

Little by Little.

Step by step the Alpine climber
Presses upward sure and slow,
Till his feet are firmly planted
In the realms of endless snow.

Blow on blow the sculptor fashions
Roughness into symmetry,
Till the dark rock gleams with brightness,
In its new born majesty.

Touch by touch the picture groweth
Into beauty, life and light,
Till a world of revelation
Bursts upon the raptured sight.

Stroke by stroke the clock eye ringeth,
Welcomes to eternity,
Adding warning unto warning,
To the heart in thee and me.

Word by word the book is written,
With its tale of woe or weal,
Till the throbbing thoughts like music
Through the trembling spirit steal.

Wave on wave the wild tide creepeth
Further on and up the shore,
Till the stranded boats are floating
Free and buoyant as of yore.

Such is life in all its phases,
Little things make up the great;
Therefore do not them not, but make them
Stepping stones to heaven's gate.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, OCTOBER 8, 1892.

CHRIST IN SOCIAL LIFE

BY REV. J. S. GILBERT, A.M.

The life of Christ is many-sided, and, like the diamond, flashes radiance from every point. The social aspect of Christ's life has not received the attention which it deserves.

1. His human nature. He craved sympathy and fellowship. He was no stoic. He loved flowers and children and all bright

and beautiful things. After he left the retirement of his beautiful Nazareth home he was seldom alone excepting when in communion with the Father.

2. His loving, dignified carriage. It is no irreverence to say that Christ was a perfect gentleman. Fine clothing and nice observance of the formal rules of society are not enough to make a gentleman.

3. He was always about his Father's business. He "went about doing good." In hours of social relaxation as well as in direct public teaching and healing, his life was one constant ministry of good will and kindness.

4. The religion of Jesus sanctifies the social relations of life. Man is a social being. It is not good for him to be alone. He was made for fellowship. Religion does not ignore, but ennobles and sanctifies this element in man's nature.

5. The monastic life finds no countenance in the example of Christ. He was a "man among men." Christ and not John the Baptist presents the true spirit of the New Testament.

6. In his social relations, as in all the other features of his life, Christ is the true model for us. The Christian should go into society, but should always take Christ with him.

BEING AND SEEMING.

"Do be quiet," said a young dove one day to his fellow-nestlings. "Keep your quarrel till those people have passed by. Don't you know you've got a character to keep up? Men have a way of saying 'As gentle as a dove,' and 'Birds in their little nests agree.'" And Pearlle, the speaker, gave a satirical coo, which sounded rather like a laugh.

"I don't mind what they say," said Duskie, hotly. "I don't see why Ruffio should take up so much room; I can't stir a claw, and all my feathers, which I smoothed so beautifully this morning, are turned up the wrong way." And Duskie's gave Ruffio a peck, which Ruffio returned.

"Coo, coo, coo, coo!" said Pearlle, sweetly, trying to keep up the character of the family as the two girls, who had passed before, came by again. They were walking up and down learning their lessons.

"What gentle voices they have," said Mary. "They always live at peace, I am sure."

"Of course," said Jerry, "but they seem to be fluttering in their nests, nevertheless. Look, Mary, if you stand here you can see them."

Pearlle, who had been pleased with the flattery of the second speaker, made grimaces at Duskie and Ruffio to keep quiet, but in vain; peck followed peck, and flutter followed flutter, till there was nothing to be done but to leave the nest and have it out in the air.

And so they did, and Mary and Jenny watched them with tearful eyes, for it seemed truly sad to see those pretty, soft and graceful birds fighting with ruffled feathers and angry glances. Some feathers fell even at the children's feet, and Pearlle's gentle "coo, coo," which were kept up for the credit of the family, were dropped by her brother and sister's angry uproar.

At last the parent bird came back, and administered sharp corrections to the naughty young ones.

"Duskie," said the father, "is ought to make you gentle to know it is expected of you to be 'as gentle as a dove.' And, Ruffio, you ought to be ashamed to have the character of being gentle and peaceful and not to deserve it."

"Yes, indeed!" said Pearlle, indignantly, "and if you had only seen how those saucy sparrows laughed! You were too angry to hear them, but they enjoyed your disgrace, and said something, which I did not understand, about profession and practice."

"Yes, dear, those are long words used by men, and they mean that we ought to be what we have the character of being."

"Ruffio, go outside the nest and smooth yourself, you naughty bird!" said the mother, "you look positively ugly. And, Duskie, you and your brother must not go to the pea field for a week. In fact, I shall be obliged to keep you close by me. It is not only the harm you do to yourselves by being angry, but the harm you do to others."

"Why, those sparrows will make a mock at goodness always now, and you will find they will say, 'Oh, doves put on a meek and gentle manner, but they know how to fight and quarrel as well as others.' And those two dear little girls we met were crying, and I hear one say to the other, 'How sad! it seems worse to see doves fight than other birds. They look as if they ought to live at peace—as if God meant them to teach us a lesson about the beauty of gentleness, and meekness, and innocence; and they have spoiled the picture. I shall never see doves again without a painful feeling.'"

"Did she say that?" said Duskie in a choky voice. "That's worse than all; I thought it didn't matter much just being naughty once. But if she will never forget it, it has done her harm too; and she is such a dear little girl; she often throws me peas."

AN HONORABLE SCAR.

BY M. JEANIE MALLARY.

"THEN, you are an arrant coward, sir, for no boy with a spark of bravery would stand such language as you stood this morning."

"I shall not fight, Roy, and you may attribute this refusal to cowardice, if you please. Fighting would not settle this difficulty. It is simply a misunderstanding upon Richard's part, and if he will come to me as a gentleman, I will, as a gentleman, explain matters to his satisfaction; but I will meet him on no other ground."

"Everybody thinks your course cowardly, that you are afraid to meet Richard."

"No matter for that. I shall not fight simply because of people's opinion. With me, it is a case of conscience. I do not think it right."

"By this time, the rest of the school boys came up, and a hiss ran the length of the procession, and jeers of "coward" were heard. Urged on by his companions, Richard ran up to Roger and caught his arm. But just then a stage coach dashed round the corner, at such fearful speed that the sudden turn came near upsetting it; and the horses becoming frightened, started to run. The young driver, indifferent alike to the speed of the horses and the warnings of the people, looked on with unconcern. A little girl had just run across the street, and, finding that she had dropped her penny, started back to pick it up, but her foot slipping, she was thrown right under the horses. Roger, seeing her peril, sprang forward, seized her arm, and dragged her away. He saved the child, but his own temple was grazed by a hoof, and the blood flowed freely. Not stopping to receive the thanks of the grateful parents, or the praises of the people, he stanchied the blood with his handkerchief, and was soon out of sight.

Springing behind a lamp-post to be out of danger, Richard had nevertheless witnessed the scene, and when he went speaking home, he looked as though somebody had given him the worst whipping of his life.

The honorable scar that Roger ever after wore upon his temple, settled the question of "cowardice," and was a silent reproach to all who saw his brave act.

HOLLYVILLE

BY MRS. J. MCMAHON WRIGHT.

Just a week or two ago for Christmas trees surely, yet here were Frank and Larry, and their big cousin Horace, valiantly dragging home three Christmas-trees, which they had come three miles to find. The woods were full of snow, the under-shot wheel in the Holly Mill was silent; ice clung to its buckets, and hung in long, flashing stalactites from the eaves, and the ends of the heaped-up logs. But the Christmas-trees have been neglected at the proper time this year, for the good reason that Papa Norton and Mamma Norton had been off to the city where the great lawsuit was to be decided. If it went against Papa Norton, why, then, good bye to the Holly Mill, and the big furniture factory, and to the possibility of Christmas-trees for years to come. So the holidays passed, and cousin Horace, and the Norton girls and boys waited and waited. At last as January ended, came a letter that made them all shout for joy. The suit was won! Papa's enemies could not drive him out of the field. "They only wanted to because he is a staunch temperance man," said Horace, "and makes all his workmen keep the pledge, while they work for him. So none of their earnings go for liquor, and the liquor-men don't like it."

And now mamma wrote to get three big trees, one for the Sunday-school, one for the day-school, and one for the big family of Norton; and mamma was coming home with a huge trunk full of presents. "There will be no end of good times here now," said Horace. "Hollyville is going to show what a temperance settlement can be. All the houses are to be put in order; not a drop of liquor is to come on our six miles square of territory; we are to have a church; and a Sunday-school; and a day-school and an evening school; and a working-man's club; and a lecture and concert bureau; and a Hollyville Savings Institution. Your papa told me all about it. He said if he won this suit, as he hoped, then he and Uncle Edgar would ride their temperance hobby, as people called it, and show what fine paces it has, sure enough."

"Sister Anna says there won't be a poorhouse, nor a lock-up needed round Hollyville; nor constables, nor a police court. There won't be a pauper, nor a person who can't read. Father's going to show what Christian principles can do in a business. Big wages and reasonable hours; strict temperance, and compulsory education—that's the ticket," cried Larry.

"It will be kind of like summer with us all the year round, won't it?" said Frank, holding fast by old Dobbin's mane. "The winter will be as bright and as jolly as summer, when everyone has plenty to eat, and a nice home, and lots of fire and warm clothes, and all the books and pictures, and playthings everybody wants! Won't that be gay! Jolly for us!"

"Three cheers for Hollyville, the temperance village! Hip, hip, hurrah!" shouted Larry, and he and Frank and Horace, made the old woods ring.

THE SIZE OF PLANETS.

Few of us realize how enormous the sun is, or how small a part of our solar system is represented by the earth.

Some idea may be obtained of the comparative size of the principal planets of the solar system by supposing a globe of two feet diameter, placed in the center of a level plain, to represent the sun; a grain of mustard, placed on the circumference of a circle 164 feet in diameter, for Mercury; a pea on a circle of 284 feet, for Venus; another pea, on a circle of 430 feet, for the earth; a large pin's head, on a circle of 654 feet, for Mars; four minute grains of sand in circles of from 1,000 to 1,200 feet, for Vesta, Ceres, Pallas, and Juno; a moderate sized orange on a circle of nearly half a mile in diameter, for Jupiter; a small orange, on a circle of four-fifths of a mile in diameter for Saturn; a small plum of full-sized cherry, on a circle of a mile and a half in diameter, for Uranus; a good sized plum, in a circle about two miles and a half in diameter for Neptune. It is calculated that the united mass of the whole of the planets is not above a six hundredth part of the mass of the sun.