

Save Your Pennies and Yourself.

BY MRS. S. L. OBERHOLTZER,

Superintendent of Narcotics, Penn., W. C. T. U.

SAVE your pennies, boys, you'll need them
In your business, by-and-bye;
You'll be glad the smoke's beneath you
When you climb life's ladder high.

Money grows; and, if you've got it,
Why, just plant it in a bank;
When you find how it increases
Friendly counsels you will thank.

With the mossy growth of interest
You can do some generous things;
And the good deeds will uplift you
Till your souls are touched with wings

Reach for naught that makes you poorer,
Shun the wily cigarette;
And tobacco's train that follows
You'll rejoice you never met.

There are highways broad to evil
Through the dim of drink and smoke,
But keep straight along the clear road—
Do not deem it brag or joke

To do aught that might defile you,
Count your gains of strength each day,
Knowing only in God's sunshine
You can make life's travel pay.

OUR PERIODICALS:

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.

Christian Guardian, weekly	\$2 00
Methodist Magazine, 104 pp., monthly, illustrated	2 00
Methodist Magazine and Guardian together	3 50
Magazine, Guardian and Onward together	4 00
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly	1 50
Sunday-school Banner, 52 pp., svo., monthly	0 60
Onward, 8 pp., 4to., weekly, under 5 copies	0 60
5 copies and over	0 50
Pleasant Hours, 4 pp., 4to., weekly, single copies	0 30
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 24
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 15
10 copies and upwards	0 12
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 15
10 copies and upwards	0 12
Heresay Leaf, monthly, 100 copies per month	5 50
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 24s. a dozen; \$2 per 100 per quarter 6c. a dozen; 50c. per 100.	

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto.

C. W. COATMAN,
8 Blouin Street,
Montreal.

S. F. HURST,
Wesleyan Book Room,
Halifax, N.S.

Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 11, 1893.

CASTE.

DOUBTLESS the greatest obstacle to the spread of Christianity among the people of India is caste, which for immemorial years has prevailed among them. The Brahman cannot associate with the soldier, nor with the trader or farmer, least of all with the Sudra, or servile caste, nor these with each other. To eat or sleep or come in personal contact with one of another caste is pollution.

We call these caste-bound people heathen. We believe that Christ came to break down the "middle wall of partition," not only between Jews and Gentiles, but between all men everywhere, and to make all men brothers, as they all stand on an equal footing before God. But how do our actions comport with our beliefs?

"Are you going to the Sewing Society at Mrs. Jones's?"

"No, I don't think I shall."

Why not? Mrs. Jones is a member of the same church, and evidently trying to live a Christian life. She is regular in her attendance at church, and contributes to its support; her life now is blameless. Can her Lord and ours forgive her and we refuse to condone her? How is this?

The minister's wife will go, of course. She can go everywhere. And why? Simply because she is a Christian woman and a humble follower of Him who received sinners and ate with them; who came to seek and save that which was lost. Pariahs.

Mrs. Doane can go, for "she is one of the old members, you know, and she goes everywhere." Her husband was one of the leading men in the church till he died.

We have "university settlements," so called, in some of our cities. Intelligent, educated, refined women live in these settlements, and cultivate contact, association, intimacy, with those around them. Why? Because they are Christian women, and they know, as we all know, that really to help others, to lift others, we must be in touch with them. The people around this settlement seeing how their new neighbours live, will be constrained to imitate them. Cleanliness in person and environment begins to appear; flowers are cultivated; manners become gentler; tones of voice are modified; taste for reading begins to show itself. The ministry of sacred song aids in the beneficent work.

No one for an instant supposes that these young women enjoy coming in contact with untidiness, vulgarity, ignorance, vice. It was "for the joy set before him Christ endured the cross; and for the joy of winning souls to him, the joy of following in his footsteps, these women thus live and labour.

As in India, so in this country, caste, in one or many of its Protean forms, stands directly in the way of the spread of the Gospel. "Stand off. I am holier than thou"—how many professing Christians act this, though they do not speak it!

The true follower of Christ can go everywhere and mingle with all sorts and conditions of men, from the highest to the lowest, without losing a particle of his dignity, his purity, his self-respect; nay, in all these he is an infinite gainer. The Master sees and knows it all.

NEW SUNDAY-SCHOOL BOOKS.

We have received from Messrs. Hunt & Eaton, New York, the following new Sunday School Library books:

Amos True Love; a Story of the Last Generation. By Charles R. Parsons, author of "A Story of the Man with a White Hat." New York: Hunt & Eaton. Toronto: William Briggs.

This is an American reprint of this capital little book, published by the Wesleyan Conference Office, London, previously reviewed in these pages. It is an admirable picture of English country life, of pronounced religious teaching, while the numerous graphic engravings present a wide range of quaint English characters.

Sybil's Repentance; or, A Dream of Good. By Mrs. M. F. Haycraft.

This is another reprint describing English rural life with its relations—such as English life often has—to far-off India and the very ends of the earth. We meet the squire, the tutor, and the different grades of English society. The interest revolves round "the missing will," and everything comes right in the closing chapter, in which "God gives quietness."

Daisy Downs; or, What the Sabbath-school Can Do. Price 50 cents.

This is a well-written story, for junior scholars, whose scene is laid on this side of the sea, and it shows the wonderful transforming power of the Sunday-school, and is illustrated by a number of engravings.

Jacob Winterton's Inheritance. By Emilia Searchfield.

With an interesting narrative of English country life is woven a series of Bible readings on the call of Abraham, as "Haran and barrenness," "Shechem and Moreh—resting and learning," "Mamre and Hebron—fatness and strength," "Blessed and Blessing—Lot rescued." The three thousand-year-old experiences of the Patriarch find their application in the busy strifes and struggles of modern life.

Christmas Times in the Crocus Family. By Robin Ranger.

This book reminds us that the children's holiday is drawing near. It is full of radiant Christmas atmosphere, and will furnish admirable Christmas reading for our young friends.

Kitty's Dream, and Other Stories. By Mrs. R. S. Robins.

Mrs. Robins is the authoress of over a score of popular stories in which she has proved her ability to write with acceptance for young readers. The present volume with its pretty pictures will not be a disappointment to her old admirers.



TOM, THE BOOTBLACK.

"Little Seabird" is another story by the same authoress. It is a story of the English coast and is full of the breath of the sea. It is a sort of sequel to the last mentioned volume. It tells the interesting story of the rescue of a little Spanish girl from shipwreck and her conversion to the Protestant religion.

Aunt Maggie's Corner, by Grace Gaylord, is a well-printed little book for younger scholars.

The Young Pilgrim; a Story Illustrating the Pilgrim's Progress. By A. L. O. E.

This popular author, who for some years has devoted her life to mission work in India, exhibits in this story her well-known literary skill and deep religious feeling. It furnishes an admirable illustration of Bunyan's immortal allegory, which is a true type of the pilgrimage of every converted soul from the City of Destruction to the City of the Great King.

TOM, THE BOOTBLACK.

ONE day, as I sat at my office-desk writing busily, I heard a knock at the door. "Come in," said I.

The door opened, and there stood a small boy, very ragged and rather dirty. "What do you want?" I asked sharply; for I was annoyed at the interruption.

"Please, sir," said the boy, "will you set me up?"

It was such a queer request that I laughed outright. "Set you up?" said I. "You are not a bowling-pin, are you? What in the world do you mean?"

"Please, sir, I want to be set up in business."

"Oh! you want me to give you some money."

"No, sir, I only want to borrow."

"And how much do you want?"

"Only twenty cents, sir."

"What kind of business will that set you up in?"

"The newspaper business, sir. I want to buy papers."

"And you promise to pay the money back?"

"Yes, sir."

There was something about the boy that pleased me. I handed him two dimes, and he went away. A friend who happened in, just as I was closing the transaction, expressed the opinion that I had been imposed upon. "You will never see that little rogue again," said he.

Day after day passed, and I began to think my friend was right. The boy had not come back. But, just as I had about given him up, he appeared, and repaid the money honestly. I was so pleased, that I

made him a present of the amount, and added a trifle to it.

Two years or more afterwards, I stopped one day at a street-corner to have my shoes cleaned. As I placed my foot on the block, the bootblack looked up in my face, and said, "I should like to shine your shoes for nothing, sir."

"Why so?" said I.

"Don't you remember, sir, how you set me up?"

Then I recognized my old acquaintance, though he had grown so that I should hardly have known him. He was thriving, he told me, in his new line of business, and had no occasion now to borrow any more money.

He had improved greatly in his looks and, what was better, he had been improving himself in many other ways. He had learned to read and write, and, being ready to turn his hand to any honest work, he was trying bravely to make his way in the world.

All this happened a good while ago. I kept watch of that boy, and took great pleasure in finding that my first impression of him was correct. Whatever he undertook to do he did it with a will, and he soon found a better employment than blacking shoes.

He is now a prosperous merchant, and, if I were to tell you his name, you would hardly believe that he ever could have been Tom the bootblack.

SET DOWN THAT GLASS.

There is death in it. It contains ardent spirits, and it will destroy you.

"One glass will not destroy me," you say.

So said the man whom you saw drunk on the floor. So said the wretch whom you saw on the gallows, for committing murder while intoxicated. And so you will say until you become like them.

Set down that glass. I speak not to the drunkard, for he will not mind me. I speak not to the man who already loves strong drink so much as to think it necessary for his comfort or his health. I speak to the man who is yet free.

Set down the glass. There is death in it. Will you drink it? What urges you to do it?

"I am my own master," say you?
Then let not strong drink become your master. I beseech you to stop this boozing or you are undone.

Set down that glass. Taste it no more.