

Then and Now.

BY LAURA E. RICHARDS.

When they invented gunpowder,
They did most dreadful things with it,
They blew up popes and parliaments,
And emperors and kings with it.

They put on funny hats and boots,
And stalked about in cellars, oh!
With shaking shoes they laid a fuse,
And blew it with a bellows, oh!

They wore great ruffs, the stupid muffs!
(At least that's my opinion) then;
And said, "What ho!" and "Sooth, 'tis so!"
And called each other "Minion!" then.

But now the world has turned about,
Five hundred years and more you see;
And folks have learned a thing or two
They did not know before, you see.

So nowadays the powder serves
To give the boys a jolly day,
And try their Aunt Louisa's nerves,
And make a general holiday.

In open day we blaze away
With popguns and with crackers, oh!
With rockets bright we crown the night,
(And some of them are whackers, oh!)

And "pop!" and "fiz!" and "bang!" and
"whiz!"
Sounds louder still and louder, oh!
And that's the way we use to-day
The funny gunny-powder, oh!

OUR PERIODICALS:

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.

| | |
|--|-------|
| Christian Guardian, weekly | 22 00 |
| Methodist Magazine, 104 pp., monthly, illustrated | 2 00 |
| Methodist Magazine and Guardian together | 3 50 |
| Magnifying Glass and Guardian together | 4 00 |
| The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly | 1 50 |
| Sunday School Banner, 54 pp., 8vo., monthly | 0 60 |
| Onward, 8 pp., 4to., weekly, under 5 copies | 0 60 |
| 5 copies and over | 0 50 |
| Pleasant Hours, 4 pp., 4to., weekly, single copies | 0 30 |
| Less than 20 copies | 0 25 |
| Over 20 copies | 0 24 |
| Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 10 copies | 0 15 |
| 10 copies and upwards | 0 12 |
| Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 10 copies | 0 12 |
| 10 copies and upwards | 0 15 |
| Bornan Leaf, monthly, 100 copies per month | 5 50 |
| Quarterly Mission Service. By the year, 24c. a dozen; \$2 per 100; per quarter, 6c. a dozen; 50c. per 100. | |

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto.

C. W. CHAMBERLAIN,

M. F. HENNING,

4 Murray Street,

Wesleyan Book Room,

Montreal.

Halifax, N.S.

Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

Rev. W. H. WITHROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 4, 1893.

GOSPEL TEMPERANCE.

At the great Endeavour Convention in New York city, Hon. John G. Woolley said this among other good things:

Three millions of Christian men are to vote presently, and there are but two things certain in the contest—namely, that the Christian men can define the issue and determine it, and that the saloon will carry the day and decorate its bar with Christian consciences spitted like reed birds on a skewer of gold. "Gospel temperance" is an avalanche of talk upon a glacier of apathy.

"Gospel temperance" is congested at the little end of the subject. This is, for instance, the golden age of patent medicines. The windows of the apothecary are full of the sure cures for drunkenness, and religious and reform newspapers fairly tumble over one another recommending substitutes for regeneration by hypodermic injections at a price not one drunkard in three thousand can pay.

You could as well try to cure a runaway horse by painting the barn a quiet colour as to cure an unrepentant drunkard by the skin or stomach.

Drunkenness is sin, not the only one nor the worst. I would as lief stagger to the gate of heaven drunk and in rags as a sober,

cleanly, dainty, natty hypocrite; I would as willingly roll into judgment limp with alcohol as a calm, clean accomplice of the saloon.

The same Congress that refuses even to consider the ravages of the liquor traffic appropriates \$100,000 a year to investigate hog cholera—\$100,000 outlay to save swine from infection, \$100,000,000 income to spread contagion in the way of boys!

In local option, which is the fashionable tint this spring in political Christianity, there is just a gleam of hope for boys, but measured by the wrong it would correct, that remedy is infinitesimal and almost contemptible.

The temperance lecturer leaves no doubt that alcohol is poison. The preacher shows that to both body and soul alcohol is poison. The court analyzes the virus of the soul and pronounces it poison. The legislature does the like and reports poison. Then they all go for more virus to analyze, and commence all over again. No wonder that temperance is marked "optional" on your lesson leaves; the thing is threadbare. It has often happened in New York city that a man has lain aside the linen apron of the bar for the ermine of the bench.

The need of the world is men, wholesome, well nourished, well trained, well armed, well accoutred, stalwart, confident soldiers of Jesus Christ, like you.

While the church steeples stand for high license they do not point to God. A ship that lands in Africa to put ashore two missionaries and 60,000 gallons of New England rum carries hell there, not the Gospel.

THE BIBLE.

BY REV. WM. BURNET WRIGHT, D.D.

"FATHER," said Mary, "why is it called 'the Bible'? What does 'Bible' mean?"

"Bible" comes from a Greek word which means "book" or "library." People forget that the word is a plural and fancy "the Bible" means "the book," as if there were only one, and all parts of the Bible had been written at the same time, like Webster's Dictionary.

Until more than two hundred years after Christ, if you had asked for "the Bible" no one would have known what you meant. During all that time people called the Old Testament "the Holy Scriptures," or "the Writings," or "the Law and the Prophets," and the New Testament they called "The Writings of the Apostles." At last a man named Tertullian, who lived in Africa, and who wrote a great deal about the Scriptures, fell to speaking of them as "the books." Soon others began to speak of them in the same way; and now for hundreds of years they have been called "the Book" or "the Bible."

It is not easy to change a name that has grown familiar unless there is a good reason for the change. If you were a boy, and your name was Charlie, it would be hard to get your mother and me and the boys and girls to call you Willie, just because some one wished us to. But suppose you came to school some day with a new coat having four rows of gilt buttons, each as big as a silver dollar, and some one cried out, "There comes Buttons," the boys might call you "Buttons" till they forgot your real name. Just so people came to say "the Bible" or "the Book" and this is what they meant. When mother says, "Let us go into the dining-room," you know exactly what she means. There are thousands of dining-rooms in Toronto, but you know which one she means—not Mr. Brown's nor Mrs. Green's, but ours; yours and mine. That is the reason why it has come so naturally for everyone to call "the Bible" by its present name.

That man in Africa who died so long ago felt that these writings were his books; and when you know what is in them you will feel that they are your books. So everybody calls them "the books," because they are everybody's books. That is not true of any others that were ever written. Some families have in the house a medicine chest. When anyone is sick they go to it, and find there whatever medicine is needed. The Bible is such a medicine chest. There used to be a pantry in my father's house, full of all manner of good things. All the apples, nuts, oranges, and figs we children got came out of that pantry. It had a noisy lock that you could hear a great way when

the key was turned. Wherever we were playing, if we heard that click, we children dropped everything and rushed up stairs or down to reach the charmed door before it could be locked again. I do not think mother could have entered that pantry at midnight without some of us children hearing her and whooping to the rest to run. We always got something good if we were not too late. We called it "the pantry." There were twenty other pantries in the house, which was a large one with no end of closets. There was the cedar closet, the linen closet, the china closet and the cloak closet, and the pantries; but to us children none of them could be meant in speaking of "the pantry." That was because we knew what was in it. So no one who knows what is in the Bible can ever mistake when it is called "the Book."

THE SIGN OF THE GLASS AND BOTTLE.

It had been a hot June day. Old Richard Hill (the Methody chap, some had nicknamed him) was coming home tired and weary from his work, when a sad-looking girl met him.

"Mother is very bad," she said; "and I am going to see if I can get her some medicine, but how I am to pay for it I don't know. And baby is so ill; he is bound to die before night, the neighbours say."

Richard Hill paused. He had three shillings in his pocket, his hardly-earned wages, but he took them at once out of a corner of his red pocket-handkerchief, and he told the child to pay the chemist with them, and to get a little tea as well. Then tired and old as he was, he turned round and began to trudge along afresh to the child's home. It was a long bit out of his way, and the shadows began to fall across the road; the rooks were cawing and flapping their wings overhead. Once a sound of riotous voices came across the evening air, and then Richard Hill, looking up, saw he was near the worst-kept inn in the place. He had just reached the tall signpost, when some half dozen men, sitting smoking and drinking, caught sight of him.

"Here's Methody Dick! Hurrah, old Dick! Come along, and we'll wash your old throat for you!"

Richard Hill stopped. He leant on his stick.

"Haven't I a word to say for the Master?" he thought; but he was so tired that he could only remain silent.

Silent, was he? No; for a prayer, not heard in the drunken riot before him, was heard high up in the courts of heaven; and the angel faces above must have smiled their radiant smile when Richard's words were spoken on earth.

"Can't you tip us a word, old Methody? We'll tip you a glass in 'change," and then the ringleader laid his tipsy, shaking hand on the old man's collar. Then Richard Hill stood up strong and fearless, the moonlight full on his tired face, on his white hair, on his clear, true eyes.

"What shall a man give in exchange for his own soul?" he cried. "The devil's exchange of drink and sin and vice here, and hereafter hell, the place of torment and wailing. The Master, blessed be his name," and he reverently bent his head, "is calling one soul, hard by, home to-night; and would God he had called you all too, before you had begun to bargain with the devil as you are now doing."

Some of the men slunk back to the inn, some sang snatches of low songs; but a young lad, who had only just joined the "Glass and Bottle" company, slipped unnoticed down the lane after Richard Hill.

"Master," he cried in a trembling voice, "I am not worthy to be—"

But Dick placed his hand on the lad's shoulder.

"The kingdom of heaven is at hand," he said in his kind way, and he led the boy to a cottage where a blind was drawn across its one window.

"The Master has called her," the mother said, sobbing. But later on when Richard Hill and his new friend were together and alone, he added, "The Master has called one soul to his work in heaven, and another to his work on earth; eh, my son?"

And the youth before him on his bended knee answered with an earnest "Amen."

IT PAYS TO DO YOUR DUTY.

On the northernmost part of the mainland of Holland there is a point extending nine miles, unprotected by any natural barrier from the sea. More than two hundred years ago the Hollanders undertook the gigantic task of raising dykes of clay, earth and stone; and now behind the shelter of the embankment numerous villages and towns are safe from their powerful enemy, the sea. The spire of Alkmond, a town of 10,000 inhabitants, is on a level with the top of the dyke. A master is appointed to oversee the workmen constantly employed in watching the dykes. A century ago one November night a fierce gale was blowing from the northwest, and was increasing in fury every minute. The dyke master had planned to go to Amsterdam. It was the time of the spring tide. He thought of the dyke. Shall he give up his pleasant trip to Amsterdam? The dyke! The urgency of his visit is great! But the dyke! Inclination against duty. It is six o'clock. The tide turns and rises. But at seven o'clock the stage starts for Amsterdam. Shall he go? A struggle: his inclination is to go; his duty is to remain. He looked up at the wild and fast increasing storm, and he decided to go with all speed to his post.

When he reached the dyke the men, two hundred in number, were in utter and almost hopeless confusion. The storm had risen to a hurricane. They had used up their store of hurdles and canvas in striving to check the inroads of their relentless foe. Then they shouted, "Here's the master! Thanks be to God! All right now!" The master placed every man at his post; and then a glorious battle commenced—the battle of men against the furious ocean. About half-past eleven the cry was heard from the centre, "Help! help!" "What's the matter?" "Four stones out at once!" "Where!" "Here!"

The master flung a rope around his waist; four men did the same. Forty hands held the ends of the ropes as the five glided down the sloping side of the dyke. The waves buffed and tossed them, bruising their limbs and faces; but they closed the breach, and were then drawn up. Cries for help were issuing from all quarters. "Is there any more canvas?" "All gone." "Any more hurdles?" "All gone." "Off with your coats, men, and use them for canvas!" shouted the master, throwing off his own. There they stood, half naked, in the rage of the November storm.

It is now a quarter to twelve o'clock. Only half an inch higher and the sea will rush over the dyke, and not a living soul will be left in all north Holland. The coats are all used up. The tide has yet to rise till midnight. "Now, my men," said the master, "we can do no more. Down on your knees, every one of you, and wrestle with God." Two hundred men knelt down on the shaking, trembling dyke, amid the roar of the storm and the thunder of the waves, and lifted up their hands and hearts to him who could say to the waves, "Be still!" And, as of old, he heard them, and saved them out of their trouble. The people of Alkmond were eating and drinking, dancing and singing, and knew not that there was but a quarter of an inch between them and death. A country was saved by one man's decision for duty.

Young man, it "pays"—truly it "pays" now and then, and as it will for all time—for you to do your duty.—Times of Refreshing.

TRUE BRAVERY.

BETWEEN twenty and thirty years ago, three little English boys were amusing themselves together in a wood lodge one summer forenoon. Suddenly one of them looked grave and left off playing. "I have forgotten something," he said, "I forgot to say my prayers this morning; you must wait for me." He went quietly into a corner of the place they were in, knelt down and reverently repeated his morning prayer. Then he returned to the others again. This brave boy grew up to be a brave man. He was the gallant Captain Hammond who nobly served his Queen and country, till he fell headlong leading on his men to the attack on the Redan, at the siege of Sebastopol. He was a faithful soldier to his earthly sovereign, but better still, a good soldier of Jesus Christ, never ashamed of his service, ever ready to fight his battle.