

Were Half the Power.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Were half the power that fills the world
with terror,
Were half the wealth bestowed on
camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from
error,
There were no need of arsenals and
forts.

The warrior's name would be a name
abhorred!
And every nation that should lift again
its hand against a brother, on its fore-
head
Would bear forevermore the curse of
Cain!

Down the dark future, through long
generations,
The echoing sounds grow fainter, and
then cease;
And like a bell, with solemn, sweet
vibrations,
I hear once more the voice of Christ
say, "Peace!"

Peace! and no longer from its brazen
portals
The blast of war's great organ shakes
the skies!
But beautiful as songs of the immortals,
Thy holy melodies of love arise!

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

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PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

AUGUST 14, 1898.

SOME THINGS THE BIBLE FORBIDS.
TAKING GOD'S NAME IN VAIN.

(Ex. 20. 7; Matt. 5. 33-36.)

Another thing which the Ten Com-
mandments, which were given to men
amid the thunders and lightnings of
Sinai, carefully forbade, is taking God's
name in vain. "For the Lord will not
hold him guiltless that taketh his name
in vain." Profane swearing used to be
much more common than it is now. In
England it was so prevalent among all
classes that even fine ladies used to
swear. Queen Elizabeth did. The
Judge swore on the bench, the lawyer at
the bar. "The nation was clothed with
cursing as with a garment."

The teaching of God's Word has largely
banished this from respectable society.
It is now the mark of coarseness and
vulgarity. In Spain and Italy especially
profane swearing abounds. They will
swear frightfully by all the saints in the
calendar, and by every profane and
wicked oath. Yet no one believes them
a bit more for all their oaths.

I trust that none of the boys and girls
in our schools would ever think of
saying a bad word or take the name of
God in vain in this way. But this com-
mand forbids also all irreverence in
God's house, all use of frivolous and
silly words as "By George" or "By
Jove," which many boys think it very
clever to use. "Let your communica-
tion," says the Saviour, "be, yea, yea,
nay, nay; for whatsoever is more than
these cometh of evil."

THREE HUNDRED YEARS AGO IN
FRANCE.

In 1572 occurred the Massacre of St.
Bartholomew, the darkest stain on the
history of France. That tragedy made
an impression on Europe which to this
day has not ceased to be keenly felt.
Although at the time the Pope ordered
the event to be celebrated with rejoic-
ings and commemorated by art, it was
soon felt to have been a disgrace and a
disaster to the victors. Party spirit ran
high; but the Huguenots rallied, and in
1598 they were granted certain rights
and privileges in the Edict of Nantes,
issued by Henry IV. This year the
descendants of the Huguenots are cele-
brating the tercentenary of the famous
Edict. For years before the Edict and
for many years thereafter the Huguenots
were quiet enough. Their only offence
was their religion. They were the most
thrifty and intelligent portion of the
population; but they could not conform
to the religion of the majority. They
could not be induced even by the severest
pains and penalties to give up the Re-
formed faith.

Louis Fourteenth was determined to
rule in the religion as well as in the
civil sphere. He would not tolerate the
idea of the people—any section of the
people—disobeying him. Still he did
not wish to lose his wealthiest, most en-
terprising and enlightened subjects, and
escape from the country was made as
difficult for Protestants as the Govern-
ment could devise and execute. Year by
year Louis withdrew the privileges ac-
cording to the Edict of Nantes, and at
last he revoked that Edict, and made it
imperative on every Frenchman to be-
come a Roman Catholic. No Protestant
could hold a public office. He could not
send his children to school or college.
The disadvantage, "pains and penalties,"
under which they laboured were very
trying. Many preferred exile to change
of religion; and it is said that in spite
of the extreme vigilance exercised in
preventing their escape, not less than
a million Huguenots made their way to
Switzerland, Holland, Germany and
England. From England many made
their way to the New World. Where-
ever they went they prospered and
proved a blessing to themselves and their
adopted countries. France suffered
greatly by the folly of driving away so
many of her best people. In fact she
has sustained irreparable loss through
her colossal blunder, and her crime
against humanity. Many of the brave
soldiers who have fought against her
and assisted in tearing away her colonies
and her provinces were descendants of
Huguenot exiles.

Events three hundred years old can
be commemorated and discussed without
a shade of bitterness; but there are ob-
vious lessons which ought not to be
forgotten. Religious persecution is
doubly hurtful. Evils inflicted on the
innocent recoil upon the guilty. National
sins are the seed of a harvest of national
calamities.—Presbyterian Witness.

TWO CATS AND AN ALLIGATOR.

The big cat's name was Daisy, and
the little cat, her daughter, was named
Susan.

They were both of a beautiful tortoise-
shell colour, with snowy breasts and
paws. The alligator was very little and
very ugly, with nothing remarkable
about him except an astonishingly loud
voice, all out of proportion to his size,
as Susan one day found out.

The two cats, though alike in colour,
were extremely unlike in disposition,
Daisy was good-natured and motherly,
while Susan was independent and in-
quisitive, with a fine temper of her own.
The alligator had a shallow pan, filled
with water, placed near the kitchen
stove, and there he would float motion-
less for hours, while Susan would sit by
the pan intently studying him, for some
time. Then a velvet paw would gently
tap him on the back, the alligator would
immediately sink to the bottom, and
Miss Susan would get her paw wet,
which she didn't like at all.

This performance was repeated over
and over again, till one day the allig-
ator, instead of dropping under the
water as usual, gave a tremendous hiss
and jumped right into Susan's face, so
startling her that she fell over into the
pan, thereby getting such a fright and
wetting that she didn't molest him again
for some time.

As the days grew warmer the alligator
would leave his pan and crawl about
over the floor, and one day he happened
to crawl under the stove, where Daisy
was stretched out enjoying a nap.

Meeting with nothing more alarming
than a gentle purr, he gradually drew
nearer and nearer, until, attracted by
Daisy's warm, soft fur, he finally
stretched himself directly across her,

and there they lay and slept together;
and often after that, when Daisy was
lying under the stove, the alligator would
come out of his pan and join her.

Between him and Susan, however,
there was always trouble. She never
lost an opportunity to slip up behind
him unseen if she could, and tap him
on the back, while he would hiss like a
small steam-engine if he saw her come
into the room.

It was very amusing for the whole
family to watch their performances, and
also a mystery how he could toll the
two cats apart at such a distance, but
he never was known to hiss at Daisy.

That was a long time ago, and pretty
Daisy is now resting under the rose-bed
in the garden, while the alligator is
stuffed and occupies a place on the
cabinet; but Susan is still alive and as
inquisitive as ever, and when lately one
of the boys brought home a large turtle
from abroad and put it in a pall of
water, Susan evidently thought that her
old enemy had come back once more.

She would sit down and watch him
awhile, and then tap him gently and
jump back, expecting the customary
hiss; but as the turtle took no notice of
her whatever, she soon lost all interest
in him.—Canadian Presbyterian.

A VALUABLE DOLL.

Marshal Castellane, who was the mili-
tary governor of Lyons forty years ago,
was a large-hearted man, and very fond
of children. One evening, as he took
his customary walk, he stopped by
chance in front of an antiquary's store,
where there were some curious old
things displayed in the window. Among
some objects of rare value was a little
ragged doll, well worn, and evidently of
the cheapest kind.

How it got there among the objects of
the antiquary was the thing that puzzled
the marshal. Just then a little girl, so
the story goes, came up in a hurry,
carrying a loaf of bread under her arm.
Shivering in the cold wind, she drew
over her thin shoulders a little faded
shawl, while her worn dress clung to her
frail limbs.

The little one opened the door, and,
without entering, said to the shopkeeper:
"Mr. Antoine, did anybody make an
offer for my doll?"

"Five cents was all that I was offered
for it," replied a hoarse voice.

"That's not enough," said the little
one. She closed the door, and, with a
sigh, continued her journey. The mar-
shal followed her, but she did not notice
him. She entered a poor, tumble-down
house, and mounted the stairs. When
she came to the garret landing the child
opened a door and disappeared. Cas-
tellane crept up and listened at the door.
"You were very long, Maria, and the
little ones are dreadfully hungry," said
the voice of a woman inside.

"The baker refused to give us any
more credit, and I had to talk to him,"
replied the little girl, "but, anyway,
here is the bread, mamma; let me cut it
for the children."

The marshal did not need to hear any
more; he understood the case thor-
oughly. In a hurry he returned to the
antiquary, and pointing to the old doll,
asked:

"How much for this doll?"

"Anything you wish, sir," said the
dealer.

"Well, let us say one hundred francs."

"You are joking, are you not?"

"Not at all; here's the money."

"Oh, my dear sir, if you only knew
the good that you are about to do."

"To whom?"

"To a little girl in the neighbourhood,
the eldest of a numerous family in
desperate straits. The father is at
present in the hospital. They are un-
fortunate people, but very honest, I can
assure you. The little girl told me to
find a purchaser for that old doll. She
fancied, poor thing, that she would get
ten cents for it. I never thought I could
sell it. You say one hundred francs?"

"I said one hundred francs. Here it
is," and the marshal placed four twenty-
five franc-pieces on the little counter of
the shop.

The joy of the doll's owner can be
imagined, when she learned that it had
sold for a price sufficient to support the
little family for weeks.

An Ontario exchange relates this
anecdote. "Many years ago," says the
Bishop of Manitoba, "I was holding a
service near an Indian village camp.
My things were scattered about in a
lodge, and when I was going out I asked
the chief if it was safe to leave them
there while I went to the village to
hold a service. 'Yes,' he said, 'per-
fectly safe. There is not a white man
within a hundred miles.'"

A Short Cruise.

BY JAMES OTIS.

CHAPTER II.

AFLOAT.

Thomas Hardy would have assisted in
the preparations for getting under way,
but that the old man positively refused
to accept of his services.

"You're to sit right down there, an'
do jest as little Ellen tells you, for once
in your life, young man," Captain Hiram
said with his customary assumption of
sternness; "an' if you vex her in any
way there'll be no sailin' for you this
day, leastways, not on the Island Queen.
There's mighty few boys got sich a
sister as you have, Thoma' Hardy, an'
it's a pity you don't appreciate her bot-
ter."

"What do you know 'bout how I ap-
preciate her?"

"You couldn't come anywhere nigh
doin' justice to the subject, however
hard you might try; so it won't do any
harm to keep remindin' you of your
good fortune."

Then Captain Hiram set about making
his preparations for the floating of the
sloop; and Thomas Hardy remained
quietly near his sister's side, lest by
some careless word or movement he
might deprive himself of this golden
opportunity.

"The Island Queen ain't what you
might call fit for sea, by any manner of
means," Captain Hiram said, as he con-
tinued his work; "an' I allow she
wouldn't have left the harbour to-day,
nor to-morrow either, if it hadn't been
that little Ellen wanted to go. But
even though she ain't as trim as might
be wished, she'll do her duty as she
always has, which is more'n can be said
of some folks I know."

"Have we got to wait for that water
to come all the way up here?" Thomas
Hardy asked after what seemed to him
a very long time of silence.

"It's the only thing to be done, if
you want to take a spin in the sloop,
lad; an' the longer you 've the better
you'll know that patien' waitin', with
a little work thrown in 'ow an' then to
kinder help Providence along, is the best
way to get what you're wantin'." No
good ever comes of tryin' to force mat-
ters. It's jest like this 'ere sloop. Set
your shoulder under her stem, an' see
how much you can make towards push-
in' her into the water; but wait a bit,
an' the tide'll come creepin' up, creepin'
up, till it raises her keel off the sand;
an' the job is done without any work,
or any frettin' either, if it so be you're
disposed to take things as you oughter.
I wonder what the folks in Oldhaven
will say when they hear that Cap'n
Hiram Stubbs took one of them 'ere
Jones babies out for a sail? Why,
they'll come to the conclusion that he's
way off hi' reckonin'. Look out for
the youngster, little Ellen, or I'll have
to go into the surf after him again. It
beats all how he's hankerin' for water
this day. It's an unnatural desire on
the part of any Jones I ever heard
about."

Captain Hiram's preparations were
made by the time the tide had crept
nearly to the sternpost of the Island
Queen; and Ellen was on the point of
moving farther inland, when the old man
suddenly lifted her as if she had been
a thistle-down, depositing her in the
cockpit of the stranded vessel.

"Don't be afraid, little one; I'm only
puttin' you out of the tide's reach,
'cause we've got quite a spell to wait
yet, an' the sloop will float about as
soon with us on board as if we hung
'round the shore. Here's the small
Jones," he added, passing Samuel Abner
up much as if the baby had been a
bundle of merchandise. "Look out for
him, an' I'll see to your brother."

"I reckon I can tend to myself,"
Master Seabury interrupted as he
eluded the old man's grasp, and began
clambering unaided up the deck. "I
wouldn't be much of a fellow if I
couldn't get aboard of a little vessel
like this."

The words had hardly been spoken be-
fore Thomas Hardy's feet slipped on
the smooth planking, and he rolled with
many a disagreeable bump completely
over the rail onto the sand, striking
with such force as called forth a little
squeak of pain.

"O Thomas Hardy! Thomas Hardy
Seabury! Now you have hurt your-
self!"

"Of course I have," was the petulant
reply. "Don't you s'pose it would hurt
any fellow to tumble off an old vessel
like that?" and Master Seabury, rising
slowly, cast a look of reproach at the
little sloop.

"There ain't any call for you to find
fault with the Island Queen, my lad;