

Wise Little Jack

BY CHARLES M. BINSSETT

Two strong, tall, sun-burnt, bright,
Were ruffling about the shore,
Looking to see what the tide had brought
To the land with its rush and roar.

Tangle I with kelp and seaweed brown
Were the driftwood sticks and blocks,
And Jack and Dan laughed merrily,
Tossing them high on the rocks.

"They all will make such jolly fires,"
Said Dan, "when the days are cold!
And then his hand on a shining flask
In the sea weed took firm hold.

"And here's what keeps the sailors warm
When the winds are blowing loud!"
"This rum," cried Jack, "and it spoils the
blood,
And it makes men old and bowed!"

Just then a man with trembling steps,
Came over the rocks in view,
And the wind which rendered the boy's warm
cheeks,
Made his look pined and blue.

"He was the strongest fat in the Port,"
Jack pitifully did say
"And the liquor wrecked him," whispered
Dan,
As he flung the flask away.

"Crash!" it went upon the stones;
Said the sailor as he passed,
"These things are not to be had by men,
An' I useful, but be brand!"

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

Rev. W. H. WHITKILL, D.D., Editor

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DON'T GIVE UP YOUR BOYS

One of the most eminent pulpit and platform orators of this continent has all his life been troubled with a serious impediment of speech. An American physician whom few surpass in fame, skill and patronage, had St. Vitus's Dance till he was twelve years old. Another professional man whose name is familiar to thousands who read these words, had epileptic fits till he was past ten years of age. The Chief Justice of one of the Supreme Courts of the United States is almost a dwarf. A noted architect is so unprepossessing in appearance that hardly any one would take him for a person of ordinary intelligence, and one of the chief railway lawyers has a miserable voice. Of lame men in the highest position there are many, and the partly deaf entering prosperity are all about us. Don't give up your boys who have some impediment. And do not let them give themselves up. Encourage them to a noble ambition, help them with discretion, they may honour your family name and comfort your old age beyond those whose perfect form and rapidly maturing strength now delight your eyes.

JESUS DIED FOR ME.

BY F. P. HAMMOND

SOME time ago I was in the country at Nashville, Tenn., and I call to mind the touching story of a stranger who was seen there planting a flower over a soldier's grave. When asked—

"Was your son buried there?"

"No," was the answer.

"Your son-in-law?"

"No."

"A brother?"

"No."

"A relation?"

"No."

After a moment the stranger laid down a small flag which he held in his hand, and said, "Well, I will tell you. When the war broke out I was a farmer in Illinois. I wanted to enlist, but I was poor. I had a wife and seven children. I was drafted. I had no money to hire a substitute, and so I made up my mind that I must leave my poor sickly wife and little children, and go and fight the enemy. After I was ready to go a young man whom I knew came to me and said, 'You have a large family which your wife can not take care of. I will go for you.' He did go in my place. In the battle of Chickamauga he was wounded and taken to Nashville hospital, but after a long sickness he died and was buried here. Ever since I wanted to come to Nashville and see his grave; and so I saved up all the money I could, and yesterday I came on and to-day found my dear friend's grave."

With tears of gratitude running down his cheeks, he took up the small board and pressed it down into the ground in place of a tombstone. Under the soldier's name were written only these words: "He died for me."

No wonder the tears were running down that farmer's cheeks. He well knew that soldier had saved his life. Gladly, therefore, he spent his time and hard earned means to do what little he could to express his love and gratitude. If you had stood by the side of that grave and heard him say, "There is the grave of a man who went in my place as a soldier, and died for me; but I don't care; I didn't ask him to go; he might have stayed at home if he had a mind to," what would you have thought of him? But you know that the dear loving Jesus has died a more dreadful death for you; and yet if you are not a Christian you do not love him for it. You have never thanked him for dying for you. You never shed any tears as you have thought of his great love for you. Will you not trust him? Will you not love him as your best friend, and lead others to love him too?

THE RABBIT IN THE MOON.

I suppose every boy and girl on this side of the world has heard of the man in the moon, and has looked many a time for his jolly round face in the great silver ball in the heavens. But our opposite neighbours, the Chinese young folk, look for a rabbit in the moon.

Once upon a time, the story runs, there was a grand meeting of animals in China to do honour to the god who was their special friend and protector. On a high hill there was an altar built of stone for sacrifice to the deity. The wood was piled upon it, and the priest stood by with his torch waiting for the beasts of the field and wood to come and lay their offerings upon the altar. And first there came from the jungles of Thibet the lion, the great king of the forest. Advancing with stately step he declared with a mighty roar that he would use his great strength for the support of his god; he would crush to the earth and tear in pieces any enemy who dared him insult.

As the great lion entered into the forest, the beautiful and fleet horse pranced forth. Proudly curving his neck, he spoke saying that his duty might rely on his swiftness at any moment. The lion was strong and savage, but where speed was required he was useless. At any moment, he said, he was ready to travel on the errands of the god anywhere over the broad earth; and he would carry his friend into safety, and bring to him news of the treason of his enemies. And then with a graceful leap the horse bounded away and in a moment was out of sight. Then the cow stopped

forth in her peaceful way, and promised to nourish all little children who were in the god's favour; and the patient ox declared that he would draw the plow after day, great stones to the building of the temple in honour of the deity. The dog offered to sit before the entrance and defend the holy place from all unworthy to enter. The tiger and the leopard, the elephant, and even the antelope, each and all came forth and promised to use their power to the glory of their god. The gay and brilliant birds of Asia, perching in the trees overhead, all sang praises in his honour, and declared that the groves around the temple should ever resound with their songs.

And then, last of all, in the humblest, quietest manner, a little white beast hopped forth from the shade, a timid little rabbit. In a gentle voice he said that he was neither strong, nor fleet, nor graceful, nor in any way useful, and as he had nothing to offer whereby his god could be glorified, he desired to offer himself, and without another word he leaped forward and cast himself on the smoking pile. The Chinese say that the god was so pleased that he placed the modest little rabbit in the moon, and said he should always be kept in honourable remembrance.

STRANGE AFRICAN MONEY.

BY SOPHIE S. SMITH.

TEACHER—Did you ever see African money?

Scholar—I don't think I have; but I suppose it is very much like ours.

Teacher—It is nothing like ours, nor like the money of any other country. In fact, it cannot be called money properly, for the people of Africa have neither coins nor bank bills.

Scholar—What do they use?

Teacher—Sometimes they use beads, ivory, and cotton cloth; and in some sections, especially along the Congo, brass rods.

Scholar—Brass rods! Why, that is the strangest of all! How much are they worth?

Teacher—About twelve cents and a-half by the time they get to Africa, and it takes five of them to make a pound.

Scholar—How large are they?

Teacher—About twenty-six inches long. When Mr. Stanley was in Africa he used these rods; and at one time had four tons of them in his store-house on the Congo river.

Scholar—They must be very inconvenient to carry around.

Teacher—They do not carry them around as we do our money, but keep them stored away, and only bring them out when they want to trade.

Scholar—What do they buy?

Teacher—Whatever they want. There are some things they never buy because they do not wear them; such as boots, caps, trousers, and coats. Their only covering is a piece of cotton cloth wound around the loins of the grown people, while the children are often without even that. You see, they don't spend money on dress, nor waste time in fixing up. One of the evil uses they make of these rods is to barter them for human lives.

Scholar—Do they buy and sell slaves in Africa?

Teacher—A great many grown people, as well as children, are bought and sold even in those regions where white people are. They will give from two to three hundred brass rods for a good, bright boy.

Scholar—Are they sold away from their parents?

Teacher—Yes. They are bought by strangers, who sometimes take them far away from home, and who care nothing for them beyond the labour they get from them. One poor little slave boy came to a missionary and begged him to buy him from his master, for he knew he would be taught and well treated by the missionary. When the missionary had taken him, and he was dressed as English boys are, he put his arms around him, called him his father, and said that he would always live with him. He remained with him until he became a man, and then went out among his own people as a missionary.

Scholar—Are they doing nothing to stop this wicked thing?

Teacher—Yes; missionaries are there labouring among these people, and we hope after awhile there will be no more people or children sold in Africa.

Home Boys.

BY A WHITE-MISSOURI.

These boys that are wanted are good boys,
Good from the heart to the lip,
True as the lily is white and pure,
And who neither will smoke nor sip.
The boys that are wanted are home boys,
Boys that are another's right hand,
That fathers and sisters can trust, too,
And the little ones understand.

Boys that are good on the hearthstone,
And pleasant when nobody sees;
Kind and sweet to their own folk,
Ready and anxious to please.
The boys that are wanted are true boys,
That always do just as they say,
That drive with a smile or a kind word
The cares of the household away.

The boys that are wanted are boys with hearts;

They are wanted for fathers, by wives,
Wanted to give to the coming race,
The strongest and purest of lives,
The clever, the witty, the brilliant boy,
(They are very few, understand!)
But oh! for the good, and pure home boy,
There's a constant and steady demand.

"DRINK WITH THE MANHATTAN."

Just across the street from the United Brethren Publishing House stands a large and elegant edifice, the handsomest business building in the city. On the sidewalk, in front of one of the great rooms of this building, stands a huge tank bearing on its sides the legend, "Drink with the Manhattan." We have observed about various buildings in this and in other cities devices for inducing people to enter. In this, saloons especially excel, using a variety of attractions to allure the unwary on to destruction. But this is not an invitation to a saloon to drink. The great tank is filled with the purest water, kept cold by an abundance of ice. And here stands this cordial invitation, extended to every one who passes, to satisfy his thirst from the generous supply. We recognize in this arrangement an invaluable public benefaction. And it is the very best practical temperance arrangement, a kind of silent lecture that appeals to thirsty men, saying, "Do not go into the saloons; come here and refresh yourself with pure and cooling water." How naturally it suggests the invitation of the blessed Saviour, "If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink."

Added to this supply of refreshing water there is given, every Friday evening during the summer and early autumn, from a great platform before the same building, as elegant concert by a large and highly skilled cornet band. The concert, like the water, is entirely free to the public; and thousands throng the streets to hear it. The entire expense is borne by the management of the Manhattan store. Another illustration of the good will of the manager, Mr. Mose Cohen, was given in July of last year, by providing a free excursion to something over three thousand school children, to an inviting grove some forty miles distant, a free dinner for every one being included in the arrangement, the entire expense being borne by Mr. Cohen. It is understood, of course, that this gentleman hopes by his generous treatment of the public to gain a good return in business for his house; and as he has pursued this course some years, it may be presumed that this result follows. But we commend a course that gives to the people so large an amount of the purest enjoyment, especially the generous supply of water so greatly appreciated in a city where all the water is private and paid for with money.

Great results sometimes follow small acts of ours. We should seek opportunities to do good, and expect God's blessing on all we do in His Name.