

A Spell of Madness.

BY KATHARINE PARKER WILLIS.

LOOK not upon the wine when it
Is red in the cup!
Stay not for Pleasure when she fills
Her tempting beaker up!
Though clear its depths, and rich its glow,
A spell of madness lurks below.

They say 'tis pleasant on the lip,
And merry on the brain;
They say it stirs the sluggish blood,
And dulls the tooth of pain
Aye, but within its glowing deeps
A stinging serpent, unseen, sleeps.

Its rosy lights will turn to fire,
Its coolness change to thir,.
And by its mirth within the brain
A sleepless worm is nursed;
I here a not a bubble at the brim
That does not carry food for him.

Then dash the brimming cup aside,
And spill its purple wine,
Take not its madness to thy lips,
Let not its curse be thine
'Tis red and rich, but grief and woe
Are hid those rosy depths below.

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A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, AUGUST 13, 1892.

A TIME FOR EVERYTHING.

THE other day there floated to my ear a grievous complaint, and all because some young people were compelled to forego a pleasure excursion on account of their language lessons. "What is the use of all this plodding over strange tongues," one young girl exclaimed. "If I know English thoroughly, it's all I'm ever likely to really need to be acquainted with." And out so undomestically thought a young girl years ago, who, after marrying and settling down "as she supposed, found that after all she must support herself in some way. Hearing that an advantageous position in the Public Library was about to be filled out that no one qualified had yet been found, she applied, only to find that had she been able to speak French and German the position would have been granted her at once. Another young lady of a literary turn could have taken a lucrative position on a popular paper had she only given more faithful attention to her German lessons a few years before. When Alexander the Great was about to be taught by the great philosopher Aristotle, his teacher withheld him to quite a distance from the court, where he taught him, it is said, "every branch of human learning," and especially the art of government. Had he been distracted by the scenes of court life, Alexander at sixteen years of age would hardly have been fitted to be left with the government in his hands while his father, Philip of Macedon, marched against Byzantium. Fill your minds with all use-

ful knowledge now, dear young friends, from all sources human and divine, while your heads are clear and your minds strong to receive it; the use of it all is sure to be revealed in time.

A DISAPPOINTMENT.

BY S. P. SULLIVAN.

TRISTINE LACY was a live, human girl, and longed for something different than the necessarily quiet life of her native village. She was therefore more than delighted when her cousin, Myra Grayson, wanted her to spend the season in Washington. She could not sleep an hour the night the letter came. Such visions as danced before her mind of society pleasures. How many airy tulle evening dresses and other robes de toilette and she not spun out of her imagination ere the day dawned.

The idea that she might not go had not once entered the mind of Tristine. Mrs. Lacy had read the letter with that calm serenity which her daughter accepted as consent. She was never denied anything which loving parents could bestow, and so she was quite unprepared for the shock she received after fasting her soul for a week in the coming society campaign.

"Come into the library, my daughter," said Mrs. Lacy one day as they rose from dinner. Seating herself and drawing the girl to her in an affectionate hand-clasp, she said: "Tristine, you know that it is not in the heart of either your father or myself to deny you any rightful pleasure. But after earnest prayer for guidance, we have decided that it cannot be for your highest spiritual good that you should visit Myra Grayson at this time. Even at home you find it hard to resist the allurements of the world. What would it be in Myra's home, where there is no allegiance to the Saviour whom you profess to love?"

Disappointment, keen and sharp, was written on Tristine's flushed cheek. "I think I could have resisted the temptation to dance if you had trusted me," she said.

"Dancing is not the only temptation, my daughter," was the mother's reply, and then followed a long, loving talk, in which Mrs. Lacy told of the deadening of conscience in such a life as she would be forced to lead. Loving the world as she did, she plunged into it was the surest way, she said, to fall from her Master's side. The safest mode of resistance, she added, was to keep away from and not to go deliberately into, temptation.

Tristine confessed with shame that since the proposed visit she had not taken as much interest in her Bible study, or her secret devotions.

"So is it ever, my daughter. Sin walks at first with tiny foot-falls, but in the end treads giant-like, o'ermastering all. So beware. I do not claim, dear, that you will find it easy to bear the disappointment. From a human standpoint, you are ill-treated, and your parents are old fogies; but in eternity there will be a calmer and a juster verdict. I would have my daughter get a real taste of the pleasure which comes from the service of her Master before she turns to the world for it. Will you try to find that pleasure at home, my Tristine, this winter?"

"Yes, mamma, I will try." And with this reply began her effort. Under her mother's wise leadership, the winter sped happily, because busily and usefully employed. With her Sunday-school class of boys, her visits to the sick and afflicted, and other work her heart was full.

"Mamma," said Tristine, entering her mother's room one afternoon in July, "what do you think of my having a class lawn party over in the side grove? Bessie Rossier had one last week for her girls, which she says was a perfect success, and she promises to help me."

"Well of it, indeed, if you will let me have a finger in the pie. By the way, why not ask Ellie Tyler to come and bring her class of little girls which she has just taken. It will encourage her and be helpful to you."

"The very thing, mamma. Why is it that you always think of things that fit?"

Mrs. Lacy answered by a smile. The arrangements were duly made, and the day dawned as bright and beautiful as a day could be. Tristine had the table set in the choicest nook in the grove, under the ever-

hanging limbs of two grand old trees. One of them sent out a root, which formed a most delightful seat. On this Bessie dropped gracefully, hat in hand, when informed by Tristine that she was to "lurk, not labour," at this feast. Mrs. Lacy had sent over the well-filled basket, with the promise to come later. Tristine was busily engaged in filling a plate with crullers when Ellie Tyler appeared, the personification of a radiant Hebe, with her hat pendant from the back of her neck. She bore a tastefully-arranged waiter of malaga grapes and other fruit. What a happy trio! Were the dear children who came trooping in later to enjoy this delicious repast one-half so happy?

Tristine was now past longing to enjoy any higher pleasure than that of living for others, because Christ had lived in her. The next year when she spent a few weeks in the Capital City in company with her parents, she smiled at the idea of choosing a visit to Cousin Myra's for real joy.

Tristine had fully realized the force of the couplet:

"No shattered box of ointment
We ever need regret;
Far out of disappointment
Flow sweetest odours yet."

ANTS AND THEIR SLAVES.

Of all the hideously human traits possessed by ants, none is so remarkable as their addiction to slavery, a circumstance which has long been one of the most familiar features in their history. Some of the slave-keeping species attack the ants of their victims, steal their larvae and pupae, and carry them off to be reared for a condition of servitude. One species is entirely dependent on its slaves; others can partially "do" for themselves, and even, on a push, carry on the functions of the nest without the aid of their auxiliaries. Sir John Lubbock ventures the belief that slavery exercises on ants the demoralizing influence it has always been understood to exercise on those nations of men among whom it is found. In time the slave-owners become helpless dependents on their servants. Their bodily structure has, in course of untold ages, undergone a change; the mandibles have lost their teeth, and become mere nippers, deadly enough in war, but useless for every other purpose. They have lost the power of building, and display no care for their young; the slaves performing every domestic office, including the providing of food and carriage of their masters from place to place. They have even lost the habit of feeding, and were it not for their anxious slaves, would perish for hunger with plenty in their close vicinity.

"AM I MY BROTHER'S KEEPER?"

BY MRS. M. A. E. GALEP.

NEVER were those words from "Holy Writ" so impressed upon my mind as when listening to our "silver-tongued orator," Wendell Phillips, a short time before his death. A band of reformed men had gathered one evening in the old Bethel church in Boston, to listen to words of encouragement from several gentlemen. The audience was composed mostly of the lower classes of working men and women,—those who were trying to live better lives and become temperate.

After speaking as none other could speak to such an audience, he paused, and in lowered, impressive tones, asked to be pardoned for an incident in his own life he wished to relate as a note of warning to those of his hearers who might be tempted, as he had been, to neglect to speak to a brother man he might possibly save. Said Mr. Phillips: "When I was a young man, which would have been in the early part of this century, I was with a friend with whom I had had a business talk sitting under a piazza in Charlestown. As we were in conversation, I thought I noticed a smell of liquor, and felt sure that it came from the breath of the young man at my side. My first impulse was to speak to him, for although all, or nearly all, at that time drank more or less, I had decided fully that it was an evil, and that young people especially should not drink intoxicating liquors. My second thought

was that it would do no good to speak to him, and so I left him. Seventeen years after that," said Mr. Phillips, "I was called to give a temperance lecture in a small town about thirty miles out from Boston, for I had then become deeply interested in the work of trying to reform men, and if possible save the youth. After delivering my lecture to a large and attentive audience, and as the people were leaving the church, I noticed a man pressing his way up to the place where I was standing talking with others who had waited to speak with me. As he came nearer, the poor man in his worn, soiled garments, took me by the hand and, in tones of reproach I can never forget, said to me, 'Wendell, Wendell, why didn't you say to me seventeen years ago what you have said here to-night, and you could have saved me. Now it is too late for you or any one else to save me from a drunkard's grave! Oh, Wendell, I am too far gone!' Those terrible words," said Mr. Phillips, "caused me to decide, then and there, that another chance to speak to one whose breath gave signs of strong drink should never be neglected, for the poor man before me was none other than the young man who years ago sat beside me on the piazza. My vow then made has never been broken. And now, dear reformed brothers," said he to those before him, "take warning from bitter experience, and never pass any one who needs a word of kindly warning or gentle reproof or brotherly help. You may have power to save them!"

WISE ROVER.

ROVER's dinner was very hot. When Jane cooked it for him she poured it into his pan and set it out on the grass to cool. Rover barked while she did it.

Rover had often thought it strange that his dinner should always be hot when it had been in the pan a bit, but it was always hot at first. He thought about it each day while he dozed by the fire and everybody said he was asleep, but he never could find out the reason.

He looked at the smoke coming out of the pan and watched it blow over the house. Then he lay down and barked at his dinner. He knew that so long as the smoke came out the dinner would hurt his mouth if he tried to eat it. And sometimes he wondered what was the reason of that.

There was snow all over the grass. When Jane put out the pan she put it upon the snow, so that it would cool faster. Rover knew that the snow was not pleasant to lie on, because it was cold.

When Rover had looked at his dinner and at the smoke and at the snow awhile, and thought how strange some things are, he got up and stood beside the pan.

First he tried to pull the scraps of meat out on the snow, but they hurt his mouth, and he barked again. Then he stooped, and, with his nose, pushed the snow over the edges of the pan, until he had covered his dinner with snow, and cooled it so that he could eat it.

So his thoughts by the fire had done him some good. Was he not a wise dog?—*Harper's Young People.*

CAN'T RUB IT OUT.

"Don't write there," said a father to his son, who was writing with a diamond on a window.

"Why not?"

"Because you can't rub it out."

Did it ever occur to you, my child, that you are daily writing what you cannot rub out? You made a cruel speech the other day to your mother. It wrote itself upon her loving heart and gave her pain. It is there now, and hurts her when she thinks of it.

You can't rub it out.

You whispered a wicked thought one day in the ear of your playmate. It wrote itself on his mind, and let him do a wicked act. It is there now; you can't rub it out.

All your thoughts, all your words, all your acts are written on the book of memory. Be careful, the record is very long. You can't rub it out.