

Only One Mother.

You have only one mother,
Whose heart you can gladden with joy,
Or cause it to ache,
Till ready to break,
So cherish that mother, my boy.

You have only one mother, who will
Stand by you through good and through ill,

And love you, although
The world is your foe,
So care for that love ever still.

You have only one mother to pray
That in the good path you may stay,
Who for you won't spare
Self-sacrifice rare;
So worship that mother alway.

You have only one mother to make
A home ever sweet for your sake,
Who toils day and night
For you with delight,
To help her all pains ever take.

You have only one mother just one,
Remember that always, my son,
None can or will do
What she has for you;
What have you for her ever done?
—Early Days

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Rev. W. H. Witham, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, JUNE 16, 1900.

THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY.

If the Emperor of Germany were an ordinary mortal the care with which he preserves and the pride with which he makes public the exact number of the animals he succeeds in killing would be taken as proof that he is entirely lacking in the true spirit of sport. For the real hunter, unless, of course, he hunts for the market, and therefore belongs to a class of hunters so closely related to butchers as not to count in the present discussion, notes the number of his victims only as a minor and incidental feature of success, and rests all his claim to the successful envy of his fellows on achievements reached in conditions that precluded the possibility of filling up much space on a tally sheet. The Kaiser, dear man, has different ideas. It pleases him to shoot birds and beasts that have been driven to the end of his gun, and after every shot a specially employed statistician makes an entry under the proper head in a big ledger. Once in so often the columns are totted up, and a report on the month or year is sent out to a world which, whether admiring or not, is certainly interested. As the Kaiser imagines that he has just passed the dividing line between two centuries, it is natural that he should have had tabulated all the "hunting" done by him in the century he thinks has passed, and we are solemnly informed that between 1872 and the beginning of 1900 William has killed 40,822 "pieces of game." It's a good many, for a fact. A little figuring shows that the killings numbered 1,458 per year, which is four for every day in the twenty-eight years, or about one for each four hours of the Emperor's waking time. Even more impressive than the record itself, however, is the circumstance that the man who made it deems it creditable to him.—New York Times.

AN EMPTY WHISKEY BARREL.

BY MRS. A. M. C. MARELL.

"What is the use of learning all this stuff anyway?" yawned ten-year-old Harry Dean, as he was trying to learn a lesson in his Temperance Physiology.

"The book explains for itself," said his mother.

"I don't believe half of it. Jimmy Lark is a saloonkeeper's son, and he says there is not a bit of truth in it. That silly people only put that into books to hurt the liquor trade."

"Is Jimmy Lark a proper person to listen to?"

"He says wicked words sometimes, and has awful dirty hands, but he knows something about the liquor trade, and if he did not tell me, mamma, I could see some things for myself. Now, you say there has never been a drunkard in our family—and how is it going to hurt me if I leave it alone? I don't believe there is half so much poison in the stuff as this book says. If it is really such a dangerous poison I shouldn't think people would be allowed to make it, or sell it, or anything."

"No, they shouldn't, my son. You may depend on it, everything in the book is true, and, then, not half the evil is told. But you are tired now. Put your book aside and go to the grocer's for me. Here is the order."

Harry Dean closed his book, took the slip of paper and started out.

It was a very hot day, and the street had a deserted look because it was the noon hour.

As he passed the corner of Fourth and Federal, he noticed a boy seated on an empty whiskey barrel, under an awning, in front of a saloon. The boy was eating cherries.

As Harry was returning from the grocer's, he heard a loud report, and saw a boy flying up into the air.

He ran with the others, and was one of the first to help up a bruised and bleeding body. It was the one who had been sitting on the whiskey barrel. He was hurried away to the hospital.

It was several days before he recovered from his wounds, and then he told how the accident happened.

After he had eaten his cherries, he began to wonder if there was anything in the barrel. In order to find out, he struck a match, dropped it through the bung-hole into the barrel, and was just about to peer into the hole when there came a terrific explosion and he bounced up against the awning and then out into the street.

"Why, the barrel was empty. How could it blow up?" Harry asked his mother, after narrating the event to her.

"That, my boy, is a lesson in Natural Philosophy. The barrel was full of poisonous gas, which the whiskey left behind. The lighted match caused it to expand and explode. Is there no lesson to be learned in what you have seen?"

"Why, mamma, I was thinking if there is so much danger in an empty barrel where whiskey has been, how much more there must be in a barrel full. I believe the books are right about alcohol burning up the stomach, and brain, and liver, and everything, and I never mean to taste a drop as long as I live. God never made alcohol, but wicked men made it, and I want none of it. I am so glad that temperance women introduced the study into the public schools, and I am just going to know it from beginning to end before I am done with it."

OVERDID IT.

An eccentric clergyman in Cornwall had been much annoyed by the way the members of the congregation had of looking around to see late comers. After enduring it for some time he said, on entering the reading desk one day: "Brethren, I regret to see that your attention is called away from your religious duties by your very natural desire to see who comes in behind you. I propose henceforth to save you the trouble by naming each person who may come late.

He then began: "Dearly beloved," but paused half-way to interpolate, "Mr. S—— with his wife and daughter."

Mr. S—— looked rather surprised, but the minister, with perfect gravity, resumed. Presently he again paused: "Mr. C—— and William D——"

The abashed congregation kept their eyes studiously bent on their books. The service proceeded in the most orderly manner, the parson interrupting himself every now and then to name some new-comer. At last he said, still with the same perfect gravity:

"Mrs. S—— in a new bonnet."

In a moment every feminine head in the congregation had turned around.

METHODIST MISSIONS.

(Continued from first page.)

practicable, gathered them into reserves, bestowed annual gifts and pensions, and kept them in a state of tutelage, which, however, has enervated their moral fibre. But the influence of the white man's civilization has been more a bane than a blessing. His vices have taken root more deeply than his virtues. His accursed fire-water has swept away its thousands and demoralized whole tribes, and the diseases he has introduced have threatened the extermination of the entire race.

PAGAN TRIBES.

Many of these tribes are still pagan. They worship the great Manitou and sacrifice the white dog. They are ruled by cunning medicine-men and are the prey of superstitious fears. Others give an unintelligent observance to the mummeries of a corrupt form of Christianity, and regard the cross only as a more potent fetish than their ancestral totem. Romish missionaries, indeed, have been indefatigable for three centuries in their propagandist zeal. No more thrilling records exist than those of the heroic lives and martyr deaths of many of the pioneer Jesuit Fathers, who taught the blended worship of the Virgin Mother and Divine Son to savage tribes beside strange streams and amid remote and pathless forests. The footsteps of these pious adventurers may be traced all over this continent, in the names of saint or martyr given to the great natural features of the landscape all the way from the mouth of the St. Lawrence to the mouth of the Mississippi.

MISSIONARY VOLUNTEERS.

Her Indian missions have been one of the chief glories of Canadian Methodism, and of all the Protestant agencies among the native races hers have been the most successful. She has now forty-seven missions, employing forty-three missionaries, thirteen interpreters, twenty-nine teachers and twelve local assistants, or a total paid agency of fifty-seven, and a membership of 4,648. There are no more difficult mission fields in the world than those of the "Great Lone Land" of the Northwest. The devoted servant of the Cross, unlike the missionary to India, China, or Japan, goes forth to a region beyond the pale of civilization. He is surrounded by savage and often hostile tribes, cut off from human sympathy and from intelligent and congenial companionship. His social isolation is sometimes almost appalling. Communication with the world is often maintained only by infrequent and irregular mails, conveyed by long and tortuous canoe routes in summer, or on dog-sleds in winter. He is exposed to the rigours of an almost arctic climate, and often suffers privation of the very necessities of life. The unvarnished tales of some of our own missionaries lack no feature of heroic daring and of apostolic zeal. The Rev. E. R. Young, with his newly-wedded wife—a lady of culture and refinement—travelled hundreds of miles by lake and river, often making toilsome portages, and being more than once in imminent danger of their lives by the upsetting of their frail bark canoe in an arrowy rapid. In midwinter the intrepid missionary made a journey of several hundred miles on a dog-sled, sleeping in the snow with the thermometer many degrees below zero, in order to open a new mission among a pagan tribe. Yet this devoted brother writes: "I think this is the best mission in the world." Few records of self-sacrifice are more sublime than that of our missionary band at Edmonton House, on the Saskatchewan, ministering with Christlike tenderness and pity to the victims of that loathsome scourge, the small-pox. And few pictures of bereavement are more pathetic than that of the survivors, themselves enfeebled through disease, laying in their far-off, lonely graves their loved ones who fell martyrs to their pious zeal. For these plumeless heroes of the Christian chivalry all human praise is cold and meagre; but the "well done" of the Lord they loved is their exceeding great reward.

One of the most notable of these missionary pioneers was the late George McDougall, a true pathfinder of Christianity amid the almost boundless prairies and forests of the Canadian Northwest. When small-pox decimated the native tribes he ministered alike to their physical and spiritual necessities, and commanded the respect of even pagan bands. In such reverence was he held that he could go unarmed into an angry encampment, and not seldom suc-

ceeded in averting the outbreak of hostilities. He was a wise counsellor of successive governments on questions of Indian polity. After a life of noble usefulness, bowled in a snowstorm, he lay down to die in the pathless prairie. His true monument is the Christian schools and institutions on the banks of the Bow River, amid the foothills of the Rocky Mountains.

The influence of our missions has largely been felt in the improved social and moral condition of the Indian tribes, among whom have been won some of the most remarkable trophies of divine grace. Many pagan savages have been reclaimed from lives of sin to become the disciples of Jesus, and have adorned by their consistent walk the doctrines of the Gospel. Many, by their talents, love of souls, and zeal for the welfare of their people have done much to benefit and bless their race. But while much has been accomplished, much yet remains to be done. Multitudes are yet wandering blindly on to an unknown future, uncheered by any hope of heaven. Shall they go down to darkness and to death unilluminated by the blessed light of the Gospel of salvation? As men of our race have taught them to eat of the bitter fruit of the tree of knowledge of good and evil, be it ours to lead them to the tree of life whose leaves are for the healing of the nations. As we have taken possession of their ancient inheritance, let us point them to a more enduring country, an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled, fairer fields and lovelier plains than even the fabled hunting-grounds of their fathers in the spirit-land.

The New Pastor.

BY LILLIAN GREY.

We've got a grand one now, Janet!
The Conference has been kind
For once, and sent to us a man
Just suited to my mind.
He's not too old, nor yet too young,
Quite medium as to age,
An' he don't have to bend and read
His sermon page by page.

His voice is not too high, nor low,
He's got a winnin' style,
An' graceful motions with his hands
That help him all the while.
He's somewhat tall, an' middlin' stout,
His eyes are keen and bright,
An' it does seem to me our flock
Will now be led aright.

His wife? Oh, yes, his wife was there,
She sat up prim an' straight,
An' with her was a handsome girl
Perhaps 'bout seven or eight;
An' all the sisters eyed 'em well;
The brethren, too, maybe,
Although the preacher's fitness was
More consequence to me.

An' I can say I'm suited once—
Though I ain't hard to suit;
If there is fault to find with one,
Then I am mostly mute;
But re'ly now, the way he read
The Scriptor' an' the hymns,
Did seem a most refreshin' change
From poor old Brother Syms.

What did he preach about to-day?
Well, now, yes, let me see;
The text was in—it was—um—well,
Somewhere in Timothy.
He preached in jest a general way,
Not personal at all,
So no one there could take offence.
The strangers least of all.

The church was full, for lots of folks
Just happened in to see
An' hear what sort of man had come
Our minister to be;
An' I was proud of him, Janet;
An' if he but holds out
As fine as he's begun, he'll draw
Without a mite of doubt.

It's uphill work to pay a man
That isn't popular
Among outsiders, so I trust
They'll come from near and far,
An' fill the pews, an', if it's so,
An' if he wisely steers
The church along, we'll hope an' pray
He'll stay with us five years.

—Zion's Herald.

Gather ye rose-buds while ye may,
Old Time is still a-flying;
And this same flower that smiles to-day
To-morrow will be dying.
—Robert Herrick.

Fear to do base unworthy things is
valour;
If they be done to us, to suffer them
Is valour too.
—Ben Jonson.

All the work of the world is merely a
taking advantage of energies already
there.—Henry Drummond.