

minute quantities are smoked at a time, and only a couple of whiffs are taken at once. It is so gracefully and moderately indulged in as neither to injure the health nor make the smoker offensive.

The labour problem remains for future solution of Japan.

The masses will be many years in forgetting the old distinction between themselves and the upper classes. They regard the Samurai with instinctive fear and respect. They yet look upon them as beings inherently superior to themselves. But the day will surely come when the labourer will begin to question his own inferiority. He will query whether he has not more than merely the right to exist, whether he is not entitled to a few of the pleasures, and to a few of the relations of life; whether he should not have a few mental diversions and hours of leisure to devote to his spiritual development. When that time comes, the Japanese will see the application of the tenth and eleventh commandments, which contain, in fact, the only principles that can adjust this question here or anywhere else."

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## Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 27, 1879.

### HOW BOYS WILL SUCCEED.

We advise the boys to read this little story with great care. It "hits the nail on the head."

A few years ago a large drug firm advertised for a boy. The next day the store was thronged with applicants, among them a queer-looking little fellow, accompanied by a woman, who proved to be his aunt, in lieu of faithless parents, by whom he had been abandoned. Looking at this little wail, the merchant in the store said:

"Can't take him; places all full; besides, he is too small."

"I know he is small," said the woman; "but he is willing and faithful."

There was a twinkle in the boy's eyes which made the merchant think again. A partner in the firm volunteered to remark that he "did not see that they wanted such a boy—he wasn't bigger than a pint of cider." But after consultation the boy was set to work. A few days later a call was made on the boys in the store for some one to stay all night. The prompt response of the little fellow contrasted well with the reluctance of the others. In the middle of the night the merchant looked in to see if all was right in the store, and discovered him lusing scissoring labels.

"What are you doing?" said he; "I did not tell you to work nights."

"I know you did not tell me so, but I thought I might as well be doing something."

In the morning the cashier got orders to "double that boy's wages, for he is willing."

Only a few weeks elapsed before a show of beasts passed through the streets, and, very naturally, all hands in the store rushed to witness the spectacle. A thief saw his opportunity, and entered at the rear door to seize something, but in a twinkling found himself firmly clutched by the diminutive clerk aforesaid, and after a struggle was secured. Not only was a robbery prevented, but valuable articles taken from other stores

were recovered. When asked by the merchant why he stayed behind to watch, when all others quit their work, he replied:

"You told me never to leave the store when others were absent, and I thought I'd stay."

Orders were immediately given once more: "Double that boy's wages; he is willing and faithful!"

To-day that boy is getting a salary of \$2,500, and next July he will become a member of the firm.

### JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

DECEMBER 5, 1897.

Safe in the arms of Jesus.—Hymnal, 438. Methodist Hymn-Book, 829.

JOYFUL CONFIDENCE.

A child is never afraid when it rests in its mother's arms. A little boy was asked if he was not afraid, seeing it was densely dark. "No," he said, "I am not afraid, because my father is holding my hand." So the child of God feels perfectly safe when it rests in Jesus. You know the verse,

"Other refuge have I none,  
Hangs my helpless soul on thee."

And we need no other, because nowhere else is there safety. No harm will befall the child if the parent can hinder. Isaiah speaks of "mother-comfort," which he regards as illustrative of the comfort enjoyed by those who abide in Christ.

FREEDOM FROM ANXIETY.

In this world we all more or less have to endure trials, and seasons sometimes occur when it is no easy matter to keep free from anxiety. The command is, "Be careful for nothing," that is, "Do not be anxious; do not kill" yourselves with carking care." The child does not trouble itself respecting the future. The child of God trusts in his heavenly Father, and the second verse of this hymn describes the state of such a one, "Safe from corroding care." The more we can feel the spirit of this hymn, the greater will be our peace and personal enjoyment. The whole hymn is remarkably expressive of the Christian's experience as he travels home to heaven.

HABAKKUK'S EXPERIENCE.

Read this prophet's beautiful language in the third chapter and seventeenth verse. I have sometimes thought that there is no other verse in the Bible so sublime as this. It is a noble resolution of the good man, as to what he would do should calamities of the most dreadful kind befall him. The Apostle Paul, also, when relating his own experience, says that he had learned in "whatever state he was, to be content," and then, as though that was not sufficient, he says, "I can do all things through Christ, which strengtheneth me." It was this fact that made him content, even when hunger and persecution and multitudinous trials befell him. Christ is strength in weakness, wisdom in ignorance, our all in all.

NOBLE EXAMPLES.

Christians, in all ages of the world, and in every condition of society, have experienced the same like precious truth. Christ is precious to the believer. The sentiment, if not the words, of the hymn have been their joy and comfort. Christ dwelt in their hearts by faith and they rejoiced in him as their Saviour. What they have done we may do.

### FOUR FAMOUS FISHERMEN.

BY ELIZABETH F. ALLEN.

"Ho! Caleb, bring thither thy net. Are there holes to be mended?"

"Nay, master; I have searched it over; it is in order."

"It may well be," answered Zebedee, bitterly, "since it hath not enclosed a single fish the night long, though James and John, with Andrew and Peter, have toiled the whole round of dark hours. When had they ever such poor fortune! But where are my sons?"

"They sent me but now, to entreat thee, master, that thou wouldst come to them in the small boat. The rabbi from Nazareth hath entered Simon's boat, and sits therein, as though within the temple walls, teaching those that crowd the shore."

"The rabbi Jesus; I verily thought he had left Capernaum. Put up the nets, Caleb, and thou, too, Benjamin; ye both shall hear the teacher."

But when Zebedee and his hired servants reached the place where Jesus sat, in the rocking boat of Peter and Andrew, with James and John moored alongside,

the sermon was ended. And the Master, caring nothing for his own weariness, thinking only of the empty boats, and of the disappointment of his poor disciples, said to Peter: "Launch out into the deep, and let down your nets for a draught."

"Master," said Simon, "we have toiled all night, and have taken nothing. Nevertheless," he added, remembering how the day before his wife's mother had been raised from a sick bed at the sound of that voice; how, when even was come, the whole city had thronged to his door, bringing the sick, the halt, the maimed, the blind, and he had healed them all—"nevertheless, at thy command, I will let down the net."

And no sooner had the meshes disappeared under the bright waves, than a great weight of fishes hung upon their hands. Calling to James and John, to Zebedee and the hired servants, they made haste to secure the glittering creatures, and then Peter fell at the Master's feet.

Was it to thank him for the gift? No. Such a supply of food was indeed a blessing to poor men, but Peter was thinking of higher matters. Weeks before, on the banks of the Jordan, he had been brought by Andrew to see in Jesus the Messiah of his nation. At Cana he had seen the water turned into wine; at Jerusalem he had stood by, while Jesus drove the traders from the temple, and many other wonderful works had he seen performed.

But don't you see how much more this miracle appealed to the fisherman than any other could? As for wine, its transformation from grape juice was a mystery, at any rate, to the unscientific fellow. As for disease, all cures seemed magical to his simple mind. But fish—ah! he knew them by heart. If he knew anything, it was the impossibility of a shoal of fish being there at that hour, after the lake had been dragged all night long; with the crowd now on shore, and the movement of boats making stir and confusion enough to scare away even a chance swimmer!

And to see a multitude come thus at a word, to fill their nets, made Peter know, as he had never known before, that it was a divine word; and if a divine word, a divine speaker; and if divine, then holy; and if holy, what must he see in a poor sinner's heart that he could bear to look upon? So it was not to thank Jesus for his gift, that he knelt, but to say, "Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord."

It was an unanswered prayer. From this time, Peter and Andrew and James and John were never to leave him, but were to learn of him; to draw all men, by the Gospel net, to the Son of God, the Saviour of the world.

### "COWARDY CUSTARD."

"Mother," said little Maggie one day, as she sat working by her mother's side, "why are women all cowards? When Allick wanted me to climb on the garden wall, and I was afraid of falling down, he called after me, 'Cowardly, cowardly custard! go and eat father's mustard,' and Maggie almost cried at the thought of it."

"But if he said you were a coward, that did not include all women," said mother, smiling.

"Yes, it did; because afterward he said that all women were alike—all cowards; but it didn't matter, nobody wanted them to be brave, because they hadn't got to fight or go to sea."

"Does my little girl think courage is only demanded from soldiers and sailors? No, indeed! women want courage as much as men, and have it too, as my Maggie will find out some day."

"Shall I ever be brave, mother, and fight?"

"I hope you will be brave, my darling; but there is no need to prove it by fighting. There are many kinds of courage. It is patient courage which is generally required by women, and in which they often excel. Bravery does not always consist of fighting and taking the lives of others. You have heard that a few years ago there was fighting in Paris. The people in the streets made what they called barricades. They tore up the pavements and piled them up across the streets, and threw down omnibuses and carts, and anything that came in their way to make a hill behind which they fought the soldiers who were sent to keep order. Many on both sides were killed and wounded. But there were some good women called Sisters of Charity, who were not afraid to approach the barricades, and if they saw any man badly hurt they would lead or carry him away and try to heal his wounds. One man fell down on the top of a barricade. He had been shot through both legs and

could not move. A soldier, seeing that he was still alive, lifted up his bayonet to stab the poor fellow as he lay before him. Suddenly he felt his arm caught, and looking angrily round, saw a Sister of Charity standing beside him in the midst of the flying bullets and slashing swords. "Stop," she cried, in a commanding voice, "nor dare to touch him. He belongs to me. He is wounded, and all the wounded are mine!" The soldier, astonished at her daring, dropped his weapon, and the brave woman contrived to carry the wounded man from the barricade, and thus saved his life at the risk of her own."

### The Boy Questions.

"You have quizzed me often and puzzled me long;

You have asked me to cipher and spell;  
You have called me a dolt if I answered wrong,

Or a dunce if I failed to tell  
Just when to say lie and when to say lay.  
Or what nine sevens may make  
Or the longitude of Kamschatka Bay,  
Or I forgot-what's-its-name lake.  
So I think it's my turn, I do,  
To ask a question or so of you."

The school-master grim, he opened his eyes,  
But he said not a word for sheer surprise.

"Can you tell what 'phen-dubs' means?  
I can,

Can you say all off by heart  
The 'onery, twoery, hickory ann!'  
Or tell 'commons' and 'alleys' apart?  
Can you fling a top, I would like to know,  
Till it hums like a humble-bee?

Can you make a kite yourself that will go  
Most as high as the eye can see,  
Till it sails and soars, like a hawk on the wing,  
And the little birds come and light on the string?"

The school-master looked, oh, very demure,  
But his mouth was twitching, I'm almost sure.

"Can you tell where the nest of the oriole swings,  
Or the colour its eggs may be?

Do you know the time when the squirr' brings  
Its young from their nest in the tree?

Can you tell when the chestnuts are ready to drop,  
Or where the best hazel-nuts grow?

Can you climb a high tree to the very tip-top,  
And gaze, without trembling, below?

Can you swim and dive, can you jump and run,  
Or do anything else we boys call fun?"

The master's voice trembled, as he replied,  
"You are right, my lad, I'm the dunce,"

he sighed.  
—Educational Journal.

### DO YOU PRAY FOR THEM?

BY ROSETTA L. SUTTON.

"How is it that you and the girl across the aisle are such friends now? She seemed such a disagreeable girl. I thought you disliked her?"

"Well," replied the sister, "I was scolding about her one day, to mamma, of course expecting her to sympathize with me; all she said was:

"I think you would better try to pray for her."

"I was very much ashamed, for, though I had kept everything smooth on the outside, being polite to her, you know, and lending her my things and keeping my side of the aisle clean, I was constantly in such a state of inward irritation that I had never even thought of doing so.

"So I tried it, and I assure you that it has made things different. In the first place, I am different myself. You cannot honestly pray for any one and dislike them at the same time. It seems so—well, so sneaking, to ask God to help a person when you are not willing to help her yourself, if you have the opportunity.

"So I began by really trying to find something to like in her and to do her kindnesses as if I meant them, instead of in the coldly considerate manner I discovered I had been using. Presently I took genuine pleasure in it. She seems like another girl to me; I suppose I do to her."

God answers us according to his own wisdom, and, oh! how much greater it is than ours. How little we understand the loving kindness of the Lord until we find we have been led by ways we know not into those of pleasantness and peace.