A Queer Hole.

I have heard of a boy who lived long

For such buss are not found nowadays, you know-Whose friends were as troubled as they

could be Because of a hole in his memory

A charge from his mother went in one

day, And the boy said "Yes," and hurried

away. But he met a man with a musical top But he met a man with a musical top.
And his mother's words through that help did drou hole did drov

A lesson went in, but—ah me! ah me! For a boy with a hole in his memory! When he rose to recite he was all in doubt. Every word of that lesson had fallen out

And at last, at last !-oh, terrible lot ! He could speak only two words, forgot." Would it not be sad, indeed to be

OUR PERIODICALS:

A boy with a hole in his memory?

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

Yethodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto. C. W. COATES, S. F. HURSTIS.
2176 St. Catherine St., Wesleyan Book Room,
Montreal. Halifaa, N. S.

Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK. Rer. W. H. Withrow, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, JANUARY 28, 1899.

REASONS FOR TOTAL ABSTINENCE.

BY FRANCES E. WILLARD.

Here is the white ribbon pledge aiready signed by many a brave and resolute soul:

I hereby solemnly promise, God helping me, to abstain from all distilled, fermented and malt liquors, including wine and cider, and to employ all proper means to discourage the use of and traffic in the same.

I offer the following reasons, which

justify the taking of this pledge:
First. Modern science proves that alcohol is not helpful to any vital pro-It is the enemy of vitality. overworks the organs with which it comes in contact, inducing needless

The appetite for alcoholic Second. drinks is cumulative. It has no power of self-restriction. It grows by what it feeds on. One glass calls for two. two for three, and so on in dangerous

Third. The life of a drinking man is apt to be divided into two chapters of a very tragic serial, in the first of which he could have left off if he would, and in the second he would have left off if he could.

Fourth. The power of habit is practically omnipotent. The power of will to cope with it has been proven insuffi-cient. The grooves of action are quickly worn. No harm results from deing without alcohol, but absolute good has been proven to result from such abstinence. Therefore, as a friend to my-self, and the special guardian of my own well-being. I am bound to let intoxicating liquors alone; and by the terms of Christ's golden rule I am equally bound to let them atone because of my interest in the well-being of those about me, and because of my purpose, by God's grace, to invest my life in hastening the day when all men's weal shall be each man's

THE Y. G. BALL TEAM.

BY ALICE AUGUSTA SMIT

Nine heads bobbed and nodded energetically; nine boyish voices rose unitedly in such eager, half-angry discussion that their teacher would certainly have inquired into the trouble, but that they had gone far enough into the woods behind the schoolhouse to be out of sight and hearing. It was the Boys' Grammar School baseball team having their first meeting to discuss ways and means.

They would call themselves "The Young Greysons," after Mr. J. Greyson, a wealthy resident of Newtown, who was known to be very kind and generous to boys. They would write him a letter telling him, and doubtless he would feel so honoured that he would provide them with the needful things. It was quite natural they should think so, for every one in Newtown was interested in baseball, and most of the teams had been supplied with money by gentlemen better able to pay than play.

Jim's plan would have been accepted at once had not Ed Lane come with an equally good offer. If they called themselves the "Young Grahams," Mrs. Graham, a friend and neighbour for whom Ed frequently ran errands, would give them the use of her large back lawn, and had even hinted that she would help them get suits.

"Wo'd better be Greysons, and get our balls and things," said Jim.
"But we ain't sure of them," replied Ed. "Anyway, we've got to have a place to play. If we're Grahams, we're sure of that and suits, too, likely, and the other things are easier to get than those." those."

And then the discussion become so lively that it seemed likely there would be two grammar-school nines or none.

Suddenly, a bright idea came to Jim.

"See here," he said, "we can get both
of them. 'Graham' begins with G, and
'Greyson' begins with G. We can be
Y. G's,' Young Greysons or Grahams,
whichever you like.

Some of the boys eagerly agreed, but
Ed Lane said promptly:

Ed Iane said promptly:
"That would be cheating."

"That's so.. It don't seem just the

thing," put in one of the others.
Jim Terry looked disgusted.

"Look here, Ed Lane; you're always upsettin' things with your old-granny notions, and acttin' up to be more honest than the rest of us. Now show us the harm in this."

"We can't be both, and one would be cheated," said Ed doggedly.
"What's the reason we can't be both?"

Jim went on, scornful and defiant. "De-pends on where we are. Ain't we grammar-school boys and baseball club boys both? 'Tain't as if they was gettin' anything by us being named after them.'

And so they talked on, one by one agreeing with Jim, and when the bell rang for school he had conquered. If there were lingering doubts in the minds of any of the boys, they were forgotten as the happy weeks flew by, and the "Y G's" enjoyed the generosity of both of their friends.

But there came a day when the cap-tain called a meeting out under the oak. Jim's manner told them something was wrong, and they gathered promptly, looking anxious and expectant.
"Why. I've got these two letters,—

that's what," said he in answer to their questions; "and they're both invitations, and both for the same day, and I don't know what's to be done about it."

Mr Greyson wrote that a friend of his had his yacht in the harbour, and he would be pleased to have his team, the Y G's, spend Saturday afternoon with him in a sail on the bay. And Mrs. Graham would be greatly pleased to have her boys spend the afternoon with her, and take supper on Saturday.

The boys heard the notes, and then Reb More asked. "Which came first? We can te'l the other 'previous engage-

you know

They came together," answered Jim. "We're in a pickle, and no mistake," aid Rob. "It'll be pretty hard to exsaid Rob. plain to either of them without letting

out about the name."

"Well, that's just what we've got to look out for," said Jim, briskly. "I'll tell you what let's do. The yacht is only here for one day so wo'd better go there. Mrs. Graham's niace'll last, and as like as not she'll put it off till another time. Ed can so down there, and tell her we'd promised to go sailing with Mr Greyson up", as the yacht is only here for a day, we couldn't really back out Just amount is over with back out her"

discussion, and but he replied with a sharp, "No, I'll not!"

"What'll we do, then?" demanded Jim.
"I don't know what we'll do, but I know I won't go there and tell her a lie."

And he turned and walked away, leav-

ing the others to follow.
Wednesday and Thursday passed, and the club were still wondering what they would do, and had begun to feel de-

cidedly uncomfortable.

Friday, at noon, Ed called them all out under the onk. He held his head high, and there was a decided look in his

face.
"See here," he said, beginning to talk as soon as they were all assembled, "we've gone and cheated about our name. It's no use denying it, for, if we felt it was all right, we wouldn't be so anxious to hide it now. I feel like a sneak, and I guess the rest of you do, and I move we up and tell the truth

about it."
"That 'u'd be a fine plan," said Jim, scornfully. "It 'u'd be all up with us playing up at Graham's, and break up the hull thing. Better keep up the game as long as we can."

"And go on lying our way out?" re-plied Ed. "No, sirree! I'm done with it. We've made up our minds to go on the yacht. Well, then, I mean to go to Mrs. Graham, after school, and tell her all about it. Who'll go along?"

It was not a pleasant prospect, but one

by one the boys agreed to go, even Jim finally giving in when he found Ed was not to be talked out of it. They were all relieved when it was over, and not one of them but would have gladly given up the benefits they reaped from their deceit to have escaped their own mean feelings when Mrs. Graham looked at them with a face full of surprise and sorrow.

"Boys," she said, gravely, "I am glad you have enough regard for the truth to come and confess. You cannot afford, for your own sake, to cheat in the smallest way. One dishonesty always leads to another, and it is so easy to grow perfectly careless. I do not want any return for what I've done for you. I did it for your pleasure, and you are still welcome to the use of the lawn. I hope you will enjoy your sail with Mr. Greyson."

And then the boys walked silently and humbly away, fully understanding that she had withdrawn her invitation. But another disappointment awaited them. Every afternoon after school they stopped at the postoffice for the mail, and, with the family letters and papers that were handed out to Jim, there was one

> Master James Terry, Captain of Y. G.'s, Newtown.

He hastily tore it open, and read to the boys as they gathered around:

My Dear Boys,-

"Several days ago, I sent you an invitation to spend Saturday afternoon with me in a sail on the bay, but have had no reply. Yesterday, while visiting my friend, Mrs. Graham, she told me the Y. G.'s were to spend Saturday afternoon Not having heard from you, I concluded you had not received my note, and I write now, in case it should reach you later, to say that, as you could reach you later, to say that, as you could not go with us to-morrow, we have arranged for a trip with the High School boys. I hope you'll enjoy your afternoon at Mrs. Graham's.

"Sincerely your friend,
"J. Greyson."

Jim groaned.
"If yer hadn't been so quick, Ed Lane,

we'd had the picnic, and no one been the wiser. Pity we hadn't got this

"I'm glad we didn't," replied Ed.
"I'm glad we told the truth before we were forced to. And, if we've lost all the fun, we deserve to."

And the rest of the boys heartly agreed with him.

The team is simply and openly the Boys' Grammar School Baseball Nine" now, and they have for their motto:

What a tangled web we weave. When first we practice to deceive." —Sunday-school Times.

A WELL-DESERVED REBUKE.

One day a smart young fellow with shiny shoes, a new hat, and checkerboard trousers, boarded a street car in a western city, and stepped to the front platform. He pulled out a twist of paper and lighted it, and began putting a concentrated essence of vile odours into the faces of those who were obliged to ride upon the platform if they rode at all. One—a plain old farmer—couldn't Ed had not said a word during the stand it, and stepped off to wait for the the dorg growlin'."

next car. When he reached the station, the young fellow was there before him, and it happened that the two met at the

restaurant counter.
"Got any sandwiches?" called the young man to the waiter. "Here, gimme one." And he tossed out a nickel, and then proceeded to pick up and pull apart every one of the half-dozen sandwiches on the plate before he found one to suit him. The farmer, who had been waiting for his turn, drew back in disgust. Finally, he found something which the fingers of another had not fouled, and presently followed the loud young man to the car. He found every seat occupied, including the half of one on which were piled the young man's gripsack and over-

coat, "Is this seat taken?" he ventured to inquire.

"Seat's engaged," was the curt answer, with a look meant to squeich the old farmer, who went into the smoking-

That afternoon the same young man walked into the office of the Governor of the State, armed with recommendations and endorsements, an applicant for a position under the State Government. He was confronted by the same plain old farmer, who recognized his travelling companion of the morning without any trouble. Glancing over his papers, the

governor said:
"Hu-m, yes. You want me to appoint yeu to so-and-so. If I should, I guess I might as well write my own resignation at the same time."

Wh-why so ?" stammered the young fellow.

"Because I saw you pay for a streetcar ride this morning, and you took the platform of the car. You bought a sandwich, and spoiled the plateful. You paid for a seat in the train, and took mine too; and if I should give you this place, how do I know that you would not take the whole administration?

A BAD FIRE.

"Jones, have you heard of the fire that burned up the man's house and property?"

"No, Smith, where was it?"

"Quite near here."
"What a misfortune to him! Was it

a good house?"
"Yes, a nice house—a good home for

any family."
"What a pity! How did the fire take place?"

"The man played with fire, and thoughtlessly set it going himself."

"How silly! Did you say it is all burned out, too?"
"Yes, all gone."
"That is singular. It must have been

a terrible hot fire."
"No, it was not a very hot fire. Indeed, it was so small that it attracted but little attention; it burned a long time -more than twenty years. And though it seemed to consume very slowly, yet it wore away \$20 worth every year, till

it was all gone."
"I can't understand you yet. Tell
me where the fire was kindled and all about it."

"Well, then, it was kindled in the bowl of a pipe and on the end of a cigar. His smoking cost him, he himself told me, nearly \$2.50 per month. The money was worth to him at least ten per cent., and at that rate it would double once in about every seven years; so that the whole sum would be more than \$2,500. Don't you pity the family of the man who has slowly burned up their house?"

"Whew! I suppose you mean me, for I have smoked more than twenty years. But it doesn't cost so much as that. I haven't any house of my own. Have always rented—thought I was too poor to own a house. And all because I have been burning it up! What a fool I have been!"

In the Future.-She-'Oh, this voting is perfectly lovely. I never did enjoy anything quite so much. Let's go around and vote at all the places." He—"Well, I guess not." She—"Oh, you Let's go ces." He mean thing.'

A farmer called at one of the newspaper offices to have an advertisement inserted. He was informed that the charges were 6s. for the first insertion, and 2s. 6d. for the second. "Faith, thin," said he, "I'll have it in the second toime."

The imagination of some small boys is worth having. The other night, when Mr. Wallypug was lying asleep on his library sofa and snoring away for dear life, Mrs. Wallypug remarked that she maked he would not snore so. "Pa wished he would not snore so. "Pa ain't snorin'," said Tommy Wallypug: "he's dreamin' about a dorg, and that's