

ANGRY WORDS.

ANGRY words are lightly spoken
In a rash and thoughtless hour;
Brightest links of life are broken
By their deep malicious power
Hearts inspired by warmest feeling,
Ne'er before by anger stirred,
Oft ate rent, past human healing,
By a single angry word.

Poison-drops of care and sorrow,
Bitter poison-drops are they,
Weaving for the coming morrow
Sadest memories of to-day
Angry words! oh, let them never
From the tongue unbridled slip,
May the heart's best impulse ever
Check them, ere they soil the lip!

Love is much too pure and holy,
Friendship is too sacred far,
For a moment's reckless folly
Thus to desolate and mar.
Angry words are lightly spoken;
Brightest thoughts are rashly stirred;
Bitterest links of life are broken
By a single angry word.

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Address: WILLIAM BRIGGS, Methodist Book and Publishing House, 78 and 80 King Street East, Toronto.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS:

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

TORONTO, JULY 14, 1883.

BAD BOOKS.

YOUTH'S associates determine his character. Our most intimate companions are the authors of the books we read; they are with us when others are denied our presence; they enter our homes, and, unquestioned, cross the threshold of our most private chambers.

This is true, not of those books only that have a bad reputation, but of hundreds of books that pass as respectable. Boys and girls, men and women, of the better families, all over the country, are reading daily descriptions that would not dare be uttered aloud in their presence—not now; but by and by, when the evil communication has wrought its perfect work in the corruption of manners, they will be heard and repeated without a blush.

There are fathers—men of the world, who would shoot dead the villain who dared speak in the presence of their daughters words one-tenth as black as these same daughters often read. Yet

a thought read is a thought thought, and as a man thinketh so he is.

O foolish parents and educators: why are you so careful of what enters the ear and so heedless of what enters the eye?

The secret of the failure of many a faithful ministry, of the waywardness and final destruction of thousands of the most promising of boys and girls—the mentally active—is concealed between the covers of the books they read.

See to what monstrous proportions this evil has grown!

In New York City alone over 200,000 books of fiction, mostly trashy and hurtful, are printed every week. Besides, over a million copies of the sensational story papers are issued from the New York presses each week—that is, about one such paper to every ten families!

Now, think of the class of men and women who are, usually, the authors of these flashy stories, and who are securing actually a more universal and a closer hearing than our preachers of all denominations. You had rather see a daughter of yours, just budding

into womanhood, clasp the hand of a smallpox patient, than, in social equality, the hand of such an one. Yet, believe it, ye doting fathers, these beings from whom you so recoil are boon companions of four-fifths of the mentally awakened boys and girls of America.

These facts make plain why we must have the co-operation of the clergy and others if good literature is to be published permanently at low rates. Bad literature will run itself. It is water going down-hill. Some other force than gravity must pull water up-hill. The force that will make cheap good literature permanently possible, must be generated in the hearts of the true educators and philanthropists, developed Christians.

GOOD BOOKS.

Books, beyond anything else, are educators of the people.

In the warfare against bad literature our motto has been "Conquer by replacing." Mere denunciation is of little avail. The mind must be filled. To prove to the people that the books that they are reading are worthless, and often vicious, will not be of any per-

manent advantage unless you place in their hands interesting books of positive value. Give them something else to think about, and they will be easily weaned from worthless trash. The question is—Shall the manhood and womanhood of our country sink to the standard of the Dime Novel, or rise to that of the choicest literature of the English language? Why should any waste their spare hours over third-rate books, when they might spend them with the greatest and best thinkers of the world?

The above we copy from Funk & Wagnalls' Prospectus of their cheap series. It will apply also to our effort to furnish cheap reading for the young people in our schools.

WE beg to acknowledge with thanks the receipt from Jno. Coates, Esq., librarian of the Prescott Methodist Sunday-school, of a case of books as donations to needy schools. Mr. Coates remarks that he finds the libraries sold in sets better bound than those sold singly, though not so attractive in appearance. They are also, we think, a good deal cheaper.

FROM THE NEW S. S. HYMNAL.

My Redeemer.

JAMES McGRATHAN.

Musical notation for the first line of the hymn: I will sing of my Redeemer, And his wondrous love to me;

Musical notation for the second line of the hymn: On the cruel cross he suffered, From the curse to set me free.

CHORUS.

Musical notation for the first part of the chorus: Sing, oh! sing of my Redeemer, With his

Sing, oh! sing of my Redeemer, Sing, oh! sing of my Redeemer, With his

Musical notation for the second part of the chorus: blood he purchased me, he purchased me, On the cross He bought my blood he purchased me, With his blood he purchased me; On the cross he bought my pardon, on the

Musical notation for the final part of the chorus: par-don, Paid the debt, to make me free, To make me free, to make me free. cross he bought my par-don, Paid the debt to make me free.

- 2 I will tell the wondrous story, How my lost estate to save, In his boundless love and mercy, He the ransom freely gave.—Cho.
3 I will praise my dear Redeemer, His triumphant power I'll tell,

- How the victory he giveth Over sin, and death and hell.—Cho.
4 I will sing of my Redeemer, And his heavenly love to me He from death to life hath brought me, Son of God, with him to be.—Cho.