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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XVIII.]

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 19, 1898.

[No. 4.]

The Company Who Try.

BY MARGARET E. BANGSTER.

Yes, I love the little winner,
With the medal and the mark,
He has gained the prize he sought for,
He is joyous as a lark.
Every one will haste to praise him,
He is on the honour list.—
I've a tender thought, my darlings,
For the one who tried, and missed.

One? Ah, me! They count by thou-
sands—
Those who have not gained the race,
Though they did their best and fairest,
Striving for the win-
ner's place,
Only few can reach the
laurel,
Many see their chance
slit by:
I've a tender thought, my
darlings,
For the earnest band
who try.

'Tis the trying that is
noble;
If you're made of
sterner stuff
Than the laggards who
are daunted
When the bit of road is
rough,
All will praise the happy
winners;
But, when they have
hurried by,
I've a song to cheer my
darlings,
The great company who
try.

THE CRUSADERS.

BY THE EDITOR.

A great and permanent impetus was given to civilization by that vast movement of the Middle Ages, whereby, in the words of the Byzantine Princess, Anna Comena, all Europe was precipitated on Asia. These religious wars united the nations of the West in a grand political league long before any similar union could otherwise have taken place. They also greatly improved, or, indeed, almost created, the military organization of Europe, and inspired and fostered the spirit of chivalry in her populations. They led to the abolition of serfdom by the substitution of martial service instead of the abject vassalage to which the masses had been accustomed. By enforcing the so-called Truce of God they prevented the pernicious practice of private warfare, and turned the arms of Christendom against its common foe. Vast multitudes were led to visit Italy, Constantinople, and the East—the seats of ancient learning, and the scenes of splendid opulence.

Extended travel enlarged their knowledge of the geography, literature, natural history, and productions of foreign lands. In the East still lingered the remains of the science of the palmy days of the Caliphate. The rustic manners of the Crusaders became polished by contact with the more refined oriental races. To the British or German knight, who had never stirred farther from his ancestral castle than a boar hunt or a stag chase led him, what a wonder-land must Italy and the East have been, with their great cities, their marble palaces, porphyry pillars, and jasper domes! The Crusaders, becoming acquainted with the luxuries of the Orient, discovered new wants, felt

new desires, and brought home a knowledge of arts and elegances before unknown.

The result was seen in the greater splendour of the Western courts, in their more gorgeous pomp and ceremonial, and in the more refined taste in pleasure, dress and ornaments. The miracles and treasures of ancient art and architecture in Greece and Italy, far more numerous than now, did much to create and develop a taste for the beautiful, and to enlarge the sphere of human enjoyment. The refining influences of the East and South have left their mark in every corner of Europe, from Gibraltar to Norway.

But there were grave and serious evils resulting from the Crusades, which went far to counterbalance all these advantages. The lives and labours of millions were lost to Europe, and buried beneath the sands of Syria. Many noble families became extinguished by the fortunes of war, or impoverished by the sale or mortgaging of their estates to furnish the means for military equipment. The influence of the Pope, as the organizer of the Crusades, and common father of Christendom, was greatly augmented. The opulence of religious orders was increased by the reversion to their possession of many estates whose heirs

A CANADIAN MISSIONARY.

Men endure cold and privation to discover the North Pole, and to gather Klondike gold. They illustrate one kind of fortitude and daring. There are other men who endure the same trying conditions in a better cause. No story of brave adventure is more inspiring, not to say entertaining, than that of the English missionaries of the Hudson Bay region of the great Northwest.

Bishop Horden has travelled over nearly the whole of British America in reindeer and dog-sledges, in canoes, and on snowshoes. Archdeacon Kirby has

crossed the continent twice, on foot, from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

In 1868 Rev. Egerton R. Young resigned his pleasant pastorate in Hamilton, Ontario to go, with his wife, among the Cree and Saulteau Indians who lived north of Manitoba, and he has been there ever since. He and Mrs. Young have no home but a log hut plastered with mud, and their principal food is fish and wild animals. The "field" covered by the hardy missionary in his yearly labours is five hundred and fifty miles long and three hundred miles wide.

Often his courageous wife accompanies him on his long trips through this Arctic parish, when the thermometer is forty degrees below zero, and the only stopping places at night are holes dug in the snow. With his Indian Bible the work of Mr. Evans, an earlier apostle, who reduced the syllabic language of the northern tribes to written form. Mr. Young taught the Crees for five years, and gathered congregations numbering a thousand natives, some of whom would travel many miles to hear him preach.

The Saulteau, a distant tribe, were a cruel race. Degradedly savage, they not only killed but sometimes ate each other. But they heard in some way favourable comments upon the Christian minister, and sent for him. Finding a substitute to stay and preach to the Crees, he and Mrs. Young left the locality and the Indians that had grown dear to them and plunged again into the icy wilderness.

The record of this faithful man's success there for twenty-five years, and of his church of hundreds of barbarians who had professed Christianity, and had adopted the habits of civilized life, the thrilling story of the two weeks' journey of Ookemasquasis, a female chief, to see him, and of his long, adventurous sledge-ride to visit her far-away people cannot be told here. It is like a new chapter in the Acts of the Apostles.

The above brief outline is enough to prove that mines of gold, or even scientific discoveries, are not the only, nor the highest, ends of intrepid labour in inclement lands—Youth's Companion.



THE CRUSADERS.

from Ireland to Hungary, from the crosses on the doors to the arabesque traceries in cathedrals and castles.

It is not wonderful that these great and stirring events, with their combined religious enthusiasm and military splendour, awoke the imaginations of the poets. They gave a new impulse to thought, and a greater depth and strength to feeling. They inspired the muse of Tasso and many a lesser bard, and supplied the theme of one great Christian epic, *Gierusalemme Liberata*.

The Crusaders, moreover, made several commercial settlements in the East, the trade of which survived their military occupation by the Latins. Thus a valuable commerce sprang up, which contributed greatly to enrich the resources and increase the comforts of the West.

had perished in the field. Vast numbers of Oriental relics, many of them spurious and absurd, became objects of idolatrous worship. Many corruptions of the Greek Church were imitated, many Syrian and Greek saints introduced into the calendar, and many Eastern legends and superstitions acquired currency.

Little Pearl listened attentively to her mother, while she tried to explain to her the ninth commandment. After a moment she seemed to catch the meaning, and looked up with a twinkle in her eye as she said, "Mamma, Cousin Ada bared false witness against the rats when she said they nibbled your cake, and it was me."

"Look, Robbie!" said a little girl pointing to a street-sprinkler. "Well, don't you think he knows it?" said Robbie. "He does it to keep the boys from riding on behind."

Home Measurements.

BY NETT KIMBERLEY MATHSON.

Sister measured my grin one day ;
Took the ruler and me ;
'Counted the inches all the way ;
One and two and three

"Oh you're a Cheshire cat," said she,
Father said "That's no sin"
Then he nodded and smiled at me
Smiled at my three-inch grin

Brother suggested I ought to begin
Trying to trim it down
Mother said "Better a three-inch grin
Than a little half-inch frown"

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 19, 1893.

JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

FEBRUARY 27, 1893

At the Last Supper.—John 14: 1-14.

THE CLOSING PART OF CHRIST'S LIFE.

Christ knew that the hour of parting with his disciples would be a sorrowful time. He observed all the Jewish feasts. The feast of the Passover was now being held, which you must remember was instituted to hold in remembrance the deliverance of Israel from Egyptian bondage. Christ instituted the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, by which his disciples were to remember him.

ENCOURAGING WORDS.

Verse 1. They were not to be sorrowful. It is natural for us to be sorrowful when we lose those to whom we are attached. It is no wonder therefore that they should be troubled. See how he comforts them. He urges them to believe, that is, trust him. Faith is the anchor of the soul. The more we can repose confidence in the Saviour the greater will be our comfort. Without faith we can neither please God nor enjoy personal comfort. Believe and enjoy.

Verse 2. What he promised. His Father's house. Very likely this descriptive figure is taken from Solomon's temple, which was regarded by the Jews as a place surpassing all others for glory and beauty. Many mansions. Mr. Wesley's note here is very expressive. "Enough to receive both the holy angels and your predecessors in the faith, and all that now believe, and a great multitude which no man can number."

CHRIST WOULD NOT DECEIVE THEM

He is preparing heaven for all his followers. If he was not doing so, he would not tell them the contrary. He is fitting the place for them, and is fitting them for the place. The prospect of living in such a heavenly home, which abounds with mansions, should inspire us with hope and excite us to increasing diligence that we may make our calling and our election sure.

THE WAY TO HEAVEN.

Verse 5. Thomas made the inquiry and received an answer which is as truly applicable to us as it was when Christ first uttered the words. This is the only way. No man cometh unto the Father but by Christ Jesus. He is the only door

of admittance into the kingdom. He is the only foundation on which we can build our hopes for heaven. His is the only name given under heaven by which we can be saved. Take the name of Jesus with you. It is an all-prevailing name. It charms our fears and bids our sorrows cease.

Verse 9. His conversation in answer to Thomas is both edifying and instructive. Encouraging promises are made as rewards of their faith. They should attain to great stature as Christians and be able to perform miracles in confirmation of their mission. Their prayers should also be answered when presented in the name of Jesus. These promises are for our encouragement.

SLOW OF HEART

This has been too much the case with Christians in all ages. We do not exercise faith and claim the promises as we should do. Our righteousness should increase and our love should abound more and more. We are commanded to pray always and lift up holy hands without wrath and doubting.

SALT FROM THE SEA.

A man, called the "Sailors' Friend," was rigged out in his best suit of clothes on a Sunday morning not long ago. He carried under his arm a large roll of magazines and papers, and went from desolate rooms in cheerless boarding-houses, all along the city streets and alleys where the sailors lived.

"Take this, Jack, my boy," he said to a half-drunken Swede, who was lounging on a broken sofa. There was tender solicitude in his voice as he touched the stranger on the shoulder and said, "Read it, read it, Jack! It will trim your sails for a better port than this."

Jack did not accept the gift ungratefully. He looked half-pleased and half-ashamed.

"Hev ye any of 'em with pictures in 'em?" asked a grizzled old sailor, who looked as if he might add, "If ye don't give me one, I'll take it, whether you will or no."

"Thank ye, thank ye!" he added hastily, as an illustrated magazine was offered to him. Then he burst out suddenly, addressing the Sailors' Friend, "Ye're a good man!"

"I hope I am," was the frank reply. "If everybody wuz tryin' to do ez much good ez you are, this world would be a better world."

"I hope so, my friend," was the quick answer. "When I go to heaven, I want to sail in under a full cloud of canvas, and not with a jury-rig."

It was very apparent that the sailors—Danes, Swedes, English and Portuguese—appreciated this quick and apt reply.

Over thirty years ago a man shipped in Portsmouth on the brig Rockingham, bound for Cuba. There was a strong breeze from west-north-west, and it was very cold. That night sail had to be shortened. The next morning the gale had increased to a hurricane, the vessel scudding before it like a race-horse. This lasted for four days.

On the fifth morning, at four o'clock, a sea broke over the ship from stem to stern, stove in all the boats, and swept everything movable from the deck.

The men were ordered to the pumps, among them the recently shipped seaman. The brig soon began to leak badly. In an hour it became evident she could not last long if the gale continued. Notwithstanding the terror of the sea and the thunder of the storm, blasphemy from some of the men was heard as they bent to the clanking pumps.

Darkness came, and in the horror and despair of the night and the storm one man dropped, in sheer exhaustion, to his knees. It was an unusual attitude, and perhaps by force of some old association, he began to pray. There, clinging to the rail, dashed at by the ocean, he resolved, with a sincerity like that of the robber on the cross, that if his life were saved, he would give it wholly to the service of God.

The vessel rode out the storm. "And don't you thank," said the sailor who has told the story, "that the captain noticed a difference in my attention to my duties after that, and spoke of it?"

A THRILLING EPISODE.

During the late afternoon of December 20, 1897, the rain which fell upon the tracks and the car decks of the Mountain division of the Pennsylvania railroad was turned into ice almost as soon as it fell. This rendered both tracks and cars unusually dangerous, and the descent of the steep grade between Gallitzin and Altoona was attended by imminent peril. About 5:45 that evening a Mogul engine hauling forty-three heavily laden cars passed through the tunnel at Gallitzin

and began to descend the mountain. Ten of the cars were supplied by air brakes, the others had the old-fashioned hand brake. The crew consisted of the engineer, the fireman, two brakemen, the conductor, and the flagman. The last two occupied the cabin car at the rear of the train.

Soon after leaving Gallitzin the engineer noticed the train was beginning to move very rapidly. He applied the air, but as that did not perceptibly reduce the speed, he whistled down brakes. How well the brakemen were able to respond in the condition of the car decks and amid the swaying of the train as it gathered speed no one will ever know, but it soon became apparent to the men that they were on a runaway train. The engineer reversed his engine, but without avail. By the time the far-famed "Horse Shoe" curve at Kittanning Point was reached the engine and its unwieldy train were rushing down the mountain side at the rate of sixty miles an hour. The men expected to be hurled into the abyss at the Point, but the train rounded the sharp curves and rushed on with ever-increasing speed for the train yard at Altoona. Just opposite the station it crashed into another freight train with such force that the huge locomotive was lifted high up in the air and turned completely around. Sixty cars were shattered and a force of five hundred men worked continually for twenty-eight hours in clearing the wreck. The two brakemen were crushed to death; the flagman and conductor managed to cut off the cabin car a few minutes before the final crash. The engineer and his fireman went down in the wreck and the debris of the cars and their contents were piled thirty feet above them. Strangely enough neither were much hurt and both men were able to crawl from beneath the towering ruins.

The first thing these two men who had faced death for full fifteen minutes did after they emerged from the wreck was to drop on their knees on the track and thank God for their preservation. The engineer had been for years an earnest Christian man. It was his faith in an overruling Providence that enabled him to sit with his hand upon the throttle calmly awaiting what he believed to be the inevitable end. Notwithstanding his thrilling experience he showed not the slightest evidence of excitement as he walked away from the wreck, and later on, when the newspaper men interviewed him in his home, he was remarkably tranquil. He says that the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ is a splendid possession in the moment of dire peril. No doubt the Christian brakemen who died at their posts realized that blessed truth to the full, though their lips are silent.

FIDELITY OF THE STARS.

BY DR. C. ROBINSON.

Once, as I entered the observatory of Harvard College at the close of the day, a friend who had left me there asked that I might be shown the new instrument that had just been introduced. The professor replied courteously, "Yes; I think there may be time enough yet for him to see a star if you will find one." My companion "found one" by looking in a little book of astronomical tables lying there on the desk, and replied quietly, "There is one at 5:20." So in a hurried instant the covering was stripped off the great brass tube, and prone upon his back, under the eye-piece, lay the enthusiastic professor. While my friend stood by, with what seemed a tack-hammer in his hand, I noticed that he kept his eye on a tall chronometer clock near us. Suddenly two sounds broke the oppressive stillness; we had been waiting for the stars. One was the word "there" spoken by the professor, the other was the tap of the hammer on the stone top of the table by my companion. Both occurred at the same instant—the same particle of the instant—they were positively simultaneous. But the man who spoke the word could not see the clock; he was looking at the star that came swinging along till it touched the spider web line in his instrument; and the other man who struck the hammer stroke could not see the star; he was looking at the second hand on the dial-plate. When the index in its simplicity of regular duty marked twenty minutes after five there fell the click on the stone; and then, too, there came on the heavens, millions of miles away, one of God's stars, having no speech but rolling in on time, as he bade it ages ago!

Then I was invited to look in, and see the world of beauty as it swept by the next fibre in the tube. But afterwards I went curiously to the book, and found that it had been published ten years before and that its calculations ran far away into the future, and that it had been based on calculations a thousand

years old. And God's fidelity to the covenant of nature, here now almost three thousand years after David had made the nineteenth Psalm, had brought the glorious creature of the sky into the field of Harvard College's instrument just as that patient clock reached the second needed for the truth of the ancient prediction. Need I say that those two professors almost wondered (so used to such things were they) at the awe-struck devotion—the hushed reverence, with which I left the room.

Canadian Winter Night.

BY B. KELLY.

Come, Johnnie, fill the wood-box up,
And tightly close the outer door;
That icy blast is keen and cold,
It creeps along the kitchen floor.

See! granny nods beside the blaze,
Yet faintly grumbles at the cold;
The frost is searching crannies out,
The wind is waxing over-bold.

Hark! how the trees in yonder wood
In icy clutches snap and ring;
Beneath the snow, and far away,
Is heard the brook's faint murmuring.

Far down the road with noisy clang,
The sleighbells ring upon the night,
And with a wild, tumultuous swing,
The foam-flecked horses dash in sight!

Away, away, with merry jest,
The happy pleasure-seekers go;
No need to ply the stinging whip,
Or urge the steeds with wild halloo.

Now they have passed; but, far away,
The ringing echoes linger still;
Untill with joyous shout and call,
They sink behind that wooded hill.

Then quiet reigns; the great white world
Is wrapped in silence lone and deep;
Save in the woods, where grim and grey,
The lonely owl has banished sleep.
Trenton.

A SAD LOOKING BOY.

I saw a sad looking boy this morning I don't like sad boys. They generally die young. This boy had red eyes. He looked like a little old fellow. He seemed to think it was smart to have red eyes, for he was continually trying to make them redder. He was smoking a cigarette; this was what made him look so old, and this was the way he was trying to make himself have red eyes and look like an old man. He went down the street and into a saloon. He stepped up to the bar like an old toper, and simply said, "One beer." He drank it all at one breath, just like an old drunkard, and said, "I'm braced up."

Thinks I to myself: "Yes, you are braced up for becoming an excellent drunkard one of these days. You'll spend the money you ought to save. You'll be blotched in the face and not more than half-grown, and when you die people will mourn principally because you hadn't hurried up and died sooner." It don't pay to try to be a toper. Perhaps some men can smoke, and drink beer and whiskey, and stand it, but boys can't. It kills them every time. Do you say, "I don't believe it?"

How do you know? The men who drink didn't commence when they were boys. Drinking and smoking kill men sooner or later, but they kill boys very quick.

Do you want to try and see? Would you like to try and see what would be the effect of the bite of a mad dog or a rattlesnake.

Boys, if you want to grow up strong, active, large, successful men, don't smoke, and by all means don't drink. Be happy, have just as much fun as you can, but do nothing wrong.—The School Journal.

ON HAND.

I saw a boy sitting on the edge of the wharf fishing, and said to him, "Well, my boy, you don't seem to have caught any fish."

"No," said he, "but I think I shall. I'm expecting a shoal of fish in any time now. I've been fishing here three days, but had no luck; but I'm quite sure the fish will be in soon. They came in about this time last year."

"Why not wait till they come, and then do your fishing?" asked I.

"Oh, sir!" said the plucky little fellow, "I'd rathe be here when they come."

I left him, and walked on down to the end of the wharf, and in about an hour returned. As I came near where the boys were fishing, I saw that he was landing the speckled beauties on the wharf in true Isaac Walton style. The fish had come in! The persevering lad had taught me a useful lesson.

Boy and Man.

(The Boy's Heart.)

"Come, Johnnie Miller, tak' these dog-gles
Down to the burn and drown them a'
Step careful' o'er the slippery pathway.
And mind ye dinna fa'."

So spake the mistress; Johnnie Miller,
Reluctant, rose to do her will,
And as he gathers up his burden,
The tears his bonnie blue eyes fill.

Out of the house, across the meadows,
The little seven years' laddie passed,
And slower still he walked, and slower,
Until he reach'd the stream at last.

Down on the stones he sat, and opened
His plaidie where the puppies lay,
And tearful watched their helpless totter-
ing,
And stroked their glossy coats of grey.

And when, with quaint, black, wrinkled
foreheads,
His hands they licked and piteous cried,
Seized with a sudden purpose, Johnnie
Rose up and left the river's side.

He hugged the puppies to his bosom,
Wrapped in his plaidie soft and warm,
And fast across the meadows hurried,
'Till far behind he left the farm.

Down to the stream his mistress hastened,
And searched in terror all around,
Along the stream, across the meadows—
No traces of the boy she found.

On, on he went; the air grew chilly,
And lower sank the setting sun;
Then twilight came, his feet grew weary,
The tollsome march was nearly done.

More fields he traversed; then a glimmer
Broke through the darkness—welcome
sigh,
For 'twas the cottage of his mother,
And that red glow her evening light.

Joyfully at the door he rattled;
Surprised, his mother opened wide;
"My bairn," she cried, "what brings
thee hither?"
And drew him to the warm fireside.

He sobbed aloud: "Oh, mither, mither"—
And spread his load before her view—
"I couldna' drown the little doggies,
So I hae brought them hame to you!"

PART II.

(The Man's Heart.)

It was a stormy winter evening,
The moon above shone bright and clear;
A ship, impatient, rode the waters,
That crept around the slippery pier.

"Ready, my men!" the captain shouted,
A sailor from the pier-head threw
The stiffened awser—slipped—and stag-
gering,
Fell down into the death-gulf blue.

No time for parley; quick the captain
Threw off his jacket rough and leapt
Over the ship's tall side; to seaward
Captain and man together swept.

He sank, then rose; the drowning sailor
He grasped; wild waves swept o'er the
twain,
And for a space all hope was ended;
Then the strong swimmer rose again.

Bold stroke on stroke he backwards
struggled,
Perils behind him and before;
All held their breath with fear and
wonder,
Until he touched the pier once more.

Then, holding fast his prize, the swim-
mer
Was safely landed; cheer on cheer
Broke through the night; hurrah! brave
captain,
Fearless of death and tempest drear!

The bravest heart has kindest pulses,
By gentle souls great deeds are done;
The tender-hearted Scottish laddie
And the brave mariner were one!
—In Children's Supplement to Our Fellow
Creatures.

On a cold day one would imagine the
Japanese were a nation of armless people.
They fold their arms in their long, loose
sleeves. A Japanese woman's sleeves are
to her what a boy's pockets are to him.
Her cards, money, combs, hair-pins, or-
naments, and rice-paper are carried in
her sleeves. Her rice-paper is her hand-
kerchief, and she notes with horror and
disgust that after using we return our
handkerchiefs to our pockets. I think
the Japanese women carry everything in
their sleeves.

On Schedule Time

BY

JAMES OTIS.

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

CHAPTER IV—Continued.

Aunt Lois appeared as if trying to re-
sign herself to what was inevitable, while
Gladys and Alice were thoroughly sur-
prised by this apparently sudden change
in Phil's plans.

During perhaps five minutes no one
spoke, the girls meanwhile washing the
dishes, and then, as Phil began to arrange
the beds, Jackson asked:

"Do you think it is safe to send the
women folks back with the teams?"

"Why isn't it?"

"You should know that best; but sup-
pose an accident happened? The horses
might get into trouble, and I am in no
condition to give any assistance."

"It would be unfortunate if anything
of the kind should occur, because we are
forced to take the chances."

"Do you think there is any possibility
of finding Benner?"

"I am not speculating on that," Phil
replied curtly.

Again there was a brief silence, and
again Jackson broke in.

"I am sorry to put you out of the way
so much, and rather than do so, will go
on with you. Perhaps this liniment an'
what medicine I have taken will help my
leg so I'll be sound as ever in a day or
two."

"I thought your only desire was to see
a doctor."

"That is what I want, of course; but I
cannot think of giving you so much
trouble."

"Yet you would prefer to go to Milo,
providing Dick and I accompany you?"
Jackson could not prevent himself from
displaying a certain amount of confusion.

"I had not thought of how much
trouble I should be making, but now
that I see it, I'm willing to bear the pain
rather than put you out so much."

"What resignation!" Aunt Lois ex-
claimed softly as she folded her hands
and gazed admiringly at the alleged
sufferer.

"Look here, Jackson," Phil said sharply,
"I am not disposed to carry you as far
as we intend to go, for the horses have
as heavy loads as they can drag, and I
would prefer to send you back."

"Now, Phillip, how unreasonable you
are!" Aunt Lois cried. "This poor man
is willing to endure terrible pain rather
than interfere with your mission. I am
sure everything will be for the best if he
goes with us, and positive I can minister
to his wants as well as any physician
you will find in Milo."

Now it was Phil's turn to be confused.
This plan for forcing the man to betray
himself was not working as he had de-
sired, and to take the enemy with them
was anything rather than pleasant.

While he remained silent Aunt Lois
and Jackson appeared to have settled
the matter between themselves, and
glancing meaningly toward Dick, Phil
abruptly left the camp.

His cousin joined him on the outside a
moment later, and the two walked so far
away that their conversation could not
be overheard.

"It looks to me, Phil, as if you were
out of the frying-pan into the fire. That
fellow has made up his mind to stay with
us, and nothing less than a declaration
of war will prevent him."

"I'd soon make it but for the fear that
he has comrades near at hand, who may
be this moment listening to us," and
Phil lowered his voice to a whisper.
"Having done so much, I do not question
but that he would resort to force to pre-
vent us from getting through; and if
such should be the case, we'd be worsted."

"It begins to look to me as if we were
in that condition already."

"No, for there is yet a chance we may
outwit him."

"Then you propose to carry this fellow
along with us to-morrow morning?"

"I don't see any other course to be
pursued."

"Well," Dick said half to himself, "I
came down here expecting to have some
excitement in the way of hunting, but I
never bargained for quite so much as we
are getting. I do not understand why
it's so important this man should prevent
your seeing Benner."

"The only reason father gave was that
if he should begin cutting on the stump-
age which the court has decided doesn't
belong to him, he would make himself
liable for damages. In some way, I
suppose, this man, or those who employ
him, would be benefited. At all events,
it's positive we've got to do some very
lively hustling during the next four days,

and what I wanted to see you for was
this. We must remain on guard all night
without allowing Jackson, if that really
is his name, to know it. When we turn
in, you can go to sleep. I'll remain
awake as long as possible, and on finding
that I cannot keep my eyes open any
longer, will arouse you. Then you shall
do the same, and one or the other of us
will remain on watch all night."

"Don't you think it would be a good
idea to have a gun where you could get
hold of it in case this fellow's friends
come to make a disturbance?"

"I have taken care of that, and it's
under my blanket. Of course we do not
want to do anything desperate unless it
should be chance that the lives of some
of our party were really in danger."

"I understand that, but it makes a
fellow feel easier to have a weapon where
he can get at it in case of an emergency
is there anything more you want to say?"

"Nothing, except to repeat that we
must remain on guard every moment of
the time from now until we find Benner—
if we ever do."

"Then let's get back to the camp. The
girls do not understand why you are
handling Jackson so carefully, after we're
convinced he is an impostor; but I'll find
an opportunity to tell them before we go
to bed."

When they entered the tent Aunt Lois
was administering another dose to the
alleged sufferer, and Phil smiled grimly,
for he realized that if the little woman
was allowed full sway in the matter,
Jackson would most surely be punished
for his treachery.

Dick contrived to call Gladys and Alice
out under some trifling pretext, and when
they returned they looked more cheerful
but hardly less anxious than before.

During the hour which elapsed before
Phil gave the signal for retiring, Jackson
had very little to say. He was probably
content with having caused so much of a
halt, and with the knowledge that he
would be with those whom he wished to
detain at least during another day. So
satisfied was he that he ceased to moan
as often, and Aunt Lois said gravely:

"I knew I could relieve you in some
measure, Mr. Jackson. I have not made
a study of nursing for so many years
without having arrived at some results.
I should not be surprised if you were
feeling quite like yourself by morning,
after we have been able to check the
inflammation."

"There is no question about that,"
Dick said dryly, and Jackson looked up
at him quickly.

"Now, Phillip," the little woman con-
tinued, "you and Richard must pay strict
attention to my instructions, and see that
they are faithfully carried out during the
night, even though it may cost you some
rest. "If a spoonful of that"—and she
pointed to a tin dipper nearly filled with
a dark, disagreeable-looking mixture—
"be given every half-hour, and one of
these powders every hour, we shall have
a decided change in the patient by day-
light."

"Even if his leg isn't hurt as badly as
you imagine, he stands a good chance of
being laid up for a spell through your
medicines, Aunt Lois," Dick said in a
tone very like that of satisfaction, while
the girls and Phil appeared amused. "I
believe I had as soon break a bone out-
right as to take those hourly and half-
hourly doses."

"That is because you do not under-
stand the efficacy of the remedies,
Richard."

"You are right, Aunt Lois, but Jackson
will have a pretty good idea of them be-
fore morning, for Phil and I shall take
precious good care he doesn't miss a
single dose."

The invalid was far from being con-
tent with this arrangement; but when
he would have insisted that so much
medicine was not necessary, Aunt Lois
interrupted him by saying in a tone
which admitted of no discussion.

"You do not know what is best for
you, Mr. Jackson, and I do, so we'll say
nothing more about it. You will follow
my instructions to the letter."

Then Aunt Lois and the girls went
into their own tent, and Phil realized
that the little woman had done him a
great favour unintentionally. With this
medicine-giving as a pretext, he or Dick
could remain on guard all night without
allowing Jackson an opportunity of sus-
pecting that his real character was
known, and he said as he looked at his
watch:

"The next dose from the tin dipper is
to be given in ten minutes. Forty min-
utes later comes the powder, and so on.
Do you understand the instructions,
Dick?"

"Perfectly."

"It will be necessary one of us remain
awake, and I'll stand the first watch.
Somewhere about midnight I'll call you.
We must not neglect a single dose if we
want to give Aunt Lois' plan a fair trial."

"Now, look here, boys, you know and
I know that there is no necessity of a
man's takin' medicine when he has a
broken leg."

"But that is not what you are afflicted
with, Jackson. If the smallest bone had
been broken the limb would be swollen
now so badly that we should have to cut
you boots off, whereas there is no sign of
inflammation."

"Then it's a sprain, an' how is medi-
cine goin' to tackle a trouble like that?"

"Of course I don't know anything about
it, except that you have appeared very
much easier since the treatment was be-
gun, and I sha'n't allow you to go con-
trary to my aunt's instructions in the
slightest particular. Every dose shall go
down your throat, even if Dick and I are
obliged to use force. This is a case
where a harsh measure may be necessary
for the benefit of the patient."

Jackson gave vent to a sigh, and Phil
enjoyed in anticipation the discomfort
which, under the guise of kindness, he
would cause this man who was trying to
work them such serious injury.

Dick rolled himself up in his blanket,
while Phil sat upright, acting the part
of guard and nurse, and each time he
followed Aunt Lois' instructions one
would have said he found great delight
in thus performing an act of charity.

At least once every fifteen minutes dur-
ing his time of watching he made a com-
plete circuit of the tents, and visited the
stable to assure himself there was no
evil-disposed person in the immediate
vicinity.

Before two hours had elapsed Jackson
fell asleep, but Phil relentlessly awak-
ened him as the time for the medicine-giv-
ing arrived, threatening to use absolute
force whenever the man would have
turned from the nauseous potion.

At midnight Phil awakened his cousin,
and said sufficiently loud for the patient
to hear:

"Jackson has just had the powder and
the liquid. In half an hour more an-
other dose of the liquid, and so on. In
order to keep yourself awake, it will be
a good idea to go around the encampment
at least once every fifteen minutes, and
be sure to see the horses are all right
every time you look into the stable. Call
me at four o'clock, and we'll begin to
pack."

"It won't be light enough for you to
see what you are doing at that time,"
Jackson growled.

"We have two lanterns, my friend, and
you can count on it as a fact that we
shall leave here not later than five
o'clock, whether it is light or dark,
stormy or pleasant," and Phil "turned in"
by covering himself with his blanket.

(To be continued.)

WHAT BOYS SHOULD LEARN.

There are a great many things boys,
while boys, should learn. And if they
learn these lessons so well as never to
forget them during life, they will prove
of great help to them oftentimes when
they need help.

Among other things boys should learn,
these may be named:

1. Not to tease boys and girls smaller
than themselves.
2. Not to take the easiest chair in the
room, put it in the pleasantest place and
forget to offer it to mother when she
comes in to sit down.
3. To treat mother as politely as if she
were a stranger lady who did not spend
her life in their service.
4. To be kind and helpful to their sis-
ters as they expect their sisters to be to
them.
5. To make their friends among good
boys.
6. To take pride in being a gentleman
at home.
7. To take mother into their confidence
if they do anything wrong; and above
all, never to lie about anything they have
done.
8. To make up their minds not to learn
to smoke, gamble or drink, remembering
these things are terrible drawbacks to
good men, and necessities to bad ones.

Little Stuart had spent his first day at
school. "What did you learn?" was
his auntie's question. "Didn't learn
anything." "Well, what did you do?"
"I didn't do anything. There was a
woman wanted to know how to spell
'cat,' and I told her."

A little three-year-old whose father was
a church trustee was greatly puzzled in his
efforts to arrange a tiny set of toy blocks
in the form of a meeting-house. After a
laborious endeavour, in which he failed
to accomplish his task, he said: "I can
never build 'is church 'less board trustees
help me."

They're His.

BY A. I. BUNNER.

When I go to bed at night,
You'd wonder that I dare
To go into the room; at all—
If I told you what was there

There's an elephant and a tiger,
And a monkey and a bear,
A lion with a shaggy mane
And most ferocious air

But I think perhaps my bravery
Will not excite surprise
When I tell you that their master
In a crib beside them lies.

— St Nicholas

THE BLACK BELT.

One of the most striking characteristics of the South is the ubiquitous presence of our brother in black, and a very picturesque object he is. For "loop-holed-windowed raggedness" he is not surpassed by the lazzaroni of Naples or beggars of Rome. As he stands in staccato attitude, motionless in the blazing sunlight, he looks like a black bronze antique. There is an expression of infinite patience, almost of sadness, in his dark and lustrous eyes which one may easily fancy is the result of ages of bondage and oppression. When he speaks to you, which outside of the cities he seldom does unless first addressed, it is in a rich, velvety voice, in an obsequious, almost servile manner, and often in a rude and almost barbarous patois. But to see him at his best you should see him in animated conversation with his brother black.

Then he is all life and energy. His gestures are emphatic, his white teeth gleam, his dark eyes flash, his jolly laugh pours forth peal on peal in an almost unassailable flood. A very small joke causes infinite mirth, and you realize, as perhaps not before, that "a jest's prosperity lies in the ear of him that heareth it."

The condition of the negroes in the new south is to the Northern tourist a problem of special interest. Since emancipation, it is true they are often thriftless and unprogressive; but so they were before, and their habits are a heritage from slavery days. Yet they are steadily improving. At Montgomery, Ala., a coloured man told me that his people paid taxes on \$500,000 worth of property, and that he himself paid taxes on \$20,000. Yet he had begun, he said, "without a nickel." The blacks are docile and eager to learn. Even where schools are provided throughout the "black belt," it is only at intervals between the pressing field-work of the successive crops—corn, cotton, tobacco—that the young folk can go to school about four months in the year I was told. That they have improved so much is greatly to their credit, and is an augury of still greater improvement in the future. The Sunday-school, moreover, is supplementing the deficiencies of the day-school to a considerable extent. The printed lesson leaves are a valuable means of instruction even in the hands of inexperienced teachers. I have heard coloured children in the South respond to questions on the Bible as well as ever I heard white children.

The religious life of the blacks is a subject of deep interest. Intensely emotional, they are apt to be carried away by what is sometimes, it is to be feared, little better than nervous excitement. At Montgomery, Ala., the very heart of the "black belt," I witnessed far more noisy demonstrations than anywhere else in the South. There was on the part of the congregation a perpetual swaying of the body to and fro, accompanied by a constant chorus of ejaculations in a plaintive minor key and all the while ran a deep undertone in a monotonous strain like the drone of a bagpipe. The preacher favoured the excitement. His voice fell into a regular chanting cadence, a mournful minor strain impossible to describe. The responsive cries became louder and louder, several persons, all women, sprang to their feet, one after another, with impassioned gestures and ejaculations. Still the preacher went on with his weird incantation, till the confusion seemed to me to have no more religious character than the gyrations of the dancing dervishes. The more intelligent blacks disapproved of it, and said it was only the ignorant who indulged in it. There is often a rude eloquence in the sermon that to the keen susceptibilities of the negroes is very arousing. The preachers are very fond of texts from the Revelation and from the prophecies, and their literal application of allegorical language and of bold oriental imagery is very striking. The singing, too, is a very characteristic element

in the worship—the strange, sweet, plaintive strains with which the "jubilees" have made us all familiar. They are especially fond of hymns describing the deliverance of the Israelites from the bondage of Egypt, as that beginning, "Go down, Moses," with its striking refrain, "Let my people go;" and hymns on the destruction of the Egyptians, as "Did not old Pharaoh get lost?" which they sing with enthusiasm. In the refrains everyone joins, often with swaying of the body and time-marking gestures. As a finale, they frequently all spring to their feet, and everybody shakes hands with everybody else, singing lustily all the while.

In their collections they are exceedingly liberal; few white congregations, in proportion to their means, being as much so. Having fixed upon a definite sum as necessary, they keep at it till they get it. They are fond of pitting one secret or benevolent society against another, as the "Sons of Jacob" and the "Sisters of Rachel;" and amid an accompaniment of song and exhortation, and a good deal of chaffing and wit, the sum is almost invariably reached. Though many of this long oppressed race may not be models of honesty, thrift, and morality, yet their vices are a heritage of the dark days when no man could call aught that he had his own, and when even the sanctity of his home and the purity of his family life were not protected. Already a great improvement is manifest and under the regenerative influences of religion and education the negro is destined to reach a high standard of morality and intelligence.



IN THE BLACK BELT.

A YOUNG SOLDIER'S BRAVERY.

At the storming of the heights of Chagru Hotel, in Northern India, there were many examples of splendid heroism on the part of both white and native troops. One instance has come to light which has excited the admiration of a whole nation. In the attack on the tribesmen, a British regiment of Ghoorkas has become separated from the main body and was in peril. Two English regiments—one from Derbyshire and one from Dorsetshire, were sent to force back these men, but were repulsed amid a hail of bullets. At last the Gordon Highlanders, a famous regiment of Aberdeenshire, Scotland, were sent forward, and to the playing of the bagpipes they rushed upon the enemy carrying the position with fixed bayonets. During the assault, a lance-corporal of the pipers, named Patrick Milne, was shot through both legs. He had been among the first to leap into the zone of danger, and after he was shot down, he managed to raise himself to a sitting position and played a stirring march on his pipes until faintness from loss of blood compelled him to desist.

As he was still weakly playing, he was urged by comrades to save his strength, but he sturdily replied: "I can still blow!" Of four other pipers of the same regiment who marched across the fire zone, only one escaped unhurt. If the enthusiasm of the soldier, in his effort to win a certain point, is sufficient to make him oblivious to physical pain and suffering, how much more ought the enthusiasm of the Christian enable him to rise superior to trials and disasters here, with the rich and imperishable prize of eternal life in view.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL BY MATTHEW.

**LESSON IX.—FEBRUARY 27.
WARNING AND INVITATION.**

Matt. 11. 20-30. Memory verses, 28-30

GOLDEN TEXT.

Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.—Matt. 11. 28.

OUTLINE.

1. Warning, v. 20-24.
2. Invitation v. 25-30.

Time.—Probably November, A.D. 29.

Place.—Probably in Galilee, along the route to Jerusalem.

HOME READINGS.

M. Warning and invitation.—Matt. 11 20-30.

Tu. Exhortation.—Isa. 1. 16-20.

W. Responsibility of privileges.—Luke 12 41-48.

Th. Despised but chosen.—1 Cor. 1. 20-31.

F. Gracious invitation.—Isa. 55. 1-11.

S. A waiting guest.—Rev. 3. 14-22.

Su. None cast out.—John 8. 29-40.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY

1. Warning, v. 20-24.
In what cities did Jesus do the most of his miracles?
Why did he upbraid these cities?

ing of it and dreading it, and so, as it were, be doing it all the time. "The valiant never taste death but once;" never but once do the alert and active have their work to do.

I once read of a boy who drooped so in health that his mother thought she must have a doctor to see him. The doctor could find nothing the matter with him. But there the fact was, he was pining away, losing his appetite, creeping about languidly, and his mother was distressed. The doctor was nonplussed.

"What does your son do? Has he any work?"

"No; he has only to bring a pail of water every day from the spring, but that he dreads all day long, and does not bring it until just before dark."

"Have him bring it the first thing in the morning," was the doctor's prescription.

The mother tried it, the boy got well. Putting it off made his task heavy on the boy's mind. "Doing it now" relieved him.

Boys and girls, "do it now."

THE LARGE SNOWBALL.

It is an old saying that many hands make light work, and I think it is true in most cases. Willie has been making a large snowball, and now it is so large that he can roll it no further without help. Frankie has stopped shovelling snow into his wheel-barrow, and has thrown down his shovel, to come to the aid of his brother. Even the little girls have come to lend a helping hand in rolling the ball over. I think they will have to stop rolling it soon, it has grown so large. Grace and Willie are very ambitious, however, to have it larger, while Frankie and Amy, who cannot see over the top of it, think it is "most big enough."

Although there are so many hands employed in rolling it, I think they will not be able to make light work of it much longer. These children look as if they enjoyed their play together very much. I should not wonder if Master Willie finds occasion to call for the help of his sisters a great many times as he grows older. How pleasant it will be if they are always as ready to bestow it as they have been in this instance.

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PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

- Where in this lesson are we taught—
1. That great privileges mean great responsibility?
 2. That true wisdom is a gift of God?
 3. That true repentance will bring rest to the soul?

DO IT NOW.

This is for you, boys and girls. It is a bad habit, the habit of putting off. If you have something that you are to do, do it now; then it will be done. That is one advantage. If you put it off, you likely you will forget it and not do it at all; or else—what for you is almost as bad—you will not forget, but keep think-

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