

Long Ago.

BY ROOSE FIELD.

I ONCE knew all the birds that came
And nested in our orchard trees,
For every flower I had a name—
My friends were woodchucks, toads, and
bees.

I know where thrived in yonder glen
What plants would soothe a stone-bruised
too;

Oh, I was very learned then—
But that was very long ago.

I knew the spot upon the hill
Where checkerberries could be found;
I knew the rushes near the mill
Where pickorel lay that weighed a pound;
I knew the wood, the very tree,
Where lived the poaching, saucy crow;
And all the woods and crows knew me—
But that was very long ago.

And, pining for the joys of youth,
I tread the old familiar spot
Only to learn this solemn truth:
I have forgotten—am forgot.
Yet here's this youngster at my knee
Knows all the things I used to know;
To think I once was wise as he—
But that was very long ago.

I know it's folly to complain
Of whatsoever the fates decree;
Yet, were not wishes all in vain,
I tell you what my wish should be:
I'd wish to be a boy again,
Back with the friends I used to know,
For I was, oh I so happy then—
But that was very long ago.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

Rev. W. H. WITHEROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, JUNR 25, 1892.

OUR CANADIAN HERITAGE.

BY H. A. M'KOWN, M.P.P., HALIFAX.

ON the shore of the Pacific sits the western member of this great confederacy, and into her lap are pouring the boundless treasures of the East, and rich and fertile is she in mines, in fisheries, in field and in forest. The granary of the world lies between the Rocky Mountains and the older provinces of Quebec and Ontario, whose farms, gardens and the busy life of whose cities exhibit at its best Canadian genius and industry. Here, at the gateway of the land, enthroned as a queen amid hills and streams, with the ocean at her feet, sits the province which breathes to us the mes-ago of home and country, and has for us a tender charm which no other land can give.

The lecturer remarked that no nation could ever grow to great power and promise which was not endowed with a rich and fertile soil, with the resources which will reward the industry of those who live within the confines of her land. He dwelt on Canada's great heritage in this respect. He showed that not only a

rich country was needed, but they who dwell therein must be of good national stock. Some countries, favoured with beautiful climate and fair and fertile fields, whose great natural advantages should inspire the natives with earnestness in the race for position, are by the vice and indolence of their inhabitants a reproach and shame to civilization, instancing in this respect Turkey, which is more of a blemish than a credit to the face of the civilized world.

Our country has been peopled with a race which unites in itself all that is most favoured and most creditable in that regard, and the strong race has for its home the strong country, and from the union of these two essentials shall be brought forth a nation the limit of whose advancement knows no bounds save those which they may themselves set up.

He dwelt upon the feeling of security which we possess under the British flag, which floats in every part of the globe, and under whose protecting folds are gathered one fifth of the whole human race. No-where is the citizen of Great Britain a stranger, in no land is he unknown. In this part of the globe we are outnumbered by our competitors of the south, but in those lands whose natives rise to labour as we lay off the garments of toil, and where the American flag is unknown, floats the banner of our country as well as here. He pointed out that between the different branches of the Anglo-Saxon family there should exist the most cordial relations and that it was ever the aim of our country to foster and to develop such sentiments, and to give other nations to understand that we rejoice in the prosperity of our neighbours. In this connection the lecturer instanced the incident which occurred a few weeks ago in South America, when the British officers present at a banquet declined to drink the toast to the speedy destruction of the North American republic, and yet with all this she allowed no entrenchment upon the rights of her own citizens, for when two months ago a Nova Scotia schooner was, for an imaginary cause, forbidden to depart from the port of Valparaiso under the threat that if she should dare to move the guns of the citadel should blow her from the water, the captain having laid his complaint before the commander of a British man-of-war then near at hand, the English gun-boat towed the Canadian vessel out from under the guns loaded to destroy her, but which in the face of the emblem of British power were as silent as the rocks on which they stood.

We wish to cultivate in Canadian boys and girls a spirit of Canadian patriotism and love for the noble land which God has given them for a heritage. We therefore give a number of patriotic cuts and poems, and estimates of our country by a patriotic Nova Scotian.

THE MARKED TEXT.

"ISABEL, this is the key of your mother's wardrobe," said a father to his motherless daughter and only child, on her eighteenth birthday. "Take it, and, at your leisure, look over your sainted mother's things. You are at an age now to value them."

With these words the father, a great scholar and "bookworm," left the room.

Isabel was soon busy looking over her young mother's possessions. She could just remember being taken as a tiny child to kiss a sweet, pale lady in bed, and next day being told that her mother was in heaven, and, as she looked on the long-unused things, she yearned to have that fair mother by her side, for she was often lonely and cheerful.

Suddenly Isabel came upon a well-worn book, bound in red morocco, with a silver clasp. It opened at once to the middle, the page being marked by a bunch of dry and colourless flowers. She saw at once that it was a Bible, that it opened at a place where was a verse strikingly marked in red ink. That verse was, "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you, and ye shall be comforted," and by the side was written, "My little motherless Isabel."

It is almost like my mother speaking to



THE ASCENSION.—To illustrate Lesson for July 3.

me from the dead," Isabel said, solemnly; "she must have known I should find this some day; and eagerly she kissed the page again and again.

The young mother had known that sometime her daughter would probably find those words, watered by her dying prayers. And richly God answered those prayers; for that well worn Bible soon became her child's greatest treasure, and from it she learnt the plan of salvation, and from it she drew heavenly comfort and joy that lighted up and brightened her solitary life. So true is it that "The grass withereth, the flower fadeth; but the word of our God shall stand forever." (Isa. 40, 8.)

TEMPERANCE STORIES.

BY JOSIAH NIX.

The following extracts are from a speech by Mr. Nix, of the London Wesleyan Mission, at the Annual Meeting of the National Temperance League, held at Exeter Hall:

GOOSE CLUB NEW RELIGION.

"The place where I work mostly is in Wardour Hall, in Soho. We had not been there many weeks before the publican put out a very large bill stating, 'Our annual goose club has commenced.' I thought, 'What is that for? That must be to get the working man's money; and if the publican can get the working man's money with a goose club, why should not the totalers?' I had a large bill printed at once—one a little better looking than the publican's—and I put it up announcing that our annual goose club would commence on a certain day. I made enquiries in the neighbourhood of a man who knew about it. In nine weeks the people in that district paid into my hands no less a sum than £95 18s. Most of that money would have gone into the publican's till, but it came into the hands of temperance reformers; and, instead of handing the people back their money, because I thought that perhaps they might then spend it in drink, I said 'We will spend the money for you. If you will come on a certain night and give your orders for whatever you want, we will purchase the things for you.' We purchased 1,324 articles, and the purchases gave satisfaction. The publicans became angry, they were very much annoyed. They said, 'This is a new religion.' The old religion I found they had profound respect for—the religion of going to church once a week. They seemed to admire that very much, but this new religion of a goose club they could not understand it, and they made up their minds that they must do something if they wished to keep level with the new religion."

COLD WATER FROM A PUBLICAN.

"One Sunday, two or three weeks after

Christmas, instead of going into the streets, I said, 'We will go into such and such a court.' Of course I found a public house, opposite which we took our stand, and I gave out a hymn. The publican came out and said, 'You must move off.' 'No, thank you,' I replied, 'we will stand still.' 'But,' he said, 'You must move.' I replied, 'We are not going to move; we will go on with our singing.' The publican said, 'If you do not go I shall have to take the law into my own hands; I will go up stairs and throw some water on you.' Of course we did not move, and the publican went upstairs—he to one window and his wife to another—and when we were busy preaching, singing, and exhorting the people to sign the pledge and to become Christians, down came the water. That was a grand day for us. I believe in cold water. A group of little children were standing round, and they had not several changes of clothes. They had only one lot, and the dear children were saturated to the skin with the publican's water, and they ran home crying, and down came their mothers. Well, it was a grand sight to every one of us. We had no need to fight any more; these women did the fighting—and those who could not fight with their fists fought with their tongues, and I will tell you what they said. 'We will never come into your house (the publican's) any more. We have spent our money at your house and this is the way you are serving us in return—we will never come in again.' And here let me say that that public-house is closed to-day."

AN OXONIAN MADE LUNATIC BY DRINK.

"Two or three days after that a tradesman living very near to me—a man who had recently married a beautiful woman, and a large fortune had come into his hands—was at the Epsom races, and had won a lot of money at the Derby. All the day long he had been going to and fro to the drinking place, and I said to him, 'You had better leave off drinking, my friend, or I am afraid it may bring you into trouble.' He said, 'You mind your own business.' I replied, 'That is my business. My business is to get you to sign the pledge.' He paid no heed, but went again to the drinking place. I saw him afterwards and begged him to sign the temperance pledge, and he was on the point of striking me. I again urged him, but he refused. He got up into his carriage but would not allow his man to drive him, and as he was going down High Street, Oxford, he came into collision with a doctor's carriage. He was thrown out, and he is in a lunatic asylum at this moment. Then my eyes began to be opened. I saw what an awful thing the liquor traffic was, and I found that within me a fire had been kindled—a fire of hate to this abominable traffic, and it is burning more brightly to-day than ever."—Christian Herald.