

of about the second Sunday service that was held upon our mission premises. We are getting into harness slowly, and God is blessing the work. My teacher has announced his desire to live for Christ and help spread the doctrine. We are praying that God will use him to help us. We continue to ask the prayers of all your readers for a baptism of the Holy Spirit upon this work. Yours sincerely,
GEO. E. HARTWELL.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, APRIL 22, 1893.

BRIGHT BOYS WANTED.

BY THE REV. JESSE S. GILBERT, A.M.

GOING down the street one day, this is the sign I saw in a store window: "Bright boys wanted." It set me thinking, and I said to myself, "Yes, that is it exactly." Bright boys are wanted everywhere; boys with honest hearts; willing hands, swift feet, and clean mouths; boys that are not thin and pale from cigarette smoking; that have never seen the inside of a saloon, and who are willing to begin at the bottom round of the ladder and work their way up. Such boys are wanted everywhere. Schools and seminaries want them for pupils. Merchants want them in their employ. They are wanted in every honest trade and calling. "What are boys good for any way?" said a gentleman to a little fellow, and promptly came the reply, "To make men of."

It is a terrible fact that the saloon wants boys to make drunkards of. A boy had a strange dream. He dreamed that the leading merchant in the town in which he lived came to him and said, "My boy, I am getting old and feeble. I want you to come and take my store." Then the physician came to him and said, "I want you to take charge of my practice, for I must soon retire." The judge who lived in the town then said, "My son, you must occupy my place upon the bench." Last came the town drunkard and said, "I must soon die and go down to a dishonoured grave. I wish you would take my place." The boy awoke in a fright, and pondered well the meaning of his strange dream. Thus do good and evil, the Church and the saloon, Christ and Satan, strive for the possession of our boys.

Bright boys are wanted to prepare themselves for the Christian ministry. The day has gone by, if there ever was such a day, when the sickly, "goody-goody" boy was deemed ideal timber to make a minister of. It requires brains as well as piety to be a preacher of the Gospel. It is so with every other profession and calling. Bright boys are wanted to make lawyers, doctors, merchants, and engineers out of. If bright boys are in such demand, it may be well to enquire what are the things that tend to

make boys bright. Good books and papers will wonderfully help in this direction. A taste for reading of the right kind is worth a great deal to any boy or young man. "Read and you will know," was the constant reply of a very busy mother to a boy who was always asking questions. The boy followed his mother's advice, and became one of the wise and learned men of his generation. He who has mastered the art of reading has in his possession the key to all knowledge. Good company helps to make boys bright. Try and associate with those who are wiser than yourself. Solomon says: "He that walketh with wise men shall be wise, but a companion of fools shall be destroyed."—*Epworth Herald*.

SOCIAL LIES.

THIS evil makes much of society insincere. You know not what to believe. When people ask you to come, you do not know whether or not they want you to come. When they send their regards, you do not know whether it is an expression of the heart or an external civility. We have learned to take almost everything at a discount. Word is sent, "Not at home," when they are just too lazy to dress themselves. They say, "The furnace has just gone out," when in truth they have had no fire in it all winter. They apologize for the unusual barrenness of their table when they never live any better. They decry their most luxurious entertainments to win a shower of approval. They apologize for their appearance, as though it were unusual, when always at home they look just so. They would make you believe that some nice sketch on the wall was the work of a master painter. "It was an heir-loom, and once hung on the walls of a castle, and a duke gave it to their grandfather." When the fact is, that painting was made by a man "down east," and baked so as to make it look old, and sold with others for \$10 a dozen. People who will lie about nothing else will lie about a picture. On a small income we must make the world believe that we are affluent, and our life becomes a cheat, a counterfeit, and a sham.—*Talmage*.

FIVE REASONS AGAINST USING TOBACCO.

BY E. P. T.

1. CHEWING, snuffing, or smoking, is uncleanly. Those who are not only wholly besotted confess it. "I love my pipe, but I despise myself for using it," said a man of influence. Your breath smells bad, your clothes, books, and apartments are offensive. Smokers and chewers are almost invariably spitters, and so are repulsive to all persons of cleanly habits.

2. The habit is injurious, tending to "insanity, paralysis, and cancerous affections," as an eminent surgeon shows by official statistics. One of the ablest Connecticut pastors gave up the ministry, and went to Vineland, N. J. He confessed that he could not give up tobacco. His nerves were shattered. He had no will power. He was warned by a physician that he must stop or die of paralysis. He had no power to stop, and in a few months expired, body and mind wrecked. Besides the narcotic effects of the poison, there is a large amount of creosote in the fumes, such as eats through the pipe of a furnace, or kills the nerve of a tooth. It stupefies and poisons. It renders the voice husky. Tobacco creates a thirst for alcoholic drink. Its influence on youth and on those of sedentary habits is particularly destructive.

3. It is a costly indulgence. Government statistics have shown that three hundred and fifty millions of dollars are wasted on this vice in a year, far more than what is spent for bread! Yet every loafer, tramp and beggar must have the poison, though he lacks the food. Millions of money have also been lost by the fires kindled by smokers, whose burning matches and flying sparks have caused fearful conflagrations and numerous fatal burnings. That the abomination of street smoking is allowed is a marvel of modern civilization.

4. It is a sin against conscience. You know it to be useless, harmful to yourself and others, and so a sin. You know that God enjoins cleanness of body as well as purity of heart. He forbids the

wicked waste of money. He forbids you to inflict a physical taint on your unborn offspring by indulgences, the immediate evils of which you may escape. Your conscience says "Don't do it."

5. The example is bad. I have known of a smoker who threatened to horsewhip his boy if he dared to touch tobacco. Many of those who are loudest in condemning tobacco are slaves to it, sometimes helpless. But the grace of God, which commands us to cleanse ourselves "from all filthiness of the flesh," and to give our bodies to Christ, "a sweet smelling sacrifice," is able to extinguish the deadly appetite. For your sake and for the sake of others whom you influence, ask God's help to abandon a habit which is uncleanly, injurious, costly, insulting to conscience, and which is harmful to others. The writer of these lines was once a smoker, but for twenty years has been happy in the freedom wherewith Christ hath made him free. Will you not enjoy this freedom?—*Holiness Era*.

LOG CABIN DAYS.

BY EMILY LUCAS BLACKALL.

CLEMENT JAY would have been considered by some a boy without advantages. Those who do not appreciate true natures would have counted him unfortunate in his early years, but he came to be one of the most useful of men, and he always spoke of his early years as the time in which was laid the great strength of character for which he was noted.

When Clement was very young, his father was obliged to go to a mountain climate to regain his health. And not having much money, they had to take what would cost but little. So they found a cabin on the mountain side, where only the smoke from their nearest neighbour's chimney gave sign of any habitation but their own. Two cows, and other stock necessary for their simple life, and a faithful servant, with Mr. and Mrs. Jay and Clement, formed their caravan.

Clement shed many tears over saying good-bye to friends, and especially when he parted from grandmother and grandfather; but he had a true boy's love of adventure and change, and was not long unhappy when his father and mother were around.

The experiment proved a wise one, for Mr. Jay was, as he said, a new man after one year of mountain life. It had its trials and privations, and but for the fact that he was warned not to return to the city for some years, he and Mrs. Jay would have rejoiced to go back. But Clement was entirely happy, and was becoming a sturdy boy, and learning much from his constant intercourse with natural things. The few books they had were read to him, and talked over with him, until his mind was better disciplined than are those of most boys of his age. His favourite book was the Bible, and the characters in it were real and familiar to him.

There came a time when another cabin was built within a mile or two of the Jay cabin, and a teacher was called and a school opened. Clement was delighted to be one of the dozen pupils with which the school opened. They were not very well classified, some being in their teens, and others ranging from six years and upward.

Those who could write were required to "write compositions," and Clement belonged to this dignified portion of the school. As a closing exercise of one term, the reading of these original compositions was an important feature. Many of the parents were present, Mr. and Mrs. Jay among them, and Clement felt the importance of the hour. He had chosen his own topic, and when, with some stammering, he announced it, his teacher, and his mother and father, could not easily repress their amusement, though they believed he would treat the subject with due respect. And so it proved. It read as follows:

"Job had about the hardest time, for a while, that a person ever had; but 'he was the greatest of all the men of the East, without his like in all the earth.' Some say it takes a great man to stand hard times, and some say it takes hard times to make a great man. I think, well, it seems to me, that great times make men hard, and hard men make bad times.

"Of course I won't say that Satan ever did a good thing; but if he hadn't tormented

Job so, we shouldn't have heard of Job, and mothers and fathers and school teachers wouldn't have any body to hold up as a pattern to us boys when they get out of patience with us.

"It was awful hard the way the Sabeans and the Chaldeans treated Job; and that dreadful cyclone that killed all his children was enough to make him all used up. Then the bad sickness he had, and his wife's getting discouraged. My! I don't see how he stood it. Father says, if it wasn't for mother's courage, he wouldn't be anybody. I think Job's wife wasn't so very bad; she only told him to bless God if he still felt like it, but she was too discouraged to do anything but die."

Heaven.

(A True Incident.)

BY WILLIS BOYD ALLEN.

The lesson hour was nearly past

When I asked of my scholars seven,
"Now tell me, each one, please in turn,
What sort of a place is heaven?"

"Oh, meadows, flowers, and lovely trees"
Cried poor little North-street Kitty;
While Dorothy, fresh from country lanes,
Was sure 'twas "a great big city."

Bessy, it seemed, had never thought
Of the home beyond the river;
She simply took each perfect gift,
And trusted the loving Giver.

Then up spoke Edith, tall and fair—
Her voice was clear and ringing,
And led in the Easter anthem choir—
"In heaven they're always singing."

To Esther, clad in richest furs,
'Twas a place for "out-door playing;"
But Bridget drew her thin shawl close,
For "warmth and food" she was praying.

The desk-bell rang. But one child left—
My sober, thoughtful Florry:
"Why, heaven just seems to me a place—
A place—where you're never sorry."

A CHAT WITH THE PRINCE.

THE Prince of Wales once heard an unexpected sermon from a little girl; and it came about in this way: A nobleman, a widower, had a little daughter under ten years of age. He was very fond of his daughter, though his engagements prevented him from seeing much of her. The child was therefore chiefly in the society of her governess or in the nursery. Now, her nurse was an earnest Christian woman. She felt for her motherless little charge, and early stored the child's mind with scriptural truths. The father used sometimes to amuse his little daughter by asking riddles; and one night, when she came in after dinner for dessert, she said to her father, who was not a Christian: "Father, do you know what is whiter than snow?" "No," said he, somewhat puzzled, "I do not." "Well," replied the child, "a soul washed in the blood of Jesus is whiter than snow." The nobleman was surprised, and asked, "Who told you that?" "Nurse," was the reply. The father did not discuss this point, and conversation changed to other topics; but afterwards he privately requested the nurse, whose opinions he respected, not to mention these matters to his daughter, as at her tender age he feared she might take too "gloomy" a view of life. The incident was accordingly forgotten; but not long after, the Prince of Wales was visiting the house, and the little girl was allowed to be present. The prince, with his usual affability, noticed the child, and thus encouraged, she said, "Sir, do you know what is whiter than snow?" The prince, not seeing the drift of her question, smiled as he answered, "No." "Well," she said, "a soul washed in the blood of Jesus Christ is whiter than snow." The remark was overheard by the father; his little girl's words were used to carry conviction to his heart; he became an earnest and devoted Christian, and thousands will hereafter rise up and call him blessed. Now perhaps you may be tempted to think that little girl was forward or precocious; but she was not. She had learned a truth which is better than rank, or wealth, or titles, or estates; and, child-like, the truth slipped out in her conversation. The truth she had learned was this: The soul needs cleansing, and the blood of Christ can effectually cleanse from every stain.—*Prayerman*.