

## Only One Mother.

You have only one mother, my boy,  
Whose heart you can gladden with joy,  
Or cause it to ache  
Till ready to break—  
So cherish that mother, my boy.

You have only one mother who will  
Stick to you through good and through ill,  
And love you, although  
The world is your foe—  
So care for that love ever still.

You have only one mother to pray  
That in the good path you may stay;  
Who for you won't spare  
Self-sacrifice rare—  
So worship the mother alway.

You have only one mother to make  
A home ever sweet for your sake,  
Who toils day and night  
For you with delight—  
To help her all pains ever take.

You have only one mother to miss  
When she has departed from this;  
So love and revere  
That mother while here;  
Some time you won't know her dear kiss.

You have only one mother—just now;  
Remember that always, my son,  
None can or will do  
What she has for you.  
What have you for her ever done?

—New York Evangelist.

## A SAD PICTURE.

A PROMINENT business man in B— had two sons, handsome, manly little fellows, three and five years of age. One day after starting for his place of business, this man was seen to return hurriedly to the home, which he entered and at once went up stairs to the room where these two boys were supposed to be innocently playing. Upon entering the room the father demanded the cigar which he had seen his five-year-old boy smoking at the window. With a ready falsehood the child sought to cover his act; but examination of a box of cigars left there by this father, not only one, but several cigars were found to be on fire, having caught from the lighted one thrust recklessly into the box by the detected young smoker.

Fourteen years later friends were called to the bedside of this son. Thin as a skeleton—with yellow skin—deep purple rings under the sunken eyes, lips parched and black, no food had passed his lips for days, no food could ever again reach the stomach, which was so drawn and puckered and rigid, that a common wash-board resembled it most, so stated the attending physician. But the most terrible trouble was the throat, completely closed to food.

Listen he speaks: "Oh! mother, mother, I am willing to die, if by my death Charlie can be saved. Tell him to come to me. Oh! Charlie, brother!" catching his brother's hand with a death grip, "promise me to quit cigarette smoking; look at me. I can't stop now, I will be dead in a short time, but you can save yourself. Will you promise me, Charlie?"

Charlie's fingers grew cold, while his entire frame shook with convulsive weeping. "I can't! I can't stop now," was the stifled agonizing cry of this slave—only sixteen years of age. A few days and Charlie's only brother was dead. The father, home from his business, the aged grandfather in his easy chair, and Charlie sat in the darkened rooms all through the civilized waiting days before the interment of the household—the eldest born. Where did these mourning ones turn for consolation? To the Lord, who gives and takes away? No, no, the air was blue and heavy with tobacco smoke. The dead boy was laid in the churchyard, and all sorrow was soon drowned in fumes of the pipe, cigar, and cigarette.

It would seem as though a civilized—say nothing of a Christian—man, having at heart the welfare of his only remaining boy, with the awful experience just past through from the effects of nicotine poison on the system of his eldest born, would have made every effort to save the other son. Only a befogged intellect, a heart with the wash-board ridges—brutalized, hardened by this mighty agent, tobacco poison—could have so transformed the father and given us this sad picture. Sad, but true. And it is by no means an isolated case. In every town—in many homes, might be found its counterpart. Mother's hearts heavy, eyes tear dimmed, and all because the husband and father is, by example—for most boys have the ambition to "be like papa when I grow up"—blighting the pure clean life of their boy. Fathers, can you read this "handwriting on the wall"? Boys, dare you "take the risk of becoming like Charlie's brother"? Yes, even like Charlie, who owned to the slavish chains of tobacco.

## LITTLE SAILOR JEM.

"How is it I don't hear you speak bad words?" asked an "old salt" of a boy on board a man-of-war as they were sitting together up on the rigging. "Oh, because I don't forget my Captain's orders," answered the boy, brightly. "Captain's orders!" cried the sailor; "I didn't know he gave any." "He did," said Jem; "and I keep them safely right here," putting his hand on his breast. "Here they be," said Jem, slowly and distinctly: "But I say unto you, swear not at all; neither by heaven; for it is God's throne: nor by the earth; for it is his footstool: neither by Jerusalem; for it is the city of the great King. Neither shalt thou swear by thy head, because thou canst not make one hair white or black. But let your communication be, Yes, yea;

Nay, nay; for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil."

"Them's from the good old log book, I see," said the sailor, "which I don't know much about these days."

"Then I'm afraid you've lost your reckoning, sir," said Jem, "and are drifting on to the breakers."

"What then?" asked the old man. "You'll be wrecked," answered Jem, "wrecked forever."

The old sailor had been wrecked. He knew what it was to be in a ship breaking up and going to pieces on a wintry coast. He knew what it was to be lashed to a spar, half naked, hungry, cold, benumbed, tempest-tossed. He had heard the shrieks of the perishing. Yes; he well knew what being wrecked was.

"Wrecked forever," said the old sailor slowly; "that's a long time, boy."

"Yes, sir," said Jem; "it is so."

Jem looked wistfully at him, and the old man turned away his head. "That wrecking forever is a bad business," said he.

"Yes, sir," said Jem, "it is so."

"And is there no way of escape?" asked the old man.

"Our minister who used to preach at the Bethel said the Admiralty of heaven has got out a lifeboat for poor souls. That lifeboat is Jesus Christ. It was launched on Calvary, and has been around picking up poor souls lost in the stormy waters of sin ever since; and he used to tell us, 'Stretch out your arms to get in; and pray, Lord, save me, or I perish.'"

"And does he?" asked the man.

"I know about myself," said the boy, humbly. "I was going down, and cried to the Lord. He had mercy on me, and took me in; and I have shipped with him ever since. He is a good Captain, the Captain of our salvation, sir. Won't you ship, too?"

"I should be a poor hand for that craft," said the old man, feelingly.

"Besides saving you, he'll fit you for his service," said Jem. "There's no difficulty on that account. He is good—very good."

"Thank ye, boy, a thousand times," said the old man, with a tear on his weather-beaten cheek. "I'm afraid we old sinners are too water-logged and sin-soaked to be worth saving; but you young ones jump into the life-boat before it is too late, and ship for the port of heaven. It is a blessed chance."

## GOD'S HELP IN SCHOOL.

"AUNTIE, were you ever tempted to copy in written examinations when you went to school?" asked Phoebe Magie, a bright young girl in her teens.

"Yes, often, my dear, and I am sorry I ever yielded, for it didn't do me a bit of good."

"O auntie, do tell me one of your rememberers."

"Well, in my last years of school life, I remember very well one of my teachers telling our class that we must have copied in our examination or we couldn't have reached his classes.

"Of course we were all indignant, though we knew it to be true in some cases.

"I made up my mind then and there, I never would copy in his class for examinations. It was well that I did, for of all the hard examinations I had gone through, those were the hardest.

"I remember often and often thinking I would hand in my paper and say I couldn't answer any of the questions, but then would come the thought of my rank. Not to write meant cross. That would never do; so I would sit and think until my thoughts seemed to have taken wings and flown away.

"Just as I was about to despair a thought flashed into my mind: Ask God to help you. I did ask him to help me answer the questions and to keep me from the temptation of copying.

"As I finished praying I paused, then read the questions over slowly, and if I ever had known anything about the subject, they seemed much easier to answer. I felt so relieved and glad when I had finished that I had accomplished my own work instead of copying someone else's, and besides, realizing as never before, that I had a friend who would help me at all times.

"Phoebe, dear, if you would only stop and think about the question instead of

giving it a hurried glance and saying, 'Oh, I don't know it,' and then trying the next, you would get along so much better.

"Just think how ready your teacher is to help you with some difficulty in your lessons. How much more ready is God, if we ask him with the same faith and feeling that we know it will be answered and explained!

"He does answer us. I remember often after that time I asked him to help me with my different lessons, which appeared very hard to me then.

"He did help me, and I only regret now that I didn't tell my schoolmates, so that their lessons might have been easier too.

"Tell your friends, Phoebe dear, and try my way and help in your times of temptation in the examinations of your school life."

## THE CANDLE-FISH.

OF course, whenever it is night people must have some sort of a light to see by. Among us lamps, gas, and so on, are used. But what do you suppose people do where there is nothing of this kind? Why, in some places they use one thing, in others another. In Alaska, says *Our Little Ones*, and other far away lands to the north, all they have to do is to set a candle-fish on fire, and they have a good clear light, which will last more than an hour.

The candle-fish is about ten inches long, and somewhat the shape of our slender smelt. It is very fat, and just the thing to make a lamp of. The natives fasten it in a rude kind of candle-stick made of strips of white oak, and set it on fire. They light it at the head, and it burns steadily down to the very tail.

Of all the queer ways of making a light to read or sew by, I think this is the queerest. Nature seems to provide almost everything needed by the people in the place where they live. The candle-fish is so oily that it cannot be preserved, even in alcohol. The nights at the far north are very long, and if it were not for this fish, the people would be most of their time in entire darkness.

## PROHIBITED PHRASES.

THE faculty of Wellesly College have promulgated a list of words, phrases, and expressions to be avoided by the girl collegians and it might be studied with profit by many girls outside of college.

"I guess so," for I suppose or think so. "Fix things," for arrange things or prepare things. The use of "ride" and "drive" interchangeably. "Real good" or "real nice," for very good or really nice. "I have studied some," for studied somewhat, or "I have not studied any," for not studied at all. "Try an experiment," for make an experiment. "Had rather," for would rather, and "had better," for would better. "Right away," for immediately now. "Well posted," for well informed. "Try and do," for try to do. "It looks good enough," for it looks well enough, or "does it look good enough?" for does it look well enough? "Somebody else's," for somebody's else.

## HOW TO MAKE LIFE HAPPY.

TAKE time; it is no use to fume or fret, or do as the angry housekeeper who has got hold of the wrong key, and pushes and rattles it about the lock until both are broken and the door remains unopened. The chief secret of comfort lies in not suffering trifles to vex us and in cultivating our undergrowth of small pleasures.

Try to regard present vexations as you will a month hence.

Since we cannot get what we like, let us like what we can get.

It is not riches, it is not poverty, it is human nature that is the trouble.

The world is like a looking-glass. Laugh at it and it laughs back; frown at it and it frowns back.

Angry thoughts canker the mind and dispose it to the worst temper in the world—that of fixed malice and revenge. It is while in this temper that most men become criminals. Therefore if you would escape the criminal's sad fate, try to avoid angry thoughts and words.

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## Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, MAY 13, 1893.

## FRIENDLY APPRECIATION.

THE Toronto *Week*, the leading literary journal of Canada, speaks in the following kindly terms of our connectional *Magazine*. We suppress, however, the flattering adjectives applied to its editor:

The *Methodist Magazine* is one which we always take up with interest and put down with reluctance. The Methodist body have reason to be grateful to Dr. Withrow, its editor, for the monthly literary feast which he provides for them, and for many others as well, within the pages of this excellent and instructive periodical. The author of "The Catacombs" continues his series of descriptive papers on the subject, "What Egypt can teach us." Mrs. H. L. Platt has an excellent illustrated paper on the late Bishop Crowther. The Rev. Dr. Dewar writes with his usual thoughtfulness and vigour under the caption, "From Malachi to Christ." The Rev. J. L. Dawson discusses "The Value of Entire Prohibition," and the serials, "The Life Cruise of Captain Bess Adams," and "The Squire of Sandal Side," are well sustained by their respective authors, Julia McNair Wright, and Amelia E. Barr. Well-selected articles and appropriate poems, reviews, editorials, etc., complete an attractive and finely illustrated number.