

## A Good Time Coming.

WHEN we are old enough to vote,  
We'll make a great communion,  
We'll sweep our land of whiskey, clean,  
From ocean unto ocean.

Old alcohol will have to fall  
From his exalted station,  
We'll smite him on the right and left  
And drive him from the nation.

Some day the world will hear the cry  
Who now are only boys, sir,  
For we are learning lessons true  
With all our fun and noise, sir.

And when we're old enough to vote  
There'll be a mighty rattle  
Of falling forts and castles gray,  
For Right must win the battle.

We will not fear to speak the words  
That God would have us speak, sir;  
With him for our right hand, you see,  
We never can be weak, sir.

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## Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

Rev. W. H. WITTHROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 17, 1892.

## REMEMBER

THE

## S. S. AID COLLECTION

OR

REVIEW SUNDAY,

SEPTEMBER 18TH.

This collection, it will be remembered, is ordered by the General Conference to be taken up in each and every Sunday-school in the Methodist Church; and the Review Sunday in September is recommended as the best time for taking it up. This fund is increasing in usefulness, and does a very large amount of good. Almost all the schools comply with the Discipline in taking it up. In a few cases, however, it is neglected. It is very desirable that every school should fall into line. Even schools so poor as to need help themselves are required to comply with the Discipline in this respect, to be entitled to receive aid from this fund. Superintendents of circuits and superintendents of schools will kindly see that in every case the collection is taken up. It should, when taken up, be given in charge of the Superintendent of the circuit, to be forwarded to the District Financial Secretaries, who shall transmit the same to the Conference Sunday-school Secretary, who shall in turn remit to Warring Kennedy, Esq., Toronto, the lay-treasurer of the Fund. (See Discipline, secs. 354-356).

## "FIRST!"

A TALK WITH BOYS.

BY PROF. HENRY BRIDGEMAN, F.R.S.

"Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you."

I HAVE three heads to give you. The first is "Geography," the second is "Arithmetic," and the third is "Grammar."

I.

## GEOGRAPHY.

First, Geography tells us where to find places. Where is the kingdom of God? It is said that when a Prussian officer was killed in the Franco-Prussian war, a map of France was very often found in his pocket. When we wish to occupy a country, we ought to know its geography. Now, where is the kingdom of God? A boy over there says, "It is in heaven." No; it is in the Bible. Another boy says, "It must be in the Church." No; it is not in the Church. Heaven is only the capital of the kingdom of God; the Bible is the guide-book to it; the Church is the weekly parade of those who belong to it. If you would turn to the seventeenth chapter of St. Luke you will find out where the kingdom of God really is. "The kingdom of God is within you"—within you. The kingdom of God is inside people.

I remember once taking a walk by the river near where the Falls of Niagara are, and I noticed a remarkable figure walking along the river bank. I had been some time in America. I had seen black men and red men, and yellow men, and white men; black men, the Negroes; red men, the Indians; yellow men, the Chinese; white men, the Americans. But this man looked quite different in his dress from anything I had ever seen. When he came a little closer, I saw he was wearing a kilt; when he came a little nearer still, I saw that he was dressed exactly like a Highland soldier. When he came quite near, I said to him, "What are you doing here?" "Why should I not be here?" he said; "Don't you know this is British soil? When you cross the river you come into Canada." This soldier was thousands of miles from England, and yet he was in the kingdom of England. Wherever there is an English heart beating loyal to the Queen of Britain, there is England. Wherever there is a boy whose heart is loyal to the King of the kingdom of God, the kingdom of God is within him.

What is the kingdom of God? Every kingdom has its exports, its products. Go down to the river here, and you will find ships coming in with cotton; you know they come from America. You will find ships with tea; you know they are from China. Ships with wool; you know they come from Australia. Ships with sugar; you know they come from Java. What comes from the kingdom of God? Again we must refer to our Guide-book. Turn to Romans, and we shall find what the kingdom of God is. I will read it: "The kingdom of God is righteousness, peace, joy"—three things. "The kingdom of God is righteousness, peace, joy." Righteousness, of course, is just doing what is right. Any boy who does what is right has the kingdom of God within him. Any boy who, instead of being quarrelsome, lives at peace with the other boys, has the kingdom of God within him. Any boy whose heart is filled with joy because he does what is right, has the kingdom of God within him. The kingdom of God is not going to religious meetings, and hearing strange religious experiences: the kingdom of God is doing what is right—living at peace with all men, being filled with joy in the Holy Ghost.

Boys, if you are going to be Christians, be Christians as boys, and not as your grandmothers. A grandmother has to be a Christian as a grandmother, and that is the right and beautiful thing for her; but if you cannot read your Bible by the hour as your grandmother can, or delight in meetings as she can, don't think you are necessarily a bad boy. When you are your grandmother's age you will have your grandmother's kind of religion. Meantime, be a Christian as a boy. Live a boy's life. Do the straight thing; seek the kingdom of righteousness and honour and truth. Keep the peace with the boys about you,

and be filled with the joy of being a loyal, and simple, and natural, and boy-like servant of Christ.

You can very easily toll a house, or a workshop, or an office where the kingdom of God is not. The first thing you see in that place is that the "straight thing" is not always done. Customers do not get fair play. You are in danger of learning to cheat and to lie. Better, a thousand times, to starve than to stay in a place where you cannot do what is right.

Or, when you go into your workshop, you find everybody sulky, touchy, and ill-tempered; everybody at daggers drawn with everybody else; some of the men not on speaking terms with some of the others, and the whole feel of the place miserable and unhappy. The kingdom of God is not there, for it is peace. It is the kingdom of the Devil that is anger and wrath and malice.

If you want to get the kingdom of God into your workshop, or into your home, let the quarrelling be stopped. Live in peace and harmony and brotherliness with everyone. For the kingdom of God is a kingdom of brothers. It is a great society, founded by Jesus Christ, of all the people who try to be like him, and live to make the world better and sweeter and happier. Wherever a boy is trying to do that, in the house or in the street, in the workshop or on the baseball field, there is the kingdom of God. And every boy, however small or obscure or poor, who is seeking that, is a member of it. You see now, I hope, what the kingdom is.

## CHRIST GIVETH THE VICTORY.

BY MRS. S. ROSALIE BILL.

EDWIN MERTON had won the heart and hand of a lovely girl, married and settled down in a quiet country village to enjoy life. The Mertons were well-to-do, much respected, so that when Annie Banks married Edwin Merton, nearly every one said "Annie has done exceedingly well." But Annie's Aunt Ruth did not say so; she shook her head gravely and said, "Edwin has one bad habit, and that is he occasionally drinks."

Two years had now passed since the Mertons had set up housekeeping and already Edwin Merton staid out late some nights, and when he returned his wife knew he had been drinking too much. There came an infant son to the Mertons, and Annie thought the father would reform, as he was very proud of the child. But the mother grew sad to see that this new bond was not strong enough to keep the father at home. Sometimes the infant was caressed, but more often it remained unnoticed, save when it cried, when its father became raged, often scolding, and sometimes striking it, until the poor mother became alarmed for the safety of her darling, striving to keep it out of its father's way as much as possible. Edwin Merton had been attentive to business at first, having a good situation as overseer in a large flouring mill, but as he became more in the habit of drinking he had to take a lower position. The pretty cottage began to take on a forlorn appearance, and the garden to grow up to weeds. Annie, who had been very beautiful, became pale, and her eyes had the hunted look one sees in the eyes of a frightened fawn.

But it is needless to describe all the ills, and the sadness which came to the Merton home, for we have all heard the same story repeatedly, and our villages and hamlets are full of such cases. God grant that the day may soon come when such homes shall be banished from our fair land, and we shall stand before the nations of the earth as a Christian nation should.

Five years had now passed, and little Johnnie Merton had a sister two years old. Want now reigned within the home, although Annie strove to do all she could for her loved ones.

One day Aunt Ruth came in and said: "Annie, you cannot go on in this way; I think it is a sin for you to try. What if your precious Johnnie should become a drunkard? You have done everything you could to reform Edwin; but it has been of no avail. Go home with me and stay. If Edwin ever reforms, you can live with him again."

Life was so hard for Annie Merton she

accepted of Aunt Ruth's offer. Edwin now strove to break himself of the liquor habit by resorting to the use of morphine, which he used in large quantities.

Nearly two decades had passed away, and still Edwin Merton used morphine, when some Christian people became deeply interested in his condition, and told him that if he would trust Jesus for healing, he could be released from his terrible bondage. The chains were strong, but Christ was stronger, so that after a struggle the poor man overcame, and to-day he is sitting clothed and in his right mind.

Did I say "sitting"? Rather let me say he has gone forth to work for the Saviour, who has done so much for him, and to-day he tells the glad story that Jesus is able and willing to save to the uttermost. Should these lines be read by any one who has forged the awful chains of the drunk or morphine habit, let them go to Jesus the strong one for help—ho who has said, "He that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out."

Annie Merton went to the better land long ago. But I doubt not she was one of the angels who rejoiced when Edwin Merton was released from bondage.

## SACRED CATS IN EGYPT.

ANCIENT Egypt was indeed a "cats' paradise." The goddess Bast, or Pasht, was a cat; and being under her protection, and typos of her, all cats were sacred. During life they were treated with respect, and their personal safety was guaranteed by rigorous laws; when dead they were buried with solemnity. They wore earrings and necklaces; but whether this honour was accorded to all cats or only to those of high degree and exceptional sanctity, is uncertain, as only some of the statues show these ornaments, while some have also a jewel on their foreheads.

But not only individuals were dedicated to Bast. We know that she had a town of her own (Bubastis) especially devoted to her worship. Cats were sometimes sent to the sacred city to be buried, especially those that had been venerated in the temples of Bast.

The father of history, Herodotus, has something to tell us about cats. He says, "When a house caught fire, the only thought of the Egyptians was to preserve the lives of their cats. Ranging themselves, therefore, in bodies around the house, they endeavoured to rescue these animals from the flames, totally disregarding the destruction of the property itself. But notwithstanding all their precautions, the cats, sometimes leaping over the heads and gliding between the legs of the bystanders, rushed into the flames as if impelled by divine agency to self-destruction; and when an accident of this kind happened, a deep sorrow took possession of the Egyptians. When a cat died a natural death the people of the house shaved off their eyebrows; but if a dog died they shaved the head and the whole body."

All the provisions in the house, too, were thrown away as having become unlawful food.

Any one who killed a cat or an ibis was condemned to death; and it was found impossible to save the life even of a Roman citizen who had accidentally committed this offence. Even in times of famine, when in their extremity they were driven to eat human flesh, the Egyptians preserved their cats.

## WHAT A BOY ACCOMPLISHED.

A boy who attended one of our Sabbath-schools went out into the country to spend his vacation—a visit he had long looked forward to with a great deal of pleasure. He went to help the men harvest. One of them was an inveterate swearer. The boy, having stood it as long as he could, said to the man,

"Well, I guess I will go home to-morrow."

The swearer, who had taken a great liking to him, said, "I thought you were going to stay all summer."

"I was," said the boy; "but I can't stay where anybody swears so. One of us must go; so I will leave."

The man felt the rebuke, and said, "If you will stay I won't swear." And he kept his word.