

space, generally on top of a hill where the wind has a chance to winnow away the chaff. The straw was thrown up by men with pitch-forks and the wind then blew the chaff away, and left the grain behind. This usage will illustrate many passages of Scripture, as "his fan is in his hand, he will thoroughly purge his floor; and will gather the wheat into his garner; but the chaff he will burn with fire unquenchable."

This picture and the one on our last page are specimens of numerous illustrations which will run through the *Methodist Magazine* in 1894, to accompany the articles by the Editor, on "Tent Life in Palestine." Special attention will be given to the scenes connected with the life of our Lord, which will form the subject of the Sunday-school Lessons for 1894, and will make these papers of special interest to all Sunday-school teachers and Bible students.

Among other features of special interest will be three strongly-written stories, one, "Spindles and Oars," by a Methodist minister's daughter, describing life in a Methodist parsonage in Scotland, full of humour and pathos, with numerous engravings; "The Dragon and the Teakettle," a thrilling story of life in old London, and a new story of Methodist life in Cornwall, by Mrs. Amelia E. Barr.

Prominence will be given to social reform and philanthropic progress of the times, and a series of specially prepared articles by Canadian writers will be given on such subjects as, "Training the Blind in Brantford Institute, Ontario," "Training of the Deaf Mutes at Belleville Institute, Ontario," "The Sins and Sorrows of the City," "How to Save the Boys," an account of the Industrial Home, Mimico; "Prison Administration," by Dr. Lavell, Warden of the Kingston Penitentiary; "The New Education," an account of the improved school methods.

"How the Gabbites Came to Green Cove," by the author of "Bob Bartlett's Baby"; short stories by the author of the "Stickit Minister," Mark Guy Pearce, Rev. J. V. Smith, D.D., and others. "Light in Dark Places," by Mrs. Helen Campbell, will describe with striking illustrations mission work among the poor. Papers on popular science, on the new astronomy, wonders of electricity, the molten globe and other attractive subjects will be discussed.

A series of illustrated sketches of mission life and work prepared specially for this magazine including "New Japan," "The Wonderful Story of Missions in Madagascar," "The Hero of Erromanga," "Old Calabar," "The Martyr of Melanesia," "Romance of Chinese Missions," "Over the Semmering Pass," "Through Styria," "In Old Zurich," and more "Round About England" papers will also be given.

In 1894 the *Magazine* will complete its twentieth year, by far the oldest and most handsomely illustrated Canadian magazine. Every League and Sunday-school ought to circulate this periodical. It has 104 pages a month, 1,248 pages a year, hundreds of beautiful engravings for, single copies, twenty cents; \$2 a year, or \$1 for six months. Subscriptions received by every minister. William Briggs, Publisher, Toronto.

BOOKS IN ODD FORMS.

At Warsenstein, in Germany, there is perhaps one of the most curiously original collections of books in the world. It is really a botanical collection. Outwardly each volume presents the appearance of a block of wood and that is what it actually is; but a minute examination reveals the fact that it is also a complete history of the particular tree which it represents. At the back of the book the bark has been removed from a space which allows the scientific and the common name of the tree to be placed as a title for the book. One side is formed from the split wood of the tree, showing its grain and natural fracture; the other side shows the wood when worked smooth and varnished. One end shows the grain as left by the saw, and the other the finely polished wood. On opening the book it is found to contain the fruit, seeds, leaves, and other products of the tree, the moss which usually grows upon its trunk, and the insects which feed upon the different parts of the tree. These are supplemented by a well-printed full description of the tree.

In fact, everything which has a bearing upon that particular tree secures a place in this collection.

Knowledge is the treasure of the mind; discretion the key to it; and it illustrates all other learning, as the lapidary does unpolished diamonds.

God Bless Our Home!

TUNE—"God Save the Queen."

GOD bless our sacred cause,  
We plead for righteous laws,  
Our homes to shield.  
Our land has suffered long,  
From an accursed wrong,  
Whose roots are deep and strong,  
Nor do they yield.

We plead, but all in vain;  
The people's deep-felt pain,  
Finds no redress.  
This deadly Upas tree,  
Spreads out despite our plea,  
And plants its rootlets free,  
To our distress.

Now let the people come,  
And vote for God and home,  
And temperance laws!  
We'll be no more deceived;  
Our land must be retrieved,  
And from this curse relieved;  
God bless our cause!

OUR PERIODICALS:

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

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

Christian Guardian, weekly	\$4 00
Methodist Magazine, 104 pp., monthly, illustrated	2 00
Methodist Magazine and Guardian together	3 00
Magazine, Guardian and Onward together	4 00
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly	1 50
Sunday-School Banner, 52 pp., 8vo., monthly	0 80
Onward, 8 pp., 4to., weekly, under 5 copies	0 50
5 copies and over	0 40
Pleasant Hours, 4 pp., 4to., weekly, single copies	0 35
Less than 20 copies	0 35
Over 20 copies	0 30
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 24
10 copies and upwards	0 15
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 15
10 copies and upwards	0 10
Herein Leaf, monthly, 100 copies per month	0 15
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 24s. a dozen; \$2 per 100 per quarter 60. a dozen; 50c. per 100.	6 50

WILLIAM BRIGGS,  
Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto.  
C. W. COATES, 3 Bligny Street, Montreal. S. F. HUBBIS, Wesleyan Book Room, Halifax, N.S.

Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, DECEMBER 16, 1893.

THE S. S. BANNER FOR 1894.

THE *Sunday School Banner* for 1894, will keep in the very forefront of the lesson helps published on this continent for full, yet concise, varied and comprehensive illustrative notes, engraved blackboard exercises and other cuts of the Sunday-school lessons. It will have full-page maps which are so essential to a comprehensive conception of the countries referred to in the lessons. The first of these will be a beautiful radial key map illustrating the lessons from Genesis and Exodus in the first six months. It exhibits the wide region from the Caspian Sea to the Lybian desert, from Mount Ararat in the north to Mount Sinai in the south. It gives also a separate map of the rich delta of the Nile, showing the land of Goshen, the ancient cities of Ramesses, Pithom, Memphis, etc. Also special maps of the Sinaitic peninsula. It is printed in five colours and shows the physical character of the country as "cultivable," "desert," "sand" or "gravel," and "granite."

These maps involve considerable additional expense, but no effort nor reasonable expense shall be spared by publishers and editors in making this increasingly popular magazine worthy of the patronage of all our schools. Its size has been increased from thirty-two pages a month to fifty-four, without increase of price. An octavo volume of over 600 pages for the small price of sixty cents, or five cents a month, is certainly within the reach of every teacher. Over 100 pages of specially prepared lesson helps for ten cents.

A CAPTAIN'S CONFESSION.

"THIS week," writes a friend, "I met a captain puffing away at his pipe. His face had that dirty, tallowy, parchment hue so common among smokers, and I ventured to ask him what benefit he derived from the practice."

"Benefit!" he exclaimed. "Good heavens! what are you talking about? This here 'baccy is the greatest curse on earth, worse than drink itself, and that's bad enough. I can take a swill at the drink and leave it off, but as for the 'baccy I can't let it alone. I've seen me on board take a pipe before breakfast, and then I could scarcely eat a mouthful of sament dinner; and so on, until the very flesh was wearing off my bones; and there are big blockheads who'll tell you that one of the great advantages of 'baccy is that you never know when you're hungry. Why, sir, my father, seventy-three years old, is no smoker, but sober and hearty. When we are walking together, folks say that I look older than the old boy himself—aye, it's true, too. I feel like an old man, though only fifty-two. Well, sir, during one voyage our 'baccy ran short, and we had to do without it for more than three months. Both me and the sailors soon began to enjoy our victuals, and before long we were plump as partridges. We all declared we wished there wasn't a grain of that rubbish left on the earth; but when we landed and saw others puffing away—why, like a pack of stupid as we were, we went back like so many pigs to their wallowing in the mire. I tell you what sir, I'm only a poorish fellow, but for all that, I would pay down \$200 this very day, to be free forever from the slavery of the 'baccy."

"Cheer up, captain," I replied. "I can show you how to give the vile reptile his death blow, and that without money and without price."

"Aye, aye, sir, how's that to be done?"

"In this way: whenever tempted to indulge in this degrading habit, go at once, through Christ, to the great Father of us all, and pray for strength to resist it and you will come off victorious."

He was clearly moved by these words, and looked thoughtfully at the ground for a minute or two, and then shaking my hand, said: "Well, sir, you have struck out a new idea; I'll try it, and when we meet again I'll tell you how it works."

NO SPITTOONS IN HEAVEN.

At one of the sessions of the Georgia Conference, at which Bishop O. P. Fitzgerald was recently presiding, objection was made to the passage of a minister's character on the ground that he used tobacco. This brought forth from the presiding bishop a happy and forcible address:

He took occasion to relate his own experience in smoking and giving it up while he was an unconverted man. He discountenanced the use of tobacco by preachers for several reasons: On the score of economy; as an example to the big boys of the flock; to get out the way of the ladies who despise spittoons and abhor the fumes of a cigar; and last but not least, to keep from offending the weak-minded brethren who object to its use. He said that one of these brethren had proposed to grant a special dispensation to the old brethren to continue its use during the remainder of their earthly lives. He supposed that in the next higher life above they would not want the weed, and that he was sure that in all the mansions of the skies there was not one single spittoon, and he would to God that in all the earthly tabernacles and mansions of Methodism there might not be a single one. He urged all the young brethren to abstain from the use of tobacco.

RECKLESS of orthography, an impassioned swain wrote, "May, I love the well!" She replied that she was glad he was a teetotaler.



THE DRUNKARD'S HOME.

WHAT is it changes the loving husband and father to the cruel, drunken sot in the picture? The traffic in strong drink. Let every honest man who loves and fears God and loves his fellow-men and the suffering wives and children of the drunkard, vote for the prohibition of this guilty traffic on January 1st.

A COSTLY AND GHASTLY TRAFFIC.

A VALUABLE article appeared in our last issue, by Thomas W. Casey, of Napanee, on Ontario's Drink Bill. If the traffic is injurious to individual, and therefore to national, well-being; if it is fraught with evil and danger, and if it can be shown, above all, that it is morally wrong, then why should a question of revenue be used to justify its continuance? It is shown in the article referred to, that every dollar of revenue raised from the drink traffic, costs more than one dollar in hard cash to get it, in the cost of jails, reformatories, and the administration of justice. It is often said that the most effectual way to reach a man is through his pocket, and this argument ought to be largely used by all interested in the coming vote of the people upon the question of Prohibition. Hundreds of clear-headed, industrious, sober men who have no special interest in temperance or prohibition as a moral question, will lend their assistance and vote for prohibition if it can be clearly shown them that every year the drink traffic robs them of a certain amount of their hard-won earnings. The Provincial Prison Reports last published, give the cost of common jails, prisons, and reformatories at \$404,721 and the cost of the Administration of Justice, support of hospitals, charities, asylums, and such like, made necessary largely by drink, amounts to \$805,224, a total in these two items of \$1,209,945. This is a costly traffic for Ontario and the.

What do we really get for it? According to the testimony of no less an authority than the Premier of Ontario, supported by that of judges, magistrates, and those connected with the administration of justice, supported also by the reports of prisons, hospitals, and asylums, we get three-fourths that exist in the country. This is a bald way of stating the matter, and if we look into it, and analyze it into its elements of idleness, vice, danger to life and property, and the morals of the young growing up, the commercial and moral ruin which it means, and eternal ruin, the unutterable misery in homes, to wives, and helpless, innocent children, the legacy of disease and misery it imposes on those yet unborn, to curse society, then truly it is a ghastly traffic, and no argument which is worthy of a moment's serious consideration, no reason justifiable upon any pretence, can be given for its existence or continuance. Now that the people are to have the opportunity, that they have been invited by the legislature and the Government, to pronounce an opinion upon it, to say whether they want to have it continued or banished from the country, let them speak with no uncertain sound, with such a loud, unanimous, and commanding voice, as that deadly traffic shall, at no distant day, be banished from amongst us.—*Canada Presbyterian.*