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# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XX.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 10, 1900.

No. 6.

## The Manly Man.

BY EMMA W. ROBINSON.

His eyes, no matter brown or blue,  
If only that those eyes are true,  
Mouth that smiles at a funny joke,  
But does not chew, and does not smoke.  
His teeth are white, untarnished, clean,  
He's clean without, within, I ween.  
The tinge of health is on his cheek,  
He is not haughty, is not meek,  
With manner gentle as a child,  
To helpless things he's kind and mild,  
In homely joys he loves to share,  
And in his dealings is "foursquare."  
Thus, diligent on every hand,  
"Before the kings" this man shall stand,  
Noblest work of divinest plan,  
Best of all is the manly man.  
Kansas City, Mo.

## A BOOK FOR ALL THE YEAR.\*

Mr. Young has again laid the boys under obligation by this new story. Heretofore, as he has rightly stated, boys' ideas of Indian life were, for the most part, associated with the tomahawk and the scalping knife, and that they had the impression that the only good time they could have among them was when the blood-curdling war-whoops were heard and the redskins were being shot down by adventurous rascals led on by cowboys. There have been altogether too many of these false and erroneous ideas about the Indians circulated. Such things are now impossibilities.

In these volumes we have given the correct idea of the Indian as he is to-day in regions where for years we lived. The Gospel has transformed his once cruel nature, but has not marred his cleverness and skill as a hunter or a guide. The brief glimpses into his religious life are absolutely true, and the insertion of them will, we trust, not weaken, but rather strengthen, the book.

Mr. Young's Indians are equal to anything that Fenimore Cooper ever portrayed. While there are plenty of adventures with bears, wolves, wolverines, moose, reindeer, and other wild animals, there are no blood-curdling scaping parties and midnight war-whoops. It is indeed a new thing in Indian literature, and a most welcome and desirable change to have here, in this most fascinating volume, splendid adventures and wondrous exploits with red men who have renounced all their pagan abominations and have become earnest Christians, and yet are none the worse hunters and guides, but rather better, for having done so.

The chapters on Sundays and Christmas in the Great Lone Land, the school examinations, home amusements and studies, stories about beavers, and about dogs, dog sleighs, bears and wolves, are full of adventure. The interest of the book is very much enhanced by the numerous drawings by the clever Canadian artist, Mr. J. E. Laughlin, with which they are accompanied.

The following is one of the stories of this book. The cut is kindly lent us by the publisher.

To Alec, the Scottish lad, there came one beautiful moonlight night an experience which nearly had a tragic ending. The night was one of rarest beauty, but it was very cold, so cold that Mr. Ross remarked that the moon looked more like burnished steel than silver. As the merry party started out he warned them to keep their furs well around them or severe frostbites would be theirs.

### CHASED BY WOLVES.

The company of half a dozen or so kept

\*"Winter Adventures of Three Boys in the Great Lone Land." By Egerton R. Young. Illustrated. New York: Eaton & Maina. Toronto: William Briggs. 8vo. Pp. 377. Cloth. \$1.25.

together for a time, and then, in joyous rivalry, shot out and in along the icy stretches between the granite, fir-clad islands that on that lake were so numerous. As further they advanced they became more and more separated, until Alec found himself alone with a young clerk from the trading post, who prided himself on his skill and speed as a skater. He had been considered the champion the previous winter, and naturally wished to retain his laurels.

Finding himself alone with Alec, whom he thought but a novice compared to himself, he endeavoured to show off his speed, but was very much annoyed and chagrined to find that, skate as rapidly as he would, the Scottish lad kept alongside and merrily laughed and chatted as on they sped. Ruffled and angry at being so easily matched by Alec, the clerk abruptly turned around and skated back. Alec was at first a little hurt by this discourteous action, but this feeling quickly wore off as on and on he skated, fairly entranced by the beauty of his surroundings and the excitement of his sport. After a time he noticed that the lake was abruptly ending.

Just as he was about to circle around and begin the return journey he saw the mouth of a beautiful little ice-covered

are watering for their prey. Quick as a flash he turns, and so do they. Well it is now that the sturdy lad, on his native lochs in Scottish winters, had practiced every movement, and had become an adept in twisting and rapid turning on his skates. He will need it all to-night, as well as the hardened muscles of his vigorous sports since he came to this wild North Land; for the wolves will not easily be balked in their efforts to capture and then devour. The very fact of there being four of them seemed at first in his favour, as the instant they turned they appeared to get in each other's way. In the brief delay thus caused Alec was away and was increasing his speed every instant. But he is not to be let off so easily. Looking behind, he sees that two are coming on in their long, galloping, speedy way. Where are the other two? Soon enough will he know.

As we have stated, this little river was very crooked. The cunning wolves well knew this, and so a couple of them made a short cut through the woods, to intercept their prey at a spot ahead of him. As an inspiration, the quick-witted lad took in the situation. He had heard much already about the cunning of these gray wolves in hunting in relays the moose and other species of deer, and by

by those in the rear. It was answered by others that seemed ahead of him. It was re-echoed back by others that appeared to be further off. Looking back, he observed that the two that had been following him, when they had finished their howlings, suddenly disappeared in the forest, evidently bent upon some new plan of attack.

No wonder that the plucky lad felt that this was a crisis in his life, and that if ever he had his wits about him they were needed now. As the result of his early teachings, and the memory of his godly mother, there sprang from his heart and lips a whispered prayer: "God of my mother, remember her boy to-night," and he felt that he was not forgotten.

Like as with fresh soldiers on the battlefield, so now, that the first terror had come and gone, a strange spirit of exhilaration came to him, and seemed to nerve him for the race. He had no weapon with him, not even a stick in his hand. His wits, his skates, and his powers of endurance must be his reliance in this unique encounter. As well as he could he endeavoured to recall the different windings in the river, and the places where he was likely to be attacked later on, if he escaped the spot where he felt sure the next effort would be made by his cunning foes.

Rapidly as he was skating, his quick eye caught sight of two of his foes. They were crouching together on a snow-covered rock that almost overhung the edge of the stream where it was narrowest. To endeavour to escape past such fierce brutes, now so aroused by having once missed him, would have been madness. To have retreated would have been certain death. Quick as a flash came the ruse to Alec. Dashing up, with a shout that was a challenge, he made as though he were going to fly by, but the instant before he reached the spot where his quick eye saw they would spring upon him, he whirled upon the heels of his skates. That instant they sprang upon the spot where their instinct told them he ought to have been. He was not there, however, but a few yards in the rear; so they missed him, and with the momentum of their spring went sprawling out on the smooth ice.

Another turn on the skates, as quick as the first, and Alec was by them ere they could recover themselves. Thoroughly baffled and furious, they were speedily in pursuit, and it required all of Alec's effort to much increase the distance between them and himself. Several times they cut across short necks of the little river, and once so near did they get that the snappings of their terrible teeth were distinctly heard. One long stretch more, then a double twist, like the letter S, in the river, and he would reach the lake.

Alec was heated now, his clothes were wet with perspiration, in spite of the bitter cold. That some wolves were ahead of him he was certain. Home was far away. The other skaters had long since returned from their outings. Around the great blazing fireplace Mr. Ross had more than once said:

"I am sorry that Alec has remained out so late."

Unknown to the rest of the family, some hunters had reported to him that already tracks of wolves had been seen in the hunting grounds not many miles away. These brutes are always very vicious in the beginning of winter. Their summer supplies of food are cut off, and the deer have not yet begun to run and thus leave their tracks in the woods. When another hour had passed on Mr. Ross could stand it no longer, and earnestly exclaimed:

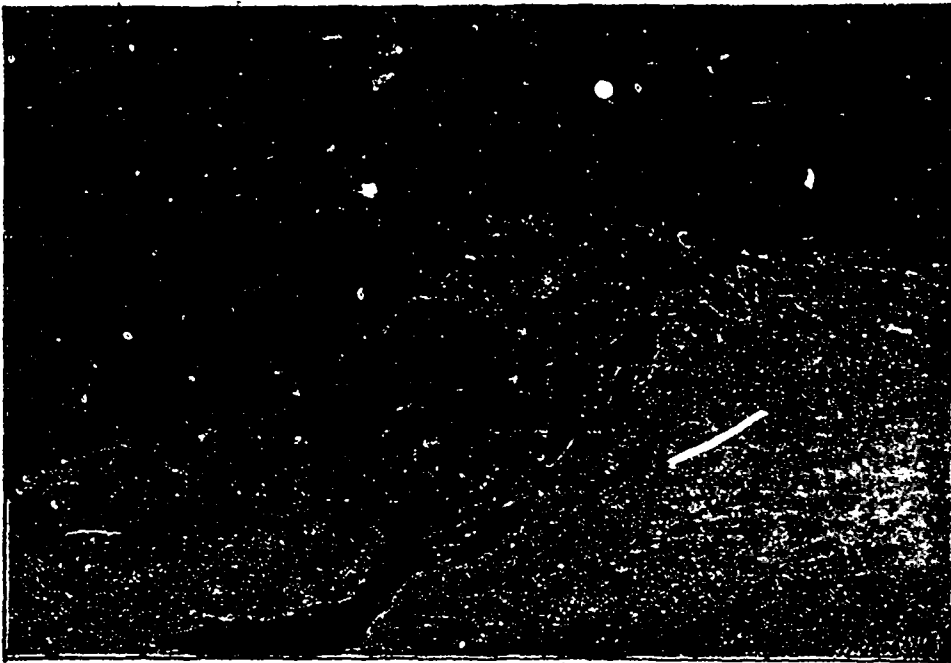
"Who saw Alec last?"

The young clerk who had been last seen with him, and who had not as yet returned to his trading post, said:

"I left him near the other side of the lake."

Mr. Ross was indignant, but there was now no time for anything but action. Short and stern were his orders. Alec must be sought after at once. Hastily rousing up three trusty Indian servants.

(Continued on next page.)



From Winter Adventures of Three Boys in the Great Lone Land.

Penningson of Eaton & Maina.

### ALEC'S RACE WITH THE WOLVES.

river which ran up into the forest. The ice looked so smooth and was so transparent, as there it lay in the beautiful moonlight, and he was so fascinated by the sight, that he could not resist the impulse to dash in upon it. On and on he glided, on what seemed to him the most perfect ice that skater ever tried. He did not appear to observe that this glassy, winding river, on which he was so joyously skating, was gradually narrowing, until he observed the great branches of some high trees meeting together and cutting off the bright moonlight. Skating under these great shadowy branches, with the glinting moonlight here and there in great patches of white upon the ice, alternating with the shadows, was a new experience, and very much did he revel in it, when—

What sound was that?

It must have been only the falling of some drift of snow from an overloaded branch, or a broken branch itself, and so, although Alec was startled at hearing any sound amidst these almost noiseless solitudes, he soon recovered his spirits and dashed on along the narrowing, crooked stream; but—there it is again! And now as Alec turns his head and looks he sees what blanches his face for an instant and shows him the peril of his position. Four great northern gray wolves are skulking through the snow on the shore, and already their eyes are gleaming in triumph, and their mouths

having some of their numbers sent on ahead or stationed in narrow defiles to intercept their prey. So, suspecting the trap being laid for him, he made up his mind, if possible, to reach that danger point before those wolves.

It was a long sweep around, like a horse-shoe, and he had to make the whole distance round, while they had but to cross the tongue of land. He had to traverse at least twice the distance that the wolves had to go, but then he had the advantage in being on the ice, while they had to loup through the snow. Still, there were no risks to be taken. For an instant the thoughts came, as he heard the faint thud, thud on the ice of the feet of wolves behind him: "What if anything should happen to my skates? Or if I should get in a crack in the ice?" But he quickly banished these thoughts as unworthy. He had all confidence in the splendid skates on his feet, and saw with delight that he was emerging from the last place where the trees entirely hid the bright moonlight. Every crack and dangerous place could now be easily seen and guarded against.

On and on he fairly flew. The wolves, in spite of their desperate efforts to keep up, were being left further and further behind. At this Alec rejoiced; but his heart fairly jumped, and fear for an instant again seized him, as there suddenly burst upon his ears the blood-curdling howlings of many wolves. It was begun

## Boys Wanted.

Wanted—a boy who often we  
These very common words may see?  
Wanted—a boy to errands run,  
Wanted for everything under the sun  
All that a man to-day can do  
For the time is quickly coming when  
To-morrow the boys will be doing too,  
The boys must stand in the place of men.

Wanted—the world wants boys to-day,  
And she offers them all she has for pay  
Honour, wealth, position, fame,  
A useful life and a deathless name,  
Boys to shape the paths for men,  
Boys to guide the plough and pen,  
Boys to forward the tasks begun,  
For the world's great task is never done

The world is anxious to employ  
Not just one, but every boy.  
Whose heart and brains will ever be true,  
To work his hands shall find to do  
Honest, faithful, earnest, kind,  
To good awake, to evil blind,  
Heart of gold, without alloy,  
Wanted the world wants such a boy  
—Chicago Post

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## Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 10, 1900.

## ELIZABETHAN BOYS.

HOW THE LADS OF ENGLAND WERE TRAINED  
THREE CENTURIES AGO.

Some to the wars, to try their fortunes  
there,

Some to discover islands far away,  
Some to the studious universities."

These were some of the manifest destinies of the Elizabethan boy, writes L. H. Sturtevant in the January St. Nicholas. What sort of lad he was who waited impatiently for the time to come when he, too, should go out into the world and try his fortune, is not so easy to find out. Elizabethan chroniclers do not "waste their time" in talking of children!

Certainly lack of discipline was not a falling of the sixteenth century, and we know that children were brought up austere and made to study hard, whether they had tutors at home or were sent to the excellent grammar-schools of the time, where such a quantity of Latin was crammed into them, for they profited much, and were packed off to the universities early indeed, as we shall see.

They were carefully trained in all courtesy of speech and bearing, but repressed and kept in the background in a way that would be little relished by boys of to-day. They were advised to be "checked for silence, but never taxed for speech," or, as Sir Henry Sidney puts it in a very noble letter to his son Phillip, then twelve years old, "rather be rebuked of light fellows for maiden-like shamefacedness, than of your sad friends for pert boldness. Tell no untruth; no, not in trifles," he goes on, "there cannot be a greater reproach to a gentleman than to be accounted a liar."

An Elizabethan boy was not likely to be a babbler, and, in truth, silence seems to have been much esteemed for all men, and Harrison tells us with pride of "the great silence that is used at the tables of the honourable and wiser sort, general all over the realm."

The fathers of that time sent their sons to travel on the Continent when they could, for they believed that "home-keeping youth have ever homely wits," and that "he cannot be a perfect man, not being tried and tutor'd in the world." So let him go, said these wise fathers, "practice tilts and tournaments, hear sweet discourse, converse with noblemen"; he will be the more ready to go out in the world and take his place with other men.

The carefully guarded boyhood was soon over, and they were marvellously young when they sprang from the quiet and seclusion of childhood into the glow and dazzle of that wondrous age—those noble Elizabethans who were soldier and sailor, courtier and councillor, in turn, taking time now and then to write a mask or a group of sonnets, or to give a helping hand to some struggling genius—to Spenser or that promising actor-manager, Will Shakespeare, perhaps. Francis Bacon entered Cambridge at twelve, so did Lord Southampton (Shakespeare's friend and patron); Spenser went at sixteen; Phillip Sidney was sent to Oxford at thirteen, from there went to Cambridge, travelled and won golden opinions from all men before he was eighteen, and was sent on an important embassy at twenty-two.

"DUSTRIEL SCHOOL" VERSUS  
"TEAYTER."

BY BERTHA BEADLES.

"I'm got three pennies dis mornin', teacher, wat's for de 'Dustriel Schoc'. An' nen I'm got five more an' I'm goin' to de teayter. An' so's some o' de odder kids wat's got a nickel."

Such was the mixed introductory remark of a ten-year-old boy as he made his way into the basket-weaving class of one of our industrial schools.

The topic of conversation at once became "de teayter," the teacher joining cautiously.

"Oh, yep, me an' Jim goes every Saturday w'en we kin git de nickels. Sometimes dey does awful funny t'ings. Jus' make a kid shake, till you gits ust to 'em."

"I shouldn't think you would care to go if you see such awful things," said the teacher.

"Oh, we goes 'most just to git de prizes. Why, teacher, some of de kids gits watches and guns and purses, don't dey, boys?"

To all of which the class responded, "Yep," with unquestioning confidence.

"Well, did you ever get a prize, Tommy?"

"No 'um, not yit."

"Did Jim ever get one?"

"No, Jim never got one. But some of de kids gets 'em. Little waggons, too. But me an' Jim never got nodin' yit, 'cept gum an' popcorn."

A little fellow not more than seven years old here piped in snrilly:

"I see a man kill a woman once at de teayter. He cut her wid a dagger, an' de blood jus' run right out on de floor."

"I shouldn't think it would be nice to see such horrid things as that," ventured the teacher. She did not say much against it all, however, but she watched the clock. The boys were busy weaving the slender reeds in and out to form their baskets. Some were just starting their work and would cast envious glances at the almost completed baskets of their neighbours. Then would come the word of encouragement from the teacher. "Work away, Johnnie; it won't be long before yours will be done, too." Others were holding their baskets in the basins of warm water to make the reeds bend readily to the desired form. Not only hands, but tongues, were going, the central figure of the group being the teacher, who answers questions, inspects the little baskets, starts the new-comer in his work, helps a discouraged lad here, corrects a mistake there, all the time praying with all her heart that God will help her to keep the boys this one day at least from the awful traps laid for them outside.

Just as the clock points to the "teayter" hour she begins an Indian story, telling how they weave their baskets, and just before the story is ended one proud boy brings up his finished basket to be admired by teacher and classmates.

The chords of the piano mark the close of the lesson, and each unfinished basket is carefully labelled and put away by the teacher, who draws a long sigh of relief and joy as she sees the danger hour passed, and forms the boys in a line ready for the drill with which the class exercises end.

For once the "teayter" is forgotten. Not once did she picture the awfulness of such places or tell them it was wrong to go there. They could not have un-

derstood that. She won them away. She substituted something for the cheap show, with its demoralization. And more than that, she is winning the confidence of those boys, and by-and-by they will give her their little hands and hearts to be led to truer and higher ideals.

## A BOOK FOR ALL THE YEAR.

(Continued from first page.)

he and they were soon out on the lake. All were on skates and armed with guns. A few dogs were allowed to accompany them, among them being Alec's train. Mr. Ross wisely judged that if they once struck his tracks, such was the love they had for him, they would soon find him, even if he had become bewildered and lost his bearings. So, while Alec was still in danger, help was coming.

Fortunately for him, the river was wider now, and his eyes were so alert that he could detect his foes, even when quite a distance from them. He was thus able to see through the disguise of a couple of them that lay crouching out on the ice, trying to look like the little piles of snow that the eddying winds had gathered. Still, although he saw them, and by another clever ruse flew by them, yet so close were they to him, when they sprang at him, that some of the froth from the mouth of one of them fell upon him.

To his surprise, these two did not long follow him, but sprang into the gloom of the forest and disappeared. In the last half of the S-like river Alec was now speeding. He felt confident that if he could once reach the lake he would be able, by speed, and perhaps some quick dodging, to elude them; but this last portion of the crooked river troubled him, and made him doubly cautious.

There is need for it all, for look! There are now not less than a dozen of them, and they are so arranged on the ice and on the shore that there is apparently no escape. Those strange howlings, so blood-curdling and so weird, which the first pair of wolves uttered were understood by others, and here they are, ready and eager to join in the attack and to divide the prey.

They seem so confident now, and so loudly do they howl that the great high rocks echo back the doleful music. To Alec it was now the martial music that only sharpened his faculties and made him more cautious and more brave. Boldly skating up to them, he suddenly turned, when almost in their clutches, and instantly started back up the river as rapidly as he could skate. On and on he fairly flew, until, owing to the bend in the river, he was completely out of their sight. Then skating near to one of the shores he pushed on a couple of hundred yards or so.

Crossing over to the other side, he quickly turned to a spot where, sheltered by a large tree, he was securely hid in the deep shadow, which was in sharp contrast to the bright moonlight near him. In this retreat he had not long to wait ere he saw the wolves, evidently disconcerted, but coming on his trail. They were stretched out quite apart from each other, and covered such a distance that he saw that those in front would be doubling back on him ere all had passed. However, he was confident that so suddenly could he dash out that, by skilful dodging on the glassy ice, where the wolves would not have much of a foothold, he could elude them. It was a trying moment for the boy, as on the opposite side of the tree, which rose up directly out of the ice, he heard the measured steps and even the heavy breathings of the cruel monsters, not fifty yards away.

Fortunately, there was no wind to carry the scent from him to them, and so they did not detect his stratagem. When about half of them had passed, with a dash and a shout he was off. So completely taken by surprise were they that those nearest to him made no attempt to stop him. The two or three in the rear savagely tried to block his way and sprang at him, but signally failed to reach him, as Alec skilfully skated round them and sped on toward the lake. Furious indeed were those that had passed him and felt themselves robbed of their victim. Outwitted were they all, but not yet discouraged. Wolves can run with great swiftness on the smoothest ice, and although, as we have seen, they cannot turn quickly, and can be dodged by a clever skater, yet for a straight go-ahead pace they are not to be despised by the swiftest runner. Then their powers of endurance are very great, and so it was evident to Alec that they were resolved, by grim endurance, to run him down.

Firmly convinced that there were none ahead of him, and that it was now to be

a long race, he wisely resolved not to so force himself that he could not, if need be, keep up a good rate of speed all the way to the abode of Mr. Ross. It did not take him long to again reach the river mouth, and as he flew past the spot where, a few minutes before, his enemies had waited for him he could not but see the sagacity with which they had selected the place. He was grateful for his deliverance thus far, but he knew that there was no time for investigation, for the yelps and howlings distinctly heard told him that his foes were hot on his trail and not far behind.

Out on the lake he dashed, and still on they came. Alec is hot and excited now. The strain on him is beginning to tell, and he feels it. He knows that he could put on a desperate spurt and get far ahead, but would they not, with that long, steady louping of theirs, gradually creep up again, and, finding him about exhausted, make a desperate spurt, and thus run him down? But he is resolved to succeed, and so he nerves himself and carefully speeds along, while perhaps not five hundred yards behind are those merciless pursuers that will not be shaken off. In this way about ten miles are passed since the mouth of the river was left. Still on and on they come. The moon is now sinking low, and the shadows were weird and ghostly. Auroras, phantom-like, flit in the northern sky, while some of them seem like frightened spirits flying before avenging enemies. The sight is depressing to Alec, and so he turns his eyes from beholding them while still on he speeds.

Hark! What is that? It is like the bark of a dog that is instantly hushed. To Alec it seemed a dream or an illusion; and yet he could not help putting on a spurt of speed and veering a little out of his course to see the rocky islands, surrounded by the smooth ice, from which the dog's bark seemed to come. As he swiftly dashed along, how suddenly all things changed to him, and quick and swift was his deliverance. There was Mr. Ross with his three Indians and a number of dogs.

Alec was saved. He had fairly run into his deliverers. But no time was to be lost. Fortunately, a high rocky island for a moment hid the wolves, that were now following wholly by the scent.

With their double-barreled guns, loaded with balls, the three Indians rapidly scaled the rocky isle, on the opposite side of which they would be hid and yet within easy range of the wolves as they came along on Alec's trail. Mr. Ross and Alec had all they could do to quiet the dogs and keep them still, as some of them were eager to follow the Indians. Only a few minutes elapsed, as Alec's spurt had only put him a half a mile or so ahead of the wolves, when the guns rang out once, and then again as the second barrels were fired. Let loose the dogs now, and let every one shout for the rescue and the victory! Five wolves were killed outright, and one was so badly wounded that the dogs soon ran him down and dispatched him. The other wolves turned and fled. Mr. Ross would not, at that hour, allow any pursuit of them.

The morning star was shining ere home was reached, and Alec was the hero of the hour.

## HOW NELLIE GOT RIGHT.

Nellie, who had just recovered from a serious illness, said:

"Mamma, I prayed last night."

"Did you, dear? Don't you always pray?"

"Oh, yes; but I prayed a real prayer last night. I don't think I ever prayed a real prayer before. I lay awake a long time. I thought what a naughty girl I had been so often. I tried to reckon up all the bad things I had done; there seemed to be lots of them. And I tried to remember what I did in one week, but there seemed to be such a heap; then I knew I had not remembered them all. And I thought, what if Jesus had come to me when I was ill? Then I thought about Jesus coming to die for bad people, and he delights to forgive them."

"So I got out of bed and knelt down and tried to tell Jesus how bad I was; and I asked him to think over the sins that I could not remember. Then I waited to give him time to think of them; and when I thought he had remembered them all I asked him to forgive them. And I am sure he did, mamma, because he said he would."

"Then I felt so happy, and I got into bed and did not feel a bit afraid of God any more."

"Blessed are they whose iniquities are forgiven, and whose sins are covered" (Rom. 4, 7).—Reformed Church Record.

**The Boy That Says No.**

Here's a hand to the boy who has courage  
To do what he knows to be right!  
When he falls in the way of temptation,  
He has a hard battle to fight.  
Who strives against self and his comrades,  
Will find a most powerful foe;  
All honour to him if he conquers,  
A cheer for the boy that says "No."

There's many a battle fought daily,  
The world knows nothing about!  
There's many a brave little soldier  
Whose strength puts a legion to rout.  
And he who fights sin single-handed  
Is more of a hero, I say,  
Than he who leads soldiers to battle  
And conquers by arms in the fray.

Be steadfast, my boy, when you're tempted,  
And do what you know to be right;  
Stand firm by the colours of manhood,  
And you'll overcome in the fight.  
The right," be your battle-cry ever,  
In waging the warfare of life;  
And God, who knows who are the heroes,  
Will give you the strength for the strife.

—The Evangelical

**PROMOTED.**

A Story of the Zulu War.

By SYDNEY WATSON.

Author of "The Slave Chase," etc., etc.

**CHAPTER VI.**

**AN AWFUL DEATH.**

We must now return to Captain Morgan. The words of Harris stuck to him, and again and again he went over them in his mind; and he said to himself, "He spoke with such quiet confidence, and fixed everything—not on his feelings, or on what he did, or on what he was, but on the Word of God, as he said; and for the life of me I cannot get away from the feeling that somehow he is right, and that I have no safety. God knows, I might be one of the first to fall in the coming campaign, and then—and then—ah, what then?"

Was he dreaming? Did he hear a voice, or was it his own heart? But to his anxious mind it seemed as if a voice said, quite plainly, "And then—after death the judgment."

He could not shake it off; he was moody and silent all the day; and amid all he did, or wherever he went, these words haunted him—"After death the judgment."

He wished Harris had been here; he felt he could have confided to him his difficulty. Somehow, he shrank from speaking to Captain Elcombe; and he never thought of once going direct to him who was all the time saying, "Come unto me, and rest." While thus busy with his thought, he heard a sudden cry, and ran to the spot where he found every one else running, only to see a sight that for a moment almost unnerved him, and which seemed to strike all the beholders with solemn awe.

A large party of the men had been busy all the day mounting some heavy field-pieces, and packing baggage-wagons, ammunition cases, etc., ready for the march in a few days. By some strange fatality, the tackle had given way. Just as a gun hung ready for lowering into its place in the bed of the carriage, a private named Andrews laid hold of the heel of the piece, to swing it round, when it suddenly broke away, and, knocking him backwards, fell across his chest, where it now lay, while blood poured from the throat and nostrils of the unfortunate man. Quickly as possible, he was got clear from the mass and carried gently to bed, where the doctor speedily made his way to examine him. But at the first glance he knew he had only a few moments to live. He was quite insensible, and remained so till, the heart ceasing to beat, the pulse to throb, and the short breath to come, all told that he was dead.

Silently, one after another, those who had crowded the room withdrew. Captain Morgan was one of the last to leave, and, as he passed out once more into the fresh air, those words came back with mightier force than ever: "After death the judgment." He shivered as if he were chilled, then, glancing round, he noticed a group round the spot where the accident had occurred, and the sergeant of the party evidently explaining how it happened.

Crossing over, he said, as the men respectfully made way for him, "Did you see the accident, Perkins?"

"Yes, sir."  
"Did he speak after he was struck?"  
"No, sir; and the worst of it is, as I

was saying as you came up, sir, that when the piece fell and struck him down, he was in the act of swearing the awfullest oaths I ever heard come out of the lips of a man. He has been a very bad swearer of late, sir, though, poor fellow, he is dead and gone now, sir, and we must hope for the best."

"After death the judgment," rang again in the officer's ears, and somehow the sergeant's last words got mixed with his own thought, and he found himself repeating, "Hope for the best; after death the 'best' is judgment." Wasn't there a text somewhere in the Bible—he thought he had heard or read it—which said something about, "He that being often reproved, hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy?" He felt sick at heart, and sick, almost, in body, the sight of the battered, bleeding man had been so sudden. So, turning away, he went into his quarters and lay down on his bed.

After a while, feeling better, but full of thought about his own state, he got up and hunted up a Bible among his belongings; and, in a sort of vague, indefinite way, he opened it. It fell open at the third chapter of Romans. He read on, pausing for a moment to think as he read the 9th verse; then on again, till he came to the 22nd and 23rd verses. Then he was fairly staggered, as the mighty truth laid hold upon his soul that there was "no difference," "all had sinned, and come short of the glory of God"; that if he died then, as he was, he would be no better off, with his decent, moral life, than poor Andrews, who had just been struck down with his mouth full of oaths.

He buried his face in his hands, as he rested his arms across the table and the open Bible, in bitter anguish of spirit.

**CHAPTER VII.**

**CORPORAL HARRIS IS PROMOTED.**

When Corporal Harris awoke next morning, he speedily secured his horse, and, after breakfasting and making all things secure, he mounted again for his second day's survey. His soul was very full of peace; everything around was helpful to quiet communion, and for the time he revelled in the luxury. Just before noon, after consulting his tracing of the colonel's map, with which he had been provided before starting, and taking compass bearings, he found the suggested route would skirt a dense forest for some miles, where some of the cotton trees reared their heads two hundred feet high; while a thick interlacing of brushwood made an actual passage, in many parts, except on hands and knees, almost impossible. Under one of these "giants of the forest" he halted for a noon-day meal and a rest for his horse; and when, after a good hour's halt, he was preparing to remount, he thought he heard a call in a feeble voice. He listened, and as he did so, he noticed that his horse pricked up his ears; again he heard the voice, this time more distinctly, and, following the sound a little way among the brushwood, he suddenly came upon a tall, powerfully built black, who, almost naked and fearfully emaciated, was lying at the foot of a large tree. Seeing his lips move again as if he would speak, and feeling sure the poor creature must be very ill, he drew round the water-bottle which was slung over his shoulder and poured out a drink, at the same time raising the poor black's head on his arm.

With glistening eyes, filled with grateful tears, the man drank eagerly; then, taking breath, in feeble tones and broken English, he said, "Tank you, massa. Poor Philc soon go die now; him berry near gone for done; but Jesus, him take poor darkey, him got beauty mansion up dere; massa missionary say so, and he tell for truth." Then, seeming quite exhausted, he closed his eyes for a moment or two, while Harris speculated as to what could have brought him there, and on the beauty of his simple faith. Presently the negro opened his eyes again, when Harris tried to ask him a few questions—how he came there; how long he had been there, etc.

The poor fellow made an effort to sit up, which the corporal seeing, he fetched his rug and saddle from the horse, and bolstered him up comfortably; then the poor negro rolled his eyes round with a grateful look as he said, "Tank you, good massa; you berry good to poor brack man, but me no know how long me lost; long time me go down to white man's kraal, plenty much houses there, and me hear 'bout Jesus, how he berry good to die for poor brack man, then by'm-bye me feel so happy here"—laying his hand on his breast—"and me tink it so good; me say one day, good-bye-to good missionary peoples and tell dem, now me go to me own tribe, and

tell dem dey idol no good; Jesus, him good; Jesus, he forgive sin, Jesus, he make happy; dey berry good to poor Philc, dey teach him one beauty text, to tell all him people: 'De blood ob Jesus, him wash from all de sin.' But long while now me lose meself, many days me go round, and round, no hab rice, no eatce, no driakee, and now me die, but me see you first; hab you lub Jesus? am you berry happy?"

"Yes," said Corporal Harris, with tears in his eyes, and was about to continue, but he noticed that the hold of the negro had relaxed, that his gaze upwards was fixed; and, laying him back gently, he knew that he was dead.

Hastily, and as well as he was able, he scooped out a shallow grave for him, and there alone in that forest he buried the noble-hearted black, who had laid down his life in an attempt to tell of Jesus to his own benighted race. Surely "God hath made of one blood all nations."

Once more resuming his lonely desert ride, he thanked God for being allowed to witness that death testimony to the power of the Blood.

When, on the morning of the fourth day from that on which he had left the barracks on his solitary service, he turned into the gate once more from which he had sallied out, both his horse and himself looked fairly done up. Scores of hands were stretched out to grasp his; scores of throats gave him a glad salute as, hurriedly crossing the quadrangle, he made his way to his colonel's quarters. Arrived there, he found him just finishing a late breakfast. He was ushered into his presence at once, was greeted very heartily, and in about twenty minutes he had laid his report and observations before the colonel, who thanked him most heartily, then, telling him to go and get something to eat and a good sleep, he dismissed him, saying, as he passed out, "You will hear again of this service, Harris."

He was not long in following the colonel's advice, and all the clatter of the work or the voices of the men failed to disturb him, and he slept soundly till four o'clock in the afternoon, when he was aroused by a private of his own company, who said, "Beg your pardon, Corporal Harris, but we thought you would like to be roused, as there is to be a funeral of one of our company at five o'clock, and a parade afterwards at which all are to attend."

"A funeral!" said Harris, "why, who can that be? He must have died since I have been away."

"Yes, corporal," replied the man; "it was an accident—an awful accident; they were silnging the guns into the carriages, when the tackle broke away and one of the field-pieces fell and struck Private Andrews to the ground, the piece falling across his chest. He never spoke afterwards, and died in a quarter of an hour, and the worst part was that he was swearing awfully when he was struck down. The funeral is at five."

With a deep sigh, Harris rose from his camp bed, and, looking the man straight in the face, he said with evident emotion, "My dear comrade, this is surely God's voice, saying, 'Be ye also ready,' for in such an hour as ye think not God's call may come to you or me."

At five o'clock a muffled roll of drums was heard. Silently the men marched, bearing the body of poor Andrews; the burial service was read, but more than one noticed that the chaplain did not read those words, "In sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life;" and when, a few moments afterwards, the firing party received the quiet order to "Close up! present! fire!" and the rattles of the volley were heard that was fired, according to custom, over his grave, the thought entered the minds of many, "Is this the last of our comrade?" and to Captain Morgan again came the words, "After death the judgment."

As the men left the grave-side the order for parade was given, and in a few minutes all were drawn up; the captain's inspection followed, and then, having reported all correct, the colonel and other officers came to the front.

Riding to the centre of the paraded ranks, the colonel spoke clearly and distinctly:

"My men, you have been mustered this evening that you may witness the promotion of one of your number, who, during the last few days, has specially proved his worthiness of that promotion." Then, glancing to the right of the second rank, he called, clearly and deliberately, "Corporal James Harris."

"Here, sir," responded our hero, making the salute.

"To the front, three paces, march! Left turn, march." When about the

centre of the ranks, he cried, "Halt! Front! Attention!"

Then, once more addressing the men, he said, "The rank of colour-sergeant has been vacant ever since we buried poor Leslie on the voyage out; and, in consideration of general good conduct and skill, but more especially for the signal service rendered to our regiment, to his country, and the war position here generally, in so successfully carrying out the critical undertaking of the past few days, I feel sure you will be glad to learn that Corporal Harris is to be promoted to colour-sergeant."

Then turning slightly in his saddle, that he might more easily face and address him, he said, "Corporal Harris, I take this opportunity of thanking you publicly for your splendid service during the past four days; and, in the name of our Queen and country, promote you at once to the rank of colour-sergeant, trusting that you will ever hold your position with honour and loyalty to your country, and pride in your regiment." Then, addressing Captain Morgan quietly, that officer rode forward and shouted, "Attention! To the right turn! Dismiss!"

At this moment Donald Fraser, the young Scotchman before mentioned, shouted at the top of his voice, "Three cheers for Colour-Sergeant Harris! Hip, hip, hurrah!" and three times over the place rang with the echo of the shouting; then, running to the spot where Harris stood, and waving his helmet around his head, he cried, "Let's carry him shoulder high, comrades." No sooner said than done; and, as cheer after cheer rang out, again and again, on the still evening air, they bore our hero round and round the quadrangle, while "Jock" (as they called him) played on his "chanter," and Willie Wilson, the drummer-boy, beat good time on his drum.

For a quarter of an hour the scene was one of wildest glee, amid which Harris thought of God's promise: "Them that honour me I will honour."

(To be continued.)

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WOMEN AT THE WELL.

**Little Things.**

BY EMMA ALICE MCKENNEY.

The pretty lambs, that race and skip  
Upon the hillsides, glad and gay;  
The baby boy who, with his whip,  
Chases the shining, golden ray;  
The little squirrel on its bough,  
The tiny fishes in the stream,  
Each gleams from life its pleasures now;  
Of things beyond it may not dream.

But we look higher; we might spare  
The weak, downtrodden, friendless one,  
A kindly word, a heartfelt prayer,  
A trifling service, freely done—  
These cost us nothing; why not be  
More lavish of the priceless gifts?  
Are we so dull we cannot see  
That, as we wait, man downward drifts?

Then, shower blessings while you may,  
They are not trifles, as you think,  
The very least of all might sway  
Some erring one, at ruin's brink.  
For you your brother's keeper are,  
It cannot—must not be denied,  
Then scatter sunbeams near and far,  
And cheer poor souls, for whom Christ died.

**LESSON NOTES.**

**FIRST QUARTER.**

STUDIES IN THE LIFE OF JESUS.

**LESSON VII.—FEBRUARY 18.**

**JESUS AT JACOB'S WELL.**

John 4. 5-26. Memory verses, 11-14.

**GOLDEN TEXT.**

God is a Spirit; and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth.—John 4. 24.

**OUTLINE.**

1. At Jacob's Well, v. 5-9.
  2. At the Well of Salvation, v. 10-15.
  3. Formal Worship, v. 16-20.
  4. Spiritual Worship, v. 21-26.
- Time.—December, A. D. 27.  
Place.—Jacob's well, in the valley of Shechem.

**LESSON HELPS.**

5. "A city." The gospels use this phrase loosely for towns of many sizes. "Parcel"—We would now say "plot." "Jacob gave"—There is no record of this in the Bible, which only tells us that Jacob bought the ground of Shechem, and that Joseph's bones were buried there.

6. "Wearied with his journey"—Eastern travellers start on their journeys early in the morning. Jesus had been walking, probably, all day long. "On the well"—Beside the spring, perhaps on its limestone curb. "The sixth hour"—About six o'clock in the afternoon. According to the Jewish notation of time the "sixth hour" would be noon, but, as we have seen in another lesson, John computes time differently from the other evangelists, and his hours answer very nearly to our own.

7. "There cometh a woman to draw water"—Water pipes, hydrants, and private wells are unknown in the East.

The women came to the village wells, each bringing her skin bucket, and often a rope with which to let it down. "Give me to drink"—Jesus never resorted to miracles when natural means could accomplish the same end.

8. "To buy"—No Samaritan would hospitably entertain a Jew, so whatever Jews ate they must purchase. "Meat"—Here used in its old meaning of food, not necessarily flesh.

9. "How is it"—A saucy question. "Being a Jew"—She could easily tell this, both by his dress and his accent. "Jews have no dealings"—A bitter hatred had sprung up between them and the Samaritans. "The Samaritans"—A spurious race, who claimed to be the true descendants of Jacob. This sentence is not spoken by the woman of Samaria, but is the evangelist's explanatory comment. Jesus had no sympathy with caste feeling.

10. "Gift of God"—Water in the torrid regions of the East is regarded as God's most beneficent gift. "Who it is"—The veritable Messiah, but she would never have guessed it. "Thou wouldst have asked of him"—Physically, he is faint and thirsty, and she has the water; but spiritually, she is the parched and famished one, and he only can supply her needs. "Living water"—Spring water, as distinct from cistern water.

11. "The woman saith"—"She perceives his possible double meaning," but cannot understand him in any case; for if he talks of material water, he has no bucket; but if he talks of spiritual influence—does he for a moment presume to be greater than Jacob?

12. "Our father"—She was as presumptuous as the rest of her race. Jacob was not their ancestor. (See note above.) But we ought to be greater than our fathers.

13. "Jesus answered"—God always has patience with honest inquirers.

14. "A well of water"—"A self-perpetuating supply."—Cowles. "Into everlasting life"—This "life" is a present condition, not a future blessing.

15. "Give me this water"—Her lack of comprehension seems incredible. "There are many like her who would be glad of such a divine gift of religion as should take away all the labour and trouble of Christian life."—Beecher.

20. "This mountain"—The Samaritans had had a temple on Mount Gerizim. It



was in ruins at this time. Jerusalem—Where the Jews had their temple.  
21. "The Father"—Jesus frequently used this in descriptively beautiful term for the divine Being  
22. "Ye know not what"—That which ye know not  
23. "Cometh, and now is"—Already it has dawned, but it will soon be here in perfection.  
25. "Messias"—Both Jews and Samaritans expected "the anointed One."

**HOME READINGS.**

- M. Jesus at Jacob's well. John 4. 5-14.
- Tu. Jesus at Jacob's well.—John 4. 15-26.
- W. Samaritans believing—John 4. 27-42.
- Th. Water of life.—Rev. 22. 1-7, 17.
- F. Come and drink.—Isa. 55. 1-7.
- S. Spiritual worship.—Acts 17. 22-29.
- Su. With true heart.—Heb. 10. 14-22.

**QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.**

1. At Jacob's Well, v. 5-9.  
Near what city was Jacob's well?

In what parcel of ground was it? See Josh. 24. 32.

What weary traveller sat by the well? At what time of the day was this? What visitor came to the well, and on what errand?

Where were the disciples of Jesus? What did Jesus ask of the woman? What question did the woman ask? What reason did she give for her surprise?

2. At the Well of Salvation, v. 10-15.  
What two things did the woman not know?

Had she known, for what would she have asked?

What did she ask about the living water?

What about the patriarch Jacob? What did Jesus say of the water in the well?

How could thirst be forever prevented? What eager request did the woman then make?

Who is invited to take the water of life? Rev. 22. 17.

3. Formal Worship, v. 16-20.  
Whom was the woman bidden to call? What was her answer?

What did Jesus tell about her life? How did it happen that he knew so much? John 2. 24, 25.

Of what was the woman now convinced? What did she say about a place of worship?

4. Spiritual Worship, v. 21-26.  
Of what hour did Jesus foretell?

Whose worship did he contrast? What are the marks of true worship?

To whom is such worship a delight? How only can God be acceptably worshipped?

What did the woman know about the Messiah? What did Jesus say about him?

**PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.**

Where in this lesson are we taught—

1. Whom we should worship?

2. How we should worship?

3. The true place for worship?

See in our picture the words, "Praise Him." We come to God's house to worship or praise him, and we need to know how.

To worship is to give God the honour that belongs to him.

In his house



we pray, and sing, and read, and hear his word, but folding our hands, and bowing our heads, and singing the hymns, or saying Bible words will not be worship unless we mean it all with our hearts.

**Since Willie Goes to School.**

Since Willie goes to school the days  
Are always full of peace,  
And in a hundred little ways  
The cares of life decrease;  
The halls are littered up no more,  
With blocks and tops and traps;  
No marbles lie upon the floor,  
But are we happier than before?—  
Ah, well, perhaps—perhaps!

Since Willie goes to school the cat  
Lies dozing in her nook;  
There are no startling screeches that  
Make all the neighbours look;  
His playthings all are piled away,  
No books bestrew the floor,  
But I have found a hair to-day,  
Deep-rooted, glistening and gray,  
That hid itself before.

Since Willie goes to school I hear  
No pounding on the stairs,  
Nor am I called to help my dear  
Make horses of the chairs;  
A sense of peace pervades the place,  
And I may be a fool  
To shed the tears that streak my face,  
But a boy is in my baby's place,  
Since Willie goes to school.

**WOMEN AT THE WELL.**

Our first picture represents a scene which we have often witnessed in Palestine. I remember one fountain especially, the fountain of the Virgin at Nazareth, which is very much like this. We were there on Easter Sunday, and the Syrian women in their bright Easter dresses came to the fountain, carrying great jars on their heads, just as shown in the picture. This is undoubtedly the very fountain to which the Virgin Mary must have come with the Child Jesus for water. It is the only one for a great distance. Fountains and wells in the East are a very precious possession, and often the possession of a good fountain causes a town to spring up near it, as has doubtless been the case with the ancient fountain of Nazareth. The lower cut shows Jacob's well as it appears now.



JACOB'S WELL AT SHECHEM.