

When Whiskey Reigns No More.

BY EDWARD CARSWELL.

AIR—"When Johnny Comes Marching Home."

GET ready for the jubilee,
Hurrah! hurrah!
When this our country shall be free,
Hurrah! hurrah!
The girls will sing, the boys will shout,
When alcohol is driven out,
And we'll all feel gay when whiskey is no more!

We're only children now, you know,
Hurrah! hurrah!
But temperance children always grow,
Hurrah! hurrah!
The girls will all be women then,
The boys, of course, will all be men,
And we'll all fight rum till rum shall be no more!

From Maine to California,
Hurrah! hurrah!
From Delaware to Canada!
Hurrah! hurrah!
The struggle now is going on,
And when the mighty victory's won,
We'll all feel gay that whiskey reigns no more!

It will not do to simply say,
Hurrah! hurrah!
But do your duty, then you may,
Hurrah! hurrah!
Assist the weak, yourself deny,
Stand by the right, and by-and-bye
We'll all feel gay that whiskey reigns no more!

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 3, 1894.

CHRIST AND HIS DISCIPLES.

BY REV. RICHARD CORDLEY, EMPORIA, KANSAS.

OUR lesson this week is about "Jesus and his disciples" (Mark 3. 6-19). They are down by beautiful little sea of Galilee, where Jesus loved to be so much. It was a somewhat quiet place, a little out of the way. But no place could be quiet for him. The people all about had heard of his wonderful works; how he had cured the sick; how he made the blind to see; how he made the deaf to hear, and the lame to walk. The news of this spread all over the country, and the sick and the suffering from everywhere came to him. They that had sick children, or sick friends, brought them to be cured. It must have been a wonderful sight. Here is a lame man, carried by his friends, and laid at Jesus' feet. Jesus speaks to him, and he leaps up, and goes away strong and well. Here comes a blind man who has never seen the light. Jesus touches his eyes, and the fields and the mountains, and the trees and the flowers, are all shown to him at once. Here comes a deaf man who has never heard a sound; and as he goes away,

he hears for the first time the dashing of the waters and the singing of the birds.

But the more he hears the more his fame spreads. Everyone that is cured goes home and tells about it, and all his neighbours come next day. Every day the crowd grows larger, and they come from farther around. They come from the great city of Jerusalem; from away up north among the mountains, and by the great sea; and from the other side of the river Jordan. They have found out that if they can only touch him they will be cured, and they crowd around him to touch him.

At last the crowd becomes so great that Jesus orders his disciples to get a boat and push out into the sea, so that he can have a little rest. He wants to be alone with them a little while, so that he can tell them what he wants to have them do. He had called them before, one by one, as he found them—one by his fish-boat, another in his office, and another under the fig-tree. But then he only told them to follow him; now he wants to tell what they are to do. So after they enter the boat, they sail along the shore till they come to a quiet place, and Jesus goes up into a mountain, and calls just those he wants—just the twelve he had called before.

These twelve are to be his apostles—"apostle" means "one sent." These twelve were sent by Christ to tell about the kingdom of God, and how to be saved. In this lesson it says they are to do three things. First, "they are to be with him," to see what he does, and to hear what he says. Then he wants to send them out to preach, to tell other people what they have seen and heard, and let them know about Jesus, and what he was going to do for them. Then they were to cast out devils and heal the sick. They were to do what Jesus himself had been doing, help everybody they could and tell everybody about this kingdom of God. They had been with Jesus and seen him work. They no doubt became very much interested in his work, and many times they wished they could help. It must have surprised them sometimes to see how many poor people there were who needed help. Every town they came to there were some poor creatures waiting for him, either to cleanse them of leprosy, or open their eyes, or unstop their ears; or there was some poor widow who wanted her child restored. And if he stopped a few days, even in a lonely place, the crowds of people who came to him from around soon made it necessary for him to hide himself away from them. The disciples had seen all this—how he was thronged and pressed, and how impossible it was for him to reach all that needed him, and all who were longing to have him help them. They must have felt anxious sometimes to go out and do the same as he was doing, and tell the good news and heal the sick.

Now they are to have the chance to go out and preach Jesus, and cast out devils. He is going to make them his ambassadors, and send them on before him. They are to go out and tell the people "Jesus is come," and "the kingdom of heaven is at hand."

But we do not read that they went out a great many times while Jesus was with them. Once or twice they went two and two, and came back and told him what they had found.

Most of the time Jesus kept these disciples with him, so that he could teach them and show them the way. They went with him on his journeys; they heard him preach in the synagogue and talk by the way-side; they saw him heal the sick and raise the dead; they saw him when he was arrested, and followed him a great way off, when he was crucified; and they saw him again after his resurrection, and heard his last words. Then when he was gone they became real apostles, and went everywhere telling the story of Jesus. They understood him now a great deal better than when he was with them. A great many things he said puzzled them before, but now it was all plain and clear. They knew now he came to save men from their sins, and they went everywhere telling about him. They became very bold, and were not afraid to preach Jesus among those who had crucified him. They were persecuted and put in prison, and driven away from home, but they kept right on

doing as Jesus had told them. And some of them wrote out the story of Jesus, just as they had seen it and heard it, and left it for us to read.

How glad we should have been to have Jesus call us up into that mountain, and appoint us to go out and tell his story. How glad we should be now, if he would come and put his hand on our head, and appoint us to go out and tell people he had come, and tell everybody that heaven was open, and God was waiting, and that they could every one of them come, and go into the kingdom, and be one of Christ's people. How glad we should be to have him select us out to do a work like this.

Did you never think that he has given us just this work to do? We can tell the same story Peter and John told, "of Jesus and his love." It is just as true and just as beautiful now as it was then, and it will help people just as much, and save them just as quickly. And Jesus is with us just as much now as he was with them. He has promised to be with every one that tries to do his work, clear down to the end of the world. We may all be his disciples, and he will give us all something to do for him.

LEISURE HOURS.

A BOY was employed in a lawyer's office and had the daily paper to amuse himself with. He commenced to study French, and at that desk became a fluent reader and writer of the French language. He accomplished this by laying aside the newspaper, and taking up something not so amusing, but far more profitable. A coachman was obliged to wait long hours while his mistress made calls. He determined to improve the time. He found a small volume containing the Eclogues of Virgil; he could not read it, so he purchased a Latin grammar. Day by day he studied this and fully mastered all its intricacies. His mistress came behind him one day as he stood by the stairs waiting for her, and she asked him what he was so intently reading.

"Only a bit of Virgil, my lady."

"What! do you read Latin?"

"A little, my lady."

She mentioned this to her husband, who insisted that David should have a teacher to instruct him. In a few years David became a learned man, and was for many years a useful and beloved minister in Scotland.

A boy was told to open and shut the gates to let the teams out of an iron mine. He sat on the log all day by the side of the gate. Sometimes an hour would pass before the teams came, and this he employed so well that there was scarcely any fact in history that escaped his attention. He began with a little book on English history that he found on the road. Having learned that thoroughly, he borrowed from a minister Goldsmith's "History of Greece." This good man became greatly interested in him, and lent him books, and was often seen sitting by him on a log, conversing with him about the people of ancient times.

Boys, use your leisure hours well.—
Selected.

KINDNESS REWARDED.

BY "GEBTRUDE GLYNDON."

"INJUNS, mamma!" cried little George Jones, rushing into the house, as if scared nearly to death.

Mrs. Jones looked outside, and sure enough there were two real Indians coming toward the house. She shut and locked the door immediately, and picked up the axe, with which to kill the red men, if they tried to force an entrance into the house; and George's sister blew the dinner-horn, which was the agreed signal of the approach of danger.

When Mr. Jones, who was in the corn-field at work, heard the sound of the horn, he picked up his rifle and ran as fast as he could to the house. Just as he got there, he saw the two Indians, one of them having a gun in his hand, and he at once brought his trusty rifle to his shoulder, took deliberate aim, and just as he was about to pull the trigger, the Indian with the gun threw up his hand, as a sign of peace, and made a motion for the white man not to fire.

Mr. Jones was a good man, and though the Piutes had been on the war-path for some time past in Arizona, he could not consent to kill one of them unless he was compelled to. So he lowered his gun, and demanded of the Indians what they wanted. They replied that they came in peace; that they had been unsuccessful in hunting game for several days, and that they were very hungry.

Mr. Jones knocked at his cabin-door, and asked to be admitted. When his wife had opened the door, he told the poor Indians to come in, and gave them something to eat and drink. Poor fellows! They ate as if they were nearly starved. When they had finished, they expressed their thanks as well as they could, and left.

Indians never forget a kindness. Some days after this, as little George was playing in the forest, he was suddenly surprised by a small band of roving red men and carried away south. The father and mother were nearly heart-broken at the loss of their little boy, and as some months went by without hearing anything of him, they began to give him up as having been killed.

One bright day in October there was a knock at Jones's cabin-door, and when it was opened there stood two Indians, and better than all, little George.

The father and mother were overjoyed, and after kissing and hugging their dear boy, they listened to his story. He told them that after his surprise and capture he was taken down nearly to the Mexican line, and how he wanted all the time to get home so bad. One night he was awakened by the hooting of an owl, and looking up he saw an Indian called Owl-hoot, who leaned over him and whispered in his ear, "Come, take home." George got up quietly, and following his guide to the outside of the encampment, they were met by Crow's-foot, another Indian, who had horses waiting for them, which they mounted, and in a few days were at the little boy's home. Owl-hoot and Crow's-foot were the very same poor, half-starved Indians who had been fed and treated with compassion in this same cabin before.

"Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy."

SHE SAVED HER YOUNG.

A HERD of five thousand beeves were toiling over the lonely trail from New Mexico to Kansas, leaving behind them across the grassy plains and valleys a swath as bare as if it had been swept by the fiery breath of a simoom.

Suddenly the leader of the herd, a huge steer, darted back in terror, gave vent to a snort of warning, and moving to the right passed on. Those immediately in his rear turned to right or left, and their example was followed by each long-horned pilgrim as he reached the dreaded spot.

When the entire herd had passed a wide, trampled track lay behind, but near the middle of this dusty space stood a luxuriant island of grass three feet in diameter.

A herdsman rode up to the spot and dismounted, expecting to find a rattlesnake, a creature of which cattle as well as horses have an instinctive and well-founded dread. Instead of a serpent, however, the grass tuft contained only a harmless killdeer plover, covering her nest, while her wings were kept in constant and violent motion. Seen indistinctly through the grass, she had evidently been mistaken by the steer for a rattlesnake.

She did not take flight even at the cowboy, but valiantly pecked at his boot as he gently pushed her to one side to find that the nest contained four unfledged killdees.

THE HOT SAW.

"O FRANK! come and see how hot my saw gets when I rub it."

"That's the friction," said Frank, with the wisdom of two years more than Eddie boasted.

"Yes," said sister Mary, who was passing, "it's the friction; and it makes me think of two boys who were quarrelling over a trifle this morning, and the more they talked the hotter their tempers grew, until there was no knowing what might have happened if mother had not thrown cold water on the fire by sending them in to separate rooms."