

Home Measurements.

BY SELL KIMBERLEY MATHSON.

Sister measured my grin one day ;
Took the ruler and me ;
'Counted the inches all the way ;
One and two and three

"Oh you're a Cheshire cat," said she,
Father said "That's no sin"
Then he nodded and smiled at me
Smiled at my three-inch grin

Brother suggested I ought to begin
Trying to trim it down
Mother said "Better a three-inch grin
Than a little half-inch frown"

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 19, 1893.

JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

FEBRUARY 27, 1893

At the Last Supper.—John 14: 1-14.

THE CLOSING PART OF CHRIST'S LIFE.

Christ knew that the hour of parting with his disciples would be a sorrowful time. He observed all the Jewish feasts. The feast of the Passover was now being held, which you must remember was instituted to hold in remembrance the deliverance of Israel from Egyptian bondage. Christ instituted the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, by which his disciples were to remember him.

ENCOURAGING WORDS.

Verse 1. They were not to be sorrowful. It is natural for us to be sorrowful when we lose those to whom we are attached. It is no wonder therefore that they should be troubled. See how he comforts them. He urges them to believe, that is, trust him. Faith is the anchor of the soul. The more we can repose confidence in the Saviour the greater will be our comfort. Without faith we can neither please God nor enjoy personal comfort. Believe and enjoy.

Verse 2. What he promised. His Father's house. Very likely this descriptive figure is taken from Solomon's temple, which was regarded by the Jews as a place surpassing all others for glory and beauty. Many mansions. Mr. Wesley's note here is very expressive. "Enough to receive both the holy angels and your predecessors in the faith, and all that now believe, and a great multitude which no man can number."

CHRIST WOULD NOT DECEIVE THEM

He is preparing heaven for all his followers. If he was not doing so, he would not tell them the contrary. He is fitting the place for them, and is fitting them for the place. The prospect of living in such a heavenly home, which abounds with mansions, should inspire us with hope and excite us to increasing diligence that we may make our calling and our election sure.

THE WAY TO HEAVEN.

Verse 5. Thomas made the inquiry and received an answer which is as truly applicable to us as it was when Christ first uttered the words. This is the only way. No man cometh unto the Father but by Christ Jesus. He is the only door

of admittance into the kingdom. He is the only foundation on which we can build our hopes for heaven. His is the only name given under heaven by which we can be saved. Take the name of Jesus with you. It is an all-prevailing name. It charms our fears and bids our sorrows cease.

Verse 9. His conversation in answer to Thomas is both edifying and instructive. Encouraging promises are made as rewards of their faith. They should attain to great stature as Christians and be able to perform miracles in confirmation of their mission. Their prayers should also be answered when presented in the name of Jesus. These promises are for our encouragement.

SLOW OF HEART

This has been too much the case with Christians in all ages. We do not exercise faith and claim the promises as we should do. Our righteousness should increase and our love should abound more and more. We are commanded to pray always and lift up holy hands without wrath and doubting.

SALT FROM THE SEA.

A man, called the "Sailors' Friend," was rigged out in his best suit of clothes on a Sunday morning not long ago. He carried under his arm a large roll of magazines and papers, and went from desolate rooms in cheerless boarding-houses, all along the city streets and alleys where the sailors lived.

"Take this, Jack, my boy," he said to a half-drunken Swede, who was lounging on a broken sofa. There was tender solicitude in his voice as he touched the stranger on the shoulder and said, "Read it, read it, Jack! It will trim your sails for a better port than this."

Jack did not accept the gift ungratefully. He looked half-pleased and half-ashamed.

"Hev ye any of 'em with pictures in 'em?" asked a grizzled old sailor, who looked as if he might add, "If ye don't give me one, I'll take it, whether you will or no."

"Thank ye, thank ye!" he added hastily, as an illustrated magazine was offered to him. Then he burst out suddenly, addressing the Sailors' Friend, "Ye're a good man!"

"I hope I am," was the frank reply. "If everybody wuz tryin' to do ez much good ez you are, this world would be a better world."

"I hope so, my friend," was the quick answer. "When I go to heaven, I want to sail in under a full cloud of canvas, and not with a jury-rig."

It was very apparent that the sailors—Danes, Swedes, English and Portuguese—appreciated this quick and apt reply.

Over thirty years ago a man shipped in Portsmouth on the brig Rockingham, bound for Cuba. There was a strong breeze from west-north-west, and it was very cold. That night sail had to be shortened. The next morning the gale had increased to a hurricane, the vessel scudding before it like a race-horse. This lasted for four days.

On the fifth morning, at four o'clock, a sea broke over the ship from stem to stern, stove in all the boats, and swept everything movable from the deck.

The men were ordered to the pumps, among them the recently shipped seaman. The brig soon began to leak badly. In an hour it became evident she could not last long if the gale continued. Notwithstanding the terror of the sea and the thunder of the storm, blasphemy from some of the men was heard as they bent to the clanking pumps.

Darkness came, and in the horror and despair of the night and the storm one man dropped, in sheer exhaustion, to his knees. It was an unusual attitude, and perhaps by force of some old association, he began to pray. There, clinging to the rail, dashed at by the ocean, he resolved, with a sincerity like that of the robber on the cross, that if his life were saved, he would give it wholly to the service of God.

The vessel rode out the storm. "And don't you thank," said the sailor who has told the story, "that the captain noticed a difference in my attention to my duties after that, and spoke of it?"

A THRILLING EPISODE.

During the late afternoon of December 20, 1897, the rain which fell upon the tracks and the car decks of the Mountain division of the Pennsylvania railroad was turned into ice almost as soon as it fell. This rendered both tracks and cars unusually dangerous, and the descent of the steep grade between Gallitzin and Altoona was attended by imminent peril. About 5.45 that evening a Mogul engine hauling forty-three heavily laden cars passed through the tunnel at Gallitzin

and began to descend the mountain. Ten of the cars were supplied by air brakes, the others had the old-fashioned hand brake. The crew consisted of the engineer, the fireman, two brakemen, the conductor, and the flagman. The last two occupied the cabin car at the rear of the train.

Soon after leaving Gallitzin the engineer noticed the train was beginning to move very rapidly. He applied the air, but as that did not perceptibly reduce the speed, he whistled down brakes. How well the brakemen were able to respond in the condition of the car decks and amid the swaying of the train as it gathered speed no one will ever know, but it soon became apparent to the men that they were on a runaway train. The engineer reversed his engine, but without avail. By the time the far-famed "Horse Shoe" curve at Kittanning Point was reached the engine and its unwieldy train were rushing down the mountain side at the rate of sixty miles an hour. The men expected to be hurled into the abyss at the Point, but the train rounded the sharp curves and rushed on with ever-increasing speed for the train yard at Altoona. Just opposite the station it crashed into another freight train with such force that the huge locomotive was lifted high up in the air and turned completely around. Sixty cars were shattered and a force of five hundred men worked continually for twenty-eight hours in clearing the wreck. The two brakemen were crushed to death; the flagman and conductor managed to cut off the cabin car a few minutes before the final crash. The engineer and his fireman went down in the wreck and the debris of the cars and their contents were piled thirty feet above them. Strangely enough neither were much hurt and both men were able to crawl from beneath the towering ruins.

The first thing these two men who had faced death for full fifteen minutes did after they emerged from the wreck was to drop on their knees on the track and thank God for their preservation. The engineer had been for years an earnest Christian man. It was his faith in an overruling Providence that enabled him to sit with his hand upon the throttle calmly awaiting what he believed to be the inevitable end. Notwithstanding his thrilling experience he showed not the slightest evidence of excitement as he walked away from the wreck, and later on, when the newspaper men interviewed him in his home, he was remarkably tranquil. He says that the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ is a splendid possession in the moment of dire peril. No doubt the Christian brakemen who died at their posts realized that blessed truth to the full, though their lips are silent.

FIDELITY OF THE STARS.

BY DR. C. ROBINSON.

Once, as I entered the observatory of Harvard College at the close of the day, a friend who had left me there asked that I might be shown the new instrument that had just been introduced. The professor replied courteously, "Yes; I think there may be time enough yet for him to see a star if you will find one." My companion "found one" by looking in a little book of astronomical tables lying there on the desk, and replied quietly, "There is one at 5.20." So in a hurried instant the covering was stripped off the great brass tube, and prone upon his back, under the eye-piece, lay the enthusiastic professor. While my friend stood by, with what seemed a tack-hammer in his hand, I noticed that he kept his eye on a tall chronometer clock near us. Suddenly two sounds broke the oppressive stillness; we had been waiting for the stars. One was the word "there" spoken by the professor, the other was the tap of the hammer on the stone top of the table by my companion. Both occurred at the same instant—the same particle of the instant—they were positively simultaneous. But the man who spoke the word could not see the clock; he was looking at the star that came swinging along till it touched the spider web line in his instrument; and the other man who struck the hammer stroke could not see the star; he was looking at the second hand on the dial-plate. When the index in its simplicity of regular duty marked twenty minutes after five there fell the click on the stone; and then, too, there came on the heavens, millions of miles away, one of God's stars, having no speech but rolling in on time, as he bade it ages ago!

Then I was invited to look in, and see the world of beauty as it swept by the next fibre in the tube. But afterwards I went curiously to the book, and found that it had been published ten years before and that its calculations ran far away into the future, and that it had been based on calculations a thousand

years old. And God's fidelity to the covenant of nature, here now almost three thousand years after David had made the nineteenth Psalm, had brought the glorious creature of the sky into the field of Harvard College's instrument just as that patient clock reached the second needed for the truth of the ancient prediction. Need I say that those two professors almost wondered (so used to such things were they) at the awe-struck devotion—the hushed reverence, with which I left the room.

Canadian Winter Night.

BY B. KELLY.

Come, Johnnie, fill the wood-box up,
And tightly close the outer door;
That icy blast is keen and cold,
It creeps along the kitchen floor.

See! granny nods beside the blaze,
Yet faintly grumbles at the cold;
The frost is searching crannies out,
The wind is waxing over-bold.

Hark! how the trees in yonder wood
In icy clutches snap and ring;
Beneath the snow, and far away,
Is heard the brook's faint murmuring.

Far down the road with noisy clang,
The sleighbells ring upon the night,
And with a wild, tumultuous swing,
The foam-flecked horses dash in sight!

Away, away, with merry jest,
The happy pleasure-seekers go;
No need to ply the stinging whip,
Or urge the steeds with wild halloo.

Now they have passed; but, far away,
The ringing echoes linger still;
Untill with joyous shout and call,
They sink behind that wooded hill.

Then quiet reigns; the great white world
Is wrapped in silence lone and deep;
Save in the woods, where grim and grey,
The lonely owl has banished sleep.
Trenton.

A SAD LOOKING BOY.

I saw a sad looking boy this morning I don't like sad boys. They generally die young. This boy had red eyes. He looked like a little old fellow. He seemed to think it was smart to have red eyes, for he was continually trying to make them redder. He was smoking a cigarette; this was what made him look so old, and this was the way he was trying to make himself have red eyes and look like an old man. He went down the street and into a saloon. He stepped up to the bar like an old toper, and simply said, "One beer." He drank it all at one breath, just like an old drunkard, and said, "I'm braced up."

Thinks I to myself: "Yes, you are braced up for becoming an excellent drunkard one of these days. You'll spend the money you ought to save. You'll be blotched in the face and not more than half-grown, and when you die people will mourn principally because you hadn't hurried up and died sooner." It don't pay to try to be a toper. Perhaps some men can smoke, and drink beer and whiskey, and stand it, but boys can't. It kills them every time. Do you say, "I don't believe it?"

How do you know? The men who drink didn't commence when they were boys. Drinking and smoking kill men sooner or later, but they kill boys very quick.

Do you want to try and see? Would you like to try and see what would be the effect of the bite of a mad dog or a rattlesnake.

Boys, if you want to grow up strong, active, large, successful men, don't smoke, and by all means don't drink. Be happy, have just as much fun as you can, but do nothing wrong.—The School Journal.

ON HAND.

I saw a boy sitting on the edge of the wharf fishing, and said to him, "Well, my boy, you don't seem to have caught any fish."

"No," said he, "but I think I shall. I'm expecting a shoal of fish in any time now. I've been fishing here three days, but had no luck; but I'm quite sure the fish will be in soon. They came in about this time last year."

"Why not wait till they come, and then do your fishing?" asked I.

"Oh, sir!" said the plucky little fellow, "I'd rather be here when they come."

I left him, and walked on down to the end of the wharf, and in about an hour returned. As I came near where the boys were fishing, I saw that he was landing the speckled beauties on the wharf in true Isaac Walton style. The fish had come in! The persevering lad had taught me a useful lesson.