

## "GOD'S PROVIDENCE HOUSE."

IN a small, quaint English city,  
On the banks of the river Dee,  
Is a queer old wooden building  
Of a style we rarely see.  
Five hundred years it has stood there,  
In the narrow and stony street;  
Carved, over its oaken doorway,  
With a legend, strange and sweet.

The line has been kept so perfect  
It is read at a single glance:  
"God's providence," so it sayeth,  
"Is mine inheritance."  
And if one should ask the meaning,  
He would hear this story told,  
Of a dreadful plague in the city,  
Which darkened its days of old.

It ravaged the homes of thousands,  
And the people wildly fled,  
Calling on God for mercy  
While mourning their many dead.  
In the street where this house is standing  
No other escaped the blow,  
And thanks for such special favor  
The legend is meant to show.

Each house and heart in the kingdom  
Inherits God's love and care;  
Yet seldom it shows such a record  
As is carved on the cross-beam there.  
Stand strong, old house, in thy glory,  
Bearing witness, as years advance,  
That Providence, caring and loving,  
Is man's blessed inheritance.

—Congregationalist.

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## Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS:  
Rev. W. H. WITHROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, MARCH 21, 1885.

## "COME HOME."

THERE was once a boy who had a happy home, a kind father and mother, loving brothers and sisters, and everything, it would seem, to make him a contented boy. But he was often impatient, and felt as if he wanted to go away, and at last, one day, when he could not do something that he wanted very much to do, he ran away from home!

Silly boy! He went away from comfort and peace and plenty, and fancied he should be very happy because now he could do as he pleased!

You would feel very sorry for this foolish boy if you knew what wretched days he spent, without money, without friends, without food, without any one to love him or care for him!

And you will be very glad to hear that at the end of the third day, as he was walking through the streets of a town some miles from his home, wishing with all his heart that he was back again in that dear home, he met his dear elder brother! How glad he was!

How he cried out his sorrow and shame in the arms of that brother! And how glad and grateful the brother was!

"Come home, little brother," he said; "father sent me to bring you. He has sent out letters and messages in every direction. He longs to see your face again. He cannot be happy until you are in the home again, and he has sent me to tell you of his love and the welcome that waits for you at home."

Dear children, do you not see here a picture of your heavenly Father's love? Every time you disobey him you are running away from your true home. He has sent letters, a Bible full of them, urging you to come home. He has sent messages, many and many a time, by your parents, your teachers, your pastors, may be by your little friends and playmates, urging you to come home. But, best of all, he sent Jesus, our elder brother, to tell the wandering ones how his Father wants them all to come home! Will you go with him back to your loving, waiting Father?

## "I CANNOT FEEL SAVED."

MARTIN LUTHER, in one of his conflicts with the devil, was asked by the arch-enemy if he felt his sins forgiven.

"No," said the great reformer, "I do not feel that they are forgiven, but I know they are, because God says so in his word." Paul did not say, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt feel saved," but "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." Ask that man whose debt was paid by his brother, "Do you feel that your debt is paid?" "No," is the reply, "I don't feel that it is paid; I know from this receipt that it is paid, and I feel happy because I know it is paid." So with you, dear reader. You must first believe in God's love to you as revealed at the cross of Calvary, and then you will feel happy, because you shall know that you are saved.

A dear old Christian on hearing persons speaking of their feelings, used to say, "Feelings! feelings! Don't bother yourself about your feelings! I just stick to the old truth, that Christ died for me, and he is my surety right on to eternity, and I'll stick to that like a limpet to the rock."

## THE TOBACCO CURSE.

OF course every callow school-boy, straining at the end of a cigarette, thinks he knows more about tobacco than the whole medical faculty. But possibly an exceptional smoker may be found who will "read, ponder, and digest" the reasons given by the Surgeon-General of the United States Army for the prohibition of tobacco in the national military and naval academies. This gentleman declares: "Beyond all other things, the future health and usefulness of the lads educated at the military school require the absolute interdiction of tobacco." The most eminent authorities testify to its evil effects on the digestive organs, the nervous system, the voice, and the eyesight. A special form of irritability of the heart is named "tobacco-heart." In the *Ecole Polytechnique*, in France,



the non-smokers take the highest rank. Even down South, the chewer's paradise, the best schools forbid the use of tobacco. Professor

CANADIANS ON THE NILE.

Richard M'Sherry, President of the Baltimore Academy of Medicine, declares that "the effect of tobacco on school-boys is so marked as not to be open to discussion." In a late lecture on tobacco by the Rev. R. L. Carpenter, of England, the subject of its singular effect in rendering its devotees insensible to the discomfort of others is sharply put. There is no doubt that, next to drinking and licentious habits, the use of tobacco is one of the most dangerous of the national foes to the true development of manhood—a habit to be discouraged by every teacher of youth.—*Journal of Education*.

## CANADIANS ON THE NILE.

THE fact that General Lord Wolseley has led an English army of some thousands of men from Cairo to Khartoum, a distance, following the course of the Nile, of nearly nineteen hundred miles into the fiery heart of Africa, or about twelve hundred miles in a straight line from the Mediterranean Sea, is in itself full of interest. It was the extreme difficulty of the navigation of the Nile, especially of ascending its cataracts and rapids, which suggested to Lord Wolseley the idea of enlisting in the arduous enterprise a corps of voyageurs. His knowledge of the dexterity and bravery of these men, gained in the Red River Expedition, made him feel that he would be safe even in ascending the Nile if he had but a sufficient number of them in his service.

Our picture represents them before they had reached the scene of their labours. So long as the Nile was navigable by steamers of this description there was no need of the dexterity and skill of the voyageurs. It was when they had passed that part of the river in which there was, fair sailing and entered the rapids, that their value to the Expedition became apparent to such as had possessed no previous knowledge of their skill. They were not long in demonstrating their immeasurable superiority to the native

pilots—and though the difficulties which confronted them were unquestionably very great, their first experience in the navigation of Nile rapids furnished good ground for hope that they would prove equal to the occasion. Although deeply laden, and carrying nearly two tons of stores, besides twelve men each, the boats appeared under perfect control. The leading boat, I could see with my glasses, carried the native reis, told off to act as guide. He stood in the bows beside the Canadian, endeavouring to direct the soldier who steered, but for a long time they remained motionless under the current and made little or no headway. At several points they essayed to ascend, but always, apparently, found the current too strong, and drifted back again to their former position. The voyageur I could see go aft and take the tiller himself. Coming close in-shore he made for a rock, behind which a long eddy tailed for a hundred yards. Up this he sailed with great velocity, and just as, apparently, he was about to collide with the rock he sheared out into the stream, steadied and paused for a moment as his boat met the rush of water—her timbers quivering with the shock—and slowly but perceptibly, with the aid of a friendly puff, passed over the critical point. The men put out their oars. And then they breast the stream with sails and oars together, taking advantage of all the eddies, as far as possible, before attempting to enter the main current. In twenty minutes after the leading boat, the other four had passed; and the first obstacle on the voyage to Dal was overcome.

A good memory built upon a well-made intellectual structure is a noble blessing, but that same memory with nothing to match it is like a garret without any house under it; a receptacle of odds and ends, that are worth less than those papers that losers of lost pocket-books are always advertising for, "of no value except to the owner."