

A Man's a Man.

BY REV. J. E. HANKIN, D.D.

"A man's a man," says Robert Burns,
"For a' that, and a' that;"
But though the song be clear and strong,
It lacks one note an' a' that.
The lout who'd shirk his honest work,
Yet claims his pay, and a' that,
Or beg a bed for lazy head,
Is not a man for a' that.

There's wanting, too, another note,
That wad ha'e been sae pat,
In that grand song that Robbie wrote,
For a' that and a' that.
The brute that beats into the streets
His wife and bairns, an' a' that,
Wi' cronies stops at whiskey shops,
Is not a man for a' that.

Another note is lacking, too,
This ploughman might ha'e sung;
'Tis just as pat and just as true
As those that aff he sung.
The man of stealth who piles up wealth,
And grinds God's poor, an' a' that,
'Lutches his purse with dying curse,
Is not a man for a' that.

And in that song that Robbie sung
For a' that, and a' that,
He might ha'e had the notes among
A word for h'm, and a' that,
Who sits up snug to chimla-lug,
An' strokes the dog or cat;
An' never falls of nursery tales,
Or childhood lore, and a' that.

I'll venture on another note,
To that gran' song, an' a' that,
That from his throat Rob set afloat;
Who reads God's word, an' a' that,
Who walks his ways and speaks his
praise,
And humbly prays, and a' that,
And lets fools chaff and scoff and laugh—
He is a man for a' that.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, AUGUST 7, 1897.

JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

AUGUST 15, 1897.

Mossiah's reign.—Psalm 72. 12-20.

BENEFICENT.

Verse 12. This passage was strikingly illustrated in the life of the Saviour. The common people heard him gladly. The poor were especially cared for by him. He sympathized with them in all their sorrows, and was ever ready to speak a word of consolation, no matter what might have been the cause of their trouble. No other system of religion has bestowed such manifold favours upon the poor. Jesus Christ never favours tyranny nor looks upon oppression with approval. He teaches equality, and expects men to treat each other as brethren. In those lands where the Gospel is unknown, the aged and infirm are cast off and left to perish.

SPECIFIED BLESSINGS.

Verses 13 and 14. He shall spare, that is, he will protect them from evil, and preserve in the day of adversity. Under his government the means of support would so multiply that the comforts of life would multiply to an almost bound-

less extent, that suffering would be mitigated, and happiness would be enjoyed by all classes of the community. This would especially be seen in the ranks of the poor. He will care for those who put themselves under his guidance; their blood shall be precious in his sight.

PROLONGED LIFE.

Verse 15. He shall live. Other kings die and are succeeded by those who are heirs to the throne, but Christ dieth no more. His life is progressive, and as his influence extends, wealth is poured into his treasury. He does not need the gold and silver for his own enrichment, but as men and nations become enlightened they will bring the most valuable of their possessions and cast them at his feet and regard themselves as being honoured in bestowing their gifts on him to whom their more than all is due.

CONSTANT PRAYER.

Verse 15. Prayer is to be made for the spread of his kingdom, and praise rendered for all the blessings which he has bestowed upon mankind. During the month of June, the subjects of Queen Victoria all over her extensive dominions were exuberant in their praises of their good Queen. Again and again the air resounded with the song, "God Save the Queen." So the subjects of Christ's kingdom extol his praise and delight to praise him. Praise shall not be a duty that is performed at certain seasons, but daily shall he be praised. Our lives are to be one continued season of praise and adoration.

HIS REIGN—PERPETUAL.

Verse 16. The handful of corn resembles the commencement of his kingdom in any locality. The seed first cast into the virgin soil, always yields an abundant harvest, so the kingdom of Christ is small in its beginning, but see how it grows! A mission Sunday-school is commenced in a given locality, a few children are collected, then a preaching service is held, a church is established, and an influence spreads abroad throughout the locality, the moral character of the people is elevated, uprightness becomes a prominent feature of the community, peace and love prevail in the family circle and all love as brethren.

A PATRIOT.

BY MRS. HELEN E. BROWN.

"Rodney, my darling boy, I do want you to be a true patriot."

The ten-year-old boy was standing by the window gazing at the sports of the children in the street. His mother laid aside her work, as the twilight hour forbade her sewing, and came and stood beside him. We can conjecture what she had been thinking about by the words she spoke, as she put her hands fondly on the shoulder of her bright boy. "A patriot? What's that? I want to be anything you like, mamma, but I don't know what a patriot is."

"A patriot is one who truly loves his native land, and is willing to do anything he can that is right to make her prosperous and happy."

"Well, I do love my land, mamma; it's a great, splendid country. I'm proud of it when I look at it on the map; and when I hear papa tell how many millions of bushels of wheat and corn grew here last year, enough to feed the whole world; why, it's enough to make a boy proud to be a Canadian. But, then, what can I do, just one little folk like me, mamma? I can't be a president or a governor, or a mayor, or a policeman. Oh, but I'd like to be a policeman, mamma. Would I be a patriot if I was a policeman?"

Mamma smiled. "You can be a patriot if you are neither of these great dignitaries, my dear. A plain man, a merchant, a lawyer, a teacher, a carpenter, may be a true patriot."

"They'd have to be good, I suppose."

"Yes, indeed; if every man in this great country of ours was only good, we should have a nation of true patriots, and a glorious nation it would be."

"And how good? Tell me more, mamma."

"If every man was honest, and industrious, and temperate, Rodney, just think how grand it would be."

"Temperate! Oh, dear!" sighed the boy. "Lots of people are not that! It seems as if almost everybody drank beer and whiskey."

"Yes, intemperance is one of the greatest sins of our people," said mamma, as she seated herself beside her boy. "If they do not give it up, they will surely go down to ruin. One of the sins which brought the nation of Israel, God's own people, to punishment was drunkenness. It was a sin of those old times just as it is of ours. The people did not drink the same kind of liquors that

we have. They used wine. Grapes grew plentifully in Palestine, and they made wine, and when it fermented it became alcoholic and poisonous. They did not know about this poison as we do, but they knew the wine, when as the Bible says, 'it was red' and gave 'its colour in the cup,' made them drunk. They knew that at the last it bit like a serpent and stung like an adder. But it tasted good and so they drank and drank just as people do now. And drinking was very common; as you studied in last Sunday's lesson, even the priests and the prophets went astray through drink; and God considered it a great sin."

"I remember," said Rodney, and then was silent for some minutes. He seemed to be thinking. At last he spoke.

"If I am ever a patriot I shall vote against liquor."

"That's right; that's the true sound," said mamma.

"Mamma, don't you wish you were a man and could vote?"

"No, my dear, for now I can have three votes."

"Three votes! Why, women don't vote, do they? And how could you have three votes?"

"Women vote through their sons, Rodney. And haven't I three lovely boys who are growing up, and are going by-and-bye to vote just as I want them to? So you see it is a great deal better to be a woman and have three sons to vote the right ticket, than to be a man and just be able to cast one vote."

"Oh, mamma, you're funny," said Rodney; "but that makes me think of the rest of our lesson last Sunday. Our teacher said, Isaiah, who wrote that part of the Bible, asked a wise question: 'If the priests and prophets all went astray through strong drink, to whom shall we teach knowledge?' And he asked as if we could have answered him."

"What did the boys say?"

"They didn't know, not one of them, and I couldn't think, either. But when he told us the answer I laughed right out, that we shouldn't have thought."

"What was your teacher's answer?"

"Why, he said, Isaiah answered his own question by saying we must teach the children, and bring them up right. Give them line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little, just as you do, you mother dear," said the boy, climbing into his mother's lap and leaning his head on her shoulder.

"You know you explained that verse to me once, and you said that was the reason you caught every little chance you could to give me a good lesson."

"That is so," said mamma, "that's the way to make good men, by giving little lessons to little folks in the little minutes as they go by, and training their little feet into the way they should go. That's the way to make true temperance men and true patriots. The children are the hope of the church, of the nation, and of the world. If every little boy is taught the sin of drunkenness, and to understand the nature and effects of alcohol, and to hate it, we should by-and-bye have a nation of sound temperance men, and they would be sure to be patriots, I think. For no true patriot, Rodney, is a drinking man; and no drinking man can be a true patriot, because—perhaps you can tell me a reason. You are pretty good at giving reasons."

"Let me think—well—because he would have to have a liquor-saloon kept open where he could buy his drink, and liquor-stores—oh, they are a shame and disgrace to our country, Dr. Egin says."

"Yes, and another reason is, he couldn't tell what man or what law to vote for, if his head was muddled with drink."

"And he wouldn't be a good stand-upright, respectable man, and nobody'd care what he thought anyway."

"That's so, sonny; and another reason. His example would be likely to lead a good many others in the evil way. He couldn't stand alone, any more than one bad apple could in the barrel, or one black drop in a bottle of pure water. No, indeed; his influence would mix, and he would spoil this one and that one, till the whole town or village went wrong."

"And his children, mamma; they'd all vote the way their father did, it's likely."

"That's so, sonny; he wouldn't make a good father. That's very important. His children and children's children would very likely be drunkards too. But when a man is sound in temperance—"

"As my father is," interrupted Rodney.

"Yes, as your father is; his children are likely to follow his example, and their children will do the same, and so on. I was reading the other day about a good man, Mr. Thomas Carter, whose total abstinence principles bore beautiful fruit in his own family. He had eleven children and over fifty grandchildren, and as many great-grandchildren, and it

is believed that not one of the number ever used intoxicating drinks."

"Good!" exclaimed Rodney. He seemed to take it all in.

"But it must be the total abstinence temperance."

"Oh, pshaw, mother, what other sort is there, that you can call real temperance? I'm sure a man can't say he's temperate if he drinks even a little teenty-tonty drop. Look at Mr. Childs. He says he never takes any drink except once in a great while, and only a little bit, too little to hurt him. Do you call him a temperance man?"

"I see you understand, sonny. Stick to the total plan, and you'll be mother's little man, and I'll risk you being a patriot."

STORY OF THE QUEEN'S LIFE.

X.

VISITORS TO AMERICA.

Several of the Queen's children have visited Canada. But the one who has made the longest stay is the Princess Louise.

She was married in 1871, to the Marquis of Lorne, in St. George's Chapel, at Windsor. Lord Ronald Gower was present at the ceremony, and he says, "The pair left the castle under a shower of rice, satin shoes, and a new broom, that John Brown, in Highland fashion, threw after their carriage."

Lord Ronald afterwards visited them, when they were housekeeping, at a place near Tunbridge Wells. "It was pleasant," he said, to see the Princess Louise bustling about all day like a busy German housewife, looking after her maids, seeing that the dinner was well cooked, the sweeping and dusting well done, and then carving at the meals.

When the Marquis of Lorne was made Governor-General of Canada, the Princess came to Canada to live. The deep snows and the tobogganing were new to her, and she liked them.

The Princess and the Governor-General made several journeys into the more remote parts of the Queen's Canadian dominions.

Everywhere the people welcomed them gladly. But at one village, on the line of a new railway, they were received even more gladly than at any other place. The Indians there wanted to do homage too, to the Queen's daughter. So they built an arch with this printed upon it, "Welcome to the Queen's Papoose;" and under that arch the Governor-General and the Princess rode in the only carriage to be found in that region.

Another story is told of the Princess' visit to the Bermudas. The Islanders determined to give her a reception, and rich and poor made ready to do her honour. One day she was out sketching, for, like the Queen and the rest of the daughters, she is fond of sketching.

She was thirsty and called at a cottage door for water. The good woman of the house was busy, and refused to go for the water. She, of course, did not know who the Princess was. She was busy ironing; she was ironing a shirt for her husband to wear at the reception of the Queen's daughter, she said.

O no! she could not leave that, to get water for anybody, she said.

"If you will get me the water," said the Princess, "I will finish ironing and shirt while you are gone."

So the Princess ironed the shirt, while the woman fetched the water. But imagine her surprise when she learned who it was that had been doing her ironing! She at once declared that her husband should not wear the shirt at the reception, nor anywhere else. She should always keep it just as it was. For had not the Queen's daughter ironed it!

The Queen has many grandchildren. The children of the Prince of Wales are Edward, George, Louise, Victoria and Maud. And a merry, fun-loving set of young folks they are! After all, as you see, princes and princesses are very much like other children. They snowball in winter; they play croquet and go yachting in summer. They study, and have to be scolded and kissed, just like other children.

The Princess of Wales trained her sons and daughters carefully. It is said that before her marriage she was poor. That she trimmed her own hats and made her own dresses, so she has her daughters taught to do all kinds of work, so that, if necessary, they can take care of themselves.

A man's character is like a photographic negative. It is a blank until it has been subjected to the chemistry of circumstances.

A young Main Street merchant has a queer paper-weight. It is the first biscuit his wife ever made after taking a dozen lessons in a cooking-school.