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# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XVIII.]

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 5, 1898.

[No. 6.]

## Jesus Still Heals as at Capernaum.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## A VISIT TO CAPERNAUM.

BY THE EDITOR.

Leaving to the left Khan Minyeh, where we were to camp, we rowed slowly on to the ruins of Tell Hum, near the head of the Sea of Galilee. With some difficulty we landed upon some rocks of basalt, and through a fringe of oleanders and tangled thicket of thorns, briars and thistles made our way to the mouldering ruins of Capernaum. The ground was strewn with the debris of an ancient city of considerable size.

Amid these ruins lie the remains of an ancient synagogue of white marble, which must have been of exceeding beauty. Its outline can be distinctly traced. It is about seventy-five feet long, and fifty-seven wide, with walls nearly ten feet thick. It is composed of very large blocks of stone, among which are numerous fragments of plinths and pedestals with carved reliefs. There were originally twenty-eight columns, two and a half feet in diameter, with Corinthian capitals and elegant mouldings; the bases of most of these still exist. On one lintel was carved the pot of manna with on either side a reed, probably Aaron's rod.

There is good reason to believe that these remains are those of that very synagogue built by the Roman centurion, on whose behalf the elders of the Jews "instantly besought Jesus, for he was worthy for whom he should do this, for he loveth our nation and hath built us a synagogue." To him also the Saviour paid the memorable tribute, "Verily, I say unto you, I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel." If this be true, and the demonstration seems positive, this is surely one of the most sacred spots on earth, for it was doubtless in this building that our Lord uttered his discourse recorded in John 6, and possibly not without reference to the carved pot of manna, he repeated the words, "I am the Bread of Life. Your fathers did eat manna in the wilderness, and are dead."

Near here, doubtless, by the seaside was the Custom House where Matthew

heard the words, "Follow me," and the garrison where the centurion of the Gospel held command, and the house where Jesus said to the sick of the palsy, "Son, thy sins be forgiven thee."

These ruins mark our Lord's "own city." Here it was that he healed the paralytic who was let down through the roof. Here it was on that busy Sabbath day, described in Mark 1, that he cast out unclean spirits, healed the mother of Simon's wife, and "at even when the sun was set they brought unto him all that were diseased, and them that were possessed with devils, and he healed many that were sick of divers diseases and cast out many devils."

Our Lord on entering his public ministry left his quiet village of Nazareth, secluded among the hills, where he spent thirty years of his life, and came to the mixed and busy population of this gateway of the nations. These are the rounded hills, this the winding shore, these the blue waters, and above all bends the tender blue sky on which the eye of Jesus must often have lovingly rested.

How vividly amid these thorn-grown ruins come home the words to our minds, "and thou, Capernaum, which art exalted unto heaven, shall be brought down to hell." So fearfully, it has been well remarked, have the woes pronounced upon Capernaum, Chorazin and Bethsaida, wherein most of his mighty works were done, been fulfilled, that it has been a matter of dispute as to their very site. McCheyne well expresses this feeling in the lines:

"Those days are past—Bethsaida, where?  
Chorazin, where art thou?"

crumbling ruins. A spring, gushing from the cliff, fills a reservoir, from which, by a stone-hewn aqueduct, the Plain of Gennesaret was once copiously watered. The aqueduct can still be distinctly traced. A picturesque old mill, square, solid, and moss-grown, is still supplied by this stream. This spot has been conjecturally designated as Bethsaida, the "House of Fish," the home of Peter and Andrew and the two sons of Zebedee, who left their boats and nets at the command of Jesus to become fishers of men.

## THE MAGIC APPLE.

"Such a rainy day!" said little Amy, dolefully. "I wish I knew something new to do."

"When I was a little girl," said her mamma, "I used to think it great fun to make a magic apple and surprise my papa. How would you like to make one for your papa?"

Amy was delighted with the idea and brought a large, fair apple. Her mamma gave her a long needle and strong thread and showed her how to take a long stitch in the apple close under the skin. Amy drew the thread, leaving about two inches hanging out of the apple. Then she put the needle into the very hole that it came out of and took another long stitch and so on all around the apple, at the end bringing the needle and thread out of the very first hole. Then she took hold of both ends of the thread and pulled hard, but carefully, and all the thread came out of the first hole. Amy rubbed the apple,

## "YE NEXTE THING."

Claire was waiting for her cousin to appear, for the two girls had planned to make some charitable visits that afternoon. Claire's stock of patience, never very large, was soon exhausted. She gave her gloves such a twitch that one of them tore across.

"Better mend it, dear," suggested mamma.

"I haven't any time; Grace may be here any moment, and these visits are important ones—they are duty visits, you know."

"Well, dear, duties never clash, never; and the near-by duty is the one that ought to be performed first. Here is a needle and thread; now mend your glove, and you may have it finished before Grace gets here after all."

Claire commenced her task with a little frown, saying, discontentedly, "I don't see what you mean by saying that duties never clash. Sometimes there are so many things that need doing at the very same time."

"God doesn't expect any person to perform more than he is competent to. People who are always so overburdened by tasks are often people that drop the near-by home duties and rush into fields that really belong to others. The near-by duties, even if they are homely, are what God expects us to do first. Then our way and opportunity broaden naturally, and there is no clashing of duties as you say. God makes the way plain."

"But there is so much to be done!"

"All the more reason, then, for taking things systematically, as they come to hand; then you will pass nothing by in a vain endeavour to accomplish something visionary and remote. When Christ was on the way to the house of Jairus to heal the ruler's sick daughter, you remember that many people afflicted with various diseases met him on the way, asking to be healed."

"And he did heal them," said Claire, thoughtfully; "I suppose he might have told them that he was too busy to delay, that he was on a mission of great importance."

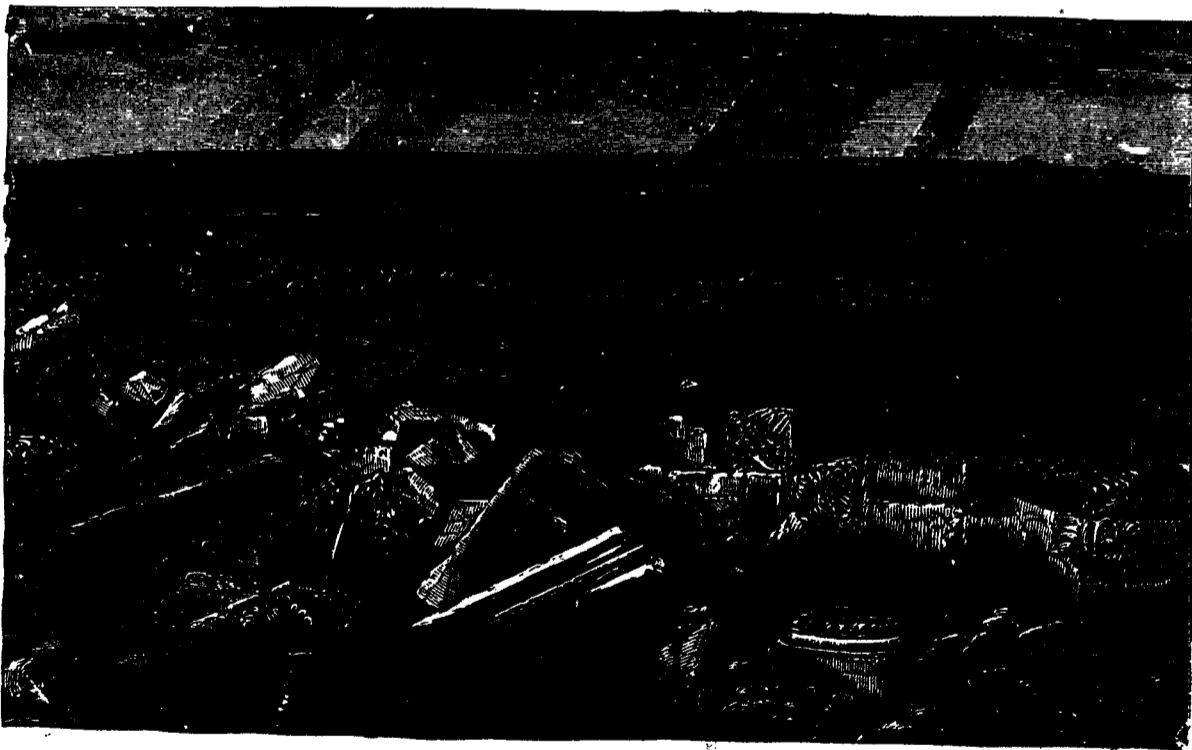
"Yes, but he didn't; he healed those that came in his way, because it was a near-by duty. That is what he wishes us to do: to perform what lies next in our paths, even if it be no greater thing than mending that glove of yours."

"And that glove is done now, too, just as I see Grace coming; I have really not lost any time, and I'll not have that task confronting me this evening when I want to be doing something else."

"Remember that, then, childie, when you want to rush by a duty. It is 'ye nexte thinge' always that should be done, not the one after that!"

A writer who speaks of the successful experiments of a Dr. Berson, of Stassfurt, remarks that mountain climbers will be interested to read of the successful experiments of this same gentleman, who, by means of "bottled breath," has been enabled to ascend to great heights, both on land and in balloon. To use this writer's own words:

"The doctor, when endeavouring to get further above the level of the sea than anyone else has ever climbed or flown, carries along a cylinder of compressed oxygen, fitted with a tube for breathing. Whenever he experiences discomfort on account of the rarity of the atmosphere a few whiffs from the cylinder suffice to restore him. Dr. Berson, by means of this device, recently ascended to an altitude of 31,300 feet, which is two thousand feet higher than the summit of Mount Everest.



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

His tent the wild Arab pitches there,  
The wild reeds shade thy brow.  
Tell me, ye mouldering fragments, tell,  
Was the Saviour's city here?  
Lifted to heaven, has it sunk to hell,  
With none to shed a tear?"

About two miles further north of Tell Hum is another group of extensive ruins, whose modern name, Kerezeh, points probably to the long-lost Chorazin. Tyre and Sidon had an eminence in wickedness, and the doom of Sodom and Gomorrah had been for generations a warning to mankind, yet these guilty cities which rejected Christ have a deeper guilt and condemnation.

In full view across the head of the lake was the broad plain, somewhere on which the miracle of feeding the five thousand took place. But the wind had so risen that our timorous boatmen refused to cross. So we sent for our horses to convey us back to Tabeyeh, and a rough ride it was, through tangled thickets and

which was a fine red one, until it shone like glass. The needle holes did not show.

When her papa came home, Amy gave him the apple; and he sat down by the fire to eat it. He began to peel it with his sharp knife. Oh, how surprised he looked when the apple suddenly fell in two when he had it a little more than half peeled!

Amy was pleased and surprised, too, for she had not realized that she had cut the apple in two under the skin when she pulled the thread out; but she had.

Any child, with a little care, can make a magic apple just as Amy did and surprise somebody very much.

The inch was formerly divided into three "barleycorns," these divisions being originally the length of a well-dried grain or "corn" of the barley.

## In the Firelight.

BY EUGENE FIELD.

The fire upon the hearth is low,  
And there is stillness everywhere,  
Like troubled spirits, here and there  
The firelight shadows fluttering go.  
And as the shadows round me creep  
A childish treble breaks the gloom  
And softly from a further room  
Comes . . . Now I lay me down to sleep . . .

And, somehow, with that little prayer  
And that sweet treble in my ears,  
My thought goes back to distant years  
And lingers with a dear one there;  
And as I hear the child's amen,  
My mother's faith comes back to me  
Crouched at her side I seem to be  
And mother holds my hands again

Oh, for an hour in that dear place!  
Oh, for the peace of that dear time!  
Oh, for that childish trust sublime!  
Oh, for a glimpse of mother's face!  
Yet, as the shadows round me creep  
I do not seem to be alone—  
Sweet magic of that treble tone,  
And "Now I lay me down to sleep!"

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## Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 5, 1898.

## JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

FEBRUARY 13, 1898.

Listening to Jesus in the boat.—Matt. 13: 1-12.

## ALWAYS READY.

The eagerness of the people to hear Christ was proof of his popularity, and his readiness to address them is evidence of the spirit by which he was actuated. He was not fastidious respecting the place of meeting. So long as they would listen he would preach. Our last lesson gave us a view of a service in the mountain. Now we behold a different scene, viz., the Master occupied the deck of a vessel while the people stood on the shore. How sublime the scene!

## HIS MODE OF ADDRESS.

Verse 3. He spake many things by parables, that is, by comparisons, or, as Mr. Moody says, by likes. This was a common mode of address in Eastern lands. It is still a most popular mode of address, and doubtless was that which led to the saying, "The common people heard him gladly." He selected this method of address because he knew it was the most suitable. Verses 11, 12.

## PARABLE OF THE SOWER.

Verse 4. The people were familiar with the scene here described. They beheld such frequently, and it is more than probable that of those whom he addressed many of them had taken part in such scenes. If you read the lesson carefully through, you will see how many lessons of instruction are taught.

## THE SOWER.

Jesus Christ was the sower while he tabernacled on earth. Ministers of the Gospel and Sunday-school teachers are all sowers. Those who speak to others in private or in the social circle on things spiritual and divine, for the time

being are sowers. Parents who advise their children on matters pertaining to their souls' salvation are sowers, who have favourable opportunities of success. The devil is a sower.

## THE SEED.

The seed is the Word of God—the precious truths of the Bible. No seed is equal to this for promoting holiness of heart and life. The Bible is the granary which contains the good seed which is to be sown in the heart. No book is equal to it, even good books are only good so far as their contents harmonize with the Bible, therefore the Bible is, of all books, the book which ministers and teachers should study most.

## THE HEARERS.

1. Wayside. Fowls of the air gather it up, like those who hear, but allow other things to mix with the good seed, the world in its various forms.

2. Stony ground. Easy pleased, but soon forget, and the first difficulty that arises or the first temptation that crosses their path, or the first taunt that may be given by some former companions throws them aside. They have no depth of earth, they are not steadfast.

3. Among thorns. Worldly cares, love of the world, chokes the seed and prevents its growth. Ye cannot serve God and mammon. Deceitfulness of riches.

4. Good ground. They hear the word and keep it. They grow and become fruitful, some larger fruit than others, but all bring forth some fruit. This is what all have a right to do. Circumstances may occur which hinder growth, some seasons may be more favourable than others. Do we bring forth fruit? How much fruit did we produce last year?

## A LONG SLEEP.

BY ELLA JACOBS.

One day last winter I stood looking at the snowfall, and watching how the wind tossed the branches of the great allanthus tree. "How cold is it! Surely, nothing can live out of doors," I thought. As I glanced out again, I noticed some little brown balls hanging from the tree. "Surely, those are not dried leaves; but what are they?" I took a long stick, knocked down several of these brownies, —not an easy matter, as each one was held on to the branch by a tough silken thread. They were about the size and shape of a peanut, and they were cocoons. A cocoon is the house which a caterpillar makes for itself to stay in while it is waiting to become a moth or butterfly, and a wonderful house it is! The outside of each of these was made of a dry leaf, all curled up and tucked in. I cut through this leaf, which was like a thin nutshell, and found that the inside of the house was yet more curious, for it was made of soft silk; and in this soft cradle lay a fat little caterpillar, curled up fast asleep.

"I wonder when it will wake?" I hung up my bunch of cocoons near my desk, and every time I passed through the long winter I looked at them, but there was no sign of life. One bright May morning, as I went to my office, I thought that summer had almost come, for the trees were full of leaves, and the birds were singing. As I sat down to write, I glanced up at my cocoons.

But, oh, what a surprise! On a picture-frame near by was a large, magnificent moth fully six inches long! It was fanning its wings slowly up and down, drying them, for they were damp. I noticed that one of the cocoons had a tiny hole in the top, and through this the moth, with its wings tightly wrapped around its body, had crept carefully out.

The moth was gray and brown, with lovely spots of red on its wings. In about half an hour, it was quite dry, then it flew around the room a few times, then darted gracefully out of the window, and alighted on the very allanthus tree upon which I had found the cocoons months ago.

I found out that the name of this pretty creature was the Cynthia Moth. The mother lives only a few days, but in that time she lays hundreds of eggs, hiding them carefully in the cracks of the branches of the trees. By-and-bye these eggs are hatched, and out come—no, not beautiful moths, but ugly, fat, wriggling, little caterpillars! As I told you, their mother is dead, so these little babies have to hunt for their own food. But their mother was very wise, she had what in animals we call instinct, so she laid her eggs in a place which was full of just the kind of food that she knew her babies would like. So the little caterpillars crawl up the branches, and eat the leaves of the trees. They are very hungry, and sometimes eat every bit of the leaves except the stem. I think you have all seen trees which have

been destroyed in this manner by caterpillars.

Sometimes these greedy little fellows eat so much that their skin bursts; but a caterpillar is used to this. He just catches on to a twig, and pulls off this old tight dress, and under it there is a nice new one which fits exactly. Isn't that a splendid way of getting new clothes?

After the caterpillars have shed their skins several times in this manner, they get very fat and seem tired, and summer is over. They grow sleepy; so they know it is time to make their little houses in which they must take their long winter nap.

So each one fastens himself by a long thread to a branch, so that "when the wind blows, the cradle will rock." Then he spins a soft, silky blanket. Next, in some wonderful way, he gets a leaf, and covers the outside with it carefully and closely, so the cold air can't get in; then he spins across the top, and the cradle-house is finished; for—yes, when autumn comes again, there are the cocoons hanging from the tree! And the caterpillar is inside, so quiet and motionless it seems lifeless; but we know it is not dead, for in the spring it will come forth a bright, beautiful moth.

How wonderful! yet so much like the lives of people. God has told us that, although the body may be old, ugly, deformed, diseased, yet, if we keep the heart pure and true, that some day it will waken into a new life, where each beautiful soul will enjoy a life everlasting with the heavenly Father.—Sunday-school Times.

## SUCH A COMFORT.

"No one to take care of you but this boy?" exclaimed a would-be kind neighbour, as she came into her friend's house and found her ill.

"I would not ask for a better nurse than my Hal," said the mother, with a sort of indignant tone. "People seem to have many erroneous ideas of the capabilities of boys. I don't see but they can make just as good nurses as girls. My Hal is such a comfort!"

"Well, I am surprised!" exclaimed the neighbour, as she saw Hal bring in a waiter covered over with a clean fringed napkin, on it a cup of tea—the prettiest cup and saucer in the house, too, to do the duty of the hour, and a dainty plate of hot toast. Not toast underdone, or overdone, but toast browned exactly right. Had the boy Hal prepared that spread for his mother? Most certainly he had. He served it in such a neat, happy way, too, contriving to get mother, who had but little appetite, to eat every mouthful. How he knocked his fists into the feathers of her fever-heated pillows, and how gently he put them back under the dear mother's head. Then how lovingly he smiled upon her, as she laid her head back on the cool, soft resting-place, and looked at her boy with eyes full of love-light. Soon, with swift feet, he went out of the room to bring back a pitcher of fresh, cold water—for it was almost medicine time—he had the times for the alternate medicines written down so there should be no mistakes. The boys were whistling outside to let their companion know they were going to the ball ground, but it did not have the effect on him that the usual whistle from outside has on a boy within. He did not run and grab his hat, tipping over what happened to be in his way as he went. Sometimes, perhaps, he did, true to his boy nature, but not when mother was ill. He went to the window, shook his head, and waved his hand to the boys, as much as to say: "I hope you will have a good time."

Of course the neighbour went home and talked about Hal, and said it was wonderful what a good nurse he was to his mother. Wonderful, because boys are not thought capable of taking care of the sick. But why not? Is it not a libel on boys to say they are not to be trusted with such sweet ministries: A boy can learn to be gentle in his ways, sympathetic and thoughtful in doing such kindly services for the mother, or others, who are suffering from illness, just as well as a girl. It is only people who do not know boys, who think they cannot do many such sweet, helpful things. Such do not know the rare capabilities of a boy's nature if it is given an opportunity to show of what it is made. So, boys, remember that there is no reason why you should be shut out from all the sweet ministries to those who are ill and suffering, merely because you are boys. Be gentle, loving, sympathetic, go softly about the house, and be thoughtful of the things that are strengthening and soothing; wear a bright, happy face, and your dear mother will say of each one of you, "My boy is such a comfort!"—Evangelist.

## BOOK NOTICES.

"Caleb and Becky." By C. R. Parsons. London: Charles H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs.

The author of "The Man with the White Hat" always writes with vivacity and instruction. This story has a strong temperance moral. The numerous illustrations add to the interest.

"Treasures of the Snow, and Other Talks to Children." By Rev. Thomas Hind. London: Charles H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs.

This is a kind of book of which we wish there were more in our schools. It points out the beauties of nature, the wonders of the snow, of the world of flowers, of fruits, and birds, and the beauties of nature, with their religious teachings. It is beautifully illustrated.

"Fina's First-Fruits, and Other Stories." By Lena Tyack. London: Charles H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs.

It is enough to say that these stories had a very wide circulation in the Christmas numbers of The Sunday Magazine to indicate at once their literary merit and religious character. We recommend them for our schools.

"Bernard Gilpin, the Apostle of the North." By the Rev. Henry Bunting. London: Charles H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs.

This is a story of a Protestant hero of the days of Queen Mary, of cruel memory, who, after many adventures, survived her bitter persecution.

"Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, in Words of One Syllable." With numerous illustrations by Frederick Barnard and others, and water-colour reproductions. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, boards, \$1; cloth, \$1.50.

This immortal story is in a very special sense a book for boys and girls. They will read with eagerness the adventures of Christian, his fights with giants, his many trials and triumphs, but especially will they delight in the story of Christiana and her children, and how they all got safe over the river to the heavenly city. This story is here told in short and simple words, with numerous full-page pictures.

Bunyan was a Puritan of the Puritans, and we have no doubt that he had in mind as his heroes the valiant Ironsides and Roundheads of his party, and as the enemies of righteousness the persecuting Cavaliers. Many of the illustrations of this book catch the very idea and give us old Puritan and Cavalier portraits of the characters in this book. We know no better birthday or holiday present than this child's Pilgrim's Progress.

"Those Three." By May Lewis Smith. London: Charles H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs. 12mo.

"Those Three" were bright, beautiful children, whose portraits are given us. They were real children, and this is a true story. It will delight the little folks with its large type and full-page cuts.

"The Prince of the Pin Elves." By Charles Lee Sleigh. Illustrated by Amy M. Sacker. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, 50 cents.

The old-fashioned fairy tale will never lose its interest with the children. To their imagination nothing is impossible in the transformation and wonders. This book explains where all the pins go. The clever story and numerous pictures will delight the little folk.

"Practical Hints." For young writers, readers, and book buyers. By Frederic Lawrence Knowles. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, 50 cents.

This small book is one of the very best that we know for young writers. It is full of helps, hints, and suggestions that will be simply invaluable in writing for the press and forming connections of books.

"Ole Mammy's Torment." By Annie Fellows Johnston. Illustrated by Mary G. Johnston and Amy M. Sacker. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, 50 cents.

The writer of this book thoroughly understands Southern life and character. Her sketches of the coloured uncles and aunts and the little black pickaninnies are to the very life.

Where's Mother.

Bursting in from school or play,  
This is what the children say:  
Trooping, crowding, big and small,  
On the threshold, in the hall—  
Joining in the constant cry,  
Ever as the days go by,  
"Where's mother?"

From the weary bed of pain,  
This same question comes again;  
From the boy with sparkling eyes,  
Bearing home his earliest prize;  
From the bronze and bearded son,  
Perils past and honours won—  
"Where's mother?"

Burdened with a lonely task,  
One day we may vainly ask,  
For the comfort of her face,  
For the rest of her embrace;  
Let us love her while we may,  
Well for us that we can say,  
"Where's mother?"

Mother, with untiring hands,  
At the post of duty stands,  
Patient, seeking not her own,  
Anxious for the good alone  
Of the children as they cry,  
Ever as the days go by,  
"Where's mother?"

On Schedule Time

JAMES OTIS.

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

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

It was noon when they halted for dinner, and both Phil and Dick gave the weary animals a thorough rubbing before joining the girls in the cold lunch which had been spread out on a moss-covered log.

"How far are we from our starting-point?" Alice asked suddenly, when, from an ominous shake of Aunt Lois' head, it seemed probable she was about to predict more evil.

"About eight miles, I should say. We started at seven, were delayed two hours, and have not travelled much more than two and a half miles an hour."

"Then we have only five to make before arriving at the camping-place selected for us by Uncle Ainsworth."

"That is all; but I fancy it is quite as much as we shall want to do."

"More, if I am not mistaken. I am afraid those horses will not be able to drag us many miles farther," Aunt Lois said despairingly.

"Then we will walk," Dick cried cheerily.

"If there's nothing worse than being forced to walk, I shall be comparatively happy," Aunt Lois replied, and would have said more but that Gladys interrupted by insisting that Phil tell of a visit he made in this same region with his father a year previous.

When this rather long story came to an end an hour and a half had been spent, and it was high time the journey should be resumed.

Once more the line of march was taken up, but the horses no longer pushed on eagerly; it was necessary to urge them with the whip from time to time, and both Dick and Phil understood that they were decidedly weary, not because of the distance travelled, but owing to the roughness of the road, which made of what had been an ordinary load an exceedingly heavy one.

"I reckon Dick and I had better walk for a while," Phil said, when they had ridden for an hour in comparative silence. "It won't do us any harm, and will make it so much easier for the horses."

He had but just alighted from the surrey, and Dick was following his example, when all were startled and Aunt Lois frightened into a shrill, hysterical cry by what sounded very like the groan of a human being from amid the shrubbery a short distance in advance.

Phil started forward quickly, and Aunt Lois cried imploringly:

"Come back, Phillip, please come back, like a good boy! I am certain there is something very terrible in those bushes!"

Another groan, and Phil, who had half turned in response to the little woman's appeal, went forward resolutely.

Gladys urged Bessie on with such purpose that the occupants of the surrey could see all which occurred after Phil forced his way through the foliage to the spot from which the agonized moan had come.

There, with his back against a sapling, as if he had dragged himself to that place in order to find some degree of comfort amid his suffering, was a half-

reclining man, holding out his hands in supplication to the boy.

"I thought I should die here alone!" he said faintly. "It did not seem possible any one would come this way, but now that you are here, you'll not leave me?"

"What is the matter?" Phil asked solicitously, and Dick ran up, eager to be of some assistance, while Aunt Lois and the girls descended from the vehicle to proffer their aid.

"I'm afraid I've broken my leg. I was making my way through the woods on a short cut when I tumbled into a hole and so hurt myself that it is impossible to move without the most terrible pain."

"Poor man!" Aunt Lois exclaimed. "I don't wonder you feared you would be left here to die in this terrible place. Tell me where you are hurt?" and the little woman knelt down beside the alleged sufferer.

"Here," and the man placed his hand tenderly on his knee.

Aunt Lois would have attempted to ascertain exactly the extent of the injury, but that he made a loud outcry whenever

The man evidently observed the look of perplexity on the boy's face, for he said quickly:

"I'm not the boss of the gang. He lives down Ellsworth way, and had to go home because his wife was sick, so I took his place for a couple of days, that's all."

"What is your name?"

"Bart Jackson."

"Are you any relative of the Jackson who cooked for father last year?"

"Is Ainsworth your father? Then I'm all right, for you won't see me left here to die. Yes, I'm the cook's cousin, and it was owing to what he said that I hired with your father; he allowed the old man was a good one to work for."

By this time Aunt Lois had succeeded in finding what she wanted, and now came up laden with bottles.

"Now, Phillip, you and Dick must bathe the poor creature's knee with this liniment, while I give him something to prevent fever from setting in. A person with a broken limb is always more or less feverish. Don't say a word," she added, as the man attempted to interrupt her. "I know the bathing will

"Aunt Lois would never consent to anything of the kind."

"Then it will be she, not I, who refuses to aid the man, for I'm bound to go ahead. Talk with her as soon as you can get her aside."

"I know it will be of no use. Besides, it would be dark before we could reach there, and the horses are already tired."

"Dick and I will wait here with you until morning, and trust to making up the lost time during the next four days."

"Then why not put up the tents now, without saying anything to her?"

"That is what I will do. Call Alice, and she and you shall help me, while Aunt Lois and Dick work over the poor fellow."

The little woman was so intent on playing the part of surgeon that the stable and the women's tent were up before she knew what was being done, and then she came back to the scene of Phil's labours in great excitement.

"What are you doing, Phillip? You must not think of stopping here to-night, for it is of the greatest importance that that poor creature be taken back to civilization."

Quietly but decidedly Phillip explained his purpose, and for several seconds Aunt Lois was too much surprised to be able to object. Then she made most vehement protest.

"It must be that way, or he will die here," Phil said firmly. "I am willing to spend the time from now until early morning for his benefit, but after that my father's business is of the greatest importance to me. There will be no danger in riding back alone, and you and the girls can remain at the hotel until we return."

Aunt Lois attempted to exercise her supposed authority, but Phil deprived her of the opportunity by continuing his work of erecting the tents so energetically that she was forced to hold her peace, or scream her objections to the proposed plan so loudly that the sufferer could have overheard the entire conversation.

Then the little woman went back to her patient, and a few moments later Dick joined his cousin, looking seriously disturbed.

"Yes, I know it is too bad to stay here even over night," Phil said quickly, thinking Dick was about to comment upon his actions, "but we can't leave a man with a broken leg in the woods; and I propose that Aunt Lois and the girls shall take him to Milo, while we continue the journey on foot. That's the only way out of it I can see."

"Phil," Dick said in a whisper, lest Alice and Gladys should overhear the words, "I don't believe that man is suffering any more than I am!"

"What do you mean?"

"When I finally succeeded in uncovering his knee, despite his screams and groans, I could see nothing to indicate that he had been hurt. If the bones were broken, or if he had wrenched or sprained it, there would be some signs on the outside. The flesh looks as sound as it ever was, barring considerable dirt; and I believe he is shamming."

"Why should he—"

Phil did not complete the sentence. In an instant he understood what was in his cousin's mind; and with the thought that this was but a ruse to delay the messengers, came anxiety and perplexity.

(To be continued.)



PHIL FORCED HIS WAY THROUGH THE FOLIAGE.

she placed her hands, however gently, on the disabled member.

"I'm not generally called a coward, ma'am, but I can't stand the lightest touch—indeed I can't."

"I don't doubt it, you poor creature! What a blessing that I brought plenty of liniment with me! Boys, you must overhaul the baggage and get the medicine-chest at once."

"I'm afraid I'm too far gone for liniments to do me any good," the sufferer moaned. "If I could be taken to Milo I might see a doctor, and then the bones could be patched up."

"Of course we will take you there, but first we must relieve the pain. Boys, why don't you do as I wish?"

"Dick will help you, aunt, if you'll show him in what part of the waggon it was put," Phil replied, with a meaning look at his cousin; and as the latter obeyed, he asked of the stranger: "Which way were you going when you met with the accident?"

"To Township Eight, where Ainsworth is working."

"Are you one of Benner's men?"

"Sure."

"How does it happen that you did not go in with the others?"

"I stayed behind to look after the second gang."

"Where are they?"

"Somewhere on the road—perhaps they passed me while I lay back there in the timber, so hurt I didn't know what was going on."

Phil was puzzled. He knew that men not infrequently went into the camps alone and on foot; but that one who had been entrusted with the work of bringing in a gang should be ahead or behind them so far as not to know exactly where they were, seemed very strange.

cause some pain, but it must be done before you can endure the long journey to Milo."

"And you will take me there?" the sufferer asked eagerly.

"Of course we will, my man. Did you think we were such heathen as to leave you here to die? Dick, strip up his trousers, and be sure to put on plenty of liniment."

The alleged suffering man insisted that he could bear the pain until they arrived at Milo, and that it would be much better if the injured limb was not interfered with until a physician should see it; but Aunt Lois made light of his entreaties to be left alone.

"I know what should be done, and there is to be no discussion," she said very positively. "If the bones were not broken I could treat the case without the aid of a doctor, though I do say it myself."

Bart Jackson made no further protest, save to groan piteously when Dick began pulling the trousers up over the injured knee; and Phil, instead of offering to assist, beckoned for Gladys to follow him back to the baggage-waggon, where he said in a whisper:

"I know it seems inhuman for me to say that I won't go to Milo with this Jackson—"

"Surely, Phil, you wouldn't have the heart to leave him here, where he might die!" Gladys exclaimed in surprise.

"I shall go to Benner as rapidly as possible; my first duty is to do father's work. Couldn't you drive Jack, and let Alice take care of Bessie?"

"Do you mean that we must go back alone?" and now Gladys began to grow alarmed.

"That is what must be done if we do what seems to be our duty by Jackson."

HIS LAST TWO DOLLARS.

"There came into the hands of a relative of mine," says a writer in The Golden Rule, "a two-dollar bill, with a temperance sermon written in red upon the back of the note. It speaks far more forcefully of the tortures of the drink habit than any added words can."

The bill was kept for some time by the gentleman, and then sent on into circulation, with the hope that it would touch other hearts, as it had touched ours. This was its message:

"Wife, children, and over \$40,000 all gone! I alone am responsible. All has gone down my throat. When I was twenty-one I had a fortune. I am now yet thirty-five years old. I have killed my beautiful wife, who died of a broken heart; have murdered our children with neglect. When this bill is gone I do not know how I can get my next meal. I shall die a drunken pauper. This is my last money, and my history. If this bill comes into the hands of any man who drinks, let him take warning from my life's ruin."

If this reaches the eye of any young man who sometimes uses liquor, but who thinks himself strong enough to stop before there is danger of his coming to ruin, let him re-read the man's message to him, written in blood-red.

**A Quiet Hour.**

There's a blessing that comes at the twilight,  
When the waters grow cool and gray  
When the twinkling lights of the little town  
Show so dimly across the bay.  
As I rest in my boat and idly float  
After the busy day  
The long centuries seem to roll back  
ward,  
And the bay is blue Galilee  
Those lights are gleaming from out the  
homes  
Of Capernaum by the sea  
And a glorious form walks o'er the wave  
And shares my boat with me

The mysterious stars come out one by  
one,  
In the deep, silent blue above  
But he who calleth them all by their  
names,  
And chooseth the course they shall  
move,  
He yet designs to talk here with me, his  
child,  
In tones of tender love  
Oh! the burdens fall, and the doubts die  
out,  
And heaven grows precious and near,  
For sin, and sorrow, and self are forgot  
While the voice of the Lord I hear;  
And new strength for another day is  
born  
From that still hour so dear.

**LESSON NOTES.**

**FIRST QUARTER.**

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL OF MATTHEW.

**LESSON VII.—FEBRUARY 13.**

**THE CALL OF MATTHEW**

Matt. 9. 9-17. Memory verses, 12, 13.

**GOLDEN TEXT.**

Follow me.—Matt. 9. 9.

**OUTLINE.**

1. Following Christ, v. 9-13.
  2. The New Life in Christ, v. 14-17.
- Time.—Probably the early summer of A.D. 28, before the preaching of the Sermon on the Mount.  
Place.—Probably Capernaum.

**HOME READINGS.**

- M. The call of Matthew.—Matt. 9. 9-17.
- Tu. Another publican called.—Luke 19. 1-10.
- W. Christ's call obeyed.—Mark 1. 14-20.
- Th. A friend of sinners.—Luke 7. 29-35.
- F. Much forgiven.—Luke 7. 36-50.
- S. Joy in heaven.—Luke 15. 1-10.
- Su. From darkness to light.—1 Peter 2. 1-10.

**QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.**

1. Following Christ, v. 9-13.  
Whom did Jesus see as he passed forth?  
What was he doing?  
By what other name was he known?  
Mark 2. 14.  
What did Jesus say to him? Golden Text.  
How did he receive the command?  
What was the general character of publicans?  
Who gave a feast in honour of Jesus?  
Who sat with Jesus in the publican's house?  
What did the Pharisees say?  
Who are the ones that need Christ most?  
For whom did he come to earth?
2. The New Life in Christ, v. 14-17.  
What is it to fast?  
How often did the Pharisees fast?  
Luke 18. 12.  
What reason did Jesus give for his disciples not fasting?  
Who is meant by the "Bridegroom"?  
When did Christ say that his followers would fast?  
What did Christ say about new cloth in an old garment?  
What did this mean?  
What is meant by the "new wine in old bottles"?  
What did Paul say in 2 Cor 5. 17?  
What lesson are we taught in verses 16 and 17?  
How much ought we to be burdened about to-morrow?  
What will take care of to-morrow?  
Of what does each day bring its portion?

**PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.**

- Where in this lesson are we taught—
1. That no business is too bad to leave for Christ's sake?
  2. That Christians should lovingly care for the outcast?
  3. That Christianity must have laws and customs suited to its spirit?

**PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.**

- Where from this lesson may we learn—
1. The service which God requires?
  2. The care-taking which God forbids?
  3. The trust which God demands?

**A DREADFUL MISTAKE**

In Pennsylvania, some time ago, a young man's mother died. He loved her very much, and his grief when she died was great. Though he had never tasted liquor, he took to drinking to drown his sorrow. This was on the Sunday after the funeral. On Tuesday he died in a drunken stupor! What a terrible blunder! Perhaps he made it certain that he would never meet his mother again. He threw away his life, forgot every lesson she had taught him, and plunged uncalled and unforgiven into eternity. Rum has made many a son break his mother's heart. This time the mother had gone, but rum ruined the son.

"Grief banished by wine will come again,  
And come with a deeper shade,  
Leaving, perchance, on the soul a stain  
Which sorrow had never made.  
Then fill not the tempting glass for me;  
If mournful, I will not be mad;  
Better sad, because we are sinful, be,  
Than sinful because we are sad."

**HOW JESSIE WENT THROUGH COLLEGE.**

BY PRUDENCE ANDERSON.

Jessie fastened her English history in the toaster and hung the toaster above the table. The drudgery that falls to the lot of an orphaned older daughter on a farm had not lessened Jessie's assurance that she would be an educated woman. For three years that toaster had hung above the ironing table, sewing machine, or wash-tub, and through its slender bars Jessie had learned her Latin declensions and algebraic theorems and German verbs. During that time she had completed the same course which her more favoured friends had taken in their preparatory work at college.

She was running over the dates in her English history. Her friend Miriam laughed, as she leaned her bicycle inside the open door, to hear the confusion of facts at the kitchen table: "Six eggs; Armada defeated in 1588, 1588, 1588; three cups sugar; James crowned 1603."

"Well, Jess, you precious girl, are you really going to make it?"

Miriam helped herself to a chair, and looked admiringly into the plucky face of her most loved "chum," who returned her greeting with an eager confidence.

"Oh, Mirrie! I've been so anxious to

made pretty with cheap furnishings brought from the old farm-house. The box in which Jessie's goods had been shipped made her table. The back of her high-top bedstead was furnished with hooks, and her dresses, hanging there, were covered with a curtain which formed of the corner a neat wardrobe.

"But, Jessie, why didn't you put your clothes in the closet?"

"Because the closet is otherwise engaged, my dear," and she opened the door into the little apartment, four feet square, which she had fitted up for a dining-room and kitchen. A barrel, papered with white paper and covered with a white spread, made a "round table" of more evident utility than King Arthur's. "At the same time it is my cellar," Jessie explained, as she lifted the head and showed the potatoes and beets which filled it. A box by its side was curtained with calico, which concealed the kettles within. On this sat the coal oil stove. Her dishes were ranged on shelves which Jessie had herself fitted in. The shelves held also the fruit she had canned, and the lard, beans, packed eggs and dried berries she had brought from the farm, where food cost nothing beyond the labour of preparing it.

"You see," she laughed, "the expense of board is settled; as to other things, we shall see a little at a time."

And they did see. Paying work of one sort and another came to her. Whether it was scrubbing the college floors or tutoring the dull daughter of a rich manufacturer, Jessie did the work proudly and well, for even in working for her tuition she was too proud to accept the "soft snaps" and easy tasks which were sometimes condescendingly offered her.

The day she was graduated some friends, gathered for a farewell talk, said: "Miss Bonnell, what one motive more than any other has prompted you to the sacrifice your college course has cost?"

"The determination to make myself just as efficient as possible in going about my Father's business," she answered, quietly. And irrepressible Miriam added, "If you want to know what means has enabled her to do it, I can tell you—a toaster and a coal-oil stove."

What is that which lives in the winter, dies in the summer, and grows with its roots upward? An icicle.

**A NEW IDEA.**

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PREACHING THE KORAN.

**PREACHING THE KORAN.**

A very striking chapter in Dr. Ridpath's "History of the World" describes the rapid growth of Mohammedanism, which, within a hundred years, spread from the Indus to the Loire. Everywhere it was by the fierce fanatical preaching of the stern conqueror, with the Koran in one hand, and the sword in the other. In later times, as the great mosques rose in the populous cities, the scene represented in our picture was a thousand times repeated. Not by such weapons was the pure religion of the Nazarene promulgated. Its conquests are the conquests of peace, of truth, of righteousness. Not by conquering arms, but by toiling missionaries preaching the glad tidings of salvation and the forgiveness of sins is the world to be converted to the religion of Jesus. The great work from which this engraving is taken records the hand of God in history, the providence of God in reconciling the world unto himself.

Why is a camel a most frascible animal? Because he always has his back up.

see you and tell you. I'm actually to go to college! Aunt Sue has at last decided she can keep house for papa, and that was all there was to hinder, for I have money enough. You know papa has allowed me all the butter and eggs and poultry money beyond what I needed for groceries, and I've saved one hundred and eighty dollars."

Miriam gasped.

"Oh! you poor girl; that won't be a beginning. I'm sure nobody could be more economical than I, and I never got through for less than seventy-five dollars a term. One hundred and eighty won't possibly take you a whole year."

"Yes," said Jessie, decidedly, "it will carry me a year; how much longer I shan't be able to tell until I've tried it; but I shall make my beginning."

Miriam was incredulous and troubled at the disappointment which she felt was in store for her friend. That anyone could brave public sentiment and sacrifice personal comfort for the sake of an education was a possibility she had never definitely contemplated until she stood in Jessie's room in the dormitory of Le Storum College.

The room was home-like; it had been