

Life.

The shortest life is longest, if 'tis best;
 'Tis ours to work to God belongs the rest.
 Our lives are measured by the deeds we do,
 The thoughts we think, the objects we pursue.
 A fair young life poured out upon the sod,
 In the high cause of freedom and of God,
 Though all too short his course, and quickly run,
 Is full and glorious as the orb'd sun.
 While he who lives to hoary-headed age
 Oft dies an infant—dies and leaves no sign.
 For he has writ no deed on history's page,
 And unfulfilled is being's great design.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

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NOVEMBER 28, 1897.

Isaiah's song of joy.—Isaiah 12.

ISAIAH.

A prophet, sometimes the evangelical prophet, because he predicted with such remarkable clearness the work of Jesus Christ, the Saviour of the world. Read the 53rd chapter, which is a description of the sufferings of the Saviour, and you will be ready to say that the prophet must have been an eye-witness of those tragic scenes, whereas Christ did not thus suffer until nearly 500 years after Isaiah had given the graphic picture here portrayed. "He was inspired of God to write thus. All the prophets foretold the sufferings of Christ, and the glory that should follow, but none of them equalled Isaiah.

CHAPTER XII.

This chapter reads very much like personal experience. Can you repeat this verse? Please commit it to memory.

"What we have felt and seen,
 With confidence we tell,
 And publish to the sons of men,
 The signs infallible."

Men may theorize and give vivid descriptions respecting things, but there is nothing like experience. Suppose a man tells you about a medicine that will perform wonderful cures, and minutely describes all its component parts, but never mentions the name of a single person whom the medicine had cured, what would you think? Would you not be likely to ask him to tell you of one or more persons who had tested the excellency of the said cure-all?

EXPERIENCE.

Isaiah is here describing the blessed effects of the Saviour's incarnation, and the joy which those would experience who believed on him. He anticipated the coming of Christ, and believed on him as his personal Saviour, and thus he exults and rejoices in him, who died the world to redeem. The name of Jesus is sweet music to the sinner, and fills his soul with joy. The precious

words of this chapter have often been used by those who have experienced a knowledge of sins forgiven.

TELL IT TO OTHERS.

Verses 4, 5, 6. Good news always deserves to be made known. People are not afraid to tell others of the medicine which cured them of disease, and why should there be any hesitancy of professing the pardon of sin, or the sanctification of our nature, when we know that we have passed from death unto life. "Jesus loved me and gave himself for me." Any person who believes that precious truth will surely sing,

"Praise God for what he's done for me,
 Once I was blind, but now I see;
 I on the brink of ruin fell,
 Glory to God I'm out of hell."

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE'S FIRST PATIENT.

Florence Nightingale, who afterward became one of the most famous women in the world because of her deeds of mercy and kindness, especially to wounded soldiers, began her work of love when she was a little girl.

We are told that her first patient was a shepherd dog. Some rude boys had hit his leg with stones, and it was very badly hurt—so badly that the men were going to kill the dog in order to put him out of his misery, for he would not let them touch the wound. But little Florence went up to where he lay, saying, in a soft, caressing tone, "Poor Cap! Poor Cap!" The dog looked trustfully up into her eyes, and while she talked to him and stroked his head he allowed his leg to be examined.

She was told there were no bones broken, but that the leg was badly bruised and ought to be fomented to take the swelling down. "Fomented" was such a big word that the little Florence did not quite know what it meant. "How do you foment?" she asked.

"With hot cloths dipped in boiling water," she was answered.

"Then that's quite easy."

And so the little girl went to work and applied the compress of old rags soaked in hot water to the poor dog's wounded leg until he was out of danger, and on the high road toward getting well.

This little girl grew up doing things like that, always doing a kindness and a deed of mercy whenever she had a chance. So we are not astonished to read that after she had come to be a famous woman, when she would walk through the hospital to find out if her orders were being obeyed in the care of wounded soldiers, the grateful men would turn and kiss her shadow where it fell on their pillows.

What a noble thing it is to grow up merciful and kind. The Bible says, "Let not mercy and truth forsake thee; bind them about thy neck; write them upon the table of thine heart; so shalt thou find favour and good understanding in the sight of God and man."

The way to be a kind and merciful man or woman is to begin when we are children.

HARD ON BOYS.

At a recent Bombay school board examination for girls, one of the tasks was an essay on boys, and this was one of the compositions, just as it was handed in by a girl of twelve: "The boy is not an animal, yet they can be heard to a considerable distance. When a boy hollers he opens his big mouth like frogs, but girls hold their tongues till they are spoke to, and then they answer respectable, and tell just how it was. A boy thinks himself clever because he can wade where it is deep, but God made the dry land for every living thing, and rested on the seventh day. When the boy grows up he is called a husband, and then he stops wading and stays out nights, but the grew-up girl is a widow and keeps house."—The Temple Magazine.

THE CHAMELEON.

The chameleon is a funny little animal. It belongs to the lizard family—is harmless and timid. Mr. Keen, one of the near neighbours, had been away to a large Southern city, and had brought a chameleon home with him. Standing on his porch one day, he saw Wickliffe and his friend Philip playing in the yard. He called to them, telling them to come, he had something to show them. The boys were not long obtaining permission, and were soon standing by Mr. Keen's side. He took them to a large double window on the south side of the house, where lovely pot plants and vines

covered a large wire rack, or stand. Standing in front of this was a rustic table, the usual receptacle of the canary's cage; but to-day it held a wire and glass case, in which there was a chameleon. The boys thought the chameleon was a very funny-looking little thing, and began at once to ask questions about it. Mr. Keen told them to watch while he put some green leaves in the case. They opened their eyes wide in astonishment when they saw the chameleon turn green. Mr. Keen now took out the green leaves, and put in a piece of yellow paper, when, lo! the chameleon was now yellow. He took the paper out and picked up Anabel's doll, and taking off a pink bow, put it into the case, and the chameleon was, sure enough, pink this time, assuming the colour of what was near it. Mr. Keen watched the boys' faces as they wore a mingled look of surprise and delight. He told them that the chameleon was the only creature that had the power to change its colour, and that naturalists soon discovered this power, and had tried to account for it in many ways, but they never came to any fixed conclusion as to how or why it was able to change its colour. It was at one time believed that the chameleon lived on air, because of its large lungs, and because it could go so long without food. It had the power, also, to look backward with one eye, while it looks below it and forward with the other one, watching for food. It can protrude its tongue six or seven inches, and procures its food, insects, in this way. The chameleon's home is in parts of Asia, Africa, and Southern Europe. They cannot live in close confinement nor a cold country. The boys never forgot what Mr. Keen told them of the chameleon.

MEN WHO MAKE RUBBER.

Few people, says the New York Journal, ever give a thought to how much of our comfort nowadays depends on a few lazy, sleepy South American natives along the Amazon river. Half the mechanism of our daily life would come to a stop were there a rubber famine. The hundreds of thousands of bicyclists, for instance, would have to jolt along on rigid, springless wheels, and a universal wall would arise from millions of babies deprived of their feeding bottles.

The men who make the rubber in the jungles of Brazil can earn fifteen dollars a day when they choose to work. They toil as little as their necessities permit, however, and for that reason the supply of this article is always far below the demand. Many trees in various parts of the world yield the caoutchouc milk, but none in such quantities as in the seamy, luxuriant jungles along the Amazon.

There the natives cut gashes in the bark and place under the wound a little clay dish. The milk which runs out, if examined under the microscope, is found to be sap, in which are suspended millions of tiny globules of liquid caoutchouc. In three days the trees will bleed about six ounces. The fluid is collected and taken home, where the native operator evaporates the surplus moisture and reduces the caoutchouc to the condition so familiar in raw India-rubber.

He has a wooden mould on the end of a stick, and having dipped this in the milk he dries it in a fire of oily nuts, forming a thin, elastic film over the mould. He keeps on adding to this by repeated dippings and cooking over the fire until a solid cake of rubber is the result. An expert will make six or seven pounds an hour, but the native will work at his leisure. Every sort of food or commodity in these districts has to be imported and brings a high price. Thither find their way, eventually, most of the gay-coloured ties that changing fashions leave upon the dealers' hands in New York and London. Often a native will wear one of these, which will cost him four or five dollars, and little other clothing. It seems a charming and idyllic sort of existence, but no white man can withstand the fevers, and so the lazy natives have a monopoly of their trade.

When a conflagration takes place in any of the principal towns of Germany each fire company is accompanied by a "Schaphander." This is a man whose dress is largely composed of asbestos, and is rendered thereby quite fireproof. His face also is protected by a helmet and visor of the same material. He carries on his back a large sack of the same material, in which he can remove helpless people from the burning building in case of necessity. He can manage an adult or two or three children at once.

Wanted—A Million Boys.

BY ELIZABETH M. APPLEBURY.

Wanted—a million boys. Say, boys, do you hear?
 Wanted—a million boys—all good boys, that is clear.
 An army of teetot'lers, a million strong, or more,
 Are going to fight King Bacchus and close the saloon door.

Wanted—a million brave, true boys, with courage to say "No!"
 To all kinds of temptation to every wily foe,
 That seeks to lure them on to drink the soul-destroying rum,
 Which flaunts its fiery signal and says unto them: "Come."

Wanted—a million honest boys, of every size and age,
 To help blot out the record, the dark, polluted page,
 Which bears the impress of the laws that legalize the trade,
 By which ten million boys are spoiled—ten million drunkards made.

Wanted—a million hearty boys. What's wanted with them now?
 To win good health, the truest wealth, to plant, and sow, and plough;
 To drink at health's pure fountain that ripples down the hill,
 And say their nay to every way which leads them to do ill.

To take some comrade by the hand and help him on the way;
 Lead him to shun the vile saloon, the great curse of the day,
 To leave the road the drunkard goes, and swear allegiance ever
 To temperance, to fight its foes, and drink to ruin never.

Come, boys, and pledge right heartily your lives and honour true,
 That you will never drink strong drink, whatever others do.

A million boys stand pledged to-day their hearty aid to give,
 To help the cause of temperance and help the poor to live.
 Ten million women join with them and lift their hearts in prayer,
 That these same boys, and millions more, may 'scape the saloon's snare.

—Religious World.

A HOUSE MOVED BY SCHOOL-CHILDREN.

Just think, remarks Fhebe Bird, in The Advance, what a curious and beautiful thing this was—the moving of a house by seven thousand Minneapolis school-children! The house is said to be the first one put up on the west side of the Mississippi River, where Minneapolis now stands. It was built by Colonel Stevens in 1848, and in it the first white child of Minneapolis, a little girl named Mary Elizabeth, was born; the first religious services of the place were held there, and there the first church was organized.

By-and-bye the place where it stood was wanted for business, and the house was moved. The same thing happened to it several times, until finally it got "lost," but it was found again, and a generous man bought it and offered it to the Park Board if they would move it. This they were glad to do, and somebody suggested that the school-children be invited to do the moving.

When the proposition was made to the schools, over seven thousand of the scholars enthusiastically volunteered to help. No students below the fourth grade were accepted, probably because it was thought that they were not strong enough. The scholars were divided into relays of a thousand each, each relay having a separate badge.

The house was mounted on heavy wheels, and at nine o'clock a thousand boys took hold of the ropes and pulled it a seventh part of the distance; then another thousand took their turn, and so on, until all of them had had their pull, and about two o'clock in the afternoon it reached the end of its journey. Then there were speeches and a general good time for everybody.

The city made the day a holiday, and the boys with badges were given free rides on the city cars. The house is a story and a half frame, and Colonel Stevens, its builder, who is still living in Minneapolis, made a short address. I suppose this is the first time in the world a house was ever moved by school-children. It has been set down near Minnehaha Falls, and when we go to Minneapolis we must all go and see it.—Visitor.