

The saloon has entailed upon the nation this vast number of worse than idle men, the cost of whose maintenance is placed at \$9,169,000 a year. Both the tramp and the saloon which develops him are nuisances from which the country should speedily rid itself.—*Ram's Horn.*

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, MARCH 30, 1895.

DONT FORGET
THE
S. S. AID COLLECTION
ON
REVIEW SUNDAY,
MARCH 31st.

The claims upon the S. S. Aid and Extension Fund for 1894 were so many and so urgent that the collection was overdrawn about \$1,000. Strenuous efforts were made during this year to increase the Fund. Very urgent appeals for help come from afflicted Newfoundland. It will be apparent, therefore, that there is urgent need for continued increase in income.

The following resolution was passed on this subject by the Sunday-school Board on July 8th:

"Whereas the Sunday-school Aid and Extension Fund has, during the past eighteen years, rendered very valuable service in the planting of new schools and helping of needy schools by the distribution of nearly \$50,000 in grants of books and papers; and whereas there are many appointments yet without schools, and must so remain, unless helped by this Fund; and whereas the resources of this Fund have been taxed to the utmost, and in fact overdrawn, in helping to establish and sustain schools in remote and destitute neighbourhoods; Resolved, that this Board recommend this Fund to the kind consideration of our Sunday-schools everywhere, that by their increased liberality it may be enabled to more fully and efficiently help the many deserving claims which are laid upon it."

When this collection has not been made in September, it is urgently requested that it be made on March 31st.

A LONG CANAL'S VICTIMS.

HAVE you never heard of that canal that runs through this country fifty miles long, forty feet wide and ten feet deep? No! How strange! Why, it is not only one of the wonders of earth, but a wonder to the inhabitants of heaven as well. It is filled with liquor—a new supply every year—and down each bank is a line of corpses and another line down the middle—nearly 150 miles of corpses. They are the yearly

victims of the greatest robber on earth. He is through robbing them; he has taken everything, including their life, and now he has no further use for them. He is at work on others. Look at a map and you will see imaginary lines running from one side of the United States to the other, lines of latitude; but there is one line which the geographers have forgotten to put in and it runs from the Atlantic to the Pacific, clear across the continent. What is it? A line of reeling, staggering, maudlin humanity, 2,000,000 drunkards by a close estimate, robbed of everything almost, except life, by this same greatest robber on earth.—*N. Y. Voice.*

Let Us Save the Drunkard.

BY MRS. COMMANDANT BOOTH.

[The follow beautiful hymn was sung by Mrs. Booth at a plebiscite meeting held at the Army Headquarters, Albert Street, Toronto.]

Air—"Scatter Seeds of Kindness."

O'er the dark and cruel regions
Where the slaves of drink abound,
There are voices ever calling
From the ruined, crushed and bound,
There are wrongs that need redressing,
There are foes who challenge fight,
There are giants need repressing,
Darkened souls who need the light.

CHORUS.—Then let us save the drunkard,
Let us sweep the drink away.

If we know the bitter anguish,
Of the hearts with sorrow riven;
Could we number all the thousands,
Who to dark despair are driven;
Could the tears that fall in millions
Tell us each their tale of woe,
We should linger not in rising
To defeat this deadly foe.

From the mouths of hungry children
There are voices bid us arm,
From the haunts of squalid misery
There are cries that sound alarm;
From the broken hearts that linger
Ere they drop into the grave,
There are notes of earnest pleading—
Are there none to help and save?

Widows' wail, and orphans' sorrow,
Drunkards' gloom and dying groan,
Cheerless homes, and homeless children
Bid you make this cause your own.
Now the hour is come to rally,
And to set the captive free;
Heaven and hell inquire and wonder
What your answer now will be—

For the little ones who languish
At a drunken mother's breast;
For the prodigals in anguish,
Seeking hopelessly for rest,
In the name of Him who cherished
E'en the least, and even you,
If you feel his claims are pressing,
Tell him now, what will you do.

BILLY'S FIRST AND LAST DRINK
OF LAGER.

"KOMMEN zie hier, Pilly!" cried Christian: "Vy vust du in te peer shops te tay, heim? Vy drinks peer, mein poy?"

"O—O—because it's good," said Billy, boldly.
"No, Pilly, it vast not gute to dein mout. I did see neffer so pig vaces as you did make, Pilly. Pill, yo dinks it vill dust gute py-and-pye, and it ees like a man to trinks, an' so you trinks. Now, Pilly, ef it is gute, haf it; ef it ees like a man, trinks, Pilly. I vill not hinders you vrom vat ees gute ant manly, mein shilt; but trinks at home, dakes your trink pure, Pilly, and let me pays vor it. Kom, mein poy! You likes peer; vell, kom, open dein mout; hier I haf all te peer stuff simons pure vrom te schops, mein poy. Kom, open dein mout, ant puts its een."

Billy drew near, but kept his mouth close shut. Said Zende, "Den you makes me mad, Pilly! Open dein mout." Thus exhorted, Billy opened his mouth, and Christian put a small bit of alum in it. Billy drew up his face; but boys can stand alum. After a little, Christian cried, "Opens dein mout: peer ist not all alums!" and he drops in a bit of aloes. This was worse. Billy winced. Again, "Open dein mout!" The least morsel of

red pepper, now, from a knife-point; but Billy howled.

"Vat, you not likes dein peer?" said Zende. "Opens dein mout," just touched now with a knife-point dipped in oil of turpentine. Billy began to cry. "Opens dein mout, de peer is not hafs mate yet, Pilly," and Billy's tongue got the least dusting of lime, potash and saleratus. Billy now cried loudly. "Opens dein mout." Unlucky Billy! this time about a grain of licorice, hop pollen and saltpetre.

"Looks, Pilly, hare ist some arsenic and some strychnine, des pelougd in de peer, opens dein mout."

"I can't, I can't!" roared Billy. "Arsenic and strychnine are to kill rats; I shall die. Do you want to kill me, Father Zende?"

"Kill him, joost py a little peer, all gute and pure. He tells me he likes peer, and it ees manly to trinks it, and ven I gives heem de peer, he cries I kills him. So, Pilly, hier is water, dere ist mooch water in peer, trinks dat."

Billy drank the water eagerly. Zende went on, "Ant dere is mooch alcohol in peer. Heir, opens dein mout," and he dropped four drops of raw spirit carefully on his tongue. Billy went dancing about the room and then went for more water.

"KOMMEN zie hier, dein peer is not done, Pilly," shouted Christian, and seizing him, he put the cork of the ammonia bottle to his lips, then a drop of honey, a taste of sugar, a drop of molasses, a drop of gall. Then, "Pilly, hier is more of dein peer. Here is jalap, copperas, sulphuric acid, acetic acid, and nux vomica; opens dein mout!" "Oh, no, no!" roared Billy, "let me go! I hate beer! I'll never drink any more! I'll never go in that shop again! I'll be a good boy—I'll sign the pledge. Oh, let me be; I can't eat those things! I'll die! My mouth tastes awful now. Oh, take 'em away, Father Zende!"

"Dakes 'em away! dakes away dein good peer!" cried the old man innocently, "ven I halves paid vor it, and mein Pilly can trinks it pure at his home like a shentilman! Vy, poy, dese ist de makings of peer, ant you no likes dem! All dese honey, ant sugar, ant vater, poy!"

"But the other things," said Billy, "oh, the other things—they are the biggest part, ugh! they make me sick!"

"Mein poy, you trinks them fast to-day. Looks Billy, a man he trinks all dese pad dings mixt up in vater, and calt peer. Ach! he get redt in hees face, he gets pig in hees body, he gets shaky in hees hands, he gets clumsy on hees toes, he gets veak in hees eyes, he gets pad in his breat, he gets mean in his manners. Vy! Pilly, you sees vy. All dees dings on mein dable is vy!"

Happy Billy! Few boys get so good a temperance lecture—such home thrusts, such practical experiments, as fell to your lot. Billy was satisfied on the beer question.

"He is all goot now," said Zende, "I hafs no more droubles mit mein Pilly."

A WORD FOR THE BOYS.

If we are to have drunkards in the future, some of them are to come from the boys who will read this. Well, here is a plan that is just as sure to save from such a fate as the sun is to rise to-morrow. It never failed, it never will fail, and it is worth knowing. Never touch liquor in any form. This is the plan, and it is worth putting into practice. You don't drink now, and it seems as if you never would. But your temptation will come, and it will probably come in this way:

You will find yourself some time with a number of companions, and they will have a bottle of wine on the table. They will drink, and offer it to you. They will think it a manly practice, and very likely they will look upon you as a milkop if you don't indulge with them. Then what will you do? Will you say, "No, no; none of that stuff for me!" or will you take the glass, with your common sense protesting and your conscience making the whole draught bitter, and then go off with a hot head and skulking soul that at once begins to make apologies for itself, and will keep doing so all its life? Boys, do not become drunkards.

Where Do You Stand?

In the world-wide conflict,
When all the hosts of God,
And all the devil's minions
In battle-line are drawn,
Where do you stand?

When the world is full of evils,
And everywhere we go,
We're called upon to fight or yield
To some relentless foe,
Where do you stand?

When every living issue,
And every great reform,
To you for help is calling,
And Duty urges on,
Where do you stand?

When every hour we live,
For Rum and Error's blight
We must take sides, or else
For God and Truth and Right,
Where do you stand?



JUNIOR LEAGUE.

PRAYER MEETING TOPICS.

MARCH 31, 1895.

A HIGH POSITION.—Hebrews 2. 7-8.
This means that man is placed at the head of Jehovah's workmanship. He is in the image and likeness of God, and there is no creature that God has made respecting whom such an assertion is made. In a much higher sense the words refer to the Lord Jesus Christ. Jesus Christ as God with God became a little lower than the angels when he became man's Redeemer. He assumed this condition for a special purpose.

He was crowned with glory and honour and thus received a name which is above every name. All things are subject unto him, and to him every knee shall bow. Man was in honour till he fell, Jesus Christ was never defiled by sin, but became a sin-offering that he might redeem mankind. Praise him for his wonderful condescension.

HEALTH HINTS FOR BOYS.

In the first place always rise at the same time in the morning. Lying abed Sunday morning three hours later than any other day in the week is not really any pleasant, and, besides, it throws the whole scheme of your meals out for that day. I know a family—and they ought to know better—who have breakfast at eight on all week days, lunch at one and dinner at six. On Sundays, that is once in seven days, they have breakfast at ten, dinner at one and a hearty supper at five. The result is that by seven o'clock Sunday night every one in the family feels stuffed, unnatural, tired, cross and everything else that is disagreeable.

Don't do this. Eat breakfast at the same time every morning in the week. If at eight on Tuesday, then at eight on Sunday. And the same with lunch and dinner, or dinner and supper.

When you get out of bed in the morning, go through a five-minute exercise, after studying what particular parts of your body and what muscles are weak. By going through these exercises, whatever they are, for five minutes, you will end by being in a glow, perhaps in a perspiration. Then take a bath. A good plan is to let cold water run until the bath is perhaps three inches deep. Then put in a little warm water. That takes the chill off the water, and then it will not give anyone a shock.

A bath can be had in any house on the earth, and no one can say that he cannot bathe every morning because there is no bathtub in his house. There is always water near a civilized house, or any house for that matter, and you can pump it or carry it to your room the night before if there is no running water in the house. If there is no bath-tub, get a "bat-bath," or, if you cannot well do that, take a big tub, but on no account give up the bath. Afterwards give yourself a long and hard rub until your skin is red—and then the day is well begun.—*Harper's Young People.*