

A Child's Prayer.

(Translated from the German of Louise Hensel.)

BY A. A. MACDONALD.

WEARY, now I go to rest,
Close my little eyes in sleep;
Now, I pray thee, Father dear,
O'er my bed thine eyes to keep.

All I did amiss to-day
Wilt thou, Father, kind, forget;
Grace of thine and Jesus' blood
Every wrong aright has set.

All who are akin to me
Let them rest beneath thy hand;
To thy care I recommend
All mankind, both small and grand.

Send thy peace to breaking hearts,
Gently take the tear away;
Let the moon in heaven shine,
And the quiet world survey.

Upper Canada College, Toronto.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, MAY 6, 1893.

TO SCHOOLS OPENING IN THE SPRING.

For schools opening in the spring, special arrangements have been made for the summer series of *Onward* and *PLEASANT HOURS*. In the latter paper, the strong and stirring temperance story "The Modern Prodigal," will be begun and ended in the summer numbers. In *Onward* another strongly written temperance story entitled, "John and the Demijohn," one of great power and pathos will be given. In *Onward*, too, will be given a splendid illustrated account of the cruise of her Majesty's ship *Challenger*, one of the most remarkable scientific cruises round the world ever made. It lasted three years and a half, and covered 50,000 miles. It abounds in interest and will be well illustrated.

The Queen's birthday and Dominion Day numbers of both these papers will be of special patriotic character. The May and July numbers of the *Methodist Magazine* will also contain special patriotic articles in connection with the birthday of our Sovereign and birthday of our Canadian Dominion.

Of special interest to Sunday-schools, and all Bible readers, will be the splendidly illustrated articles on tent life in Palestine, by the editor, which begin in the May number. These will be more copiously and splendidly illustrated than any other series of magazine articles on the Lord's land ever published either in Great Britain or America. Many schools have taken from two to ten, and in one case forty, copies of this *Magazine*, as brighter,

fresh, cheaper reading than even library books or reading in any other form, with the exception, indeed, of our papers *Onward* and *PLEASANT HOURS*,

Each number of *Onward* contains as much reading as sixty-four pages of an ordinary Sunday-school book, and has splendid illustrations, and yet this large amount of reading is given for less than one cent. *PLEASANT HOURS* contains half as much, or equivalent to thirty-two pages of a library book for less than half a cent. Let our readers fold the paper into a sixty-four page form, and count the number of words and they can verify for themselves the statement we make.

SHORT SERMONS FOR BOYS.

A SWEDISH boy fell out of a window and was badly hurt, but with clinched lips he kept back the cry of pain. The king, Gustavus Adolphus, who saw him fall, prophesied that the boy would make a man for an emergency. And so he did, for he became the famous General Bauer.

A boy used to crush the flowers to get their colour, and painted the white side of his father's cottage in Tyrol with all sorts of pictures, which the mountaineers gazed at as wonderful. He was the great artist Titian.

An old painter watched a little fellow who amused himself making drawings of his pots and brushes, easel and stool, and said: "That boy will beat me one day." So he did; for he was Michael Angelo.

A German boy was reading a blood-and-thunder novel. Right in the midst of it he said to himself: "Now, this will never do. I got too much excited over it. I can't study so well after it. So here it goes!" and he flung the book out into the river. He was Fichte, the great German philosopher.

Do you know what these little sermons mean? Why, simply this, that in boyhood and girlhood are shown the traits for good or evil which make the man or woman good or not.

HOW BILLY TOOK HIS LAGER.

"Boy Billy" was the adopted son of Christian Zende, an honest German, who was much shocked one day at seeing the boy in a lager-beer saloon, tossing off a foaming glass of beer. He bade the boy go home, but said nothing till evening. After tea, Zende seated himself at the table, and placed before him a variety of queer looking things. Billy looked on with curiosity.

"Come here, Billy," said Christian Zende. "Why were you in the beer shops to-day? Why do you drink beer, my boy?"

"O—O—because it's good," said Billy, boldly.

"No, Billy, it is not good for the mouth. I did never see so big faces as you did make. Billy, you think it will taste good by and by, and it looks like a man to drink, and so you drink. Now, Billy, if it is good, have it. I will not hinder you from what is good and manly, but drink it at home, take your drink pure, Billy, and let me pay for it. Come, my boy! You like beer. Well open your mouth. I have all the beer stuff pure from the shops. Come open your mouth and I will put it in."

Billy drew near, but kept his mouth close shut. Said Zende, "Don't you make me mad, Bill. Open your mouth."

Thus exhorted, Billy opened his mouth, and then Zende put a small bit of alum in it. Billy drew up his face. A bit of aloes followed. This was worse. Billy winced. The least morsel of red pepper now, from a knife point, made Billy howl.

"What, not like beer!" said Zende. "Open your mouth." A knife dipped in oil of turpentine made Billy cry.

"Open your mouth; the beer is not half made yet."

And Billy's tongue got the least dusting of lime and potash, and saleratus. Billy now cried loudly. Then came a grain of licorice, hoppelollen, and saltpetre.

"Look, Billy! Here is some arsenic and some strychnine; these belong to beer. Open your mouth."

"I can't, I can't," roared Billy. "Arsenic and strychnine are used to kill rats: I shall die! O—O—O—do you want to kill me, Father Zende?"

"Kill him! just by a little beer, all good and pure! He tells me he likes beer, and it is manly to drink it, and when I give him some, he cries, I kill him. Here is water. There is much water in beer."

Billy drank the water eagerly. Zende went on.

"There is much alcohol in beer. Here! open your mouth," and he dropped four drops of raw spirit carefully on his tongue. Billy went dancing about the room, and then ran for more water.

"Come here, the beer is not done, Billy," and seizing him, he put the cork of an ammonia bottle to his lips, then a drop of honey, a taste of sugar, a drop of molasses, and a drop of gall.

"There, Billy! here is jalap, copperas, sulphuric acid, and nux vomica. Open your mouth."

"Oh, no, no!" said Billy, "let me go, I hate beer. I'll never drink any more. Oh, let me go! I can't eat those things. My mouth tastes awful now. Oh, take them away, Father Zende!"

"Take them away! Take away good beer, when I have paid for it. My boy, you drank them fast to-day."

"Oh, they make me sick," said Billy.

"A man drinks all these bad things mixed up in water. He gets red in the face, he gets big in the body, he gets shaky in his hands, he gets weak in his eyes, he gets mean in his manners."

Billy was satisfied on the beer question.

BURDETT'S MESSAGE TO BOYS.

My boy, the first thing you want to learn—if you haven't learned how to do it already—is to tell the truth. The pure, sweet, refreshing, wholesome truth. The plain, unvarnished, simple, everyday, manly truth, with a little "t."

For one thing, it will save you so much trouble. O, heaps of trouble. And no end of hard work. And a terrible strain upon your memory. Sometimes—and when I say sometimes, I mean a great many times—it is hard to tell the truth the first time. But when you have told it, there is an end of it. You have won the victory; the fight is over. Next time you tell that truth you can tell it without thinking. Your memory may be faulty, but you tell your story without a single lash from the stinging whip of that stern old taskmaster Conscience. You don't have to stop and remember how you told it yesterday. You don't get half through with it and then stop with the awful sense upon you that you are not telling it as you did the other time, and cannot remember just how you did tell it then. You won't have to look around to see who is there before you begin telling it. And you won't have to invent a lot of new lies to reinforce the old one. After Ananias told a lie, his wife had to tell another just like it. You see, if you tell lies you are apt to get your whole family into trouble. Lies always travel along in gangs with their co-equals.

And then it is so foolish for you to lie. You cannot pass a lie off for the truth, any more than you can get counterfeit money into circulation. The leaden dollar is always detected before it goes very far. When you tell a lie it is known. Yes, you say, "God knows it." That's right; but he is not the only one. So far as God's knowledge is concerned, the liar doesn't care very much. He doesn't worry about what God knows—if he did he wouldn't be a liar; but it does worry a man, or boy, who tells lies to think that everybody else knows it. The other boys know it; your teacher knows it; people who hear you tell "whoppers," know it; your mother knows it, but she won't say so. And all the people who know it, and don't say anything about it to you, talk about it to each other, and—dear! dear! the things they say about a boy who is given to telling big stories! If he could only hear them, it would make him stick to the truth like flour to a miller.

And finally, if you tell the truth always, I don't see how you are going to get very far out of the right way. And how people do trust a truthful boy. We never worry about him when he was out of our sight. We never say, "I wonder where he is? I wish I knew what he is doing? I wonder who he is with? I wonder why he doesn't come home?" Nothing of the sort. We know he is all right, and that when he comes home we will know all about it, and get it straight. We don't have to ask him

where he is going and how long he will be gone every time he leaves the house. We don't have to call him back and make him "solemnly promise" the same thing over and over two or three times. When he says, "Yes, I will," or, "No, I won't," just once, that settles it. We don't have to cross-examine him when he comes home to find out where he has been. He tells us once and that is enough. We don't have to say, "Sure?" "Are you sure, now?" when he tells anything.

But, my boy, you cannot build up that reputation by merely telling the truth about half the time, nor two-thirds, nor three-fourths, nor nine-tenths of the time. If it brings punishment upon you while the liars escape; if it brings you into present disgrace while the smooth-tongued liars are exalted; if it loses you a good position; if it degrades you in the class; if it stops a weeks pay—no matter what punishment it may bring upon you, tell the truth.

All these things will soon be righted. The worst whipping that can be laid on a boy's back won't keep him out of the water in swimming time longer than a week; but a lie will burn in the memory fifty years. Tell the truth for the sake of the truth, and all the best people in the world will love and respect you, and all the liars respect and hate you.

INFERIOR MEN.

DR. SEAVER, of Yale College, is waging war upon the habit of tobacco smoking which some of the students there indulge in. He is the physician of the college and the professor of athletics, a man of science who follows scientific methods in any investigation he may undertake. He has been engaged eight years in observing the effects of tobacco smoking upon the bodies and minds of Yale students; and he has just published a remarkable budget of statistics. Dr. Seaver informs the public that the students of Yale who indulge in tobacco smoking are inferior in physical vigour and mental ability to those who do not. According to his reckoning, the smokers have less lung power than the anti-smokers; they have less chest inflating capacity; they are of less bodily weight, and they are even of less height. The muscular and the nervous power of the smoking students is notably and noticeably less than that of the anti-smoking. From an athletic point of view, therefore, the Yale professor of athletics considers himself justified in waging war upon the tobacco habit.

Not only in a physical way, but in an intellectual way, the Yale smokers are inferior to the anti-smokers. The smoking habit is disadvantageous to scholarship. Of those students who within a given time have received junior appointments above dissertations, only five per cent. were smokers; and very few smokers received appointments of any kind. It would seem, therefore, that the brain power and the scholarship of the smokers at Yale are far inferior to those of the anti-smokers. The demonstrations of Dr. Seaver appear to be influencing the Yale mind. He is able to report that seventy per cent. of the senior class in the college do not smoke, that the leading athletes do not smoke, and that not a single candidate for the rowing crew is a smoker. Young America, athletic, intellectual, and ethical, can ruminate upon the Yale statistics collected by Dr. Seaver.

A question might be raised, Are these men inferior because they smoke, or do they smoke because they are inferior? Our answer would be "yes" to both questions.

READY BEFOREHAND.

"WHAT are you doing now? I never saw a girl that was so continually finding something to do!"

"I'm only going to sew a button on my glove."

"Why you are not going out, are you?" "Oh, no. I only like to get things ready beforehand; that's all."

And this little thing that had been persisted in by Rose Hammond until it had become a fixed habit, saved her more trouble than she herself had any idea of more time, too. Ready beforehand—try it!

As surely as you do, faithfully, you will never relinquish it for the slipshod time-enough-when-it's-wanted way of doing.