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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XVII.]

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 27, 1897.

[No. 9.]

Alcohol and Tobacco.

We are twin brothers, and great is our might,
World-wide our efforts to vanquish the right;
Servants of Satan, we do his worst work;
Happy our master,—for we never shrink.

BOTTLES.

"Why, I thought bottles were always made of glass," exclaims some little bright-eyes, who is looking at this picture.

No; long ago, in olden times, bottles were always made of the skins of animals, which were properly dressed for that purpose. The openings of the skin were all closed except at the neck of the animal, and this was fastened with a string like the top of a bag, except when people wanted to fill it or empty out some of the contents.

These bottles were made of quite as many different sizes and shapes as the glass bottles we use in these times, for sometimes the skin of a small animal, such as a kid or goat, was used, and sometimes a much larger one, such as the skin of an ox.

A traveller tells us of a bottle that he saw in Arabia, made of an ox-skin, which would hold sixty gallons. Was not that a large bottle?

Missionaries in Eastern countries often speak of the water-bottles made of goat-skins in which they carry water for their journey. When the roads are very rough and the bottles will be likely to strike against each other, they take the strongest, toughest material that can be used.

The bottles in which new wine was kept were made of the freshest, most flexible skins, so that they would not burst when the wine began to ferment.

All the drinking-water used in Egypt is brought from the river Nile by Arab water-carriers, like those shown in the picture, who bring it in skin bottles, from which they transfer it to stone jars or other receptacles.

Ought we not to be thankful that we live in a land where we have an abundance of water, and where even the poorest can freely supply his needs? But we have a still greater cause for gratitude in our knowledge of the water of life which is freely offered to all who thirst, and of which whosoever will may drink.

Bob was crying as he held his right hand extended, and fingers outstretched. "What is the matter, my boy?" asked his father. "I hurted my hand," said Bob, "a-stwoking th' hair on our thellar door th' w'ong way."

THE BIBLE BAKED IN A LOAF.

We are told by Dr. Newton that there is a Bible in Lucas, in the State of Ohio, America, which was preserved by being baked in a loaf of bread. It now belongs to Mr. Shebolt, who lives near Mammee City, and is a member of the Moravian Church, or the Church of the United Brethren. Mr. Shebolt is a native of Bohemia, in Austria. This baked Bible was formerly the property

of his grandmother, who was a faithful Protestant Christian. During one of the seasons when the Roman Catholics were persecuting the Protestants in that country, a law was passed that every Bible in the hands of the people should be given up to the priests that it might be burned. Then those who loved their Bibles had to contrive different plans in order to save the precious volume. When the priests came round once to search the house, it happened to be baking-day. Mrs. Shebolt, the grandmother of the present owner of this Bible, had a large family. She had just prepared a great batch of dough when she heard the priest

HOME WORK FOR BOYS.

was coming, so she took her precious Bible wrapped it carefully up, and put it in the centre of a huge mass of dough, which was to fill her largest bread tin, and stowed it away in the oven and baked it. The priest came and searched the house carefully through, but he did not find the Bible. When the search was over and the danger passed, the Bible was taken out of the loaf and found uninjured. That Bible is more than a

It takes several years for boys to make a decision as to the place they would better fill in life. They cannot choose between being president or a policeman, but finally decide in favour of being a drum-major, with the beautiful hat, at the head of the procession. Let them aspire! Encourage them to go on and educate themselves for a high calling. Perhaps their mothers may be the means of their being leaders in that great procession which is on a long march of help to this suffering world. Who can tell? A great deal has been written about teaching our girls how to work before they assume the duties of a home. I go further than this, and insist that a young man should have much the same training. Making bread and pastry may be omitted, but there are times which are liable to come into a man's life—for instance, sickness in the family—and he needs his breakfast. He ought to be able to cook a beefsteak, make coffee and toast, and pour boiling water on oatmeal. Boys are teachable. Only speak about the knowledge being a necessity to camping out, and see how capable they will soon become.

Many delicate women in the past have done all the housework, washing, sweeping, dish-washing and cooking, for a family of boys, while these boys, in hours of recreation, were working off surplus energy by tossing balls over barns, throwing hammers and swinging in a home-made trapeze. This is all wrong. Boys in such a family should do much of the housework.

Again, what a blessing these home-taught boys are when they go out into the world. They can fully appreciate a tidily kept home, and can lend a hand when it is necessary. One of the most refined and intellectual clerical gentlemen I ever met was stopping in a home where the mother did her own work. One day, when he saw that she was exhausted with much serving, he asked, "Where is that

basket of clothes which need ironing, that I saw here to-day?" She demurred, but he insisted, and he stood in that hot kitchen and ironed and sang, and sang and ironed, until the work was done. Does some one think he must have been effeminate? Well if it is effeminate to be a soldier and fight in ten hard battles, perhaps he was. If it describes him, he makes it a good word. He had a good mother, who had helped fit her son for this very place. It was an action worthy of Phillips Brooks."

In close application of business nothing can give points to a mustard plaster,



SKIN WATER BOTTLES.

hundred and fifty years old, yet it is still the bread of life, as fresh and sweet and good as ever.

Bolivia has in all its more than half a million square miles no resident missionary.

Paraguay has one missionary to 80,000 people, and Uruguay one to 375,000.

Brazil is larger than the United States, and more than twice times larger than India. Each missionary there is confronted by 125,000 souls. Out of its 26,000,000 people, 14,000,000 are entirely unreached.

Always be True.

Be true to yourself, in the battle of life,
My lad with the laughing eye,
Look the world in the face with a fearless gaze,
Neither telling nor acting a lie:
Be ready to help a friend in distress,
As you'd have that friend help you;
Be a champion brave in a righteous cause,
But whatever you are, be true!

You will find many dangers along your way,
And snares that are hid from sight;
But remember the watchword, be true to yourself.

And do what you know to be right,
"Ware" of a mean underhanded act.
Be honest the whole way through:
Be noble in actions, in thoughts, and in words,
And whatever you are, be true!

So let me advise you, my merry young lad,
To be honest in all that you do;
Be a faithful friend and a generous foe,
But whatever you are, be true!

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 27, 1897.

HOW TO STEER A SHIP.

BY REV. SAMUEL GREGORY.

"Behold also the ships, which though they be so great, and are driven of fierce winds, yet are they turned about with a very small helm, whithersoever the governor listeth."—James 3, 4.

FROM "CORACLES" TO "OCEAN STEAMERS"

Horace, the Latin poet, says that the man who first ventured out to sea in a ship must have had a heart made of oak and brass. But though the first sailors were bold, they were not bold enough to venture far. If you look out of a railway carriage window, when passing near the river Severn, you will see now one of the earliest kinds of ships. People by the Severn still use "Coracles," as ancient Britons did. The early men made a big round basket, fastened over it the skin of a bullock, and put a seat across the middle. Boats like those would keep one man afloat, and could be carried on the back of a fisherman to and from the water. In their first ventures on the water sailors had no rudder or compass or chart. Gradually boats were improved. Men looked at fishes, and saw what a good shape fishes are for moving through water and how they can steer with their tails, and strike along with their fins, and so boat builders began to make things the shape of a fish. Then they looked at birds, and saw how wings catch the air, and took a hint about sails, and very gradually the boat-building trade went on. Then men learned to guide themselves by the sun and stars, and in time some one invented the mariner's compass. Next charts were made of the sea coasts, and at last steam was used to propel vessels. In this gradual way ship-building and seafaring have come to be what they are to-day. A ship in full sail is a grand thing to see, and an object which interests everybody. But it also teaches us some very grand lessons about life. Longfellow says:

"Like unto ships far out at sea,
Outward or homeward bound are we."

And we sing hymns and read poems which speak of life as a voyage. It is in this way I want to speak, and to give you as well as I can some steering directions.

THE RUDDER.

Let me say something first of all about what St. James noticed on a ship. I do not suppose he knew much about ships, for Jews were not very good sailors—though we know of one Jew who sailed a great deal and was shipwrecked three times. That was St. Paul, and the chapter in the Acts of the Apostles describing his adventures is the most interesting chapter in St. Paul's life, to most young readers. What St. James notices about a ship is the rudder. He says that though a ship is so great, and the wind so strong, yet a very small helm turns the ship wherever the captain wants it to go.

The rudder we require is called Resolution. If you have no strength of resolution, you are like a ship with no rudder—the sea and the wind do what they like with the ship. Exactly as foolish and wicked companions make people who have no resolution do foolish and bad things. Many of you have resolution, that goes right for a while, and then breaks down as the rudder of a vessel at sea sometimes gives way. Often at sea a vessel is endangered and delayed through the steering-tackle falling, and skilled men on board have to mend the rudder gear before progress can be made. In one part of St. Paul's sea story it says that the sailors committed themselves to the sea, and loosed the rudder-bands. That is what a great many people do, they let their resolution go loose, and are at the mercy of the tide.

The rudder of our resolution ought to be tight and strong. One way to make it so is to give some attention to the lives of great men who have made themselves great by having good resolutions. I wish that you would read John Foster's essay on "Decision of Character." Boys sometimes read that when I was a boy. It would make your heart leap, as the band at the head of a regiment stirs the hearts of men on march. Macaulay's Essays on Clive and Hastings do something like that, and you all know that when you hear the poem of Horatius, with his resolution keeping the bridge, you feel what a grand thing it is to be resolute.

STEAM RUDDERS

But I believe you will have to do more than read for a good resolution. On some of the great ships one man's strength can do nothing with the rudder. I have been on a small steamer when two or three men were required at the wheel, because the sea was so strong. On very large ships the rudder is connected with the engines, and all the steersman has to do is to touch a handle, and put the engine's power on to the helm. That is like connecting our resolution with the strength of God. We can give ourselves to God, and by prayer gain this strength to help us to be firm. That is the secret of steering well.

THE COMPASS.

Near to the rudder there is a brass box, with something in it that guides the man who steers. It is a mariner's compass. The compass has a circle, on which the cardinal points are marked, as hours are marked on a clock face. The needle is magnetised, and points to the north. It is like a finger pointing to the north star. For before the compass was invented the sailor had to steer by that fixed star, which you all know how to find out, by looking at the Great Bear in the sky, and drawing a line through the two end stars up to where the Polar star is shining. The advantage of the compass is that when no star can be seen it points out where the north is.

Now, conscience is the mariner's compass, and right is the Polar star to which it points. Nobody invented that compass. God made one each for everybody, and put it somewhere in our nature, and we call it conscience. We do not quite know what it is. We only know that it is what every one has to steer by to be safe, and that if we take care of it conscience always points to the Polar star of right.

A rudder with no compass, or no Polar star, would not be of much use. And a resolution may be very strong, but set the wrong way, for we read of bad men, who had strong resolutions, and were all the worse for that, as they did the more mischief to themselves and to other people. And there are self-willed people to-day whose resolutions are set the wrong way, and who are going adrift and rushing to shipwreck.

There is a verse by Pope, the poet, which I wish you would learn:

"What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This teach me more than hell to shun,
That more than heaven pursue"

THE LIGHT IN THE COMPASS-BOX.

But it is the same with a compass as it is with a rudder. The compass may be damaged. The compass wants rectifying. And God can give us a light within, which is like the light that hangs in the compass-box, and shows the steersman how to read his compass, and know truly where the north is. It is such a happy thing for us that in all these great things God will help everybody who asks him. Nobody who wants to do right is left to himself. God's Holy Spirit is in the hearts of all who love him. If you want to steer well through life, God will show where the Polar star of right is shining.

THE CHART.

But beside the rudder and compass the sailor has a chart for his use in guiding the vessel. Once a captain spread his charts on the floor and explained them to me. They were just maps drawn the wrong way. The land was a great bare space, and it was the sea that was marked with lines, and dots, and figures, and names. Charts are maps of the sea, telling distances and depths along the shore, and all things that sailors want to know about dangerous places, lighthouses, harbours, and ports.

I am sure you can see in a moment that the Bible is our chart. In that Book God has mapped out the sea of life. There we learn of life's deep and shallow places, of its rocks and whirlpools, and points of danger, and of the happy heaven, which is the great harbour to which every one wants to go. More especially the life of Jesus—the Gospel of our Lord is our chief sailing direction. Some one has said that if you want a simple rule of life, take this: "Let me so live that Jesus Christ would approve of my life." Or you may put it in this way: "What would Jesus do if he were in my place?" If you often ask yourself that question you cannot get far wrong.

We must do that often, and that is why in all our religious worship we read what we call "Lessons" from the Bible. We read some words of God's Book together because we can never know it well enough—just as a sailor can never know his charts too well. If it were only "an interesting book" we should all love the Bible, for it is the most interesting of all books. But besides being that, it is the great sea-chart for this wonderful adventurous voyage of our lives. An adventure as wonderful as that of Columbus or Captain Cook.

FAIR WINE.

God make you good sailors, and give you a pleasant and safe voyage and fair winds. For what can the steamer do without steam, or the sailing-ship without wind? What can we do without God's help? If you stood on the deck of a vessel, and told me that you could push the ship along by leaning hard against the mast, I would not believe you. And I do not believe you can do good, and be good, and sail well through life, by leaning on your own resolution, and trying to do without God. None of us can do without his good Spirit, which once came like a rushing mighty wind, and which often comes like a wind and bears us along through temptations and difficulties. So God give you good help.

"In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!"

MARJORIE'S CARAMELS

"Can you make caramels, Marjorie?" asked her little friend Alice one day.

"Yes, two kinds," answered Marjorie. "Come over at two o'clock, and I'll show you how."

Alice came on time, and she and Marjorie went down into the big kitchen and began to work.

"I grated the chocolate this morning," said Marjorie, "so we wouldn't have to wait. I'll call these caramels number one. First, I put a little butter into this white saucepan to keep the things from burning. Then I add one cupful of milk, one cupful of sugar, one cupful of chocolate, and one cupful of molasses. As soon as it boils and strings like candy, I pour it into a buttered tin, cut it into squares, and let it cool."

"Caramels number two I make in this way: I first drop a piece of butter about half the size of an egg into this saucepan. Then I put in half a cupful of molasses, half a cupful of milk, one cupful of sugar, a quarter of a pound of grated chocolate, and a half-teaspoonful of flour. While caramels number one must boil slowly, these must boil hard.

But when this strings, I turn it into a buttered pan just like the other.

"I can make another kind, too," went on Marjorie. "It's just like the first, only you must boil it for one hour and put in more butter. Instead of being soft like the other kinds, it's so brittle it snaps like glass. Now, while the candy is cooling, let us go and play hide-and-go-seek."

JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE. PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

MARCH 7, 1897.

The children crying Hosanna.—Matt 21, 15.

CHRIST'S TRIUMPHAL ENTRY.

There are several interesting incidents recorded in connection with this wonderful event. Christ was near Jerusalem. Bethany was a resting-place which he often visited. You remember a family consisting of one brother and two sisters who resided here. Please give their names!

THE FEAST OF THE PASSOVER.

Do you know why this feast was instituted? Tell us. What institution in Christianity resembles this feast? We remember Christ and his sufferings. We should feel our hearts full of gratitude when we remember what Christ has done for us, and should sing,

"Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small.
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all."

We would advise all our young friends to commit this verse to memory.

THE ERRAND OF THE DISCIPLES.

Verses 2-5. Some think that the two disciples were Peter and John. Why was such an animal selected? Kings were fond of pomp, but here the King of kings, and Lord of lords selects the most insignificant animal for his use. Does he not teach us that he can use the meanest creatures, when he sees fit to do so, and that we should never despise anything which God hath made. Perhaps he made this selection to let them see that the kingdom which he would establish was different in every respect from the kingdoms of this world. But in this acting he fulfilled the prophecy of Zechariah, made respecting him.

THE POPULARITY OF CHRIST.

Verse 8. A great number of people, called "a very great multitude," were so jubilant that they spread their garments, and cut down branches of the trees, and spread them on the ground. It is worthy of remark that this is the only instance in which Christ allowed the people to honour him, and no doubt what the people did, they felt that they were not doing more than their duty.

CHRIST CLEARING THE TEMPLE.

Verses 12-14. The house of God should never be made into a place of commerce. Men should never seek to become religious for the sake of worldly gain. When Christ was upon earth, the temple service had become greatly polluted, so that he, who was all meekness, executed vengeance upon those who had become so flagrantly wicked, by driving them out of the temple.

HIS BENEVOLENCE TO THE SUFFERING.

Verse 14. In the midst of the excitement of applause, he manifested his power on behalf of the suffering. Let us learn from this to be always ready to do good to those who are needy. "To do good, and communicate, forget not," is a command of high authority.

HOSANNA.

This is a quotation from Psalm 118, 25, which means "save now." It may, however, be regarded as equivalent to gratulation, and, as used here, it signifies that those using it regarded Christ as deserving the highest praise. He is worthy of all praise and adoration. The angels in heaven sing, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain." So we should adore him with all our strength, preparatory to our employment in heaven.

A lady who lived near one of the Holiday Homes of the London Ragged School Union, invited the little visitors to tea. She says that she found that some of them had never seen a field of green grass before; had never known that apples grow on trees, and potatoes in the ground; had never seen a rabbit-warren. Nor had they ever seen horses or cows at large in the open fields. The common things of rural life were mysteries to them—the birds in the trees, the butterflies in the air, the stagbeetles on the banks, the fish in the pond, and the wild flowers.—In His Name.

A Russian Friend of Mine.

BY GUILIELMA ZOLLINGER.

Of all the sturdy Russians of high or low degree,
Whose names have tripped us up when e'er their names we've chanced to see,
There's one who keeps his mother, his sister, and the maid,
From morn till nightfall busy—at least, that's what is said.

O, no, it is not Romanoff,
Nor Kutusoff, nor Gortschakoff,
Nor Suvaroff, nor Lemontoff—
His name is Buttonoff.

His shoes about his ankles pouch out in dreadful gaps,
And that may be quite Russian—I think it is—perhaps;
And all his clothes he fastens with pins that scratch and prick,
Until this poor Russian is sometimes almost sick.

It mayn't be thus with Romanoff,
Nor Kutusoff, nor Gortschakoff,
Nor Suvaroff, nor Lemontoff—
But 'tis with Buttonoff.

In vain the Russian's mother, his sister, and the maid,
Have sewed his buttons on so fast they surely should have stayed;
In vain they sleep with needles, and eat with spoons of thread;
They have most awful nightmares, and dream of buttons fled!

They never dream of Romanoff,
Nor Kutusoff, nor Gortschakoff,
Nor Suvaroff, nor Lemontoff—
They dream of Buttonoff.

And yet this blue-eyed Russian is very fair of face,
He oft displays a manner of quite bewitching grace,
And I myself have seen him act well a merry part,
And I know full well that he's ensconced in many an older heart.

Dearer than any Romanoff,
Or Kutusoff, or Gortschakoff,
Or Suvaroff, or Lemontoff—
Shabby little Buttonoff!

—Little Men and Women.

Cousin Jackey.

BY OLD CORNISH.

I.

Cousin Jackey was a Cornishman, and a splendid specimen he was. Standing five feet ten and a half in his stockings, with a chest as broad as a blacksmith's bellows, as dear old Dr. Pidwell used to say, and carrying his head erect, as if his eyes were fixed upon his home beyond the stars, he was an attractive, not to say a handsome man.

Cousin Jackey was a fisherman, and a Methodist, one of the old school, a rare rollicking old seaman, as full of tales as the sea is of salt, who carried his religion into everything, whose speech was a perpetual psalmody, and whose great, happy countenance shone like the moon when at its full.

Yes, Cousin Jackey was an old man when I was a boy, a man like whom there are, alas! too few, who would crack a joke, or tell a tale, or fun and frolic with the children, or step aside into the house of old Charlotte Tregenna, "just to ave a bit o' prayer wi' er consumptive little maid," or sitting in the cottage of old Barbara Pentreath, would spin a yarn that would set Barbara's husband, "old tizziky Tom," in a roar of laughter for an hour or more, whilst the great tears would rush down like rain upon his wrinkled cheeks, as he declared, "O Jackey! Jackey! the't be the death o' me yet," and Barbara, dear soul! glad enough to be relieved of the grunts and groans of old tizziky Tom, if only for an hour, would say as Jackey would rise to go: "Come agen, Jackey, come agen. Thy taalk do Tom more good than all the med'cines in doctor's shop!" And Jackey would cheerily reply, "Iss, Barbara, iss; I'll come agen, I will. I likes putting a bit o' sunshine into somebody's life."

No wonder that such a man should be a blessing to the village, and that even the very children should leave their play just to have a grip of the good man's hand.

No, I am not a philosopher, but I venture to assert nevertheless, that if there were more Cousin Jackeys in the world, men who can blend prayer with play, who deem it no condescension to have a kind word for a sickly child, who can step aside into a cottage just to make a miserable man forget his aches and pains for a moment, or to put a bit of sun-

shine into the life of his weary wife, why, the world would be infinitely better than it is, and religion would be regarded as the grandest thing in creation by the severest cynic in the land.

Methodism has done much for England, and especially for Cornwall. It has taken hold of that interesting people as nothing else has ever done, and from the "bal" and the boat it has sent forth a host of God-fearing men, who in the backwoods of America, and in the wilds of Australia, have converted a hovel into a home, and a home they have made into a very paradise of God.

Now of this kind of man was my old friend the fisherman. Converted to God in early life, he retained to the end of his days a lively sense of the greatness of the change. Naturally of a buoyant disposition, the grace of God had made him a bright and happy old saint.

"No, my dear," he would playfully remark, "caan't afford to be gloomy. A baabe that was born on a medsummer day, and came into the world w'out the ghost of a cry, as they saay I ded, edn't goin' to be such a fool as to weep the eyes out o' es 'ead now that 'e's a 'ale and 'early old man. No, glory be to God! Jackey edn't." And then, snatching up a stanza of a well-known hymn, he flung his soul into the song.

"Oh to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be!"

Now, of the many features in this fine old fisherman's life, his intense love for the children was perhaps the most marked. He would do anything to please them, and never was he so much in a hurry but he would stop to put a bit of

"Liz down wi' the fever!" remarked Cousin Jackey. "Ere, Becky, thee taako this bit o' fish up to our Nancy, and tell'er I'm gone to see the child. And, so saying, the dear old fisherman harned to the cottage in the Covebe, saying as he did so, "And she whom thou lovest, Lord, es sick!"

"Ow's the child, Betsy?" was his first inquiry of the mother.

"Oh, bra'm bad, Jackey!" was the choky reply. "She's goin' to die, she es, and she do want to see ee so. She's restless, she es. Says the bed is so 'ard, and the pillow edn't solt, and she's sure she should be better ef she could lie in Cousin Jackey's arms." And the poor, broken-hearted mother sobbed aloud as she spoke.

At length she continued. "She wer' rambin in the night, and 'bout 'alf-past one in the mornin, she raised 'erself up in bed, and lookin' towards the door, she said, 'Oh, Cousin Jackey es come! I shaal be better now.' And then, stretchin' out'er dear little 'ands, she said, 'Let me sot upon your lap. Oh! that's nice, that es.' And pressin' the pillow to'er lips, she gave en such a kiss, sayin' as she ded so, 'There, dear old Cousin Jackey, that's for you, that es.'"

It was enough. The words went to the old man's heart. He went like a child; and then, asking, "Where 'ave you laid'er?" he climbed the creaky staircase to watch and pray with the little maid.

"Well, Liz, ow are ee, my dear?" he asked, as he entered the chamber; but for the first time in her life she gave him no reply. There she lay, hot and restless, in the fangs of the fever. Her

improved. He had never known such a case before." And dear old Cousin Jackey significantly replied, Iss, doctor, the prayer of faith shaal saavo the sick!"

Again there was joy in the cottage, for Widow Tregurtha's child was in the kitchen, and Cousin Jackey, having accomplished his task, had gone to his boat, his net, and the sea.

(To be continued.)

BOBBY'S COMPOSITION ON PARENTS.

Parents are things which boys have to look after. Parents consist of pas and mas. Pas talk a good deal about what they are going to do, but mostly it's mas that make you mind. Sometimes it is different, though. Once there was a boy came hemo from college on vacation. His parents lived on a farm. There was work to be done on the farm. Work on a farm always has to be done early in the morning. This boy didn't get up. His sister goes to the stairway and calls.

Willie, 'tis a beautiful morning. Rise and list to the lark." The boy didn't say anything. Then his ma calls.

William, it is time to get up. Your breakfast is getting cold." The boy kept right on not saying anything. Then his pa puts his head in the stairway, and says he, "Bill!" "Comin, sir!" says the boy.

I know a boy that hasn't got any parents. He goes in swimming whenever he pleases. But I am going to stick to my parents. However, I don't tell them so, 'cause they might get it into their heads that I couldn't get along without them. Says this boy to me, "Parents are a nuisance, they aron't what they're cracked up to be." Says I to him, "Just the same, I find 'em handy to have. Parents have their fallings, of course, like all of us, but on the whole I approve of 'em." Once a man says to me, "Bobby, do you love your parents?" "Well," says I, "I'm not a-quarrelling with 'em." Once a boy at boarding-school went to calling his pa the governor, and got his allowance cut down one-half. His pa said he ought to have waited till he was going to college. Much more might be written about parents, showing their habits, and so forth but I will leave the task to abler pens.—Harper's Round Table.

COULD YOU HAVE DONE IT?

In one of the schools in India a little girl of about eight years old had her love for Jesus tested in the following manner: It was a feast-day, and her father told her not to go to school that day, as he wished to take her to a temple to worship their god.

"But," said the child, "I cannot go to the temple to worship Buddha, because I love Jesus and I only worship him now."

"You must," replied the father; "I will make you."

Later in the day, in spite of the little girl's entreaties, she was taken to the temple.

"Now," said her father, "prostrate yourself before Buddha."

"Father," she said, "I love Jesus, and may not worship Buddha."

"Then I will make you!"

So, seizing the little one, he threw her on her face, dragged her along the ground on her face, and after beating her let her go.

The poor little girl was so badly cut that she was unable to return to the mission school for a very long time, and when at last she was recovered enough to come, her face still showed the scars of the wounds which she had borne for Christ's sake.

When the teacher asked her how it was her face was so cut, she hung her head and said nothing. But one of the other children told the story.

Then the little one looked up with a radiant smile, saying:

"Teacher, I could not help it: I love Jesus too much to worship Buddha. Jesus loves me and I love him!"

The Queen has personally interested herself during the last year in the restoration of good feeling between England and America, and nothing will give her keener satisfaction during the new festival year than the establishment of an international arbitration court.

Among the last subjects on which the Prince Consort gave the Queen the benefit of his advice was the American Civil War, and it was wise counsel in the interest of the Union. The Queen's friendship for America has been evinced with equal plainness during the last year and her interest in the success of the arbitration experiment cannot be doubted.—Canadian-American.



PHILIP AND THE ETHIOPIAN. (See S. S. Lesson.)

gladness into the breast of a child. "Bless their little 'earts," he would say, "as long as Cousin Jackey lives, they shaal never want a friend." And they never did. In fact, "like Jackey and the children" became a proverbial expression.

Still, he fortunately escaped the "woe" that is the heritage of those of whom all shall speak well. For old cantankerous Kitty, whom nobody could please, would sometimes say, "Ugh! there's Jackey with the children agen—that great simpleton of a man!" And the dear old fisherman, always fond of playing with a fish he had hooked, would reply, "Iss, Kitty, Jackey and the children agen! Why et es because the dear Lord couldn't trust thee wi' a baabe that 'e 'as made thee as barren as a rock!"

Poor Kitty! It was a tremendous thrust, and she was glad enough to escape without a single word in reply. And Cousin Jackey went on as before, putting gladness into the souls of the children, and thrilling them with his stories of Jesus and his love.

Never perhaps was his affection for the children more clearly seen than in the case of Widow Tregurtha's little Liz. He had just come in from sea, after a terrible stormy night, and was making his way home for refreshment and rest, when he was met upon the sands by Becky Oates.

"Eh, Jackey!" she exclaimed, "I'm so glad thee'rt come. Why, Betsy Tregurtha's little Liz 'ave been cryin' after ee all night, and she says she caan't sleep until 'usin' Jackey comes. Iss, she's down wi' the fever, she es, and poor little dear; she's tossin' about in the bed like a tree in a storm."

thin little face was flushed, her breath hot and quick, and her parched lips were moving as if in prayer. Placing his ear to her mouth, he caught the whispered words, Lord—do bring—Cousin Jackey—ome. I do want to see en so."

"Why, Liz, I'm 'ere," he exclaimed, "and I'm goin' to stay wi' ee, my dear."

She opened her eyes, and fixing them upon the weather-beaten face of the dear old fisherman, she said with a smile, "Oh! I know'd you'd come. Iss, I'm better now." And the dear old man laid his great cool hand upon the burning brow of the child, when she said "Oh, 'ow nice!"

Day deepened into night, and again night passed into day, and still the old fisherman stayed with the fever-stricken child. Neither counsel nor entreaty could make him leave her for an hour, and no hand seemed so soft as the great hand of Cousin Jackey's, as he moistened her brow and smoothed the pillow on which the weary little head would turn and toss. Gently as a nurse he would press her to his breast in the moments of delirium; and as the evening shadows fell he would sit and sing

"Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me,
Bless thy little lamb to-night.

and the grateful little girl would say, "Oh, 'ow sweet! I do love to ear ee sing, I do."

At length the fever showed signs of abating. Yes, the danger was passed and careful nursing was all that was needed to set her on her feet again—at least, so the doctor said. "It was marvellous," he continued, "how she had

The Thimble.

BY LARA E. RICHARDS.

Little finger, slim and nimble,
Here am I, your friendly Thimble,
(Germans call me "Finger hat,"
Jolly little name is that).
Put me on, and you will see
What a helper I can be.
Brother Needle's very fine—
Sharp and clever in his line,
But he oft would puzzled be
If he had no help from me.
When the cloth is stiff and hard,
Oft his headlong dash is barred.
And he balks, and frets and pricks:
Says, "I'm in a dreadful fix!
This will never, never do—
I shall really break in two."
Then's my time.
No fuss or rush,
Just a steady, patient push—
And the stiffened fibre slacks,
And the stubborn threads relax,
And Friend Needle darts along,
Singing his triumphant song.
Yes, I may not be so keen,
Not so brilliant to be seen,
But 'tis true that without me
Ofttimes he would puzzled be.

THE CATHEDRAL OF MEXICO.

This grand cathedral was built at the time when religious intolerance in Mexico was at its height. The Roman Catholic is even now the dominant church, having three archbishops and ten bishops in the city of Mexico. However, all other sects are tolerated, and liberty of worship seems to be one of the signs of the times. This spacious and massive cathedral was erected over the ruins of the great Teocalli, or temple of the Aztec god Mixtli, and adorned with the kellenda, a circular stone covered

they can to extend the knowledge of the Gospel among the people of those lands, millions and millions of whom are living and dying without ever having a copy of the Bible in their hands, many of them without even so much as having heard that there is a Bible.

The Methodist Church has congregations where services are regularly held. There are about three thousand persons regularly attending the services of the church. There are orphanages and day-schools. In the city of Mexico there are four distinct departments in connection with this mission work: first, the work connected with the cathedral of San Francisco, and the parish church of San Jose de Gracia; second, the work of the divinity school; third, orphanages and schools; and, fourth, country congregations, largely composed of Indians.

The population of Mexico is over nine millions. Some of these are descendants of Montezuma and the Aztecs, whose marvellous civilization and progress in the arts, before our own country was discovered, are attested both by history and the relics now collected and exhibited in the city of Mexico and elsewhere.

As the congregations that maintain the faith in its purity have been gathered almost entirely from among the poor, to do church work in their midst, and also to extend our Christian educational work among the neglected multitudes of poverty-stricken children that crowd the Mexican cities, and to aid to build up effective centres of Christian influence among the millions who speak the beautiful language of old Spain, contributions are greatly needed.

The cathedral of Mexico is the grandest church-building in America. The Spaniards were a hundred years at work on this church, and spent two millions of dollars on the outside walls and

Th. The command.—Matt. 28. 16-20.
F. Preaching Jesus.—1 Cor. 1. 18-25.
S. Christ in the Scriptures.—Luke 24. 13-27.

Su. The new life.—Rom. 6. 1-11.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. A Student, v. 26-30.
Where was Philip bidden to go?
Who gave him this command?
What did Philip do?
With what official did he meet?
How was the eunuch engaged?
What command was given to Philip?
What shows Philip's prompt obedience?
What question did he ask?
2. A Teacher, v. 31-35.
What was the eunuch's reply to Philip?
What invitation did he give?
What Scripture was he reading?
What questions did he ask about it?
How did Philip explain the passage?
What is the true spirit of all prophecy?
Rev. 19. 10.
3. A Believer, v. 36-40.
As they journeyed what did the eunuch ask?
What was Philip's reply?
What command was given?
What did Philip then do?
After being baptized where did the eunuch go?
What happened to Philip?
Where did he find himself?
Where did he go? What did he do?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

What are we taught in this lesson about—

1. The duty of a Bible scholar?
2. The privilege of a Bible teacher?
3. The joy of a Christian believer?

"My son, observe the postage stamp. Its usefulness depends upon its ability to stick to one thing till it gets there."

which is surmounted by a large ball of coloured wool or hair. The shoe is fleecy lined, and is gorgeously decorated with beads and ornamental stitching.

The Russian boot is composed of many pieces of morocco in several colours, put together in a shape to please the taste of the wearer or maker. The foot of the boot is beautifully embossed with thread in bright colours.

The Hungarian shoe, or moccasin, is made of rawhide, prepared by a sun-curing process. It is bound together by many thongs of rawhide. Loops, or thongs, extend upward round the ankle, and through these loops is passed a strap which is buckled at the side.

The clog worn by the Japanese is of wood, and, as viewed from the side, is the shape of a boy's sled. It is fastened to the foot by a string which passes between the great and second toe, and across the former. A strap, an inch in width and lined with linen, is carried across the instep.

"Get yourself full of your subject," said the professor. "Saturate yourself with it, and your essay will write itself."
"Yes, I know, Professor," said Miss Colespring; "but my essay is on Rum, the Cause of It."

No invention, we think, ever caused quite as much talk as the telephone.

A BOOK FOR BOYS.

Snap Shots From Boy Life

By F. C. T. O'Hara.

With illustrations and striking cover design by Astley Palmer Cooper.

Price 75 Cents.

Contents—Being a Boy—Value of Reading—Choosing Books, and How to Read Them—Trashy Reading—Cultivating the Memory—How to Study—School-day Reminiscences—Letter-writing—Time—Value of a Good Name—Divers Subjects—Do You Smoke?—What About Liquor?—Do Not Scorn Advice—Self-dependence—Advantages of Knowing a Trade—Changing Employment—City and Country Life—An Inquisitive Nature—The Beauties of Nature—Wasted Opportunities of Life—Brains versus Industry—School After the Holidays—Be Happy.

These chapter heads give an idea of the nature and scope of the book, but it must be read to be appreciated at its true value. It is one of the best books we have ever seen to put into a boy's or a young man's hands. He is sure to read it and enjoy it, and cannot fail to be inspired by it. Teachers will do well to have their boys read it. If you cannot give them each a copy, buy one yourself and lend it round the class. One teacher we know has given a copy to each of the eighteen members of his young men's class.

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It describes the imprisonment and martyrdom of St. Paul, and the pagan legends and traditions about the great apostle and the first Christians. It will thus be of much interest in connection with the Sunday-school lessons on the life of St. Paul for 1897.

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BY FLORENCE M. KINGSLEY,

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Paper, 370 pages, - 50 cents.

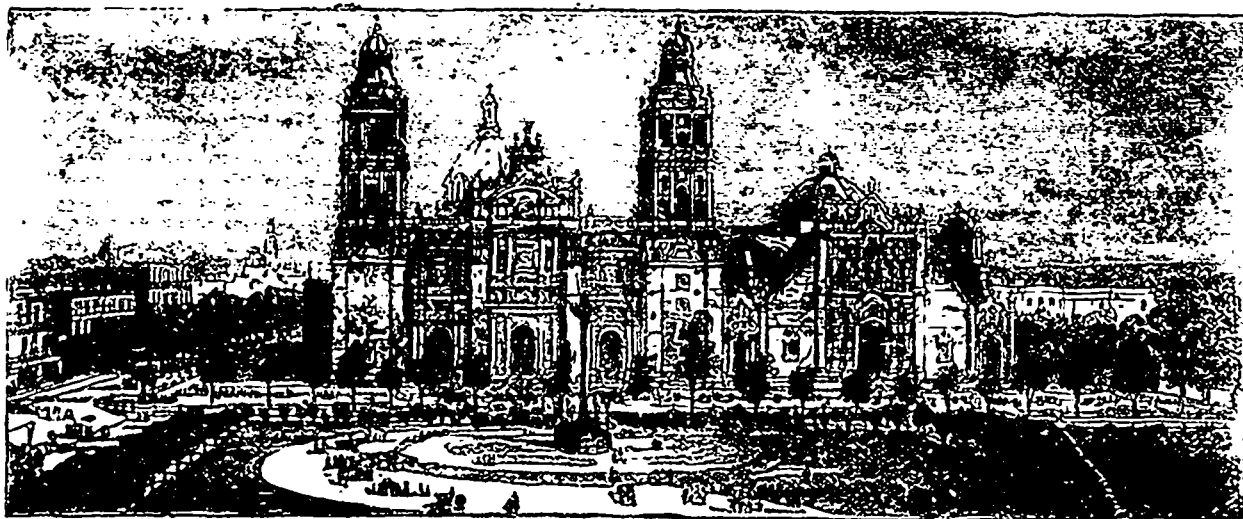
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WILLIAM BRIGGS,

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THE CATHEDRAL OF MEXICO.

with hieroglyphics by which the Aztecs used to represent the months of the year. It is situated on the Plaza Major, one of the finest squares of the western world. The imposing cathedral piles up pyramid-shape from this point of view, fronting a square, whose stones should be ankle-deep for all the blood of various sorts that has been spilled on them. But really it is hard to imagine desperate conflicts in this bright sunny spot, with multitudes of novel sights and sounds about. At one side is a beneficent institution, the National Loan Association, where once was the Palace of Cortez, on another the long, white, monotonous National Palace, which is on the site of that of Montezuma. The cathedral, like most of the earlier architecture, is of Renaissance style, run far into the vagaries of rococo, but it is saved by its massiveness, except in the termination of its towers, which are in the shape of immense bells, from any appearance of fancifully. Adjoining and forming now a part of it, is another church, in a rich, dark red volcanic stone, with a front that recalls the fantastic facades of Portuguese Belem. What a water-colour the mass would make, and especially if it could be taken on one of the perfect moonlight nights, which bring out every line of the sculpture softly, and display it all like a lovely vision! Besides this Zocalo, the city contains another beautiful park, the Alameda. Also there are fourteen churches, some monasteries, convents, and numerous charitable institutions, and many other objects of interest to a sojourner in this remote capital.

It is important that we should understand, not only that there is now liberty in Mexico, but also that there are native Christian workers who are coadjutors to preach the Gospel in its purity, with faithful congregations gathered from among the poor, who long to do what

towers. Costly pictures and statuary were brought from Europe and carried on mule-back over the mountains between here and Vera Cruz. They sent to China for a balustrade of precious metals, which weighed twenty-six tons, and cost millions more. Each one of the golden candlesticks was too heavy for one man to lift. The church has been plundered again and again, but it is still ablaze with splendour—a great treasure-house of gold and silver and precious stones. We grew tired of gazing and wondering, and were glad to get out on the plaza again, and stroll about among the trees and flowers and watch the people.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE ACTS AND EPISTLES.

LESSON X.—MARCH 7.

THE ETHIOPIAN CONVERT

Acts 8. 26-40. Memory verses, 29-31.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Then Philip opened his mouth, and began at the same Scripture, and preached unto him Jesus.—Acts 8. 35.

OUTLINE.

1. A Student, v. 26-30.
2. A Teacher, v. 31-35.
3. A Believer, v. 36-40.

Time.—Summer of A.D. 37.

Place.—The wilderness road between Jerusalem and Gaza.

HOME READINGS.

- M. The Ethiopian convert.—Acts 8. 26-33.
Tu. The Ethiopian convert.—Acts 8. 34-40.
W. The Ethiopian's reading.—Isa. 53.

SHOES OF THE WORLD.

The Portuguese shoe has a wooden sole and heel, with vamp made of patent leather, fancifully showing the flesh side of the skin.

The Persian footgear is a raised shoe, and is often a foot high. It is made of light wood, richly inlaid, with a strap extending over the instep.

The Algerian shoe in appearance is not unlike the light English wooden clogs. This shoe is made entirely of leather, in the simplest form, and usually without any ornamentation.

The Armenian shoe has a leather sole and heel, without a counter and back quarter. The vamp is made of felt, and is beautifully ornamented with needlework, done in coloured silk thread.

The Muscovite shoe is hand-woven on a wooden frame, but little attention being paid to the shape of the foot. Leather is sometimes used, but the sandal is generally made of coloured silk cordage and woollen cloth.

The Siam shoe has the form of an ancient canoe with a gondola bow and an open top. The sole is made of wood, and the upper of inlaid wood and cloth, and the exterior is elaborately ornamented in colours, and with gold and silver.

The Mussulman's shoe is of heavy leather. It is adjusted to the foot by a wide leather strap, which runs from the heel and buckles over the instep. The only ornamentation is the fastening of two feather plumes on the right side of the toe.

The sandal worn by the Egyptians is composed of a sole made by sticking together three thicknesses of leather. This is held to the foot by a band passing across the instep. The sandal is beautifully stitched with threads of different colours.

The Grecian shoe is made almost entirely of leather, and has a thickly padded sole with a sharp turned-up toe,