

of the best examples which show how "great effects from little causes spring." This unpleasant looking and slimy animal, before the days of Darwin, was looked upon as an entirely useless creature—except as a bait for fish and as food for birds.—Knowledge.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, MAY 2, 1896.

OUR STORY—THE BOY DISCIPLE.

We begin in this number a story which will prove of fascinating interest. It illustrates the story of our Lord, which nearly all the Sunday schools in the world are studying at the present time. It will run through several weeks and will give our young readers a very vivid conception of these old Jewish times in which that Matchless Life was lived. It should, we think, make the Scriptures more real to them than they have ever been before. We trust that like the Boy Disciple, all the readers of this paper will give their young hearts to the Saviour, and become his disciples indeed. To purchase this story in book form would cost \$1.75. Yet it will be given complete within six months, the subscription for which costs only 15 cents; and will then be only about one-fourth of the contents of this paper during that time.

FOR OTHERS

On the New Jersey coast there stands a quiet little farmhouse which was the scene of a long, heroic struggle, never recorded in any history. Twenty-five years ago it was occupied by Mrs. Blank, a woman of great beauty and intellectual power, a favourite in New York society.

After her husband's death, she remained throughout the year in this country house. One day a dissolute woman, in rags and bloated with drink, came to the door begging. Mrs. Blank inquiring into her history, found that she had some feeble wish to reform, to "be like other women again." She took the woman in, clothed her, and gave her work.

The woman brought her companions. Mrs. Blank received eight of them. Her means were small. To enable her to do this thing, she was forced herself to dress coarsely, to live on the plainest fare to share in the work of her inmates. For eighteen years she carried on this charity, always keeping her house full. Many of the women were brought back to decency and respectability; some of them even to a religious life.

She laboured to help each one, as if she were her own child. But she was often deceived by impostors; many of the women went back to a life of crime; still more were ungrateful. As time passed, too, her friends urged her to come back

to the city again; to lead a life of ease and enjoyment in the society and pursuits for which she was suited. But she persevered in her work until her death, in 1887.

Molokai, one of the Sandwich Islands, as our readers know, is set apart as a home for lepers. Twelve years ago, a young priest, Father Damien, left his home and friends and gave himself up to work among these people, every one of whom is marked for a slow and awful death.

For some time he was able to return for a yearly visit to his family and home, but recently a farewell letter was received from him.

"It is impossible," he wrote, "for me to go any more to Honolulu, as the leprosy has broken out in me. Now that I am satisfied as to the true character of my disease, I am more calm, and am resigned and happy among my people."

There he remains, administering consolation to the members of this wretched colony, more than ever devoted to the work of the Master now that he, like themselves, is living under the shadow of a terrible doom. Who, better than such a man, could inspire them with hope and confidence in an immortal life free from the spots and taints which in this lower world affect both body and soul?

This man and woman belonged to sects of widely different creeds. But surely, they who thus gave their lives to their fellowmen are together, very near to that Saviour who is Elder Brother and helper of us all.—Companion.

THE TOBACCO VICE

A gentleman in one of our Canadian towns sends us the following letter:

"Dear Sir.—Knowing the interest you take in condemning the use of tobacco, I take the liberty of sending you one of my circulars, also one of the circulars to which I refer. I do think that if our ministers and Church consider the habit wrong, it is time the matter was taken up in the Conferences, and their opinion pronounced upon it."

The circular reads thus: "For a long time I have had my doubts as to its being right for me to sell tobacco, especially when called upon—as I frequently have been—to sell to boys. I could not conscientiously use it; and some of my friends tell me it is just as bad to sell it. I have made a careful estimate, and am of the opinion that no less than four thousand dollars—probably over five thousand dollars—is spent annually on tobacco in this town. This is certainly a great waste for that which does harm rather than good. The Scripture saith: 'Whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God.' I have never felt that I could sell tobacco to his glory; and I do not want to be engaged in anything upon which I cannot ask his blessing. If it is true, as is generally admitted by those who use tobacco, that it is a bad habit—and I have never known a father who would want his son to become addicted to it—then, I think every Christian ought to use his or her influence in persuading young men to avoid it; especially as the business community, at the present time, is being flooded with circulars and advertisements recommending the sale of cigarettes, with the use of which many boys commence the habit. I have felt that I could not do this conscientiously while engaged in the sale of tobacco, and for these and other reasons I have decided to give it up. I am aware it may interfere with my business relations, as some of my best friends and customers buy and use tobacco."

The cigarette circular says: "We deem it of interest to draw attention to the fact that the demand for cigarettes throughout Canada is unparalleled, and in this respect is following in the footsteps of the United States and Europe, where their consumption is ever on the increase. Dealers have, in the sale of cigarettes, a large field for additional profits to their business, and which can be made one of its best paying branches."

Thus the boys in our families—the hopes of our households—are sacrificed to the greed for gain of the manufacturers of these pernicious articles. Experts say that the use of cigarettes is even worse than that of cigars. We hope that every conscientious Methodist will

refrain from their sale, and discourage their use in every way. Another devilish wile by which the sale of these articles is encouraged, is the use of garish pictures—often of an indecent character—which accompany each package. Next to the liquor habit, the use of tobacco is one of the great evils of the day. We are disgusted every time we travel by the selfishness of smokers, and the sin they cause in the cars in which poor people, and often delicate women, have to remain.

The following indignant protest in a daily paper is not too strong:

"Will you permit me to protest against what for years past has been becoming an unmitigated nuisance. The idea of allowing a hundred or two of young men and boys to occupy the best parts of the steamer, puffing the abominable stench into the faces and down the throats of a lot of sea-sick ladies and children, and ejecting their saliva about the deck, to be mopped up by the dresses and wraps of the former, is a foul offence against common decency that ought not any longer to be tolerated. The one object sought in these short afternoon excursions is fresh air, and by those—in many cases—who have during the week been pent up in offices and warerooms; yet many feel that even the close atmosphere of the city is more desirable than that possessed by the disgusting fumes of tobacco."

"The above letter," says the Globe, "touches upon a genuine grievance. The smoker is essentially a selfish animal. He seldom cares how much he spoils the enjoyment of other people. There should be places assigned smokers on board steamboats, and, if necessary, littered down with sawdust, or some other filthy absorbent. The steamboat in which rules of decency are enforced, will take the best of the trade."

God save our boys from the abominable tobacco vice. Let every Christian father help to stamp it out of existence.

TRUST

Off in the Highlands of Scotland there is a mountain gorge twenty feet in width and two hundred feet in depth. Its perpendicular walls are bare of vegetation, save in crevices, in which grow numerous wild flowers of rare beauty. Desirous of obtaining specimens of these mountain beauties, some scientific tourists once offered a Highland lad a handsome gift if he would consent to be lowered down the cliff by a rope and would gather a little basketful of them. The boy looked wistfully at the money, for his parents were poor; but when he gazed at the yawning chasm, he shuddered, shrunk back, and declined. But filial love was strong within him; and, after another glance at the gift, he said: "I will go if my father will hold the rope."

And then, with unshrinking nerves and heart firmly strong, he suffered his father to put the rope about him, lower him into the wild abyss, and to suspend him there while he filled his basket with the coveted flowers. It was a daring deed, but his faith in the strength of his father's arm and the love of his father's heart gave him courage and power to perform it.

And shall we, children of God, be less trustful of the protection of the Almighty Hand when we have difficult duties to undertake? No; rather let us say with the Apostle, "I can do all things in Him who strengtheneth me."

WOULD JAR THE EARTH.

If I could gather all the armies of the dead drunkards and have them come to convention, and then add to that host all the armies of living drunkards—five and ten abreast; and then if I could have you mount a horse and ride until he fell from exhaustion, and you would mount another horse and ride along that line for review, you would ride that horse until he fell from exhaustion; and you would take another, and another, and would ride along hour after hour and day after day. Great hosts, in regiments, in brigades, Great armies of them. And then if you had voice stentorian enough to enable them all to hear, and you could give the command, "Forward, march!" their first tramp would jar the foundation of the earth.—Selected.

Britons, One and All. BY THOMAS CLEWORTH. Realms of the President and Queen, Two nations strong and glorious, Your banners through the world are seen, O'er every foe victorious! One blood still courses in your veins, One hope, one grand endeavour To save a world from slavish chains And lift it up forever.

For ye are Britons, one and all, True to your nation's story: Ready to rise at Freedom's call, And win new fields before ye. The bugle-call of help for men Rings out for Prohibition! Come, battle for your homes again, And help a world's condition.

This campaign is no idle dream, But men from slumber waking To frustrate every rum-built scheme. The chains of Bacchus breaking, True manhood marshals in this fray To bring men's foes to order, The world groans for a brighter day, With Righteousness as warder.

Grand people that in mercy join To raise each reeling nation, Bring all your forces into line, Compact on Truth's foundation. Beat back the furies in this fight; Destroy Rum's cursed fountain; Onward behold the goal of light Shines clear on Freedom's mountain!

Realms of the President and Queen, Be true to God and duty, And let no demon come between To sever or to rout ye. United you can move the world To crown this grand endeavour; Then let your banners be unfurled To raise the world forever!

JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

MAY 10, 1896.

A Citizen of Zion.—Psalm 15, 4, 5.

FURTHER DESCRIPTION.

Verse 4. Contemns violence. Bad men are never loved by those who live holy lives. They may be in office as rulers, and we must esteem the office, but disapprove all conduct that is contrary to righteousness and true holiness. Those who love goodness always admire it, no matter by whom it may be practised. A person may live in the humble walks of life, and may only be known to a small number of citizens, yet if he is a good man, one who fears God and works righteousness, he is worthy of honour.

SWEARER TO HIS OWN HURT.

We are commanded to swear not at all. Civil law requires citizens to testify under oath, and what a man declares under oath is regarded as sacred. There is no need for good men to take oath about anything, their word is their oath, but if compelled to take oath, they are careful not to affirm what they would not say even if they did not take oath.

THEY CHANGE NOT.

The meaning is, if they have made promise concerning any matter, and find that what they have promised is really to their injury, they will not act contrary to their promise, even though to do so should be to their injury. Be careful how you promise, and always remain true to your engagement.

HE DOES NOT PRACTICE USURY.

The meaning of this is, he does not exact more than is proper and equitable. If a man borrows money, he intends to use it to get gain, and if so, the lender certainly has a right to a share of the gain, which comes to him as legal interest. No man who professes piety will take advantage of another man's necessity, nor take a reward for anything he may do on behalf of an innocent man. Thus bribery is strictly prohibited in all the affairs of life.

It was a very cold morning, and Bobbie came rushing into the house very much excited. "Mamma," he cried, "there's something the matter with me. Please send for the doctor. I'm breathing fog!"