

The Temperance Girl.

A jolly temperance girl am I,
With honest heart and true,
Striving to do with all my might,
Whatever I find to do.

No wine or brandy ever I'll put
In pudding, sauce or pie,
Ah, no, indeed! that's 'gainst the rule,
For a temperance girl am I.

No whiskey pickles will I taste,
Nor set before a guest;
But in the temperance cause I'll work,
And do my very best.

No brandy peaches or homemade wine
Shall on my table find a place,
Though the President should with me
Dine,
I would not thus our cause disgrace.

For, am I not a temperance girl,
Pledged honest heart and hand?
Yes! I'll fight for right with all my
might!
For God and Home and Native Land.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.
Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, JANUARY 27, 1900.

KING MTESA AND THE BIBLE.

In a speech delivered in England not long ago, Henry M. Stanley, the celebrated explorer, told the remarkable story of a missionary Bible. He said: Janet Livingstone, the sister of David Livingstone, made me a present of a richly bound Bible. Not liking to risk it on the voyage round the Victoria Nyanza, I asked Frank Pocock, my companion, to lend me his somewhat worn and stained copy; and I sailed on my way to Uganda, little thinking what a revolution in Central Africa that book would make. We stayed in Uganda some time, and one day during a morning levee, and subject of religion was broached, and I happened to strike an emotional chord in the king's heart by making a casual reference to angels. King and chiefs were moved as one man to hear more about angels. My verbal descriptions of them were not sufficient. "But," said I, "I have a book with me which will tell you far better, not only what angels are, but what God and his blessed Son are like, to whom the angels are but ministering servants." "Fetch it," they eagerly cried, "Fetch it now; we will wait." The book was brought, opened, and I read the tenth chapter of Ezekiel, and the seventh chapter of the Revelation from the ninth chapter to the end; and as I read the eleventh and twelfth verses you could have heard a pin drop. And when they heard the concluding verses, "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat," I had a presentiment that Uganda would eventually be won for Christ. I was not permitted to carry that Bible away. Mtesa never forgot the wonderful words, nor the startling effect they had on him and on his chiefs. As I was turning away from his country, his messenger came and cried, "The book! Mtesa wants the book!" It was given to him. To-day the Christians number many thousands in Uganda. They have proved their faith at the stake, under the knobstick and under torture till death.

CORRECTING A FAULT.

Geoffrey Miller was a pretty sort of a boy, but he had one fault that was a serious one: he did not pay attention to what was told him, and then, in excuse, would say, "I forgot."

His mother tried in many ways to help him overcome this fault. One day he forgot to close the gate between the barnyard and garden, and the cow ate up the early vegetables as well as the sweet peas and pansies.

Another day his mother sent him to the meat market to order the roast for dinner. Then she went out, and did not return until near dinner-time. Mr. Miller brought home with him some friends to dinner. Mrs. Miller, as soon as she returned, went into the kitchen to see if dinner was ready to be served, but the cook told her the roast had not come. Of course, it was Geoffrey's fault, and his mother was annoyed and his father displeased.

After the guests went back to the city Mr. and Mrs. Miller talked the matter over, and Mr. Miller said: "Really, that boy ought to be taught to remember to do what he is told."

Mrs. Miller thought so, too, and they decided to try a new plan.

The next day Geoffrey was to go to the city with his father. His mother laid out his clothes ready for him the night before, and Geoffrey's last words to her were: "Now, mother, don't forget to call me in time."

Not that his mother ever had forgotten to call him, but it was a way Geoffrey had of talking.

The next morning the rising bell rang as usual. Geoffrey heard it, but thinking there was plenty of time he did not get up at once, and was soon fast asleep. It was eight o'clock, breakfast over, and Mr. Miller had gone to the city when Geoffrey came down.

"Mother, why didn't you call me?" he asked.

"Why, Geoffrey, I forgot," said his mother. She was just ready to go to a neighbour's, and did not comfort Geoffrey over his disappointment.

At a neighbour's lived a boy of Geoffrey's age—George Johnson. The two boys were great friends. That afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Johnson and George went to take a long ride in the country. They sent word by Mrs. Miller for Geoffrey to go with them.

On Mrs. Miller's return home she said nothing about the matter to Geoffrey.

On her way home she met a boy who asked her to say to Geoffrey that the black-and-tan puppy was old enough for him to take away, and if he wanted it he must come that morning after it.

When Mrs. Miller reached home she found Geoffrey still unhappy because he did not go to the city, but by afternoon he felt better, and as some friends came to see him he had quite a pleasant time. He invited them to come again the next day to play croquet with him.

"Father is going to bring a new set from the city for me," said Geoffrey.

Mr. Miller came home and Geoffrey asked for the croquet set.

"Why, Geoffrey, I forgot to get it," said Mr. Miller.

Geoffrey went away sorrowfully, but he did not say anything. There was a look in his father's eyes which kept him silent.

After tea Mr. and Mrs. Johnson and George came to the house on their way home from their drive. Mr. Johnson stopped his horse at the gate to talk with Mr. Miller, and George said to Geoffrey: "Why didn't you come and go with us?"

"Go where?" asked Geoffrey.

"To Fisher's Pond. We had fine luck fishing." And he showed Geoffrey a big string of fish.

"Because you didn't ask me," said Geoffrey.

"Oh, yes," said George, "I sent you word by your mother to come and go with us."

"Mother didn't tell me," said Geoffrey.

"That is strange," said George, "for she said she would be pleased to have you go."

No more was said, as Mr. Johnson drove away home, but Geoffrey came to his mother about the matter.

"Why, Geoffrey, I must have forgotten it," was her excuse.

Before Geoffrey could reply the boy who had the black-and-tan dog called to see him.

"Geoff, I thought you wanted the puppy, but as you did not come I sold it to Mr. Gray, who has taken it to the city with him for his little boy."

"I did want it; you knew I did. Why didn't you let me know it was old enough to be taken away?"

The boy looked up to Mrs. Miller, saying: "I did send you word, didn't I, ma'am?"

"Why, yes, so you did," said Mrs. Miller. "I must have forgotten it."

Geoffrey said nothing, for he began to see there must be some reason why his father and mother, who had never before forgotten anything that gave him pleasure, had forgotten so many things in a single day.

Late in the evening Lieutenant Graham called, on his way home from the parade, and said: "I was sorry not to see you at parade, Geoffrey. I knew you'd like it, so I requested your mother to tell you to be sure and come. It was splendid. You ought to have seen us!" And he laid his hand on Geoffrey's shoulder.

"Mother did not tell me," answered Geoffrey, hanging his head in shame.

"I certainly must have forgotten it. For you did tell me, lieutenant," said Geoffrey's mother.

And the lieutenant left, saying: "I'm sorry, Geoffrey. But I must hurry home now."

That night, before Geoffrey went to bed, he came and stood a moment by his mother's chair, and then said: "Mother, I'll try not to forget any more."

And he kept his word, too.—The Morning Star.

NEW BOOKS.

"A Pair of Them." By Jane H. Spettigue. With four illustrations. London: Blackie & Son, Limited. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, 90 cents.

The scene of this story is laid on the coast of Cornwall, and the chief actors are two brothers—Will and Miles Treherne—living with a bachelor great-uncle. The boys are left free to choose their own amusements, and this leads them into numerous adventures with smugglers and wreckers. Both Will and Miles are sturdy, self-reliant, and thoroughly likeable youngsters, and are certain to be highly popular alike with boy and girl readers.

"A Queen Among Girls." By Ellinor D. Adams. With six illustrations. London: Blackie & Son, Limited. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, \$1.25.

Augusta Pembroke is the head of her school, the favourite of her teachers and fellow-pupils, who are attracted by her fearless and independent nature, and her queenly bearing. She dreams of a distinguished professional career; but the course of her life is changed suddenly by the pity tardily awakened in her heart for her timid and sensitive little brother Adrian, the victim of his guardian-uncle's harshness. Brother and sister go out into the world together, and learn, as they share troubles, to love and trust each other. When their guardian regrets his injustice, the girl and boy have found a refuge with hitherto unknown kin; but Augusta, true to her noble ideals, returns to her guardian, and becomes the sunshine of his home.

"Put to the Proof." By Mrs. Henry Clarke. "Teddy's Ship." By A. B. Romney. "Irma's Zither." By Edith King Hall. "The Island of Refuge." By Mabel Mackness. London: Blackie & Son, Limited. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, 25 cents each.

Messrs. Blackie & Son have devoted, this year, special attention to the production of a new series of illustrated story-books, in which both language and ideas are well within the understanding of little folk. The books are carefully graduated to suit the requirements of children below eleven or twelve years of age.

"Wynport College." A Story of English School Life. By Fred Harrison. With eight illustrations. London: Blackie & Son, Limited. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, \$1.75.

No boy who is a boy can fail to be delighted with this spirited story. The hero and his chums differ as widely in character as in personal appearance. We have Patrick O'Flahertie, the good-natured Irish boy, taller by a head than any of his companions; Jack Brooks, the irrepressible humorist; Davie Jackson, the true-hearted little lad, who is accused of theft, and thin's look very black till he is triumphantly vindicated.

"That Examination Paper." A Story for Girls. By Edith King Hall. London: Blackie & Son, Limited. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, 50 cents.

During the examinations at a girls' school, the key to an arithmetic paper is stolen from the head-mistress's room

and found in Maggie's desk. Other circumstances pointing to her guilt, saw her condemned in spite of her assertion of innocence. Finally, she meets with an accident, Myra thinks she is dead, and in a panic of remorse, confesses that she is the real culprit. At first Maggie cannot forgive her friend, but better feelings prevail, and the story ends happily.



New Year's Day in China.

All shops are closed, no business done. The busy, bustling crowd are gone; One seems to be almost alone,
On New Year's Day in China.

'Tis strangely still; few folks abroad,
No coolies staggering 'neath their load;
No chair or barrow on the road,
On New Year's Day in China.

Alone we saunter down the street—
Some jugglers doing wondrous feat,
With Punch and Judy there complete,
On New Year's Day in China.

As usual, we invited all
Our native friends, both great and small,
To visit us at "Jesus Hall,"
On New Year's Day in China.

All bright and early came each guest,
The men clean-shaved and neatly dressed,
In hat and gown and Sunday best,
On New Year's Day in China.

The children decked in colours gay,
Their well-combed hair so smoothly lay,
With rose and poppy each a spray,
On New Year's Day in China.

Then, bending slowly to the ground,
Each person makes a bow profound,
And hopes good fortune may abound,
On New Year's Day in China.

Soon, seated round the board, each guest
Attacks the food with eager zest,
And with his chopsticks does his best,
On New Year's Day in China.

On pleasure now each one is bent;
In cheerfulness and merriment
The quickly passing hours are spent,
On New Year's Day in China.

When day begins to wear away,
And little folks are tired of play,
We gather round to sing and pray,
On New Year's Day in China.

The elders then, with solemn voice,
Invited all who would rejoice
For God and heaven to make their choice,
On New Year's Day in China.

And so, not vainly spent our day,
Should some poor souls one feeble ray
Of brightness gain to cheer their way,
On New Year's Day in China.

STOP BEFORE YOU BEGIN.

Success depends as much on not doing as upon doing; in other words, "stop before you begin," has saved many a boy from ruin.

"From drinking and swearing and every sin,
You are safe and secure if you never begin.
Then, never begin, never begin;
You can't be a smoker unless you begin."

If John, at that time a clerk in a warehouse, had only said when invited to stop at a saloon and have a glass, "No, I thank you," he would not now be the inmate of an inebriate asylum.

If James, a clerk in a store, when invited to spend his next Sabbath on a steambath excursion, had said, "No, I thank you," he might to-day have been perhaps an honoured officer in the church instead of occupying a cell in prison.

It is the "first glass" that brings the murderer to the gallows.

It is the "first cigarette" that produces the cancer on the tongue and "tobacco heart."

It is the "first bet" that results in the financial wreck of the gambler.

It is the "first impure word" that makes the string of terrible oaths.