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# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XIX.

TORONTO, AUGUST 5, 1899.

No. 31.

## SIR WALTER'S HONOUR.

By Margaret T. Preston.



*Loyal, conscience clear,  
and true—  
What need have I to go?*

"Quick, father! catch thy doublet up,  
Without a moment's stay;  
Before they drain their latest cup,  
We must be far away.

"Outside the bar a galley lies,  
And ere the sun doth glance  
Its earliest beams across the skies,  
We shall be safe in France."

"Ah, boy—my boy—my brave Carew!  
Why tempt thy father so?  
I—loyal, conscience-clear, and true—  
What need have I to go?"

"My trait'rous foes, once trusted friends,  
Would be the first to say  
I flout the laws, and flee, because  
I am as false as they."

"Yct, father, come! Foul threats they bring,  
Dark counsels they have planned;  
And justice thou shalt never wring  
From cold King James' hand!"

"My mother, at the water's brink,  
Waits, all her fears awake;  
And if escape should fall, I think—  
I think her heart will break!"

Too much! His bravery shrank to meet  
The weight of such a blow;  
And springing instant to his feet,  
He answered, "I will go!"

They thrid the narrow, stony hall;  
They found the door unbarred;  
And in the shadow of the wall,  
They crossed the prison yard.

With stealthy steps they reached the shore,  
And on its rapid way,  
The boat, with softly dipping oar,  
Dropped down the silent bay.

IV.  
Across the star-lit stream they steal,  
Without one uttered word,  
The waters gurgling at the keel  
Was all the sound they heard.

The good French barque, that soon would bear  
Them hence, lay full in view;  
An oar's length more, and we are there!"  
Whispered the boy Carew.

They rocked within its shadow. Then,  
Sir Walter, under breath,  
First spoke, and kissed, and kissed again  
Lady Elizabeth.

"Nay, Bess! It must not, shall not be,  
Whatever others can,  
That I should like a dastard flee  
For fear of mortal man!"

All Orinoco's mines of gold  
All virgin realms I claim,  
Are less to me a thousandfold,  
Than my untarnished name.

"Put back the boat! Nay, sweet, no moan!  
Thy love is so divine,  
That thou wouldst rather die than own  
A craven heart were mine!"

"My purse, good oarsman! Pull thy best,  
And we may make the shore  
Before the latest trencher-guest  
Hath left the warder's door.

"Hist! Not one other pleading word  
Life were not worth a groat  
If breath of shame could blur my name;  
Put back! put back the boat!"

"Ah, Bess"—(she is too stunned to speak!)  
"But, thou, my boy, Carew,  
Shalt pledge thy vow, even here, and now,  
That—faithful, tried, and true—

"Thou'lt choose, whatever stress may rise,  
Whilst thou hast life and breath,  
Before temptation—sacrifice!  
Before dishonour—death!"

V.  
The boatman turned, he dared not bide,  
Nor say Sir Walter nay;  
And with his oars against the tide,  
He laboured up the bay.

And when beside the water-stair,  
With grief no words can tell,  
They braced themselves at length to bear  
The wrench of the farewell—

The boy, with proud, yet tear-dimmed eyes,  
Kept murmuring, under breath:  
"—Before temptation—sacrifice!  
Before dishonour—death!"

### FANS.

Fans, ever since the early days of their history—and their use is almost as old as history itself—have been emblems of royalty and ceremony. In China and India especially, they had great significance, and high officials were attended on state occasions by bearers carrying fans of curious designs and great size.

Many of these royal emblems were made of feathers, and in the great Egyptian museum at Bou-lak, there is a wooden handle studded with holes, from which long feathers once waved. This dates back to a reign nearly seventeen hundred years before Christ, while in Greece, the wings of birds fastened to slender handles were in use as early as 500 B.C.

The fan had also a sacred use, both in heathen and in early Christian worship. These sacred fans were round in form, were often hung with gold or silver bells, and served to protect the offerings from flies and other insects. In the ancient records of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, such fans are mentioned, and to this day they are seen in Rome on occasions of great public ceremony, when the Pope is attended by two

bearers, carrying fans with ivory handles. Very often, ancient fans were costly affairs, made of the feathers of rare birds set on rods of gold, and five such articles are mentioned among the treasures of Mexico which were presented to Cortes by King Montezuma.

To the minds of most of us, however, China and Japan seem the real home of the fan, and it was the latter nation which invented those with folding sticks. In Japan it is not uncommon to see a labourer busily at work with one hand and using a fan as vigorously with the other, and fans are often used to shield the eyes from the sun in place of the gay paper umbrella. A wave of the fan is the courteous gesture which a Japanese gentleman uses where an Englishman or an American would raise his hat.

To-day, France rivals China and Japan in the production of fans, her factories employing thousands of workmen; and it is said that a common fan, selling for a few cents, requires almost the same handling as the most expensive variety, passing through at least twenty processes before it is complete.

Soap was first manufactured in Britain in 1524.



*And in the shadow of  
the water-stair  
They crossed  
The prison yard.*

III.  
'Twas midnight; but in Plymouth yet  
Went on the wassail-bout;  
The early moon was just a-set,  
And all the stars were out,

When at Sir Walter's prison bars  
A muffled tap was heard,  
And as his ear was bent to hear,  
He caught the whispered word:

"Haste, father, haste! The way is clear;  
I've bribed the seneschal;  
The warder o'er the henchmen's beer,  
Keeps riot in the hall.

"I hold the key that opes the gate,  
And at the water-stair  
In the moored barge my mother waits—  
She waits to meet thee there.

I Can't.

If anything you need of T. I can't. He always said, I can't. And one fine day, there came 'o' him A present from his aunt

It was a parrot, gaily and in white and red and green Tom said so fine a bird as his Had never yet been seen

He bought a cage, a splendid cage. And placed the bird within He tried to make his parrot talk, But not a word could win

All nully the bird did sit A week passed by and now But not a single word he said Or all he learned before

"Oh, Polly, speak!" cried Tom one day, His bonnet the bird had hid. I can't! I can't! I can't!

OUR PERIODICALS:

Table listing various periodicals such as 'The Best, the Cheapest, the Most Entertaining', 'Christian Guardian', 'Methodist Magazine', etc. with prices.

WILLIAM BRIDGES, Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto.

C. W. COLVER, S. F. HERRICK, 217 1/2 St. Catherine St., West End Book House, Toronto.

Pleasant Hours.

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

TORONTO, AUGUST 5, 1899

A JAPANESE SERVICE.

Boys and girls sometimes complain of having to keep quiet in church through a long service. Perhaps it would do them good to be obliged to take part, just once, in such a Japanese service as is described in the following.

THE PRICE OF A SOUL.

A gay young lady was deeply impressed with a sense of her sinfulness, and found no peace day or night. A brother who had always shared with her in worldly amusements was troubled and annoyed at her present state of mind.

unmoved. A short time afterwards she was also called away and she died as she had lived. The awakening from the frightful lethargy of sin was upon the dear precious soul for ever less.

THE STAR THAT SHONE ABOVE THE TREES.

A boy's voice in grandmother Remick's kitchen was piping up clear and strong, and these were the words spoken.

"When marshalled on the nightly plain—"

"I forgot, grandmother." Grandmother Remick looked up, and her dark eyes shone behind her spectacles. "I'll need, Joseph, to say that by yourself again. You study it some more. If you're going to speak it to-night you want to know it by heart."

Joseph went out into the back entry, and grandmother could hear the sound of his voice and the soft thud of his footsteps as he walked back and forth.

"When marshalled on the nightly plain, The glittering host bestroes the sky, One star alone of all the train."

Then he said the other stanzas of this familiar hymn. Joseph was considered to be a very good singer when Grandmother Remick at the close said, "Very well done," she felt she did not repeat him.

"Oh, a boy here once, but he has been gone twenty years. Only his mother left on the Brooks place. You know her."

The school-house was crowded the night of the Sunday-school concert. For lack of a church people at "the Corners" used the school-house, and they rallied in force to hear the young folks.

Grandmother Remick nodded her head approvingly. The next speaker was a man. He made some remarks. He said he was a stranger probably to almost every one present.

"Have a high aim and stick to it," were his closing words. Grandmother again nodded her head approvingly.

"I'll go across the fields," Joseph proposed. "It was a dark night but Joseph was used to going alone in the dark."

"What did he hear?" A voice came from a tall form rising up in the shadows. "Can you tell me the way over to the 'Fore Road'?"

"Oh, I know the way," said Joseph, complacently. "I'll show you."

"Joseph trudged through the fields, the stranger following closely. "I see you just as far as I can see anything. This must be the old way," said Joseph's companion.

"Soon he exclaimed, "Those trees don't look natural. Their shadowy forms throw up before him."

"That will bring us out on the 'Fore Road,'" "I've noticed that this past month, and last year it was just the same."

"The silence that followed was soon broken by the voice of the stranger, saying that he had seen something of the night that impressed me a good deal."

"What is it?" "Something I liked. When we get through the trees, and are out on the

"Fore Road," I will repeat it to you." The journey through the young growth of pines was a lengthy one. When Joseph was in the "Fore Road," they halted.

"When marshalled on the nightly plain," "He good and follow that star."

"Indeed!" she exclaimed. "I might have known that. I thought he looked 'nat'ral."

Grandmother talked away, but Joseph was silent. He seemed to be absorbed in his thoughts.

"I was thinking of this. He, Nathan Brooks, told about being good; and when he left me, said, 'Be good'—you know—"

"Joseph," she said, "there is one who helps us to be good: the Saviour, born at the east in the Star to follow."

"Then he knelt by his bed. It was very still there under the roof. A boy looked to see the light shone out."

"When he arose from his knees the star was still shining.—The Presbyterian."

THE TURN OF A HOSE.

BY EMMA C. POWD.

Mr. Randolph advertised for an office boy, whereupon seventeen applicants presented themselves.

The senior partner of the firm of Randolph & Co. was a shrewd business man, neat and orderly, honest and honourable in all his ways.

It happened, therefore, that only five of the applicants left their addresses with Mr. Randolph.

The longer Mr. Randolph thought of him the stronger grew his determination to give him the trial, and the testimony of a prominent tradesman that the boy was a good character in town added weight to his decision.

"So a letter to Lynde Otis was penned and sealed, and lay on Mr. Randolph's desk in his little home-office—the tower room that overlooked his wide lawn and garden."

The gentleman wheeled about in his chair, and was about to take up a newspaper when his eye rested on a boys' paper that marked the boundary of the lawn, and lay on the floor.

"A bright-looking boy!" he murmured, as he noted the laughing face that glanced to him from the paper.

Patrick, Mr. Randolph's man, had left the garden-hose stretched, snake-like, across the lawn, and from the open end was issuing a tiny stream of water.

"He's after a drink!" thought the on-looker in the tower room, as he saw his future office boy step over the stone steps that marked the boundary of the lawn, and lift the end of the hose.

But no, the quenching of thirst was not the aim of Master Otis. With a quick movement he turned the pipe and directed the stream of water toward the sidewalk.

Benjie had spoken aloud in church; and, to mamma's caution against doing it again, he exclaimed, "But mamma, when my mouth's so full of talk, I can't help it leaking some!"

chucked as ladies and children picked their way over the wet flagging. Mr. Randolph's face was grave and regretful, then he took the letter he had just written, and deliberately tearing it in two, dropped the pieces into the waste basket.

Another boy came up the street. His name was also on Mr. Randolph's list of five. The gentlemen recognized him indifferently. They had slight interest for his name, now.

But Thomas Gago's manner arrested his attention. He stopped at the wet place on the sidewalk, and in a moment appeared to have, in the situation, for lifting the end of the hose, he carefully laid it back on the lawn.

Mr. Randolph bent forward to scrutinize the lad as he proceeded up the street. Then he turned to his note-book. Against Thomas Gago's name he had written: "Tidy, respectful, but unattractive."

After a little thought, the senior partner wrote another letter, and it was addressed to Master Thomas Gago.

The next morning the lad who had turned the stream of water from sidewalk to lawn presented himself the second time at Mr. Randolph's office, and asked for his duties in the situation, pleased both his employer and his fellow workmen.

From office-boy to book-keeper, from book-keeper to confidential clerk, and from confidential clerk to junior partner of the company, were the promotions that marked the career of Thomas Gago; but it was many years before he knew that the turn of a hose had had anything to do with securing him for the position which had led to competence and honour.

A PARABLE.

One night a man took a little taper out of a drawer and lit it, and he began to ascend a long winding stair.

"Where are you going," said the taper. "Away high up," said the man; "higher than the top of the house where we sleep."

"And what are you going to do there?" said the taper. "I am going to show the ships out at sea where the harbour lies," said the man.

"Alas! no ship could ever see my light," said the little taper, "it is so very small."

"If your light is small," said the man, "keep it burning bright, and leave the rest to me."

Well, when the man got up to the top of the house, for this was a light-house they were in, he took the little taper and with it lighted the great lamps that stood ready there with their polished reflectors behind them.

"I have a small account, can you not see what God may do with it? Shine—and leave the rest to him.—The Wesprianger."

A CRUEL CAPTAIN.

It would not occur to many people that a voyage in one of the swan-boats which sail the little pond in the public garden of New England could be attended with horrors; but that idea was firmly fixed in the mind of a small maiden of seven years.

"Would you like a ride in one of the swan-boats, Marjorie?" asked the little maid's aunt, as they crossed the bridge over the pond one day.

"No, indeed!" said Marjorie, with sudden shrinking. "I couldn't bear to see them throw the babies in."

"The man says that's what he does," she asserted, with rising excitement, as her aunt looked much perplexed. "Hear him—he's saying it now!"

"I am a student and of a truth, the man's statement, viewed from Marjorie's standpoint, was far from reassuring."

"Take a ride in the swan-boat!" he called, loudly, from the landing. "Grow folks, let 'em throw the babies in." And then, with a deceptive smile, he added: "Babies thrown in."

"Tommy," said the teacher to a pupil in the juvenile class, "what is syntax?" "I guess it must be the task on whiskey," replied Tommy. And the teacher thought he was entitled to a credit of 100 per cent.





### The Song of the Sea.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Ah! what pleasant visions haunt me,  
As I gaze upon the sea,  
All the old romantic legends,  
All my dreams come back to me.

Sails of silk and robes of sendal,  
Such a gleam in ancient lore;  
And the singing of the sailors,  
And the answer from the shore!

Most of all the Spanish ballad  
Haunts me oft and tarries long,  
Of the noble Count Arnolds  
And the sailor's mystic song.

Like the long waves on a sea-beach,  
Where the sand as silver shines,  
With a soft, monotonous cadence,  
Flow its unrhymed lyric lines,—

Telling how the Count Arnolds,  
With his hawk upon his hand,  
Saw a fair and stately galley,  
Steering onward to the land;—

How he heard the ancient helmsman  
Chant a song so wild and clear,  
That the sailing sea-bird slowly  
Poised upon the mast to hear,

Till his soul was full of longing,  
And he cried with impulse strong,—  
"Helmsman! for the love of heaven,  
Teach me too, that wondrous song."

"Wouldst thou,"—so the helmsman answered,  
"Learn the secret of the sea?  
Only those who brave its dangers  
Comprehend its mystery!"

In each sail that skims the horizon,  
In each landward blowing breeze,  
I behold that stately galley,  
Hear those mournful melodies.

Till my soul is full of longing,  
For the secret of the sea,  
And the heart of the great ocean  
Sends a thrilling pulse through me.

### A MAN OVERBOARD.

The passengers on a steamer going from Dublin to Holyhead were startled one day by hearing the man at the wheel cry out: "A man overboard! All hands to the rescue!" In their eagerness to help, many of the passengers threw toward the man, whom they saw rapidly drifting away, life preservers, and even chairs. The captain ordered the engines to stop and a boat to be lowered. Several of the steamer's crew leaped into the boat as soon as it touched the water, and rowed toward the point where the man was last seen. But their search proved in vain. After an hour's pull here and there they returned without him. The poor fellow had sunk to rise no more until the day when the sea gives up its dead.

A spectator of the whole scene gives us some of the reflections which came to him when the boat returned without the missing man:

"I could not help thinking," he says, "that they had done everything to save the poor fellow; yet, with all their efforts, he was lost. Thus it may be with many people. Everything may be done to bring them to Christ, and yet they too may be lost. They may have had Christian parents, and been cradled in a religious home; they may have sat under a faithful ministry, and heard over and over the offers of salvation; other hearts may have yearned for their conversion, and every opportunity and influence given them to accept the Saviour—yet, with all these things, they may still be lost."

"The poor man," he goes on to say, "did not intend to be lost. He was probably looking forward to meeting his friends at home. But he took a false step over the bulwarks, which proved a fatal step. In a moment when he was not expecting it, he was gone. So it is with the unconverted man. He does not intend to be lost. On the other hand, he expects to be saved, and reach the home on high.

But at a time when he least expects it, he may take a fatal step, and be finally and irrecoverably lost."

It becomes us to think of these things. We do not know what an hour may bring forth. God forbid that any of the readers of this paper should wake up in eternity to find themselves lost! We have now an all-sufficient Saviour—one who is ever ready to care for and protect his followers. Though the waves of adversity may roll mountains high, and our frail bark be shaken from stem to stern, still our Pilot will bring us in safety to the haven of eternal rest. Let us at once fly to his kind arms, and thus secure the complete protection afforded only to the righteous.

## LESSON NOTES.

### THIRD QUARTER.

#### STUDIES IN THE NEW TESTAMENT.

#### LESSON VII.—AUGUST 13. EZEKIEL'S GREAT VISION.

Ezek. 37. 1-14. Memory verses, 5, 6.

#### GOLDEN TEXT.

I will put my Spirit within you.—Ezek. 36. 27.

#### OUTLINE.

1. The Valley of Death, v. 1, 2.
2. The Word of the Lord, v. 3-8.
3. The Breath of Life, v. 9, 10.
4. The Explanation, v. 11-14.

Time.—This prophecy was delivered probably about B.C. 587 or 585.

Place.—Ezekiel lived in the Euphrates valley, near the river Chebar.

#### LESSON HELPS.

1. "The hand of the Lord"—Hand is a symbol of power, and the power in this case was prophetic. "Was upon me"—Ezekiel. He was in such a condition

that he forgot the outward world and saw only the valley here spoken of.

The valley which was full of bones—"The bones of men laid low by the tempest of war. Bleaching, and no hope of returning life.

2. "Very many . . . very dry"—Attention of the prophet was drawn to these two facts, to make more impressive the power of God now to be put forth. The vision figures forth the wretched state of the Jews then in exile—as they thought, hopeless exile.

3. "Can these bones live"—It is God who speaks and thus inspires a possible hope. It is he who asks the question, not to gain information, but to call forth faith in the prophet. And faith responded, "O Lord God, thou knowest." None but God can know. With him is power to work the seemingly impossible.

4. "Prophecy upon these bones"—The command seemed strange, for what could speaking effect? Everything, if it is God's speech coming from human lips. A wearisome task to preach to these dry bones if faith in God's power did not make it somewhat easy. The prophet was to show to his countrymen that though their condition was sad, it might improve. "Hear the word of the Lord," is the cry of the Christian preacher and teacher, as of the Hebrew prophet. A divine command.

5. "Breath" means soul, breath, wind. Here it means the soul, the living force.

6. "Ye shall live"—Those fallen in battle should become, as of old, a great army. A gradual order, but quickly was the work done. The "sinews" to unite the bone, the "flesh" to clothe the skeleton, the "skin" to cover the muscles. The purpose of this miracle is declared. "Ye shall know that I am the Lord." There was (1) organization of the various parts of the body, then (2) life. The church is organized, but it must hear the words, "Ye shall live."

7. "So I prophesied"—Obedience followed command. This showed faith. The result soon followed.

9. Something was lacking—the vital force. The bodies, well formed, were corpses. A second prophetic utterance was needed. "Say to the wind"—The mysterious life which pervades the universe and which animates living organized matter.

10. "An exceeding great army"—The Christian church is spoken of as an army, but we must not be misled by this figure of speech. Its weapons are spiritual, its soldiers win by their holy, useful lives, its purpose is to make the earth as a garden, not a wilderness.

11. "These bones are the whole house of Israel"—The Jews were in exile, but they were to be restored to their own land. The reviving time was at hand.

12. "I will open your graves"—A seeming allusion to the doctrine of the general resurrection, made clearly known by the words of Jesus. John 5. 25, 28, 29.

13. "Ye shall know"—When the nation should come back to Palestine it would know the Lord brought it back.

14. "My Spirit in you"—So the Holy Spirit causes a dead church to become an army of the living God.

#### HOME READINGS.

- M. Ezekiel's vision.—Ezek. 37. 1-14.  
Tu. Promise of restoration.—Ezek. 37. 20-28.  
W. All have sinned.—Ezek. 22. 23-31.  
Th. Dead in sin.—Isa. 1. 1-9.  
F. Warning.—Deut. 8. 11-20.  
S. Quicken by the Spirit.—Rom. 8. 1-11.  
Su. From death to life.—Eph. 2. 1-10.

#### QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. The Valley of Death, v. 1, 2.  
What is meant by "the hand of the Lord"?  
Upon whom was it laid?  
To what place was the prophet carried?  
What were in the valley?  
What did these dry bones represent?  
Verse 11.  
How did they represent Israel at that time?  
Of what besides were they a symbol?  
Eph. 2. 1.  
Wherein does sin resemble death?
2. The Word of the Lord, v. 3-8.  
What question was asked of the prophet?  
What answer did he give?  
What was he commanded to do?  
What is here meant by "prophecy"?  
(To speak in the name of the Lord.)  
Who are now God's messengers to men?  
What was he commanded to say?  
What promise was given?  
What did the prophet do?  
What was the result?  
Were these bodies now living?  
What did they need to give them life?  
Gen. 2. 7.  
Who alone can give life?
3. The Breath of Life, v. 9, 10.

What was the prophet next commanded to do and say?

Did the prophet obey these commands?  
Are all men dead in sin? Rom. 5. 12.  
By whom can life be given? Rom. 5. 17.

How are men to receive life? John 5. 24

4. The Explanation, v. 11-14.

What did these bones represent?  
What did the house of Israel say about these bones?

What did God say about its graves?  
In what sense was Israel at this time buried?

What new life were the people to have? Verse 14.

Had God's Spirit been in them when they were taken captive to Babylon?

Were they ever restored to their own land?

#### PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Where in this lesson do we learn—

1. That God can do what seems impossible?
2. That God's work is gradual and progressive?
3. That God uses men as his agents?

Sir William Long tells a story of an old Scotch body who could not abide long sermons. She was hobbling out of the kirk one Sunday when a coachman, who was waiting for his people, asked her, "Is the minister dune wi' his sermon?" "He was dune lang syne," said the old lady, impatiently; "but he wauna stop!"

Fair Terms.—George—"Papa, I want you to buy me a drum, like all the other boys have." Father—"No, you would make too much noise. There would be no living in the house with you." George—"But, papa, I promise, really and truly, I won't beat it only when you are asleep."

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