

In Sunday Dress.

BY ALICE ROGERS.

Oh, mother, come and see the trees! they're
in their Sunday gowns
That somewhere have been hidden until
the time of frost.
Such shining gold and scarlet, such stately
rustling browns!
And, oh, such burnished splendour, with
rainbow colours crossed!

I thought the trees were lovely in the misty
green of spring,
When came the dear old robins to build
within the eaves;
I thought the blossoms beautiful that wooed
the bluebird's wing,
But brighter than the blossoms are the
radiant autumn leaves.

'Tis just as we do, mother dear, when week-
day work is done,
And Sunday brings its blessed peace—we
wear our Sunday dress.
You see the trees are resting from their la-
bours in the sun,
And the pretty gowns are worn to show
their happiness.

OUR PERIODICALS:

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the
most popular.

Christian Guardian, weekly.....	22 00
Methodist Magazine, 104 pp., monthly, illustrated	2 00
Methodist Magazine and Guardian together	3 50
Messenger, Guardian and Onward together	4 00
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly	1 50
Sunday-School Banner, 52 pp., svo., monthly	0 60
Onward, 8 pp., 4to., weekly, under 5 copies	0 60
5 copies and over	0 50
Pleasant Hours, 4 pp., 4to., weekly, single copies	0 30
Less than 10 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 24
Sund. Sun, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 15
10 copies and upwards	0 12
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 15
10 copies and upwards	0 12
Berean Leaf, monthly, 100 copies per month	5 50
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 24c. a dozen; \$2 per 100 per quarter ec. a dozen; 50c. per 100.	

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto.

C. W. COATES,
8 Pleary Street,
Montreal.S. F. HUMPHRIS,
Wesleyan Book Room,
Halifax, N.S.

Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, OCTOBER 14, 1893.

STRANGE MEDICINE.

BY REV. A. SMITH.

THERE is a very strange remedy now used by nearly all classes of patients, and for nearly all diseases. At first this medicine is extremely offensive to patients. The first dose usually makes them very sick, but as the treatment proceeds, the disgusting smell and taste entirely disappear, and the use of the remedy becomes exceedingly pleasant. This medicine is a deadly poison; a small dose often causes great prostration, extreme nausea and vomiting, and sometimes death, and yet millions of men, women and even children are allowed to prescribe it for themselves and others without license to practise medicine. Nearly all classes show their mutual esteem and friendship by dosing each other with this poison, whether they are sick or well. It is a very expensive remedy; it costs some patients thousands of dollars; it makes patients loathsome to those in health; it does not prevent disease; it never cures, for patients usually continue its use until they die; it causes many diseases, shortens life and ruins the soul. Patients often know these facts and yet the poison so weakens and controls their reason, that they continue its use for years, gradually increasing the dose and repeating it from once to thirty times a day. Few other remedies would be taken daily for five or ten years if they did not cure.

Medicines lose their power for good in a short time, and if continued long are very injurious. Calomel, strychnine, jalap or aloes taken in increasing doses for a few

weeks only would cause most patients to either recover, die or change the medicine. But this strange medicine is used by many quacks for years until their health is ruined by it. A few physicians permit its use in lockjaw, painters' colic and sea-sickness if used with great caution, but intelligent physicians never prescribe chewing, smoking, snuffing and snuff dipping. It cannot be that these diseases are so common and of such long standing as to make this remedy so popular. The Christian world learned its use from savages, and it is still a favourite remedy with Hottentots, Indians, etc. Paupers and criminals are delighted with it. We think this medicine should never be used, but if it is taken it should be discontinued after a day or two at the longest. It never should be chewed, smoked or snuffed. In our judgment it is a far better way to give it in tincture, syrup, fluid, extract, pills, or in decoction either hot or cold. Some patients might derive a benefit from its use in the form of a medicated bath by dipping them in the decoction, as farmers sometimes treat their lambs. The name of this strange medicine is tobacco. Reader, do you take this remedy? If so, I beg you to change your medicine. Thousands are dying of cancer of the lip and mouth from the use of this strange remedy.

"DOES GOD CARE?"

BY S. ROSALIE SILL.

"We are forsaken of everything save want," said Effie Tooley, as she laid her arms upon the old table, and leaning her head upon them, allowed herself for once to have a good cry.

"Do not give way so, my child," said Mrs. Tooley, trying to comfort her daughter. "It is always the darkest just before day; and the good book tells us: 'After a night of weeping joy cometh in the morning.' I am sure things must take a turn after a little."

"Things have taken many a turn, mamma, but always for the worse. I have tried every way, as you know—picking berries, and sewing far into the night—so that I should have books and clothing that was respectable to wear at school; but it is all of no use, I am shunned by my school-mates; and only to-day I was told by Maud Stoner that if I did pass the examination well I would get no school, as I was the daughter of a drunkard. I did turn on Maud then—although you have told me not to—and tell her it was just as respectable to drink liquor as to sell it. You should have seen Maud then! She fairly raved; and then some of girls began consoling her—just because she is rich, dresses finely and gives nice little suppers and spends money freely, while I wear a five cent print and go hungry. Well, I am discouraged. I wonder if any one cares? I ask myself many times: Does God care?"

"I know it is hard, dear Effie. But I am sure God does care, and I am sure he will yet answer my pleading prayers. As to the disgrace of drinking or selling liquor I should prefer the drinking of it. Some way a sin committed against another—the dragging down to hell of some one else—must, in the eyes of the Lord, be looked upon with less allowance than for one to ruin himself. We both profess to love the Lord, dear; let us to night kneel before him and claim the promise that we when call upon him, he will answer."

Humbled by her mother's words, Effie knelt beside her while she claimed the promises.

"Not in my way, O Lord," cried the sorrowing woman, "but in thine own way, hear my cry, and answer speedily. All the waves and the billows have gone over me, but still my faith reaches up to thee. Disappoint me not, see my expectation is from thee, and thee only."

A hush fell within the room, as the two still waited upon their knees, and while yet in that posture the mother began singing, "My faith looks up to thee." As they arose, both felt that a peace had stolen into their hearts which the world could neither give nor take away.

Before taking up her work, Mrs. Tooley reached for the little well-worn Bible upon the stand, and read: "I called upon the Lord in distress; the Lord answered me, and set me in a large place. The Lord is on my side; I will not fear; what can man do unto me? The Lord taketh my part with

them that help me; therefore shall I see my desire upon them that hate me. It is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in man."

Just as Mrs. Tooley closed the book a step sounded upon the path, and a moment after the door was opened and Mr. Tooley entered, not drunk, as he often was, but sober and in an agreeable mood, as he took a seat and said:

"I am home earlier than usual, which accounts for supper not being ready. I brought some things along, and if Effie has a mind to take the trouble, we can have a little treat," and he took several packages from his pockets.

"I think I have a mind," said Effie with a smile, as she arose and hastily began preparing the table, while her mother laid down her work, and made an extra cup of tea, her heart all the while beating with an unusual expectancy of hope. As they were seated at the table, Mr. Tooley said:

"Would you and Effie like to go to the hall to hear the lecture this evening, mother?"

"What kind of lecture, papa?" and Effie turned an interested face to the speaker.

"A temperance lecture, I've been told. It's some one from a distance, and real smart, they say."

"Of course we want to go," said Effie. "Do you not, mamma?"

"I am sure we do," was all Mrs. Tooley could manage to say, for she was deeply moved, and was questioning within herself if the Lord was about to answer prayers and set her in a larger place.

That was an evening never to be forgotten by the Tooleys. The crowded hall with its sea of upturned faces, listening to the convincing arguments and eloquent appeals of the speaker. Strong men were moved even to tears, as he pleaded, while once in a while a sob broke forth from some woman, whose heart had grown sore over the long waiting for redemption to come to her loved ones, who were held in thrall by the drink-traffic. However, the climax was not reached until the people were urged to come forward and sign the pledge, when the platform was crowded by young and old. Among the number was David Tooley.

Mrs. Tooley was so overcome that Effie feared she would faint; and yet she saw no way of getting her out, until a gentleman noticed and came, saying, "Do not be disturbed, joy seldom kills. Here is a glass of water and a fan."

Effie soon found her mother better, and several coming to congratulate her, on account of what her husband had done.

"Helen, dear, are you ill?" said Mr. Tooley, coming to his wife.

"No, David, I am overcome with joy. The Lord answered me, while I was yet speaking."

"There is something strange," said Mr. Tooley. "As I received my week's wages to-night, I was going into Stoner's, the same as usual, when it just seemed as though I was held back. As I hesitated, Dick Turner came along and told me about the lecture, and I turned and went into Hill's grocery and made my purchases, and came home."

"And Effie and I were at home praying for you, David."

"Strange, isn't it, wife?"

"No. God is a prayer-hearing God, and if you put your trust in him he is able to save you."

STANLEY'S RESPONSIBILITY.

A WRITER in the *New Review*, speaking of the difficulty in realizing what "Darkest Africa" was fifteen years ago when Stanley began his explorations, tells an anecdote quite to the point:

"A little maid was doing her geography lesson the other evening. A brand new map of Africa was before her, and she was puzzling her way among the maze of names. 'Dear me,' said her mother, looking over her shoulder, 'what a different thing the map of Africa is now from what it was when I was young. When I was at school all the map was white, except around the coast, and we had only a few names to learn.'

"Oh, yes," said the girl, looking at the subject from the school-girl's standpoint, 'it's all that horrid man Stanley.'—*Wide Awake*.

THE FERRIS WHEEL.

RIGHT in the centre of the Midway Plaisance stands the gigantic structure known as the Ferris wheel, and after one ride in it I could sympathize with the little girl who said she was going to save all the money her father gave to spend at the Fair and ride round in the wheel till it (the money, not the wheel) was gone. The wheel is really a double wheel, built of iron, and is two hundred and fifty feet in diameter. Between these two wheels are suspended cars like horse cars, only wider, with a row of seats on each side and through the middle. There are thirty-six of these cars, each capable of seating thirty-eight persons. Each car has a guard, and all who pay the fifty cents for a ride are carried around twice. They could take about seventy thousand passengers each day, but at the time we were there from six to ten thousand was the daily average.

Let us imagine for a moment that we are going to take a ride on the wheel. The door of the car closes, and without the slightest jar, and with scarcely a perceptible motion, the great wheel begins to revolve. Slowly and easily we rise above the street, and the domes, pinnacles, flags, and statues of the beautiful white buildings come into view. No one can get dizzy or feel afraid, and the only way we can tell positively that the wheel has stopped to take passengers on some car away below us is by looking toward the wheel itself, where we can see the opposite cars descending as we ascend, or realize that all are standing still. Having reached the highest point, we look down on the tables in Old Vienna, where the waiters seem like flies moving about; hear with strange distinctness the thrumming noise of Turkish orchestras, and other sounds from below; and then, as we come down, go to the other side of the car to look off to the west away from the Fair grounds, where the most prominent object is the Chicago University. Soon we begin to ascend again, and as the time is just dusk we see the lights twinkling into life on the Administration dome, on the two cupolas of the New York State Building, and elsewhere, until the grounds and buildings are like another sky bright with a million stars. Suddenly a bright light like that of the sun floods every part of our car, and we realize that the great German search-light upon the Manufactures Building, which can send its rays seventy-five miles if need be, has been turned upon the Ferris wheel, and we have the strange experience of seeing the dusk deepen into night, and be transformed into daylight, and of stepping out into the night again—all in the space of twenty-five minutes!

THE NEEDLE-AND-THREAD TREE.

IMAGINE the luxury of such a tree, and the delight of going out to your needle-and-thread orchard, and picking a needle threaded all ready for business! Odd as it may seem to us, there is out on the Mexican plains just such a forest growth. The tree partakes of the nature of gigantic asparagus, and has large, thick, fleshy leaves, reminding one of the cactus—the one popularly known as the "prickly pear." The "needles" of the needle-and-thread tree are set along the edges of the thick leaves.

In order to get one equipped for sewing, it is only necessary to push the thorn, or "needle," gently backward into its fleshy sheath, thus to loosen it from the tough outside covering of the leaf, and then pull it from the socket. A hundred fine fibres adhere to the thorn like spider webs. By twisting the "needle" during the drawing operation, this fibre can be drawn out to an almost indefinite length. The action of the atmosphere toughens these minute threads amazingly, to such a degree as to make a thread twisted from it, not larger than common No. 40, capable of sustaining a weight of five pounds, about three times the tensile strength of common "six-cord" thread. The scientific name of this forest wonder is *Tenryana Macudina*.

Out of twenty young men who competed for a West Point cadetship at Westfield, Mass., ten were rejected by the physician because they had "the tobacco heart," brought on by cigarette-smoking. They were unfit for West Point service.