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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XVIII.]

TORONTO, MARCH 19, 1898.

No. 13.

THE MISSION WORK OF THE METHODIST CHURCH IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

BY REV. DR. SUTHERLAND,
General Secretary of the Missionary Society.

THE COUNTRY AND THE PEOPLE.

British Columbia, the most westerly province of the Dominion, has a territory over 750 miles in length, from south to north, with an average width, including islands and water stretches, of nearly 500 miles from east to west. This gives an area of 375,000 square miles. In other words, British Columbia has a territory nearly equal to that of Ontario and Quebec combined. Nearly the whole country is mountainous, and comparatively little is fit for cultivation, but its fisheries and mineral treasures, especially those of the Klondike, are practically inexhaustible, and its immense forests will be able to supply the markets of the North-west with building materials for generations to come. Add to this the fact that some one of its ports must yet become the depot of the vast trans-Pacific trade (inasmuch as the distance from Yokohama to Liverpool via the Canadian Pacific Railway is more than 1,000 miles shorter than by way of San Francisco), and it becomes clear that British Columbia will yet play an important part in the history, not only of the Dominion, but of the world.

MISSIONS TO THE WHITE POPULATION.

Over thirty-six years have elapsed since the first band of missionaries, headed by the Rev. Dr. Evans, went to British Columbia. At the very outset they were confronted by difficulties of no ordinary character. The population was sparse and scattered; facilities for travel were few and costly; rates of living were enormously high. But they laboured on, and the result of their labours is seen today. Persons converted under their preaching are still to be found all over the province; and the names of Evans, and Robson, and Browning, and White, and Derrick, and Russ are still held in grateful remembrance by many who were benefited by their ministrations.

Many of those who first emigrated to British Columbia were actuated mainly, if not solely, by a desire to make money, and hence they became regardless of methods if only the end could be secured. The Sabbath was disregarded, and became a day of business or of pleasure; the house of God was shunned; old habits of prayer, and reverence for sacred things, were left east of the mountains; saloons by the score lent their aid to corrupt the morals of the people. Add to all this the fact that from the first the Methodist missionaries have had to stand almost alone in the fight against prevailing ungodliness, and the wonder is not that they have accomplished so little, but that they have accomplished so much. Labouring, as many of them did, in isolated places, among a scattered people, numbers of whom hated alike the missionary and his message, and uncheered by that frequent intercourse with fellow-workers which is enjoyed in older fields, is it any wonder if the toilers were sometimes

discouraged by that hope deferred that "maketh the heart sick?" All honour to the faithful men who, in despite of such difficulties, stood manfully at their posts, and waited patiently for the harvest.

Vancouver Island is large—some 300 miles in length, by an average of 60 miles in width, comprising an area of some 20,000 square miles. The climate is all that the most exacting could desire, and what soil there is may be described as fairly productive, but it is to be found only in limited quantities, the general character of the island being mountainous.

MISSIONS TO THE INDIANS.

The work among the Indians on the Pacific Coast furnishes one of the most interesting chapters in the whole history of Christian missions. The striking contrast between the habitations, dress,

consuming desire for the salvation of his brethren, till the feeble body gave way beneath the ceaseless strain, and the ransomed spirit went home to God. It was here that the Indians first learned to prize the sacredness of home life, and a street of neat cottages was built, in striking contrast with the huge buildings in which the heathen herded together.

Port Simpson, with which the name of Thomas Crosby and his devoted wife will ever be associated, at once arrests attention as the foremost Indian mission. Twenty-three years ago this spot was the site of a heathen village, with all the darkness, poverty, filth, cruelty, and vice characteristic of such a condition. Now there is a model Christian village. All the old heathen houses have disappeared, and have been replaced by street after street of neat cottages of various designs. A rise of

built her and became her engineer. This man was indeed lifted out of "an horrible pit, and the miry clay," and from the hour of his deliverance his heart was aflame with love to God and human souls.

MISSION TO THE CHINESE.

At the present time there are several thousand Chinamen in British Columbia. They are all from the Province of Canton, and all speak the same dialect. The majority belong to the labouring class, but some are merchants, and a few are mechanics. Very few have their families with them, and in some parts of "Chinatown" they swarm together in large numbers, overcrowding the tenements and neglecting sanitary regulations. As a rule, however, they are quiet, peaceable, and industrious. Few of them patronize the whiskey saloons, but opium smoking and gambling are common, especially the latter.



A LUMBER CAMP—BRITISH COLUMBIA.

appearance, and, in fact, the whole surroundings of those who have received the Gospel, and their still heathen neighbours, affords a most suggestive commentary upon the power of the Gospel of Jesus Christ to civilize and elevate a people, while the zeal displayed by many in carrying the Gospel to their countrymen, their fidelity in the face of temptation, no less than their consistency of life and conversation proves that the Gospel has come to them, "not in word only, but in power, and in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance."

Nanaimo was our first Indian Mission on the Pacific Coast. It was here that Thomas Crosby first began his work as a teacher. It was here that the first converts were won, and the first separation of the Christian from the heathen Indians took place. It was here that David Salassellon, of saintly memory, found the Saviour, and from here he went up and down the coast and across to the mainland, as a flame of fire, urged on by a

ground in the rear of the village is crowned by a commodious church, capable of accommodating seven or eight hundred people. On one side is the school-house, large and well built, on the other the "Girls Home." Near by is the Mission House, neat, comfortable, and attractive, with a reception room for the Indians, where they find ready access and welcome at all times.

I venture here to express the opinion that one problem in regard to the Indian work on the Pacific Coast has been solved by the little mission steamer, the "Glad Tidings." The great problem has been how to reach the scattered thousands along the coast, with so few missionaries in the field, and no means of navigating the waters except the native canoe—a method very slow and very dangerous. A remarkable series of providences led to the building of the steam yacht above referred to, and a series of providences, equally wonderful, led to the conversion of the man who

Let the Chinaman learn English, (which he is very eager to do), and let him accept the Christian religion, (which as yet he is averse to do), and he will make a safer and better citizen than some whose support is now eagerly courted by the politicians.

A young man named Vrooman, the son of a Presbyterian missionary who had spent twenty-three years in China, was living in San Francisco. The preceding part of his life had been spent in the Flowery Kingdom, and he spoke Cantonese like a native. Mr. Vrooman received a letter from a Chinese firm in Victoria, asking him to come up to interpret for them in a suit which was shortly to be tried. He responded to the invitation, and while in Victoria saw how spiritually destitute was the condition of the Chinese in that city. He strove to enlist the co-operation of the local churches in behalf of a union mission, but without success. He then turned to the Methodists, from whom he

received some encouragement. Soon after a school was organized, and word reached the Mission Rooms that large numbers were attending the religious services held by Mr. Vrooman, and that it was important they should be continued, but it was doubtful if he could remain much longer. Instructions were immediately sent to engage Mr. Vrooman for the time being, until some one else, able to speak the language, could be found. This was done and Mr. Vrooman preached the Gospel to the people several years.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, MARCH 19, 1898.

THE PEARL MERCHANT.

BY REV. SAMUEL GREGORY.

One pearl of great price. Matt. 13. 45.

Men do not make pearls, or polish a perfect them. All that men can do is to find pearls or buy them. It is the oysters that make pearls. No oyster has ever told any one the secret of the process, but it seems to be in this way: An oyster lies in his bed with his mouth open. A grain of sand floats into his mouth. Of course the oyster is annoyed, but as he cannot get rid of the troublesome grain of sand, he sets to work to cover it with a pearl. Who would think that an oyster had so much sense, for "making the best of things"?

PEARL DIVERS.

The finest pearl-makers are oysters lying at the bottom of the sea near Ceylon. In order to procure them a boat goes out to where the oysters are lying. A "diving-stone" is fastened to the end of a long rope. Near the stone there is a loop of cord. A man stands on the stone, slips his foot into the loop, takes a basket with him, draws a long breath, then down he drops with the stone. Sometimes an awful thing happens. The cord shakes, air-bubbles rush to the surface of the water, and when the diving stone is drawn up again the diver has gone. You can guess what has become of the poor fellow. A shark has snapped him up. This is not very common, for sharks are more afraid of divers than divers are of sharks. Sometimes the diver goes down twenty or thirty yards, and is away for sixty or eighty seconds. As soon as he is at the bottom he sets to work in the green twilight down there, raking shell-fishes into his basket, and if all goes well returns with a basket full. Five divers go down on the stones, while five others sit resting, and so they take turns in visiting the pearl-factory at the bottom of the sea. At last a signal is given, and all boats stop fishing and pull ashore. In due time the oysters are searched. Many have nothing in them, others have small "seed-pearls," others pearls of more value, and very rarely "pearls of great price" are discovered. Pearl-fishing is great trouble, involves vast risk, and requires much courage and perseverance. It is the same with the pursuit of all things worth having. That pearl-diver on the stone is a fine example. He shows what resolution

means, and what it is to dive down to the bottom of things, and how necessary it is not to be discouraged by disappointment, and how to keep trying, and trying, and trying, till we win the prize we are striving to obtain.

THE PEARL MERCHANT.

One sunshiny day Jesus was by the sea-side, talking to the people. They gathered round him in such crowds that he stepped into a boat, and asked the fisherman to push out a little way. Then he turned round and faced the people on the sands, and among the things which Jesus said was a story about a pearl merchant. This man kept a Jeweller's shop and was a capital Judge of gems. He trained his eyes, kept a sharp look-out, and went about buying pearls. Sometimes people tried to take him in and pretended that they had gems of great value. But the man looked closely at the pearls offered him, shook his head, and went to the next sailor, to see if he had anything worth looking at. Days and days this merchant spent going from ship to ship, and from bazaar to bazaar. One day he saw a wonder. It was not a very large pearl, for this man was not to be taken in by "big" things. He wanted "precious" things. This pearl then was of purer colour than anything the merchant had ever seen. He tried not to look surprised, and asked the owner what he wanted for his gem. As the merchant had not so much money he tried to get the pearl more cheaply. But the other man knew what a gem he had, and said: "No! I've told you my price, and if I never sell it, it shall not go for a farthing less!" The pearl-seeker said, "I'll think about it!" so off he went, gathered everything he could get together, his house, his shop, his garden, his furniture, had an auction, and "sold all that he had." With the money he bought that pearl. It was a grand stroke of business, and made his fortune.

OUR FRIEND "BUBBLES."

Why did Jesus tell that story of the merchantman seeking goodly pearls? He told it for two reasons. One was to show the value of religion. The salvation of our soul is the pearl of great price. It is beyond everything in preciousness.

Many forget that. It is not every one who knows what is the most precious thing in life. It is wonderful in what foolish ways people pass their time over what comes to nothing at the last. You have seen a picture on the walls, in the streets, and at railway stations. It is the picture of a little curly-headed boy. He is dressed in knickerbockers, sits holding a basin, has just blown a lovely globe of water into the air, and sits watching it float away. Tell me the title of that picture! "Bubbles!" I believe the picture is stuck up to advertise something, and it does advertise the way in which many spend the best years of their life. If Solomon saw that picture he would say: "Wisdom crieth out in the streets." Some people use their life in such a manner that the word "Bubbles" ought to be written under their portraits. A poet who spent his days foolishly, said:

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed,
Or like the snow-flake on the river,
A moment white, then gone forever,
Or like the rainbow's lovely form,
Vanishing amidst the storm."

It is possible to spend life in such stupid, foolish ways that no pearl of great price is ever found.

A SURPRISE IN A JEWELLER'S SHOP.

Yes, people are often mistaken about precious things. I knew a man who kept a Jeweller's shop. One day a lady came in with a trinket—an old earring, or brooch, or something of that sort. She had kept it for a long time in a box, with some copper twopenny-pieces and an old silver thimble, and thought (as there was a gem in the trinket) the Jeweller might perhaps give her a little money for it. So she said: "Can you give me anything for this?" He looked at it for a minute, and then said: "Yes, I will give you £50 for it, or I will have it valued, and pay you what is fair. The lady was astonished, as she did not expect to receive above a sovereign for the trinket, so she said: "I'll take the £50!" The Jeweller paid that sum, sent the gem to a merchant, and received so much for it that he sent the lady £15 more. Here was one person who did not know the value of a thing, and another person who did know. It is a great thing to know pearls when you have them. Thus God has given us health, and home, and friends. We have the chance of learning at a good school. We have Sunday, and the Book

of God, and many precious things. God gives us such a happy chance in life that "the topaz of Ethiopia shall not equal it, and no mention shall be made of corals or pearls, for the price of wisdom is above rubies." It is awful when we have not the sense to know when we are well off, and to be thankful, and to use God's good gifts well. In one of the public exhibitions in Paris there is a strong iron box with a glass front, and in it (for everybody's gaze) is one of the most precious stones in Europe, called "The Star of the East." Day and night soldiers are always standing to guard that precious thing. If we valued time, and a good conscience, and the favour of God, we should always be "on guard" against temptation and danger to the jewel and ornament of our life.

THEATRICAL JEWELLERY.

When Jesus was talking about some girls, he said: "Five of them were wise and five were foolish." Perhaps there are more wise girls in our time, but perhaps it is almost like that; half the girls and boys have not so much sense as they ought to have. And it may be a little like that with grown-up people. They act as people might who mistake a glass bead for a pearl. In London there are what are called "theatrical Jewellers," who make gems for "fairies" to wear in pantomimes. If you walked through the warehouse of one of these "theatrical Jewellers," you would see heaps of "gems" of great size and dazzling lustre, but you would require to see them by gaslight. They will not bear daylight, and a little real pearl is of more value than a hatful of such baubles. In what we call "life" there is a great deal of "theatrical Jewellery," that is why men like John Bunyan call this world "Vanity Fair." Nothing is so important as to have our eyes opened in thoughtfulness to see life rightly, to see it as Jesus saw it.

"One pearl of great price," that is how Jesus describes religion in the soul. To have the forgiveness of our sins, to love God, to have a good conscience, to let God's good Spirit guide us safely in all that is right—that is more precious than any pearl. It is said that the gate of heaven is "one pearl," which means that to so live that we may enter there is above all things in preciousness.

NANSEN'S "FAR-HEST NORTH"

Thus for one thing Jesus wanted to show the value of religion. The other thing he wanted to show is the necessity for resolution. That merchantman was determined to have the pearl. He would have it. He would make any sacrifice, and take any trouble, to obtain the pearl. He said: "I must have it, even if I sell my bed!" I do not know what is to become of you if you cannot make good resolutions and keep them. It is not enough to "wish," and to think you would "like" to do something. What is necessary is to clench your teeth and to say, "I will!" That is why people made so much of Dr. Nansen, because he kept on so in that amazing journey. Year after year, among ice and snow and polar bears, and with his teeth chattering with cold, he persevered among all sorts of horrors, saying: "I will go as far as man can go!" That is why people shouted "Hurrah!" when he came back dirty and tired. We want resolution for everything. Paul said: "I count all things but loss that I may win Christ." That is the spirit to cherish. Jesus would save everybody. He wants to make us all good. He would have all of us useful while we live. We could all be happy if we really tried. For happiness is not like a costly pearl, which rich men only can obtain. Everybody can have it who asks God to guide him, and really goes the right way to look for it. "Seek, and ye shall find; for every one that seeketh findeth."

THE QUEEN'S GRANDFATHER.

Who does not know the "Copper Horse" at Windsor, that equestrian statue at the end of the Long Walk to which (and back again) the local flyman always offers to drive the tourist? The Queen was entertaining a great man, who in the afternoon walked from the castle to Cumberland Lodge. At dinner her Majesty, full, as always, of gracious solicitude for the comfort of her guests, said: "I hope you were not tired by your long walk?" "Oh, not at all, thank you, ma'am. I got a lift as far back as the Copper Horse." "As far as what?" inquired her Majesty, in evident astonishment. "Oh, the Copper Horse, at the end of the Long Walk." "That's not a Copper Horse. That's my grandfather!"—Littell's Living Age.

The Old Tin Sheep.

BY KATHARINE PYLE.

"Creak!" said the old tin sheep on wheels,
"I'm growing old, and down my back
I'm very sure there's a dreadful crack.
There's nobody knows," said the old tin sheep,
'till he's old how an old toy feels."

"I used to trundle about the floor;
But that was when I was young and new;
It's something that now I could not do.
No; I shall quietly rest myself on this
shelf behind the door."

"Creak!" said the sheep; "what's gone amiss?
Some one is taking me out, I know.
They're pulling my string, and away
I go.
Stop! oh, stop!" cried the old tin sheep,
"I never can go like this!"

But Tommy pulled the sheep around;
About the nursery it went so fast
The floor beneath seemed flying past.
While creakety-creakety-creak! the
wheels went round with a doleful
sound.

Then Tommy left it there on its side;
The wheels moved slowly and stopped
with a creak,
And the wax doll heard it faintly speak:
"There's nobody knows what he can do,"
said the sheep, "till he has tried!"
—St. Nicholas.

JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

MARCH 27, 1898.

To temperance.—Prov. 20. 1; 23. 29, 30.
Ephesians 5. 18.

A SOLEMN STATEMENT.

First text. How true it is that wine is a mocker, etc. It does not give strength. It does not add to a man's reputation, for even those who deal in strong drinks always prefer total abstinence to those who use liquor even moderately. The effects of drinking are truly appalling. Quarrels among friends, strife in families, and crimes in the country, whereby prisons are crowded and thousands become insane, are some of the evils which drink produces. The man who is thus deceived displays a lack of sound judgment and good sense.

THE DRUNKARD'S PORTRAIT.

Verse 29. If you go into the house of the wine-bibber, or visit the prisons where such persons are incarcerated, you will see abundant proofs of the truth of this text. Drunkards are generally persons who are constantly getting into trouble. They are contentious and quarrelsome, and they will do things when under the influence of liquor that they would not dare to do when sober. A more correct portrait of a drunkard cannot be drawn. See the wounded face and the bloodshot eyes, etc.

THE CAUTION.

Verse 31. "Look not." This is the best precaution against the danger. The sight might lead to entanglement. The caution means to keep away from the evil indicated. The appearance is enticing, and if the eye remains fixed upon the sparkling cup for any length of time, the temptation to use it will become stronger, and become so much more difficult to resist. Think who it is who says, "Look not." It was Solomon, the wisest of men. The sayings of the wise and good are especially worthy of the attention of young people. They have experience which you have not learned, and from the abundance of their knowledge they speak to you.

THE CONSEQUENCES.

Verse 32, 33. "At the last." When the drink has done its deadly evil, it produces nothing but misery. We see how it progresses as time advances, and what bitter results follow. There is no evil which cannot be perpetrated when Satan get a man completely under the influence of liquor. He goes headlong, and becomes utterly regardless of all consequences. Hungry children, heart-broken parents, ruined wives, all are regarded as of no consequence. Take the caution as to you, "Look not thou upon the wine."

Mamma (to Flossie who had been lurching with a little friend)—"I hope you were very polite, Flossie, at the table, and said, 'Yes, please,' and 'No, thank you.'" Flossie—"Well, I didn't say, 'No, thank you,' because, you see, I took everything."

A Dangerous Isle.

As you sail through life take pains and steer
Away from the island that lies too near,
The isle of Boredom, which all men fear.

The island sets up like a shelf of rock,
But woe to the sailor who lands at the dock
And offers the people a chance to talk.

For they talk all night and they talk all day;
And try as you will to get away,
They pin you down and they make you stay.

They talk of the things they have done and said,
They talk you awake and they talk you to bed,
Till you almost wish they would talk you dead.

And the queerest thing, and one to deplore,
About the dwellers upon that shore,
Not one of them knows that he is a bore.

So steer away from that island shelf,
That is governed, they say, by a wicked elf,
Lest you be a bore and not know it yourself.

On Schedule Time

BY

JAMES OTIS.

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

CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

No man could have had more attentive nurses than did Jackson during the ensuing thirty-six hours. Aunt Lois remained by his side almost constantly, striving unsuccessfully to give him relief during his terrible suffering.

Alice and Gladys brought water from the river, cooked such food as they fancied might tempt the wounded man's appetite, and assisted their aunt in every possible way. Yet, even with these duties to occupy their time, the hours passed slowly, and during the afternoon of the second day both girls, when not otherwise engaged, remained just outside the tent which had been converted into a hospital, eagerly watching for Dick's return.

Because they began to expect him before it was reasonable to suppose he could return, the time of waiting was long and disheartening; but just as the shadows of evening were lengthening into darkness his cheery voice was heard from the opposite side of the river, and five minutes later he was dismounting in front of the stable-tent, old Jack hanging his head and breathing hard, as if from long and severe travelling.

"Didn't you find a doctor?" Gladys asked in dismay, while Alice was greeting her brother as if she had never expected to see him again.

"Yes; and he is on the way. When I had described our invalid, he thought he recognized him as a man by the name of Carter, who left Milo the day we drove through that town. He wasn't disposed to come, much less hire a carriage to take him back, but finally agreed to attend to the case properly after I promised that Phil and I would pay the bills if Uncle Ainsworth should refuse to do so."

Aunt Lois joined the little party while Dick was speaking, and when he concluded she said in a low tone:

"His name is Carter; he admitted this noon that he had told us a wrong story about himself. But that fact doesn't affect our duties in the matter; we must aid him in every possible way while he is in such sore distress."

"Of course we will, Aunt Lois; but he won't be on our hands very much longer, if the doctor carries out his plan. He proposes to go back to Milo to-night, stopping here only long enough to feed the horses."

"That is what should be done without delay, of course, for he can't have proper attention from us. Will you come to see him, Dick?"

"What's the need? I can't do him any good."

"It will at least show him you cherish no hard feelings against him."

"I am not certain but that I do. If anything happens to Phil, or if he fails of seeing Benner in time, I shall have precious little friendship for this Mr. Carter."

"Dick," and Aunt Lois laid her hands on the boy's shoulder, "I don't think the

poor fellow will live very long, because his wounds have virtually been uncared for—"

"I'll go, aunt," and Dick walked hurriedly toward the cook-tent, as if eager to have the interview over at once.

Ten minutes later he emerged looking rather red around the eyes, and found that Aunt Lois and the girls had made ready a hearty supper for him.

"You must be very tired, my boy," the little woman said affectionately, "and immediately after eating this you are to go to bed in our tent."

"I'm a green hand at horseback-riding, and twenty-four hours on a meal-bag saddle has made me so stiff that it seems almost impossible to move."

"The girls will wait upon you, for I must go back to the sick man," and kissing Dick tenderly, Aunt Lois went to resume her duties as nurse.

Dick followed her instructions to the letter, after making certain Jack was properly cared for, and so soundly did he sleep that he was not aroused by the arrival of the doctor. He did not so much as open his eyes until next morning, when the sun looked down inquisitively at the cluster of tents, as if asking why the occupants were idling at that hour in the day.

"Alice and I have fed and watered Jack," Gladys said, when Dick came out looking ashamed of himself for having slept so long.

"Why didn't you call me?"

"Aunt Lois gave positive instructions that you were not to be disturbed."

"Has Jackson—or Carter—been taken away?"

"The doctor and another man came for him about eight o'clock last night, and remained here only an hour. The broken bones were set, and the wounds on his face and shoulder sewn up before they started."

"How did he appear?"

"He was hardly conscious of what was being done, and the doctor said he thought there was very little hope of recovery, more particularly since it would be necessary to carry him so far over the rough roads."

"Where did you and Aunt Lois sleep?"

"In your tent."

"Well, listen to me, Miss Ainsworth. From this out, at least until Phil comes back, I am the one who is to do the work and sleep around in odd corners, not you girls and Aunt Lois."

"You will at least condescend to eat a portion of the breakfast we have cooked?" Gladys asked, with mock courtesy.

"Yes, because the labour was performed while I knew nothing about it. The instructions I gave date only from this moment."

Despite his long rest, Dick found walking very painful exercise after his ride, and during the remainder of the day he did little more than lounge around the camp, while, regardless of his instructions, the girls did the greater portion of the work.

On the following morning, Aunt Lois peered eagerly up the faintly marked roadway from time to time, and her companions knew she had begun to expect Phil; but no one said anything regarding the absent boy. It was as if the anxiety of each member of the party was too great to admit of discussion regarding his safety; but before nightfall all were in a state of expectancy.

Wishing and watching did not lessen the time of his absence by so much as a minute, however, although he did return safe and uninjured on the afternoon of the fourth day after his departure.

It so chanced that at the moment of his coming those who were so anxious regarding his welfare had gone into the cook-tent, and not until he rode up to the stable did they realize he was with them once more.

And then the welcome he received!

Aunt Lois cried because of joy and relief, while the girls hung around him as if admiring the tint of dark red which the elements had imparted to his cheek, and Dick shook his hand so long and so fervently that this portion of the welcome became most painful.

"Yes, I got through in time, and with nearly six hours to spare!" he said triumphantly, in reply to Dick's eager question. "I pushed on just as long and as fast as Bessie was willing to go, and it really seemed as if the little beast knew how important it was she should do her best. If I had arrived at the site of the main camp half an hour later I might have had a hard job to find Benner, for he was about to set off on a tramp to the upper end of the township. Everything is arranged now, and we are at liberty to do as we please—that is to say, I'd like a few hours' rest before we plunge into any very mad dissipations. What about Jackson?"

The story was soon told, and Phil said, as he in turn shook Dick by the hand:

"For a fellow who never had been on a horse's back before, I say you did better work than I."

"The distance I had to ride was short as compared with your journey."

"But I am accustomed to such jaunts, and you were green at the work. Now, what do you girls say to pushing on to Township Eight, Range Fourteen? We can use the shanty which Benner built for himself if the nights are too cold to admit of sleeping under canvas comfortably, and we might jog along leisurely to-morrow. Then you'll have an opportunity to see what a lumberman's home looks like, although it won't be under the most favourable circumstances, for the men are away by this time, making arrangements for working on some other stumpage."

This suggestion of Phil's was finally adopted by the couriers, now turned pleasure-seekers without care, and the remainder of the time allotted to the outing was spent among the deserted log camps, where the boys had ample opportunity for fishing and hunting.

With such portion of the excursion we have nothing to do, for the purpose of this narrative was accomplished when the travellers were no longer bound to "schedule time."

The nights were cold and the ground covered with frost when the pleasure-seekers, who most certainly found that for which they sought, returned to civilization once more, none the worse because of, and considerably benefited by, their exertions.

When they stopped at Milo it was learned that the man who would have done them so much injury had died twelve hours after his arrival, and Phil and Dick promptly paid the bill presented by the physician.

The End.

WHEN GLADYS WENT TO MARKET.

She was lost—there was no getting out of that—even to herself. She had played first around her own home doorway; then she had seen something very pretty on the next corner, to which she took a fancy; then two bicyclists were trying which could make his feet go the faster up and down, and she followed them for a little way; then a fire-engine rushed along, and it was so exciting that she could not help running a little way with the rest of the crowd to see where the fire was; then the engine and the people went out of sight all at once, and she found herself mostly alone; then an aged gentleman came along yelling, "Old clo'es," and looked curiously at her, and she decided that she was tired and bored, and had better go home any way.

So she started off toward the place where she lived, and walked very vigorously, for a little girl six years old, and thought she spied the dear old house, a little farther ahead. But—houses in the city are so much alike—and it was not hers at all!

She felt homesick, desolate, and a little frightened; she was sure this was about where she had left the house, and did not understand how it could have moved itself away during her short walk and run. She did not believe houses could play along the street, and run after a fire-engine, and get lost, the same as little girls could! She reluctantly concluded that she was really lost.

She asked the way of one boy who looked good-natured, and he laughed, and told her to "go an' see a cop." Not knowing what that was, she felt more bewildered than ever, and was discouraged from asking anybody else. At last she saw, through an opening between two buildings, a church-spire which she was sure was close by her house; and tried to walk toward it as well as she could, along streets and around corners. She walked, and walked, and walked, but, somehow, never could get sight of the church-spire again.

All at once she came upon a street where people appeared to be keeping several stores and groceries right out-of-doors, where the horses and waggons ought to pass. They were queer-looking folks, too; nothing like anything she had ever seen. They had little hand-carts and waggons and baskets, and were yelling and hallooing to one another in a way which she had always been taught to consider very rude.

"Hello, kid!" shouted a rough-looking fellow. "Come down to do your marketin' for the day? Goin' to carry the things home in your pocket, I suppose. Here's some prime fish; only ten cents a pound."

"No, she don't want any fish," screamed a burly woman. "She eats

mutton-chops to-day. Here's something I'm sure you'll like, madame."

"You'll want some fruit with it all," interrupted another. "I'll take it right to your carriage for you, or deliver it at the house."

Now, Miss Gladys, though very young, had a thinking-cap that she could put on, when occasion served. She knew that she was probably a good way from home, and had been told that children were sometimes "stolen," if they ventured too far away from their friends. She made up her mind not to be purloined if she could help it, and to get home by the very best method that presented itself—no matter what it cost her father. She knew that he would willingly pay a great many dollars rather than not take her on his knee when he came home at night, and tell her what he had seen during the day, and hear her observations concerning the same.

She straightened herself up, stepped back a bit, and assumed a little attitude of dignity that she had seen her mother use, upon certain occasions.

"I do not want to buy anything except some apples," she said, as quietly as she could, with her heart beating so wildly. "Nothing but some apples. If you will wheel these to No. 125 —th avenue, I will take them all."

"That's quite a ways," said the fellow who presided over the destinies of the push-cart.

"I'm afraid it is," faltered Gladys, "but I don't see how I can carry more than one or two of them, and I want them all."

"How do I know you'll pay for 'em when I get 'em there?" asked the man, doubtingly.

"Because I tell you I will," replied the little girl.

"Can't you give me somethin' for security?" said the fellow.

"Here is my watch," replied Gladys, with a new lump in her throat. It was a pretty little timepiece that her father had given her on her sixth birthday.

"I'll just go around the corner, and see if it's a good one"—said the fellow.

"No, you don't," broke in a still rougher-looking man, who had heard the whole conversation. "You give that watch back to the little girl, and wheel the apples where she tells you, or I'll upset your apple-cart, in more ways than one. I've got a girl or two of my own, whether you have or not. Now start along."

The two men scowled at each other a minute or two, and a crowd gathered about; but the fellow with the cart finally decided that it was best to obey orders.

"I'll go along to see that you don't go around any wrong corners," growled the other.

The strange little procession had not moved many blocks when it was met by a man whose face was wonderfully familiar to Gladys. She rushed into his arms, and could not speak for sobbing.

"What does this all mean?" inquired the little girl's father.

She told him the whole story, as well as she could, between her sobs of fear and delight.

Gladys' father was a man with a sense of humour, as well as of justice. He laughed, but with a kind of anxious cadence in the laugh; he kissed the little girl repeatedly; he paid the man for his fruit, dumped it among a lot of street arabs who had gathered around, and laughed to see them scrambling for it; and he paid twice as much as he did for the fruit to the man who had compelled the other one to come.

"And now, Miss Gladys," he remarked, "you have been to market, and done very well, for the first time. We'd better get home before your mother worries too much about you. Which way shall we go—you had rather, I should say? All right, come on."

And, tucking her under his arm, he walked away.

A SINGING "BEAST."

A Chinaman lately visited Europe, where he saw many strange things. Like other travellers, he took pleasure in describing to his friends, when he returned, all that seemed to him strange or wonderful. Among the things he had never seen before were pianos, and this is what he said about them:

"The Europeans keep a four-legged beast which they make sing at will. A man, or more frequently a woman, or even a feeble girl, sits down in front of the animal and steps on its tail, at the same time striking its white teeth with his or her fingers, when the creature begins to sing. The singing, though much louder than that of a bird, is pleasant to listen to. The beast does not bite, nor does it move, though it is not tied up."

Triumph of Missions.

BY MICHAEL BRUCE.

Behold the mountain of the Lord
In latter days shall rise
On mountain tops, above the hills,
And draw the wondering eyes.

The beam that shines from Zion's Hill
Shall lighten every land,
The King who reigns in Salem's towers
Shall fill the world command.

No strife shall vex Messiah's reign,
Or mar the peaceful years,
To ploughshares men shall beat their
swords,
To pruning-hooks their spears

No longer hosts encountering hosts
Their millions slain deplore,
They hang the trumpet in the hall,
And study war no more

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL BY MATTHEW.

FIRST QUARTERLY REVIEW

MARCH 27.

GOLDEN TEXT

I thou art the Christ, the Son of the
living God.—Matt. 16, 16.

HOME READINGS.

- M. Jesus tempted. Matt. 4, 1-11.
10. Beginning of the ministry of Jesus
—Matt. 4, 17-25.
W. The Beatitudes.—Matt. 5, 1-12.
11. How to pray.—Matt. 6, 5-15.
F. Our Father's care.—Matt. 6, 24-34.
S. Warning and invitation.—Matt. 11,
20-30.
Su. Jesus and the Sabbath.—Matt. 12,
1-13.

I. Recall the Titles and Golden Texts
of the lessons.
II. Name one important Teaching of
each lesson.

III. State the leading facts in the
lessons in which the following principal
characters appear:

- 1. A rabbi and a publican.
2. A hungry man and Satan.
3. A dancing girl and a dead prophet.
4. A prophet and a beloved Son.
5. A group of twelve men.
6. A hungry company and an infirm
man.

IV. Draw an outline map of Palestine,
and locate the following places:

- 1. The wilderness of the temptation.
2. Jerusalem.
3. The Sea of Galilee.
4. The Mount of Beatitudes.
5. Capernaum.
6. Tyre and Sidon.
V. What is the chief lesson which has
come to you in the studies of the
quarter?

CHINESE STORIES.

Every nation appears to have a favour-
able virtue, which it endeavours to im-
press upon the minds of its children.

In China, for twenty centuries past,
the great object of moral teaching has
been to inculcate reverence for ances-
tors, devotion to parents and kindness
to brothers and sisters. The popular
stories of China mostly turn upon family
affection. If an orator should wish to
move a Chinese audience to tears, he
could not do better than relate some
affecting instance of filial piety.

The most popular book for Chinese
children is a collection of 102 stories,
nearly all of which are narratives of ex-
traordinary devotion to parents or near
relatives.

An English missionary, Mr. A. E.
Moule, a gentleman capable of doing jus-
tice to the virtues of a heathen people,
has translated a number of these tales
into our language, and thus enabled us
to know precisely what the moral les-
son in which parents and teachers in
China most assiduously teach. Many
of these stories are obviously incredible,
but the moral of them all is substantially
the same.
One story is this: There was a very
naughty boy named Han, whom his
mother used very often to whip, but
without making him shed a tear. But
one day, after being flogged, he cried:
whereupon his mother asked him why
he did so.

"Oh, mother," he answered, "you
used to hurt me when you flogged me,
but now I weep because you are not
strong enough to hurt me."

Some of the stories are more like
truth. There was once a little boy who

bore a name which, being translated into
English, would be laudable Highland
When he was six years of age, a gentle-
man named Ze gave him two oranges,
which, instead of eating, he put into
his bosom, and bowed his thanks. As
he bowed, the oranges fell out, and
rattled along the ground. Ze exclaimed:
"Here's a pretty young visitor, to hide
his oranges and carry them off without
eating them! What does this mean?"
Then little Laudable knelt down and
said:

My mother is particularly fond of
oranges, and I wish to keep them for
her."

Ze was surprised, and let him go home
without further reproof.

There is a curious story of a boy of
eight, named Woo Mang, which means
Brave and Talkative. He was wonder-
fully dutiful to his parents, who were so
poor that they could not afford mosquito
nettings for their bed. So Woo, early
in the evening, used to get into his par-
ents' bed, and let the mosquitoes bite
him without disturbance for an hour or
two, and then, when they were filled
with his blood, and could bite no more,
he would get out, and call to his par-
ents to go to bed and sleep in peace.

Another story is of a man whose
mother had lost her eyesight. For
thirty years he took care of her, leading
her out on pleasant days into the garden,
where he would laugh and sing so gaily
that his mother's mind was taken from
her sad condition. When, at length,
she died, her son almost wasted away
from sorrow, and, on recovering his
health bestowed all his tenderness upon
his brothers and sisters, his nephews
and nieces. He used to say to himself:

"This is the only way in which I can
get some comfort, in letting my love go
forth to those who are left."

The work is filled with such tales as
these. Family duty appears to be the
religion of the Chinese people. If we

are awake and of the faults of others
when you are asleep."

"If a man has not committed any deed
that wounds his conscience, a knock
may come at dead of night and he will
not be startled."

"However enraged, don't go to law,
however poor, don't steal"

Brotherly love, in fact, is regarded by
the Chinese as only less important than
filial duty.

There is a story of a mandarin, named
Soo, before whom some brothers brought
a suit about the division of a tract of
land. After much litigation, continued
at intervals for ten years, the mandarin
at last called the brothers before him,
and addressed them thus:

"It is difficult to get a brother; it is
easy enough to get land. Suppose you
gain your fields and lose your brother,
how will you feel then?"

Upon this the mandarin wept, and not
one of the bystanders could keep back
his tears. Instantly the brothers, per-
ceiving their error, bowed low to the
magistrate, asked his forgiveness, and,
after ten years of separation, took up
their abode together in the family home-
stead.

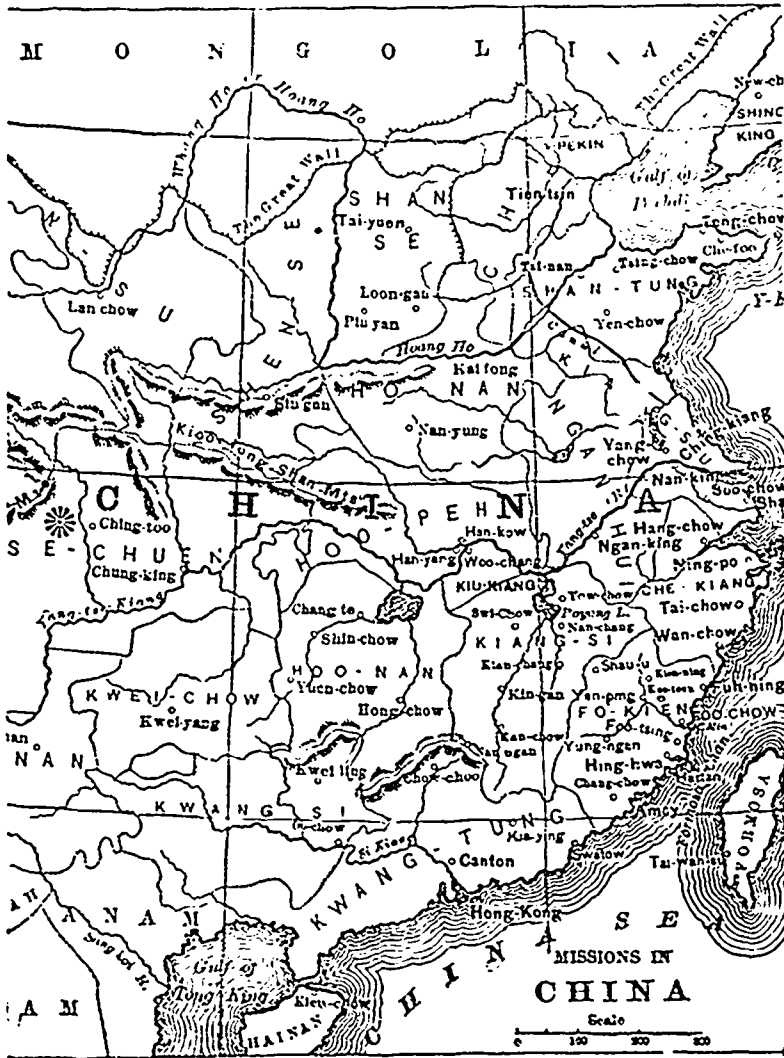
THE MOMENTOUS CHOICE.

Pizarro, in his earlier attempts to con-
quer Peru, came to a time when all his
followers were about to desert him.
They were gathered on the shore to em-
bark for home. Drawing his sword, he
traced a line with it from east to west
upon the sand. Then, turning toward
the south, "Friends and comrades," he
said, "on that side are toil, hunger,
nakedness, the drenching storm, deser-
tion, and death; on this side ease and
pleasure. But there lies Peru with all
its riches and the glory of conquest,
here Panama and its poverty. Choose
each man as becomes a brave Castilian.



A GENTLEMAN OF LEISURE.

This queer picture shows a Chinese
gentleman of leisure. He has to be,
because he cannot do any honest work
with those long finger nails—unless it is
to pick the pockets or pillage the purses
of foreigners—which many Chinese offi-
cials think quite honest. This gentle-
man is proud of this deformity because
it shows he does not need to work. The
map on this page will be of interest as
showing the situation of our Canadian
Chinese Mission at Chentu, where the
large star is. It will show also the
position of the ports and forts on the
east coast, of which we read so much in
the papers just now.



CHINESE MISSIONS.

THE STAR (*) SHOWS THAT OF CANADIAN METHODIST CHURCH.

may judge from the narratives of M.
Huc and other missionaries, Chinese
families live together in peace and har-
mony. Many of their popular sayings
and maxims express a very elevated kind
of moral feeling. Take these as speci-
mens:

"You may be uncivil to a great man;
but mind that you are respectful to a
small man."

"If you have money and use it in
charity, it won't be lost."

"Use men as you use wood. If one
inch is rotten, you must not reject the
whole piece."

"If you have good children, you need
not toil to build them houses."

"Think of your own faults when you

For my part I go to the south." So
saying, he stepped across the line. One
after another his comrades followed him.
This was the crisis of Pizarro's fate.
There are moments in the lives of men
which, as they are seized or neglected,
decide their future destiny.—Prescott.

A class of little girls at school were
asked the meaning of the word "phil-
osopher." Most of the hands were ex-
tended, but one child seemed specially
anxious to tell. "Well, Annie, what is
a philosopher?" asked the teacher. "A
man that rides a philosopede," was the
little girl's answer.

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