

A Boy's Hymn.

Just as I am, thine own to be,
Friend of the young, who lovest me,
To consecrate myself to thee,
O Jesus Christ, I come.

In the glad morning of my day,
My life to give, my vows to pay,
With no reserve and no delay,
With all my heart I come.

I would live ever in the light;
I would work ever for the right;
I would serve thee with all my might,
Therefore to thee I come.

Just as I am, young, strong and free,
To be the best that I can be
For truth and righteousness and thee,
Lord of my life, I come.

With many dreams of fame and gold,
Success and joy to make me bold,
But dearer still my faith to hold,
For my whole life I come.

And for thy sake to win renown,
And then to take my victor's crown,
And at thy feet to cast it down,
O Master, Lord, I come.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, JUNE 17, 1893.

SAVED BY TELEGRAPH.

A young man was once employed as a clerk in a telegraph office in a town in England. In some way or other God led him to see that he was a sinner, and this caused him great distress of mind. Like a poor lamb on the mountains, he felt that he had wandered from God's fold and was a lost sheep. But he could not tell where to find the Shepherd, or how to get back to his fold. But Jesus "the Good Shepherd" took a singular way to find him and bring him back.

The young man went to the office one morning in great distress of mind from the burden of his sins. He was lifting up his heart in secret, and saying, "God be merciful to me, a sinner," when the click of the telegraph machine before him told him that a message was coming. He looked up and saw that it came from Windermere, up among the beautiful lakes and mountains. There was first the name and residence of the person for whom the telegram was sent, and then followed these words from the Bible: "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world. In whom we have redemption through his blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of his grace." And then followed the name of the person sending it. This was a strange message to send by telegraph. The explanation of it was this: the telegram was sent to a servant girl living in that town. She was in distress about her sins, and trying to find Jesus. She

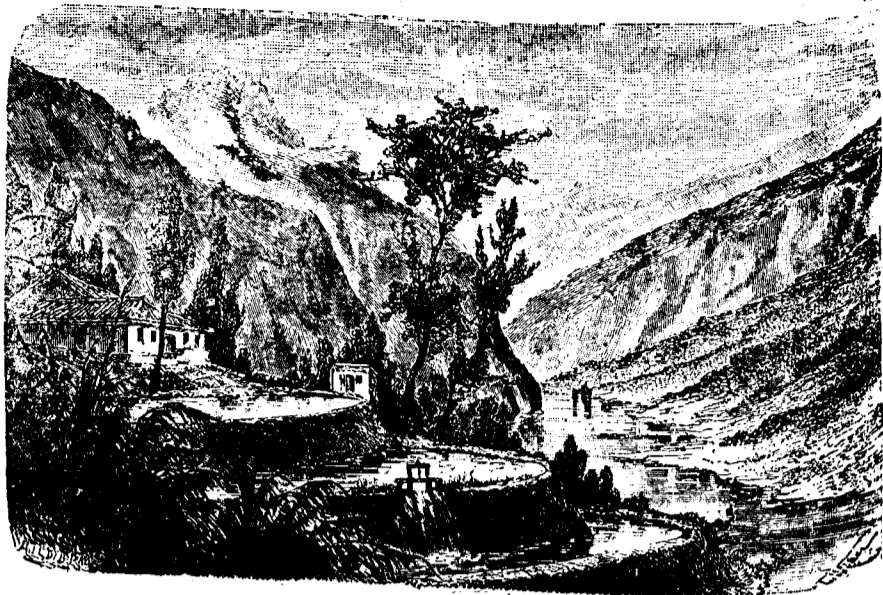
had a brother who was a Christian; he was a servant in the family of a gentleman who was spending his summer at the lakes. This poor girl had written to her brother telling him about the trouble she was in, and asking him the great question, "What must I do to be saved?" Her brother had no time to write to her just then, so he sent her this telegram. The poor girl found her way to Jesus through those sweet words from her brother, and so did that young man in the telegraph office. This was a telegram from heaven to him. Those precious words—"the Lamb of God," "sin taken away," "redemption through his blood" and "riches of his grace"—brought him to Jesus, and he found peace in him. The Good Shepherd made use of the telegraph wire to bring one of his lost sheep to himself.

TEMPERANCE BOYS AND GIRLS.

I wish to give three reasons why all boys and girls ought to be on the side of temperance. First, because they know enough about the evils of rum and the meaning of the pledge. Some one who thought boys and girls ought not to sign the pledge asked a little boy, "What does the word 'drunk' mean?" He answered, "Getting crazy on purpose." Then he was asked, "What does 'pledge' mean?" "To promise something, and then to stick to it." The man saw the boy understood it, and so let him sign the pledge and work for temperance. The second reason that I want the boys and girls on the side of temperance is because men by-and-by will be in character what we get the boys to be now. Bad boys will most likely be bad men, and good boys, good men. In France when the wicked tyrants were kings, some of the boys had a band of hope, and when they marched they had on their flags the words, "Tremble, tyrants, we shall grow up." They intended to drive the wicked rulers out of the country when they were men. So temperance boys can say, "Tremble, intemperance and rumselling, we shall grow up and put a stop to it." The third reason is because everybody can do something to help the cause of temperance, even the boys and girls. If there were only two temperance people in the world to-day, and each of them should get one more every year to be for temperance, and each of them should get one more every year, it would be but thirty years before all the people in the world would be on the side of temperance. Let us all sign the pledge and keep it, and get everybody else we can to let rum entirely alone.

AFRAID OF A CHAIR.

THOMAS D. BESOLW, a native African, is relating in the *Golden Rule* some of the experiences of his boyhood. Of his introduction to life at a mission school he says: "You cannot imagine my astonishment at my first sight of the furnishings of a civilized home. I wondered whether the chairs, the tables, and the little adornments were made by human or by divine hands, and I decided that they had been made by the latter. Mrs. Roberts motioned me to a chair. I hardly dared to sit on it as I saw her doing on another; but, afraid of the consequences that might follow disobedience, I did sit gingerly on the chair's very edge. Then the breakfast was served. Some half-dozen African boys came in and took their seats at the table. I was astonished again when they took up their knives and forks and began to ply them. They gave me a knife and a fork, and directed me to use them as I saw the others do. My attempts to handle these inventions of men must have been funny enough; for, try as hard as I could, I was not able to manage them properly. How in the world, thought I, could a man ever get enough to eat at such a meal as this one was? Why did they have the food scattered about on so many different dishes? Why did they not put it all together and eat out of a common bowl? How was it that a woman was allowed to sit with us while we were eating? Among my people women are not allowed to eat with the guests unless they are queens or of some high caste. My fear of the white people was being rapidly alleviated, but I did think them very childish and silly.



TERRACES FOR THE GROWTH OF RICE.

FARMING IN CHINA.

TOBACCO AND LONG LIFE.

II.

BY C. H. S.

CULTIVATION OF RICE.

The cultivation of rice, so different from any branch of farming at home, is very interesting. A rice field must be so prepared that water can be kept standing upon it five or six months in the year. This is accomplished by constructing mud dykes a foot high around small plots of ground. These dykes are wide enough for a footpath and, since there are no fences in China are used as cross-roads. In the mountainous district considerable ingenuity is displayed in making rice fields. The hillsides are utilized by cutting the earth downwards several feet from the summit until a field three or four feet wide can be dyked. This process is continued until the base is reached. If the hill has a considerable slope the fields become wider and wider as they approach the valley, and may number ten or more. It has already been observed that the Chinese farmers are very particular about the appearance of their farms, and hence these fields are regular and neat as the surroundings will permit. To stand upon the summit of a hill thus artificially arranged is truly a great privilege.

The reader has perhaps asked where does all the water come from to supply the thousands of acres of rice lands. This is indeed an important question when we consider that in China rice is the staff of life, and a famine would mean great suffering. Different sections have different methods of flooding according to their natural or dependent resources.

The district in which Canadian Methodism has established her first work in China has the most simple and most effective system. To the west are a range of hills which roll backwards to the borders of Thibet. These hills are almost constantly shrouded in clouds. From their ravines surging streams are ever flowing, gathering strength and volume as they meet, to pass through beautiful gorges into the plains. No sooner does the water leave its mountain home than it loses its freedom. Huge breakwater dams are constructed so as to drive the main river into several large streams, which run in different directions and naturally go rushing through the mighty plains that surround Chen-tu. These smaller streams are utilized by driving larger poles nearly across their surface in order to back up the water sufficiently to fill canals, which in turn supply large ditches. The latter intersect the country in every direction. To flood a field a clod of earth is removed from the dyke and the nearest ditch dammed until the water pours through the opening. By removing a clod at the lower end—the water flows away. It is indeed refreshing to the eye, but not to the parched lips of the traveller, when journeying in the scorching sun, to see rushing along on both sides of the road clear mountain water. The weary feet can be bathed, but too many evil germs lie concealed in each sparkling drop to drink with safety. Like the pleasures of sin they are fair in appearance but poisonous.

Was the life of the great poet and good man, John G. Whittier, lengthened to the age of eighty-five years by his total abstinence principles from the use of tobacco, and then passed away like the going to sleep of a tired child in the arms of his mother, a sweet grand old man?

Was the life of the wonderful specimen of manhood, physically and mentally, of the late Bishop Phillips Brooks, shortened by the use of tobacco, whose death was so sudden and unexpected, dying with heart disease at the age of fifty-eight years, giving universal grief that a life so genial, so beneficent should have closed so soon?

A Modern Prodigal,

Mrs. Julia McNair Wright.

CHAPTER VI.

THE PIPING DAYS OF PEACE.

WHEN the second summer of Thomas Stanhope's imprisonment brought the first day of July, great changes had been wrought in the Stanhope home.

The first day of July was an important date on the mountain, as it marked the close of the school term, and the teacher always made it a festivity, with music, speeches, and decorations. Achilles, in his rôle of father of the family, attended the examination with his mother. With pride veiled under an appearance of stern criticism, he listened to Samuel "speaking a piece," and Letitia reading her crude composition. No parent present took a more sedate and intense interest than this burly boy in his sixteenth year, on whom the cares of the household rested. He observed to his mother as they walked home that "the children did as well as anybody." He gave his mother his arm, and held up his head, and was proud of being by an inch the tallest person in the family.

Achilles himself had no intellectual or scholastic longings. During the winter he had gone to school for three months, and put all his energy into arithmetic and writing. As for reading, he read the newspaper, all that he could borrow. He read solely with an eye to the main chance, his one object being to learn how to make the most and best of his little house and plot of ground.

When his newspaper advocated the growing of cucumbers in barrels, he promptly prepared barrels for cucumbers; and to force the cucumbers by turning the tops of the barrels into hot-beds, he took out both sashes from the window of his attic room, and used them to glass the barrels. His mother felt sure that he and Samuel would get their death of cold, but it seemed that the more air they had in their sleeping room the better they thrived.

When the newspapers informed Achilles that Mrs. Stanhope and others made...