

The Water Drinker.

BY EDWARD JOHNSON.

Oh, water for me! bright water for me! Give wine to the timid as I have here! It cooleth the brain, it cooleth the brain, it maketh the faint one strong again; It comes over the sense like a breeze from the sea,

All freshness, like infant purity. Oh, water, bright water, for me, for me! Give wine, give wine to the debauchee!

Fill to the brim. Fill to the brim! Let the flowing crystal kiss the rim! My hand is steady, my eye is true, For I, like the flowers, drink naught but dew. Oh, water, bright water is a mine of wealth, And the ores it yieldeth are vigour and health. So water, pure water for me, for me! And wine for the tremulous debauchee!

Fill again to the brim! again to the brim! For water strengtheneth life and limb. To the days of the aged it addeth length; To the might of the strong it addeth strength. It freshens the heart; it brightens the sight; 'Tis like quaffing a goblet of morning light. So, water, I will drink naught but thee, The parent of health and energy.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, OCTOBER 29, 1892.

WHAT CAN JUNIORS DO?

Though written for the Junior Christian Endeavour Societies, these hints will help all wide-awake little Christians who want something to do.

Besides the meetings and social gatherings of their society, Juniors are remarkably successful in raising money for benevolent purposes. A society in Connecticut, when only one year old, had given seventy-five dollars to charity. Twenty-one of the youngest children in a Massachusetts society raised in two months from a capital of five cents each nearly thirty dollars for foreign missions; one little boy increasing his capital one hundred and sixty-six-fold in that short time. Selling home-made candy and corn-balls proved most remunerative. Some of the little girls invested their nickles in sewing materials and made holders and such simple things, which found ready purchasers. A group of older girls in the same society raised about fifty dollars through a valentine affair. They bought their materials of a manufacturer and put them together themselves, showing a great deal of taste.

Juniors are always glad to "lend a hand" where their help is called for. The boys' division of a certain society that was so large that it fell apart into sections earned money enough to buy a printing outfit, of which they made profitable use by printing for their home church weekly calendars, which they politely hand to the congregation as they enter the church doors. They print other things, too, and

the earnings of this press make a fund for benevolence.

The girls in one society meet every fortnight and sew for the benefit of a children's hospital in a large city. The lady in charge reads while the children work, and is more diligent and less gossiping sewing circle member.

One society has a committee appointed to visit sick members, one for every day in the week, and whoever lets his day go by without a call pays a fine of one cent. A society near Boston owns a reclining chair and lends it to invalids. A Junior friend of mine used to read every Saturday afternoon to a poor blind lady. Juniors can carry flowers to sick people, and their happy faces brighten the sick-room more than do the flowers that they bring.

Juniors can distribute papers to families that cannot afford to subscribe for them. They will be glad to call at your house and get the papers and magazines that you have read and pass them on to your less fortunate neighbours. In one Junior society there is a magazine club, which furnishes the choicest juvenile periodicals to its members. Junior societies could furnish Home Missionary Sunday-schools with Christian literature, none the worse for being a week or two old.

A Junior missionary concert would prove highly interesting; missionary leaflets and pledge-cards can be circulated by the children, who are happy when doing errands; subscriptions can be taken for missionary publications, and particularly this—the children can make up a box of Christmas presents, and can send one in the early fall of each year to some mission station, the contents to be distributed to the children in native Sunday-schools and day-schools. A Junior society will always remember to send money enough to prop up the freight.

What can Juniors do? They can do whatever you want done; and do it with a rush.—Golden Rule.

CITY OF DELIGHTS.

BY THE REV. V. C. HUNT,

Superintendent of Methodist Missions, China.

We were three hundred miles above Chungking. Clouds of smoke upon our right pointed out the great salt walls. A large white pagoda looked down upon us from a lofty hill in the centre of the British district, and seemed to beckon us for a walk through ravines and valleys of surpassing beauty, to the forest-clad bluffs which hide the beautiful "City of Delights" from our view. The day is warm, and a film of purple mist partially screens us from the direct rays of the sun. A faint breeze stirs slightly the mulberry leaves upon the myriads of low-cropped trees. This is also a silk district, and hundreds of thousands of the people care for the trees, feed the silk worms, gather the cocoons, and prepare them for the manufacturers.

The city to which we are going has been a famous place for the weaving and marketing of silks, and more than half the city and district is engaged in this beautiful industry. To the west of us are high mountains, and beyond, towering over all, is seen the wonderful peak called Omei, which I have described in my book on Western China. You may imagine my feelings upon the morning we journeyed up the river Fuh, when, after long looking in the direction of the sacred mount, at last the clouds dissolved and the dark outlines of the mountain were clearly seen upon the hazy background. This is

BUDDHA'S LAND.

On every side we see something to remind us of the Indian god. We have met with innumerable stones all along the river's banks, four feet high, one foot wide, and about the same in thickness, each having a hideous carved face and head, with six characters chiselled upon the body of the stone which read, "Nan-Wu-O-Mi-To-Fuh." All hail Amita Buddha! All travellers are supposed to repeat the praise as they journey by. They add charms to alleviate sorrows and frighten away evil influences. We are in full view of the City of Delights. The weary "trackers" pull us up the Yo for a hundred yards, and in doing so, wade far out

into the stream to get the boat around the shallow headland. With a yell they drop the bamboo cable and rush on board, seize the oars, and with unwearying vigour work the clumsy sticks. In a few moments the strong current strikes us and we go splashing down to the bluff, and to Wilbro two streams meet. A bamboo cable is stretched from the city to the bluff at this season of the year. I was wondering how we were to cross, when a boatman lifted the cable from the water, and all hands fell to and pulled us to the opposite shore.

Anchored, or rather tied, to the shore, we had nearly two days to visit and study the city. I am going to tell you what may be seen. Three things were of great interest to me, the city itself, the "Great Buddha" and the famous Mantz Caves. We will visit the city first, and do so on foot, for we can see much more than from a covered sedan chair. We walked up the steep bank and entered directly a wide dirt street. The boat population hang about this street, which is along the river's bank and outside of the city wall. Here I met my captain so finely dressed that I scarcely knew him; there at a square table sat half a dozen of the sailors drinking tea and smoking, and they gave me a hearty welcome to join them. On we went till we made a sharp turn to the right, where we entered the city by the East gate. Very soon we found ourselves in a wide clean street, cool and airy, with shops given up almost entirely to the silk trade.

The people received us very pleasantly and stared much less than in some other cities. Did not hear "foreign devil" or any other abusive words while in the city. We strolled first to the

CHINA ISLAND MISSION CHAPEL.

where two single men are living and working among the people. They dress in the native costume, shave their heads and wear a tail just like the Chinese, a very questionable practice, for they are known as foreigners at first sight. I am more and more persuaded that it is best to wear simple European clothing. Thus we appear what we are. The novelty even of European garments soon wears off, while our blue eyes, long noses, red hair, etc., remain standing jokes.

THE HAT AND ITS OWNER.

A good illustration of the detective quality was shown in the trial of a house-breaker a few days ago. The burglary was effected—about burglaries are—by the aid of a neighbouring uninhabited house. The thieves crossed along the roof, and made their descent through a skylight. They robbed the premises at their leisure, and accompanied successfully with the stolen property. There was one clue left—only one. A hat was found on the roof. The hat was sent to Scotland Yard, and the force were invited to inspect it. One policeman immediately said that he knew who was the owner. In the event it was found he was as good as his word. The owner was discovered, and, being unable to give a satisfactory account of how he spent the evening of the burglary, and, moreover, being awkwardly for him, in the possession of the stolen property, the jury came to the conclusion that he was guilty, and found their verdict accordingly. A more interesting question remained; How did the policeman know the exact head on which to fit that very unlucky hat? The constable told the story himself. He had been on duty in the gallery of the Old Bailey during the trial of a well-known burglar. He sat on a back bench, and wore plain clothes, and he noticed in front of him a young man, with a highly criminal type of face, who seemed to take the greatest interest in the trial. The constable, accordingly, took the greatest interest in him and in his belongings, and, as the unconscious spectator held his hat in his hand, looked into it, and, as Inspector Bucket would say, "totted it up." The result in this little case in addition was the registering in his memory of a peculiarly-shaped grease-mark on the lining which crossed the maker's name. The constable never forgot that hat, and the professional career of its owner soon rendered him more and more interesting. Thus he was able in a moment to restore to the burglar the property he had been so unfortunate as to leave on the roof.

THE HOUSE FLY.

Yes, no doubt you are often pestered by these insects. Did you ever try to find out any of the curious things about flies? The study of what we see around us is one of the best ways of becoming educated.

This female fly lays seventy or eighty eggs at once, and repeats the process four times during her short life-time. These eggs are deposited on any moist, decaying matter, and in a few days the larvae, or maggots, emerge from the eggs. The fly feeds itself by means of a fleshy tube, or proboscis. It takes only liquid food, or such as it can moisten with its saliva—as sugar.

The eyes of a fly are wonderful instruments. They are made up of 4,000 small telescopic eyes. When in flight, the fly's wings make 600 strokes in a second, carrying it forward five feet; but when alarmed, this distance can be increased to thirty feet.

The foot of the fly is a curious structure. It adheres to smooth surfaces, such as glass, by means of a sticky fluid, which exudes from the pads under the claws, and by the little suckers which fringe them. There are about 1,200 of these suckers on each pad. The suckers hold the foot firmly, but the fly can let go very quickly, as you will learn if you try to catch it.

God has made all things perfect. He never slight his work. Let us admire his wisdom. Let us do our work well, for God sees it all.

BOUND FEET.

I WAS much interested in a recent letter from China in the Christian Advocate, written by Bishop Warren, in which he speaks of a woman of sixty who had unbound her feet because she had lately "vividly realized that she would be ashamed to go toddling up the golden streets on mutilated feet." I fell at once thinking whether there are not women outside of China who had better "vividly realize" the same thing with reference to themselves.

"Will you take the place of president in our Auxiliary Mrs. A.?"

"Really you must excuse me. It would be impossible for me to attend the meetings, and I have not time to look after the interests of the society."

Yet Mrs. A. has time for frequent shopping excursions, and for anything else that she really wished to do. Self has bound her feet from childhood.

"Will you lead the next monthly meeting, Mrs. B.?"

"Really, you must excuse me. I never could gather courage to stand before an audience."

Self-consciousness and timidity bind Mrs. B.'s feet. Yet her friends know that if she were only "free in Christ Jesus," she could do great things for him in her quiet, agreeable way.

Illustrations are numerous. Self, timid,ly, unbelief (perhaps all varieties of fetters are included in these three) hold back many a child of God who ought to be walking in free and glorious service.

The Lord gives much encouragement for our feet. Even though we have travelled painfully and slowly up to sixty years, we may take example of our Chinese friend and unbind at once. Shall we walk with a free step "up the golden streets to the throne," and we follow with a limping tread?

"How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace; that bring good tidings of good things!" (Romans 10. 15.)

"The God of peace shall crush Satan under your feet shortly." (Romans 16. 20.)

"Stand, therefore, your feet established with the preparation of the gospel of peace." (Eph. 6. 15.)

"He maketh my feet like hind's feet." (2 Sam. 22. 34.) (That is, they have a grip that never slips in difficult or uncertain places.)

"I will make them of the synagogue of Satan to come and worship before thy feet; and to know that I have loved thee" (Rev. 3. 9.)

These are wonderful promises. But they are not for "bound feet;" they are for those who "run" in the way of his commandments, because he has "enlarged" the heart.

"Take my feet, and let them be swift and beautiful for thee."