problem:

A hungry guest at a Chicago hotel, who had sat at one of the tables unnoticed for several minutes, called a waiter to him at last and said:

"Young fellow, I saw that man over there hand you a tip of half a dollar just now."

"Yes, sah."

"You've got his order, have you?"

"Yes, sah."

"Well, now, I'll give you a tip also— which is this: Bring me exactly the same order, served in exactly the same style as his, and with the same promptness, or I'll report you. Do you get the idea, young fellow?"

"Yes, sah."

The two dinners were served at the same time, and were precisely alike.

FILING HIS APPLICATION.

There are many ways to achieve success, but perhaps the doors of opportunity are opened oftener by the boy who knows how to use tools than by ordinarily "unhandy" mortals. One man, who tells his story in the Cleveland Plain Dealer, literally filed his application for work in a new and completely successful manner. He says:

When I was fourteen years old, it became necessary for me to go out into the world and earn my share of the family expenses. I looked about with small success for a week or two, and then I saw a card hanging in a store window, "Boy Wanted."

I pulled down my hair, brushed the front of my jacket, and walked in.

"Do you want a boy?" I asked of the clerk.

"Back office," he said. I walked back to the little den with a high partition around it, and pushing open the door, which I noticed was slightly ajar, cap in hand I stepped in.

It was a chilly day in November, and before I spoke to the proprietor, who was bending over a desk, I turned to close the door. It squeaked horribly as I pushed it shut, and then I found that it wouldn't latch. It had shrunk so that the socket which should have caught the latch was a trifle too high. I was a boy of some mechanical genius, and I noticed what the trouble was immediately.

"Where did you learn to close doors?" said the man at the desk.

I turned around quickly.

"At home, sir."

"Well, what do you want?"

"I came in to see about the boy wanted," I answered.

"Oh!" said the man, with a grunt. He seemed rather gruff, but somehow his crisp speech didn't discourage me. "Sit down," he added; "I'm busy."

I looked back at the door.

"If you don't mind," said I, "and if a little noise won't disturb you, I'll fix that door while I'm waiting."

"Eh," he said quickly. "All right. Go ahead."

I had been sharpening my skates that morning, and the short file I used was still in my pocket. In a few minutes I had filed down the brass socket so that the latch fitted nicely. I closed the door two or three times to see that it was all right. When I put my file back in my pocket and turned round, the man at the desk was staring at me.

"Any parents?" he asked. "Mother," I answered. "Have her come in here with you at two o'clock," he said, and turned back to his writing.

At twenty-five I was a partner in the house; at thirty-five I had a half-interest; and I have always attributed the foundation of my good fortune to the only recommendation I then had in my possession—the file.

A DRUNKEN WILLIAM TELL.

"Ben, whose boy're you?" The voice was thick and husky.

"Your'n, pop."

"An' who's the best shot in these parts, Ben? Tell these fellers."

The man's dull eyes fixed themselves on the boy. The little fellow's face lightened up, and he answered, looking round defiantly: "My pop's the best shot in Montanny."

A silence fell over the crowd, and something of pride gleamed from the whiskey-dimmed eyes of old Billman. Then he said, handing the boy an apple: "These fellows 'low I'm no good, Ben; an' I'm just goin' to do our Wilyum Tell act, an' show 'em that Jim Billman kin draw as fine a bead now as ever he could."

Billman patted his son's head with a trembling hand, and the boy drew himself up proudly as he took the apple from his father.

"Go over to that tree, Ben," commanded Billman at last; and the boy walked with a fearless step to the place indicated, turned his back to the tree, removed his hat, balanced the apple on his head, then placed his hands behind him. There was not a quiver in his face, not a shadow of fear. His father, whom he loved and who loved him, was the marksman.

Old Billman raised his gun to his shoulder. The weapon shook in his nerveless hands like a reed. Uttering an imprecation, he lowered the gun and brushed his sleeve across his eyes, tried again, but still without success.

"I know what's the matter," he muttered, and took a drink from a bottle in his pocket. "Now, then; all right, Ben?"

"All right, pop."

A short moment the gun trembled in Billman's hands, and then—spring!

It was a strange, dull sound, not like the crash of a bullet through oak, but more like—

Alas! the smoke had cleared away, and the boy was lying in a lifeless heap upon the ground, killed by his drunken father. A cry as of a wild beast, a rush, and old Billman had the bloody form in his arms. "Kill me!" shrieked the old man, rocking to and fro, "kill me!" but the miners passed silently away one by one, and left the old man alone with his grief and his dead.—Detroit Free Press.

When Mother Looks.

I 'member such a lot of things That happened long ago, When me an' Jim was six years old, And now we're ten or so. But those that I remember best— The ones I most can see— Are the things that used to happen When mother looked at me.

One time in church, when me an' Jim Was snickerin' out loud— The minister was prayin', and The people's heads was bowed— We had the biggest kind of joke About the bumblebee, But things got quiet rather quick When mother looked at me.

And then there's some times when I think I've had such lots of fun A-goin' in swimmin' with the boys Down there by Jones' run; But when I get back home again— Just 'bout in time for tea— There's a kind of different feeling comes When mother looks at me.

The time when I was awful sick, An' the doctor shook his head, An' ev'ry time pa came around His eyes were wet an' red, I 'member her hands on my face How soft they used to be— Somehow the pain seemed easier When mother looked at me.

It's funny how it makes you feel— I ain't afraid of her— She's about the nicest person You'd find 'most anywhere; But the queerest sort of feeling, As queer as queer can be, Makes everything seem different When mother looks at me. —Youth's Companion.

Eggs as Fish.—Brown—"Waiter, bring me a dozen oysters on the half-shell." Waiter—"Sorry, sah, but we's all out of shell-fish, sah, 'ceptin' aigs."

**Boys.**

Now, if any one has an easy time  
In this world of push and pull,  
It is not the boy of the family.  
For his hands are always full.  
It is like to ask who fills the stove?  
Where is the girl that could?  
Who brings in water, who lights the fire?  
And splits the kindling wood?

And who is it that cleans the walks,  
After hours of snowing?  
In summer, who keeps down the weeds,  
By diligently hoeing?  
And who must harness the faithful horse,  
When the girls would ride about?  
And who must clean the carriage off?  
The boy, you'll own, no doubt.

And who does the many other things,  
Too numerous to mention?  
The boy is the "general utility man,"  
And really deserves a pension!  
Friends! just praise the boy sometimes,  
When he does his very best;  
And don't always wreathe the easy chair,  
When he's taking a little rest.

Don't let him always be the last  
To see the new magazine;  
And sometimes let the boy be heard,  
As well as to be seen.  
That boys are far from perfect  
Is understood by all;  
But they have hearts, remember,  
For "men are boys grown-tall."

And when a boy has been working  
His level best for days,  
It does him good, I tell you,  
To have some hearty praise!  
He is not merely a combination  
Of muddy boots and noise,  
And he likes to be looked upon  
As one of the family joys.

—The Gem.

**PROMOTED.**

A Story of the Zulu War.

By SYDNEY WATSON.

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

**CHAPTER IX.**

**SERGEANT HARRIS IS AGAIN PROMOTED.**

Will our country ever forget that day's fighting? Certainly the men never will who came back to tell the story. The roar and the din; the whizzing of bullet and ball; the rattle of musketry; the air thick with powder-smell; assegai and spear; lance and arrow, all flying in wild and deadly confusion; clouds of densest smoke, that never seemed to clear save for the briefest moment; rivers of blood; ghastliest wounds; men and horses dying and dead; the very ground so blood-soaked as to be trampled into mud; and there, leading the van, in the very thickest of the fight, was Captain Morgan, more than one of the men, and his brother officers, turned to look at him. What is that glad look upon his face that appears almost like a light? Something has happened to him, but they do not understand what it can be. Then, too, he fought that day as if he had a charmed life. Well, perhaps he had; at any rate, just before he rode into the field, he had hurriedly opened a small copy of the Psalms he had found among his books the day before, and his eye had lighted on just these words, "The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom then shall I fear?"

And now, as the afternoon passes rapidly away, and the sun creeps slowly to the west, the tide of battle is turned, and hundreds of our troops scour the adjacent plains, hunting down the flying Zulus, and "making good" the day's deadly work.

As Captain Elcombe dashed past the colonel, the latter shouted, "Where is Morgan?" "I can't say, sir," answered Elcombe, as he reined in his horse. "The last I saw of him was in that awful crush, just by that sand hill; he was fighting like mad then, and Colour-Sergeant Harris was close behind him. Shall I scour the field for him, sir, for I almost fear he has gone down?"

"Do, please," replied the colonel, "and let me know if anything serious has happened to him; we can hardly spare him from us, just at this time, too."

In a moment the two steeds were parted, each taking opposite directions, Captain Elcombe carefully scanning the scores of bodies that lay thickly around; at length he thought he would seek his friend in that part where he saw him last. Riding across the battle-field, and dismounting, and fastening his horse to a dismantled gun-carriage, he picked his way among the hundreds of dead and dying. Presently his eye lighted on

Captain Morgan, with his left arm hanging helplessly at his side, a flesh-wound on his temple, and his foot partly crushed by his horse, which had fallen upon it. He was quite sensible, but weak from loss of blood. Holding out his right hand, which was unhurt, he said, "God bless you, Elcombe, for seeking me, but though I am hurt considerably, I shall do for a while, if you will seek out poor Harris, he lies somewhere there"—pointing with his finger. "I saw him fall, and I fear he is about done for."

In a few moments Captain Elcombe found poor, bleeding, dying Harris, but at that moment, answering a shout from Captain Morgan, he returned to him, assisting him, at his own request, to rise and get across to Harris. It was an awful journey, though not more than ten yards, but at last the wounded captain, supported by a little earth-mound, was propped up close to the dying sergeant, while Captain Elcombe, having given the poor fellow a drink of some stimulant, knelt, partly supporting the two. Harris' eyes were fast glazing in death, as in low, but clear tones, he said:

"Who ever believeth in him hath everlasting life." "This is a bridge that carries right over the border. Oh, Captain Elcombe! Captain Morgan—has found the—bridge will bear—will you—make trial—and—and—" One long deep-drawn sigh, a fixed look of joy, which even the agony of wounds could not cloud, and then the watchers knew that Colour-Sergeant Harris was "promoted" again—this time to glory!

In a barrack lecture-room in a certain town in England, eighteen months afterwards, a tall, military-looking gentle-

It must have been very slow work to get things started. They had to learn the language, and get acquainted with the people, and coax them in to teach them of the true and living God. They had to translate the Bible and prepare all the books they needed.

This young doctor visited the poor and the sick, was kind to them, and healed their diseases. They learned to love him very much, and many looked upon him as a wonder-worker, because the few drops of medicine he gave them had more effect than the bowlfuls they were accustomed to take from the native doctors.

In God's time the Holy Spirit touched their hearts, and the Siamese believed what the missionaries told them of God and his dear Son. Many of them became Christians. Other workers were sent out, churches organized, schools opened, hospitals and dispensary work carried forward, and mission voyages made up and down the coasts, and through rivers and canals to interior provinces.

Thus the work begun fifty years ago in Siam is still widening and deepening. Now, as we see Christ's kingdom coming, and his will being done among the people of that heathen nation, I love to think that a part of the beginning was away back in the heart of that mother who gave her boy to the Lord for this work, and when he was big enough and old enough to go, she did not hold him back.

He spent thirty years sowing the good seed in that rich soil, and now in his old age has come back to spend his last days in the very house where he was born.

He rejoices over every bit of good news



HARRIS' EYES WERE FAST GLAZING IN DEATH.

man, with his left sleeve hanging armless, stood upon the platform addressing an assembly of soldiers on the power of Christ to "break every chain, and give liberty to every captive." Just before he sat down he said, "I should like you to give my friend Captain Elcombe a hearing just for a few moments.

Captain Elcombe, on rising, said, "My dear comrades, I owe our good friend—your friend and mine, Captain Morgan—I owe him a great deal for helping me to know that Saviour of whom he has been speaking; but I owe most, perhaps, under God, to the life-testimony and death-witness of a colour-sergeant of our old regiment—James Harris—who fell so manfully in Zululand."

The End.

**ONE MOTHER'S GIFT.**

By MARY L. COBT.

More than eighty years ago, a little boy was born in Waterford, New York, and his mother gave him to the Lord. She called him Samuel, too, as Hannah did in the old Bible times. How she loved him and watched over him, and prayed blessings down into his heart and life! She wanted him to be a foreign missionary, and so she taught him to think of the poor heathen, and to pity them in their ignorance and sin.

I have heard that he was a very bashful, timid little fellow; but as he grew older, and God's grace filled his heart with love to Jesus, he became strong in purpose, and determined to fulfil his mother's wish. He studied well, and preparing himself as a physician, he sailed away to Siam to begin his mission work. He landed in Bangkok, March 22nd, 1847. The Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Mattson were with him, and these three founded the Presbyterian mission in that kingdom.

from Siam, and is so thankful God let him have a share in the good work.

I trust there are now many mothers and fathers who are willing to give their children to this blessed service in foreign lands; and I know there are hundreds of boys and girls being trained for Christian work, I hope they will be scattered far and wide among the nations, going forth in joyful obedience to the Lord's command, and doing their best during the next half century to bring the whole wide world to the feet of Jesus.

**OBEY YOUR PARENTS.**

By REV. D. SUTHERLAND.

Some years ago a widow and her little boy lived in a quiet Scottish village. She was an invalid, seldom out of bed, and always suffering pain, but he was full of life and fun. One winter afternoon Johnny ran into his mother's room with the eager request for permission to skate on the village pond. Most of the boys were on it, he said, and he wished to join them. The mother would willingly have gratified her child, but she feared that the ice was not strong enough, so she told him not to go. He left the room with a cloud on his bright face. The more he thought of the forbidden pleasure the stronger grew his desire to have it. At last the temptation mastered him. He slipped quietly out of the house, skates in hand, and was soon in the centre of the whirling crowd. In his mood of recklessness he went too near the place marked dangerous, the ice gave way, and down he went with a sudden plunge. It was with great difficulty that he was rescued. Strong hands carried him, dripping with water and unconscious, into the presence of the waiting mother. With one startled look at what she imagined to be the lifeless body of her son and a piercing shriek she fell back on her pillow.

The men realized their folly in taking Johnny to his mother's room, and turned into the next room, where they laid him upon a bed. The warmth soon restored him. He felt little the worse of his cold bath, but he did feel a great deal the worse because of his disobedience. "I shall never never do again what mother tells me not to do," was the resolution he formed. What could she think of him? He would go to her and assure her of his determination never again to disobey her. Noiselessly he slipped from the little room into the one where his mother lay. It was still, so unusually so fearfully still. She looked paler than ever, and her eyes were closed. Flung himself on her bosom the penitent boy sobbed out, "Mother! mother! speak to me. I will never disobey you any more." But the lips did not move and the eyes did not open. She was dead. The shock of the unexpected sight had been too much for her scanty strength.

That son is growing old and gray now. He has lived a noble life, but he will carry one sadly bitter memory to the grave. Many a bright hour has been darkened for him by the remembrance of the face of a mother dead because disobeyed. The Gospel of Jesus Christ has brought comfort and the sense of forgiveness to his heart, but even its power fails to make the past as if it were not. His hope is that in the Father's home beyond he will see his mother again and hear from her own lips the assurance of pardon that will banish forever the cloud which on earth will not pass away.

The years will keep rolling on until all of you, my dear readers, will be no longer boys and girls, but men and women. The time will come when you must stand by the grave of father or mother in the quiet churchyard far from the noise and bustle of the streets. What memories will rush through your minds when you stand there? Will they be of tender duties fulfilled and loving obligations met, or will they be embittered because of unfilial acts done to those now sleeping their last sleep? How you act in the present will make the future bright or dark.

There are ten commandments. Only one has a promise attached to it, and that is the one commanding you to honour your father and mother. Do you wish long life and prosperity? Then be kind and reverential toward your parents.

Nearly nineteen hundred years ago Jesus was a boy. In the carpenter's humble home at Nazareth he lived and worked with his supposed parents, Mary and Joseph. About that early life we read nothing except that it was a life of obedience. He was "subject unto them." In this, as in everything else, he is our example. The path of duty and blessing is to follow in his footsteps. Rise above the foolish bravado of weak and unmanly boys who sneer about being tied to their mothers' apron strings. Remember that happiness now and pleasant memories afterward will be yours if, like Him who was a boy at Nazareth, you are "subject" to your parents.

**Two Little Serving-Men.**

By J. EDMOND VANCE COOK.

Two little serving-men have I,  
And one is strong and very spry.  
He loves to hammer, plane and saw,  
To write, and sometimes even draw.  
He takes my hat and hangs it up,  
He reaches down my drinking cup,  
He winds my top, and throws my ball,  
I couldn't get along at all  
Without this little serving-man  
Who helps me out in every plan.

The other sympathizes, too,  
But is not half so quick to do,  
Some things he does quite well, but my!  
Some others he won't even try.  
He will not split the kindling-wood,  
And yet, he is so very good  
He holds it while the other chops,  
He also helps him wind my tops,  
But spin them? He can't spin at all,  
You ought to see him throw a ball!  
Just like a girl! And—it's a shame,  
But he can hardly write his name.  
And yet, these serving-men are twins,  
And look as like as two new pins.  
I think, perhaps, you'll understand,  
If you should know their name, it's Hand.  
And one you know is Right and dext.  
And one, of course, is slow and left.

And yet, you know, I often find  
That if I'm calm with Left, and kind,  
He'll do a lot of things, although  
He's awkward and a little slow,  
And so I often think, perhaps,  
He's much like me, and other chaps,  
Who know enough to do our part,  
But some quick fellow, extra smart,  
Jumps in and does it first, and so  
We just get used to being slow,  
And that's the way we don't get trained,  
Because, perhaps, we're just left-brained!

**Jesus Still Heals as at Capernaum.**

At even, ere the sun was set,  
The sick O Lord, around thee lay  
Oh, in what divers pains they met  
Oh, with what joy they went away

Once more tis eventide, and we  
Oppressed with various ills draw near,  
What if thy form we cannot see?  
We know and feel that thou art here

O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel  
For some are sick, and some are sad,  
And some have never loved thee well,  
And some have lost the love they had,

And some have found the world is vain,  
And to be wholly free from sin,  
And some have friends who give them pain,  
Yet have not sought a friend in thee;

And all, O Lord, crave perfect rest,  
And to be wholly free from sin,  
And they who fain would serve thee best  
Are conscious most of wrong within.

O Saviour Christ, thou too art man,  
Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried,  
Thy kind but searching glance can scan  
The very wounds that shame would hide;

Thy touch has still its ancient power;  
No word from thee can fruitless fall,  
Hear in this solemn evening hour,  
And in thy mercy heal us all.

**LESSON NOTES.**

**FIRST QUARTER**

**STUDIES IN THE LIFE OF JESUS.**

**LESSON IX.—MARCH 4.**

**JESUS HEALING IN CAPERNAUM.**

Mark 1. 21-34. Memory verses 32-31.



**GOLDEN TEXT.**

And he healed many that were sick.—  
Mark 1. 34.

**OUTLINE.**

1. A Miracle in the Synagogue, v. 21-28.
  2. A Miracle in the Home, v. 29-31.
  3. Unnumbered Miracles, v. 32-34.
- Time.—Early in A.D. 28.  
Place.—Capernaum.

**LESSON HELPS.**

21. "The synagogue"—The place in every Jewish town in our Lord's time where the Jews assembled on the Sabbath for the religious worship of reading, exhortation, and instruction in the Scriptures.

22. "His doctrine" Simply. His teaching. Not as the scribes, but as one who is not in accordance with the traditional interpretations of the past, but with his own new and fresh interpretation.

23. "With an unclean spirit"—Or possessed with a devil; demoniacal possession was a matter of common belief and apparently of frequent experience in those times.

24. "To destroy us"—Perhaps this means to drive them back to the world of lost spirits.

26. "Had torn him"—Had caused the victim a paroxysm of pain.

30. "Of a fever"—In the very imperfect medical language of that day fevers were simply divided into little and great fevers. Luke, who was a physician, characterized this as a "great fever."

32. "At even, when the sun did set"—A part of the wonderful works of Christ told in this lesson were after the Sabbath had closed. "They brought . . . all that were diseased"—One of the commonest and grossest errors in relation to the miracles of Christ is that they were few in number, so that they are all recorded in detail.

34. He healed many"—Healing "many" does not necessarily or probably imply



**CHRIST HEALING THE AFFLICTED.** Gustave Doré.

that some were left unhealed, but rather that he healed them all (Matt. 8. 16), and that those whom he thus healed were many. "Suffered not the devils to speak"—His peremptory and stern dealing with these malignant beings was to show his abhorrence of their malignant nature.

**HOME READINGS.**

- M. Jesus healing in Capernaum.—Mark 1. 21-34.
- Tu. Healing in the synagogue.—Luke 13. 10-17.
- W. The word of power.—Matt. 8. 23-34.
- Th. Satan cast out.—Matt. 12. 14-28.
- F. The power of Christ's name.—Acts 16. 14-18.
- S. The promised Healer.—Isa. 42. 1-9.
- Su. A sympathetic Saviour.—Heb. 4. 12-16.

**QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.**

1. A Miracle in the Synagogue, v. 21-28.  
To what city did Jesus go?  
Where did he go on the Sabbath?  
How did the Jews affect the people?  
Why were they astonished?  
What unwelcome visitor came to the synagogue?  
What two questions did he ask?  
What declaration did he make?  
What command did Jesus give?  
What then occurred?  
How did this affect the people?  
What did they say?  
How far did tidings of these things go?
2. A Miracle in the Home, v. 29-31.  
To whose home did Jesus go?  
Who there needed his help?  
How does Luke the physician describe the illness? Luke 4. 38.
3. Unnumbered Miracles, v. 32-34.  
What did Jesus do for the sick woman?

- What else did he do? Luke 4. 39.
- What effect at once followed?
- Who were brought to Jesus? When?
- What statement indicates a great crowd?
- What did he do for the sick?
- What for those who were possessed?
- Why did he not permit the demons to speak?
- What did they know about him? Luke 4. 41.

**PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.**

- What are we taught in this lesson—

  1. About Jesus as a Teacher?
  2. About the power of Jesus?
  3. About bringing our friends to Jesus?

**CAPERNAUM.**

Our lessons bring us again, on March 4, to our Lord's own city of Capernaum, with which so much of his public life and holy ministry was identified. Capernaum, once a busy port, at whose gate sat Matthew at the receipt of custom, is now but a mound of ruins overgrown with thorns and briars on the lonely shores of the Sea of Galilee. On a beautiful morning in April, 1890, the present writer sailed in one of the few fishing boats now upon this lovely lake along its curving shore, landed in a dense thicket of alders and visited these lonely ruins. The most conspicuous ones were those of the White Synagogue, shown in our cut on this page. It is altogether probable that this is the synagogue built by the centurion mentioned in the seventh chapter of Luke, of whom it is said, "He loveth our nation and he hath built us a synagogue." In this very building whose ruins we see it is probable that Jesus taught. It is now but



**CAPERNAUM, AND THE RUINS OF WHITE SYNAGOGUE.—SEE LESSON NOTES.**

a confused and tumbled pile of broken stones.

Over the holy lake, at a distance of forty miles, still shines the snowy summit of Mount Hermon, dazzling white in the noon-day sun, rosy red in its setting light, ashen gray in the deepening twilight and spectral-white and ghost-like beneath the silent stars. It lends wonderful interest to this lovely lake to feel that we are walking right in the very footprints of the Redeemer and gazing upon the very scenes which met his eyes

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