

Boys Make Men.

When you see a ragged urchin
Staring wistful in the street
With torn hat and knee-loose trousers,
Dirty face and bare, red feet,
Pass not by the child unheeding
Smile upon him. Mark me, when
A grown old he'll not forget it!
For, remember, boys make men.

Have you never seen a grandaio,
With his eyes aglow with joy,
Bring to mind some act of kindness
Something said to him, a boy?
Or, relate some slight or coldness,
With a brow all clouded, when
He recalls some heart too thoughtless
To remember boys make men.

Let us try to add some pleasure
To the life of every boy;
For each child needs tender interest,
In its sorrow and its joy.
All your boys home by its brightness;
They avoid the household when
It is cheerless with unkindness,
For, remember, boys make men.
—*Youth's Companion.*

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 12, 1892.

SABBATH EVENING THOUGHTS.

DELIGHTFUL, tranquil, Sabbath evening. Its hallowed light still reddens the Eastern sky, and lingers on the mountain's highest peak. The day has ended; the sun has gone down; the clouds have turned to gold, and twilight is spreading over hills and valleys. There is a general homeward march; flocks and herds repair to their folds. The birds sing their evening songs and seek their nightly rest in the thickest leaves of the trees. Who can describe the grandeur and glory of a calm, quiet Sabbath evening? No sudden transition of day to night. But a gradual, pleasant, transporting change, and yet a real, wondrous, mighty change. A great hour for inspiration, meditation, thought sublime. The heavens declare the glory of God; the clouds that cover the mountain's gleaming heights reflect his wisdom and glory, too; and the mellow light that tints the quiet hills is the symbol of that reign of universal peace which shall come to all the saints of God in the new world. Ho! comrades and strangers, too, let us seek repose in the solitude. A little while and all this glory will pass away. See already how the shadows of night are chasing each other over the plains. A gloomy darkness will soon cover the land and the sea. But we fear not the darkness; its gloom is no omen of ill to us. We can even lie down in the woods and sleep in peace and safety. Why? Because we know that another morning is coming and that the same almighty power that guides us during the day-time will also guard us during the darkest night. We are also assured

that the starry heavens will measurably dispel the darkness, and cause the night to be even more delightful than the day. Time passes on. The seasons of the rolling year follow each other in rapid succession. The Summer Sabbath evenings are all gone. This is an autumn Sabbath evening; but not less glorious. The forest leaves have a deeper green; the flowers a richer hue. Or, perhaps, leaves and flowers are tinged by autumn winds and frosts—and see now what variegation of colours! Everywhere, far and near, on the hills and in the valleys; on the mountain's gleaming summit, and in the valley's flowery depths, we behold the beauty and grandeur of a world—a fading world. Go forth, ye men of contemplative minds; survey the world; let your thought take wing and soar beyond the starry skies whence emanates this transporting evening glory. If such is the beauty of the fading, what must the unfading and the infinite be? If such is the grandeur of the world destined to destruction, I ask, what will be the glory of that world which will last forever and forever? O mortal man, think of your immortality! Think of the indestructibility of that mind which leads you forth this hallowed Sabbath evening to scenes of wondrous meditations in fields and woods, on hills and in valleys; and enables you to survey the starry world with so much pleasure and delight. If such is the glory of the natural world, our temporary abode only, what must be the glory of the infinite and eternal world, the permanent and everlasting home of the children of God, to which they are gathering homeward from every land? As their weary feet touch the shining shore, they lay down their travel-stained garments, put on the beautiful white raiment, and rest, sweetly rest forever more. Through the waters of death they come, although the waves of the river are dark and cold, they take hold of the staff and follow the Light, the Redeemer and Guide of the saints to the evergreen heavenly hills of paradise. Oh, let us cast all our cares and fears to the wind, with the fair city in view and our fair Saviour to help us.—*Selected.*

AN AGATE FOREST.

SOME wonderful specimens of agate from Arizona were lately exhibited by a well-known house in New York City. This agate is "petrified wood," but like no other petrified wood previously discovered. The colouring is brilliant and beautiful; glowing red, the delicate blending and tinting of grays, blues, and greens, with here and there a glistening quartz crystal, make a rare combination.

These beautiful slabs, two or three feet across, were sawn from great stone logs. The perfect likeness of the tree is there—concentric rings, the radiating lines, the rough, gnarled bark, and even every knot has its facsimile in the stone.

Petrifications in wood have been discovered before, but they have been in neutral tints; the size and richness of the colouring are what render this recent discovery remarkable, for, previous to this, agates thirteen inches in diameter were considered large.

The finding of this agate forest as it might properly be termed, is interesting. When the Apache chief, Geronimo, led the frontiersmen such a lively chase in Arizona, he ran better than he knew. During the pursuit of the Indians, the heart of the Apache country was penetrated. It was on one of these wild chases that a cowboy named Adams found himself in the before undiscovered petrified forests of Arizona.

As soon as he was able, he reported his wonderful find to the Governor of Arizona. His story was laughed at. "All right," said the cowboy, "if my story isn't true, I'll bear the expenses of the journey there and back."

The story was true, and there, prone in the depths of the lava desert, they saw the remains of a forest, changed into brilliant-hued, translucent agate, held in form by the petrified bark, every ridge and knot perfectly translated. For ages the water impregnated with silica, played over and amongst these forest trees, wearing the wood away, and, cell by cell, atom by atom, replacing it by the stone.

It is assumed that powerful geysera may

have burst forth, and with their heated waters covered this forest, and then perhaps, after centuries, settled away, leaving as monuments of their work these agate petrifications. Stumps, trees, twigs, fallen logs are all represented in the beautiful stone.

The cutting and polishing of these great agates is a work of exceeding difficulty. Thirty-five days were consumed in sawing across one of the stone logs. No steel instrument can make an impression, can even scratch the polished specimen on exhibition. Diamond dust and saws with diamond teeth alone will cut them.

Of course much of the work must be done on the spot. Hence a fortified camp has been set up in the Arizona wilderness, and here are sawn out the blocks and slabs of agate.

A STORY WITH TWO SIDES.

A WOMAN stood at the bar of justice, and by her side two stalwart policemen. Her name was called and she answered. Then the judge asked the clerk to read the charge against her.

"Disorderly conduct on the street and disturbing the peace," read the clerk.

"Who are the witnesses against the woman?" asked the judge; and the two policemen stepped forward to be sworn.

"Now tell the story," said the judge, and one of them began.

"I arrested this woman in front of a saloon on Broadway on Saturday night. She had raised a great disturbance, was fighting and brawling with the men in the saloon, and the saloon-keeper put her out. She used the foulest language, and with an awful threat struck at the keeper with all her force. I then arrested her and took her up to the detention house and locked her up."

"The next witness will take the stand," said the judge; and the other policeman stepped up.

"I saw the arrest and knew it to be just as stated. I saw the woman fighting as the saloon-keeper put her out on the street. I heard the vile language she used in the presence of the crowd that gathered in the street."

"Call the saloon-keeper. What do you know of this case?"

"I know dis voman vas makin' disturbance by my saloon. She comes there and she makes troubles und she fights mit me, and I puts her the door oud. I know her all along. She vas pad voman."

Turning to the trembling woman, the judge said:

"This is a pretty clear case, madam; have you anything to say in your own defence?"

"Yes, judge," she answered in strangely calm though trembling voice.

"I am not guilty of the charge, and these men standing before you have perjured their souls to prevent me from telling the truth. It was they and not I that violated the law. I was in the saloon last Saturday night, but I'll tell you how it happened."

"My husband did not come home from work that evening, and I feared he had gone to the saloon. I knew he must have drawn his week's wages, and we needed it all so badly. I put the little ones to bed, and then waited all alone through the weary hours until after the city clock struck twelve. Then, I thought, the saloons will be closed, and he will be put out in the street. Probably he will not be able to get home, and the police will arrest him and lock him up. I must go and find him and bring him home. I wrapped a shawl around me and started out, leaving the little ones asleep in bed, and, judge, I have not seen them since."

Here the tears came to her eyes and she almost broke down, but restraining herself she went on:

"I went to the saloon where I thought most likely he would be. It was twenty minutes after twelve, but the saloon,"—pointing to the saloon-keeper, who seemed to want to crouch out of sight—"was still open and my husband and these two policemen"—pointing to those who had so lately sworn against her—"were standing at the bar with their lips still wet with drink, and the fleck of foam not yet settled in the empty glasses before them. I stepped up to my husband and asked him to go home with

me, but the men laughed at him, and the saloon-keeper ordered me out. I said, 'No, I want my husband to go with me.' Then I tried to tell him how badly we needed the money he was spending, and again the keeper cursed me and ordered me to leave. Then I confess I could stand no more, and I said, 'You ought to be prosecuted for violating the midnight closing law.'

"At this the saloon-keeper and policemen rushed upon me and put me out into the street, and one of the policemen, grasping my arm like a vise, hissed in my ear, 'I'll get you thirty days' sentence in the workhouse and then see what you think about suing people.' He called a patrol wagon, pushed me in, and drove to the house of detention, and judge, you know the rest. All day yesterday I was locked up, my children at home alone, with no fire, no food, no mother."

It was well the story was finished for a great sob choked her utterance, and she could say no more.

"Dismissed," said the judge in a husky voice, and the guilty woman who had so disturbed the peace passed out of the courtroom.

But what of the saloon-keeper, who violated the law by keeping open after twelve o'clock at night? And what of the policeman who violated their obligation by drinking while on duty, and who threatened an honest woman with a sentence in the workhouse if she dared tell the truth? Oh, nothing at all. They were too guilty to be prosecuted.

The facts of this story will be found on record in Judge Ernston's court.—*Cincinnati Living Issue.*

A GOOD PLAN.

Two boys were going down the street of a little village one hot, dusty day. "I'm very dry," said one of them, as he wiped the sweat from his face, "and I am tired too. Ain't you, Robert?"

"Yes, I am," answered Robert.

"Let us stop somewhere and rest and get a drink."

"I am favourable to that plan," said the other lad.

"Here's a cool looking place; let's go in."

The place he referred to was a saloon. On the windows were painted in gilt letters, "Liquors and cigars. Come in."

"No," said Robert, shaking his head, "I won't go in there. Let's go on farther."

"But why not stop here?" asked the other lad. "The place looks pleasant—more so than the other place I can see."

"Yes, it looks pleasant enough," said Robert; "but it's a saloon. They sell liquor there."

"What of that?" asked the other.

"We're not obliged to drink any of it if we go in, are we?"

"Well, no," answered Robert; "but I don't like getting into the habit of lounging about such places. There seems to be something about them that fascinates a fellow. I've watched the men who go in there, I've heard them talk about it. They say they know they ought not to hang about the saloons, but if they stop to-day, tomorrow they want to go again, and something seems to draw them there in spite of their judgment. They don't visit a saloon very often before they get to smoking and drinking and playing cards, and the first they know they are neglecting their business for the pleasure they find in this kind of life. It's down, down, all the way, and from what I've seen of this drink business it seems to me it's just as it is with us when we take a run down hill: we get to going faster and faster, and we can't stop till we reach the bottom; it seems as if we were obliged to keep on going when we get fairly under motion. It's just so with most men who get into the habit of drinking; when they get started they can't stop till they get to the bottom. I don't want to get started; I don't want to put myself in the way of being tempted to start; so I think best to keep out of the saloon. As long as I keep away I'm safe."

"You're right," said the other. "I didn't think of that. I don't want to be a drunkard any more than you do, and I'll shake hands in keeping out of the starting place of drunkards if you will." And they shook hands on this good resolution, and I hope they will always adhere to it.