

THE LITTLE MISSIONARY.

☞ HAVE met her many mornings
With her basket on her arm,
And a certain subtle charm,
Coming not from her adornings,
But the modest light that lies
Deep within her shaded eyes.

And she carries nought but blessing,
As she journeys up and down
Through the never-heeding town,
With her looks the ground caressing,
Yet I know her steps are bent
On some task of good intent

Maiden, though you do not ask it,
And your modest eyes may wink,
I will tell you what I think:
Queens might gladly bear your basket,
If they could appear as true
And as good and sweet as you.

—St. Nicholas.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS:
Rev. W. H. WITHROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, APRIL 21, 1883

RECENT TEMPERANCE LITERATURE.

☞ THE most vigorous Temperance Publishing House on this continent is the National Temperance Society, 58 Rensselaer Street, New York. In a recent number of this paper we give a list of its principal publications. We now make special mention of a few of the more note-worthy recent issues. One of these is "The Temperance Telescope," by S. Conant Foster. The most striking feature of this book is the fourteen full-page cartoons, illustrating the drunkard's progress from the first glass to the last step, and the drunkard's grave. The "telescope" is the black bottle. It is a conspicuous object in each picture. The graphic designs speak a loud warning—more striking than the printed page—to those who are entering on the drunkard's career.

"Temperance Physiology," by John Guthrie, M.A., D.D., Glasgow, 12mo., pp. 203, price, paper, 35 cents, is one of the best books on the subject we have seen. It discusses the chemical constitution and physiological effects of alcoholic drinks, gives the results of a large number of crucial experiments on their use, and proves that alcohol is in no sense food, but a deadly poison. The book is full of arguments and illustrations which condemn its use "teetotally."

"The Physiology of Alcohol" is an address given by request by Dr. Car-

pentor, one of the ablest physiologists living, before the Governor and Secretary of the State of Massachusetts, the Mayor of Boston, and many distinguished clergy. It is simply an unanswerable demonstration of the deadly character of all intoxicating liquors.

"The Sunday-school Concert" is a collection of twenty-five concert exercises and dialogues for the use of Sunday-schools, Bands of Hope, and other temperance organizations. They are admirably adapted to inculcate and enforce temperance lessons, especially on the young. We wish for the book a wide circulation. We shall endeavour to reproduce one or two of the dialogues for school use.

These books may all be ordered through our publishing house.

ABOUT MISSIONS.

☞ WE purpose to give in both PLEASANT Hours and Home and School special prominence to the subject of foreign missions. We have, therefore, arranged with the publisher of "The Gospel in All Lands," the best missionary paper in the world, for a supply of missionary engravings, and will prepare carefully written descriptions of them, and will give choice missionary selections. Sunday-schools and Women's Missionary Societies will find those papers a great help in arranging for readings and concert exercises for their meetings. In many places such meetings are awakening a great interest, and giving much information in connexion with this grandest of causes.

THE Rev. H. Lawson, missionary of the Methodist Church of Canada, in a letter to the Rev. Geo. Young, D.D., Superintendent of Missions in the North-West, writes that, "At Verdun (N. W. T.) the work is progressing nicely. We are about building a new church. We have recently found out a large settlement of Methodists, about ten miles north of Griswold, a station on the Canada Pacific Railroad. For the past two years they have engaged the services of two zealous local preachers, who have regularly ministered to them. They are about to erect a place of worship, and earnestly desire to be visited by a missionary of our Church. Talk about a 'surplus of men' in case of Union! Why, we will need every man that can be spared in keeping up with the work in this country."

Our Young Folks in Africa, by JAMES D. McCABE, 4to, pp. 312 Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

The scene of these sketches of travel is less familiar than that of most others of the season. A party of young Americans, in company with a learned professor, visit Algeria, and then cross the continent from Benguela on the Atlantic to Durban, the capital of the British province of Natal. The route is through what is to most readers almost a "terra incognita," and much useful information about the strange countries and people and customs is given. The resources of the great publishing house amply illustrate the book with handsome engravings made from nature or from life.

Home and School for April 14, is a special TEMPERANCE NUMBER with a large engraving showing the progress of intemperance, and numerous strong temperance articles. Price \$1 per 100.

Flotsam and Jetsam, by THOMAS GIBSON BOWLES. Standard Library No. 85 (New Series, 1883). Price, 25 cents. Funk & Wagnalls, 10 & 12 Day Street, New York. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

This master mariner evidently launched his yacht with his eyes in his head—just where they ought to be. He has used them well, and succeeded in gathering much valuable flotsam, and in fishing up from the deep strange specimens of jetsam. The book literally abounds with new and sometimes startling thoughts, put in a style which proves the striking originality of the author's mind. While sailing from place to place in his yacht he meets with varied experiences, and notes down in graphic pen-pictures facts, and the lessons he gathers from them. His strongest characteristic is his deep knowledge of human nature, and sometimes he gives us such pictures of it as must make the reader wince; and yet there is such a fascination in its pages that, however we may sometimes differ from his opinions and conclusions, and smart under his portrayal of human weaknesses, we cannot lay the book down until it is all read, and even then intelligent readers will not be satisfied, but will return to it and read it again.

A LOCOMOTIVE.

☞ FIRST let us have a look at the engine. It has a decidedly business-like appearance. Steam is up to full pressure and is blowing off through the safety-valve with a fierce hissing sound. The engine is one of the most powerful that are made, and its driving-wheel is of immense proportions. It is with no idle purpose that the driver and stoker examine the working parts, and pour oil upon all points of friction. There is the strength of a thousand horses embodied in this machine, and it is capable of conveying a load of two hundred tons at a speed of fifty miles per hour. Its energy is generated in the boiler, which occupies the cylindrical part extending from the funnel to the screen which shelters its driver and stoker. The boiler virtually consists of a large tube having numerous small tubes traversing it from end to end. The ends of the small tubes are brought out through the ends of the boiler, and the use of the tubes is to carry heated air and flame through the water which surrounds them, and thus cause it to be rapidly converted into steam. As the steam is generated it collects at a very high pressure in the large copper dome that surmounts the boiler, and from that point it is conducted to the cylinders through pipes. The cylinders lie on either side under the fore end of the boiler. When the steam is turned on it enters the cylinder, and causes a piston to move to and fro. The piston has a stout rod of iron attached to it which is connected with a crank on the axle of the great driving-wheels. As the pistons move from end to end of the cylinders they exert pressure on the crank and cause the wheels to revolve, and so the train is drawn forward.—Little Folks.

WE beg to acknowledge receipt of \$1 from M. A. B., Meadowvale, and \$1 from "Sunbeam," St. Joseph's Island, Algoma, for the Children's Hospital referred to in Mrs. Harvies' letter on another page.



THE JUG OF WHISKEY.

The following verses were written by Philip Freeman, "the Poet of the Revolution," who was born in New York City in 1752, and died in Monmouth City, N.J., in 1832. The poem is supposed to have been written about the end of the last century.

☞ WITHIN these earthen walls confined
The ruin lurks of human kind;
More mischiefs here united dwell,
And more diseases haunt this cell.
Than ever plagued the Egyptian flocks,
Or ever curaed Pandora's box.

Within these prison walls repose
The seeds of many a bloody nose,
The chattering tongue, the horrid oath,
The fiat for fighting nothing loath,
The nose with diamonds glowing red,
The bloated eye, the broken head!

For ever fastened by this door
Confined within a thousand more
Destructive fiends, of hateful shape,
Even now are planning an escape.

Here, only by a cork controlled,
And slender walls of earthen mould,
In all their pomp of death reside
Revenge, that ne'er was satisfied,
The tree that bears the deadly fruit
Of maiming, murder, and dispute,
Assault, that innocence assails,
The images of gloomy jails.
The giddy thought, on mischief bent,
The evening hour in folly spent—
All these within this jug appear,
And—Jack the hangman in the rear.

Thrice happy he who, early taught
By nature, ne'er this poison sought;
He, with the purling stream content,
The beverage quaffs that nature meant.
In reason's scale his actions weighed,
His spirits want no foreign aid;
Long life is his, in vigor passed,
Existence welcome to the last—
A spring that never yet grew stale;
Such virtues lie in Adam's Ale.

The subjoined verse is added by E. M. Morphy.

The Temperance cause requires our aid,
To crush the accursed liquor trade;
The widow's tears, and orphan's cry
Appeals to us, and is heard on high,
Then shun the wrong and do the right,
Gird on the armour, chase the fight;
Our legion foe cannot withstand
The chosen few of "Daniel's band."
Bold Cyrus, Havelock, Wolzeley too,
With Temperance men, brave, firm, and true,
Have conquered foes, and so may you.

THE COURTESIES OF LIFE.

WILLIAM WIET'S letter to his daughter on the "small sweet courtesies of life" contains a passage from which a deal of happiness might be learned:

I want to tell you a secret. The way to make yourself pleasing to others is to show them that you care for them. The whole world is like the miller at Mansfield, "who cared for nobody—no, not he—because nobody cared for him." And the whole world would care for you so if you gave them the same cause. Let every one, therefore, see that you do care for them by showing them what Sterne so happily calls the small courtesies, in which there is no parade, whose voice is too still to tease, and which manifests them by tender and affectionate looks, and little kind acts of attention, giving others the preference in every little enjoyment at the table, in the field, walking, sitting, or standing.