

Nothing But Leaves.

Nothing but leaves; yet many a slave
Has early filled a drunkard's grave,
And sadly owned the tempter's power,
And cursed the day and cursed the hour
When first he used tobacco.

Tobacco is a poison weed,
It was the devil who sowed the seed;
To raise a crop of gin and rum,
Dear friends, I think; most everyone
Commences with tobacco.

Nothing but leaves; yet something more
When we see the dreadful power
It has upon the sons of men
Who chew and smoke, and chew again,
The filthy weed—tobacco.

A slave to just a few poor leaves,
No matter whose dear heart it grieves—
Whoever is a slave like this
Can never find in endless bliss
A place for his tobacco.

In heaven tobacco has no place,
On earth it is a foe to grace;
And the devil who sowed the seed,
Will say: "Come home, slaves of the weed,
My harvest from tobacco."

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, OCTOBER 28, 1893.

A SERVICE IN A SALOON.

In the course of a recent sermon, Mr. D. L. Moody related an incident of his early ministry in Chicago. He said that a Boston merchant who had been spending a few days in Chicago called on him and said that as he was returning to Boston he wanted to interest Mr. Moody in a family of bright children whose acquaintance he had made during his visit. Their father was a saloon-keeper and an infidel. "Well," says Mr. Moody, "I promised to look the family up, and I did so. I found the father a pretty hard case. After talking with him for some time, I wanted him to come to church. He replied: 'Well, young man, if you think so much of the church, you can have a church here in my saloon, if you like.' 'Very well,' I said, 'when?' 'Oh,' said he, 'any time.' 'Next Sunday morning, will that do?' 'Yes.' 'Will you ask some of your friends to come?' 'Yes.' 'Very well, I will be here next Sunday morning at eleven o'clock'; and as I turned to go out, he said, 'Mind, young man, you are not going to do all the preaching, I propose to do some of it myself.' 'Well,' I said, 'let us have a fair understanding, so that there shall be no mistake. How much time do you want?' 'Oh, my share. Then my friends will want some of the talk.' 'Well,' I said, 'how much do you want? Supposing you have forty-five minutes, you and your friends, and I fifteen, is that fair?' 'Yes, that's fair.' 'Well,' I said, 'I will take the last fifteen.' 'All right, I have no objection.' Well, the next Sun-

day morning I took a little orphan boy with me, that God had taught to pray, and when I got there I found nobody there, so I said to the wife, 'How is this?' I thought that he had got sick of his bargain; but she told me that so many people had come that there was no room for them there, and they had gone to his friend's room. I went there, and found two rooms full of people. "There were atheists and deists, and infidels and sceptics—about the hardest looking crowd that I ever saw. I got in at eleven o'clock, and as soon as I got in they began to ask questions. I said I did not come to answer questions, but to preach. 'You have the first forty-five minutes,' I said, 'now go on.' Well, some believed there was such a man as Jesus Christ; others believed there was not, some believed that there was a God of nature, and no two of them could agree, and they almost got into a quarrel before the forty-five minutes were over. I kept still and heard them all through, and when the forty-five minutes were up, I said, 'It is my turn now, but before I begin to preach I should like to pray.' So I went down on my knees, and one old infidel says, 'Here, young man, the Bible says that there must be two agreed about that.' "After I got through the prayer, I asked this young boy to pray, and I wish you could have heard him, how he prayed to God to convert this wicked man for talking against his Saviour. And after the prayer was over one man went out of one door and another man went out of another door. And the old infidel saloon-keeper came up and put his hand on my shoulder, and said, while the tears trickled down his cheeks, 'You can have my children come to your Sabbath-School.' Some months after the eldest son came to me at the noon-day prayer-meeting, and said, 'I wish, Mr. Moody, you would pray for my lost soul.' I prayed for him, and he became a child of God, but it took months to do it."—*The Christian Herald*.

STAG BEETLE OR COLEOPTERA.

The largest British beetle is that known as the Stag beetle, or Coleoptera, which is sometimes two inches or more in length. It is of a black or dark-brown colour, and lives in the trunks of trees by day, and flies about at night. Our illustration shows one of these giant beetles. No wonder that pussy looks terrified at her unexpected encounter with this queer looking beetle. "Is it an enemy or friend," pussy is wondering, and so she timidly puts out her paw. These Stag beetles are very strong and can pinch the finger pretty hard, though they will not do so unless provoked. Pussy had better be careful, therefore, or she will have her paw squeezed more tightly than is pleasant in the Stag beetle's manner of handshaking.

SHALLOW DISHES.

Most people know what it is to have a dish so shallow that anything when poured into it soon runs over and is spilled. There are human vessels of similar character. They can hold nothing. They slop over, if there is enough in them to slop; if not, they drizzle over. They take everybody into confidence, and talk about themselves till they have told everything they know. A few hours spent in their company, and you have learned the story of their sins and their sorrows, their friends and their enemies, their ups and their downs, their outs and their ins, so they have nothing more to communicate.

Shallow people not only tell their own secrets, but yours, if you are so foolish as to trust them with them. They catch everything and pass it on. They may not be malicious, but they are silly and imprudent, and their talk is a perpetual gush and drizzle, disclosing things which are of no possible consequence to those that hear them, but which only serve to do injury and create distrust.

There is one excellent thing about a clam—he knows enough to shut his mouth. If some shallow people would take lessons from the clam, and keep their mouths shut, who knows but if the outlet were dammed up, their shallow minds might increase in depth, and they might finally know something for themselves, which they had not told to everybody else. "A fool uttereth all his mind, but a wise man keepeth it back till afterwards." Who wants to be a fool?

GET IN SOMEWHERE.

BY DR. PENTECOST.

FIND your place in some Christian Church as soon as possible. Do not delay; but go at once to some godly minister and tell him that you are on the Lord's side, and want to get into rank with his people. I once heard a little child who had recently been converted. She was one day talking to her grandfather, who was questioning her about her new faith, and no doubt giving her some very good advice. Finally she said, "Grandpa, are you a Christian?" "Yes, my dear, I hope I am." "What church do you belong to, grandpapa?" "Oh, I belong to the Church of Christ." "But what is that? Are you a member of the same church that mamma and I are—the Episcopal church?" "No, my dear, I am not an Episcopalian." "Are you a Presbyterian, then?" "No, I am not a Presbyterian." "Are you a Baptist, then?" "No." "Are you a Methodist?" "No, dear; I do not belong to any of the churches; I just belong to Christ."

After a pause in which the little one was thinking it all over, she turned her face up to her grandfather's and said, "Well, grandpa, if I were you I would try to get in somewhere."

Now, I think the little Christian was right, and the old one was wrong. I know there are many who, from various reasons, stand apart from organized relations to the church of God. No church is perfect. No doubt we might all find things in the churches to which we are allied which we could wish might be changed; and certainly we see things in other bodies which we do not approve; but at the same time I would say, that it is better to be in than out. Imperfect as the outward church is, nevertheless it is the church of God, and among its members are to be found the true people of God, and within her organization are found the ordinances of God. I repeat the little girl's advice, "Get in somewhere."

THE OCEAN'S FLOOR.

AFTER four years of sounding, dredging, etc., the expedition sent out under the auspices of the British Government for the purpose of mapping the floor of the ocean has published its report and unfolded its map to the curious gaze of the "land lubbers." They show that the Atlantic, if drained would be a vast plain with a mountain range near the middle running parallel with our coast. Another range intersects this first, almost at right angles, and crosses from Newfoundland to Ireland.

The Atlantic, according to these soundings and maps, is divided into three great basins, but they are no longer set down as "unfathomed depths." The tops of most of these sea mountains are about two miles below the surface, and the deepest of the basins are two miles and a half deeper. According to Reclus the tops of these mountains are as white as though they were lying in the region of perpetual snow. The cause of this is that countless numbers of a species of pure white shell literally cover what would otherwise be jagged surfaces.

There is a queer old legend which comes down to us from the time of Solon and Plato, according to which, in the early ages of the world a continent extended from the west coast of Africa far out towards what is now South America. These recent scientific deep-sea soundings cast much light upon this old tradition. According to this report they found an "elevated plateau, the shape and extent of which corresponds to the site of the lost Atlantis almost exactly."

A SMOKY LOT.

ONE of the greatest difficulties that women have to encounter in training their children is the bad examples set by good men. It is easy to warn children not to follow in the steps of a gutter drunkard, but when they quote a wine-drinking minister it is much more difficult. A writer in the *Reformed Church Messenger* tells a story that will illustrate this: "A pious mother who, with her husband, had repeatedly cautioned their two sons

(respectively ten and twelve years of age) not to smoke, and promised to punish them in case they disobeyed, one day detected the smell of cigar smoke upon the boys upon their entering the home.

"They were at once charged with disobedience, and after some parleying, confessed that they had gone into an out-of-the-way place and gratified their desire.

"When the punishment was about to be inflicted, they pleaded in justification of their course that their Sunday-school teacher smoked. 'No difference,' replied the mother, 'the habit is an evil one, and if indulged in, will injure your health; lead to extravagance, and perhaps, after awhile, to the use of intoxicating drinks.' 'But, mother, our Sunday-school superintendent smokes!' The mother persisting in her determination to punish the children, was confronted with what was expected to be a full justification of their conduct. 'Why mother, our minister smokes!' What was to be done under trying circumstances? Justice had to be satisfied, and the lads were punished for following the example of their spiritual advisers, their Sunday-school teacher, their Sunday-school superintendent, and, to crown all, their own pastor! Comment is unnecessary, though it may be added that smoking has become so universal, that in many cities the amount spent for tobacco in its various forms would pay the salaries of all the ministers, and all church expenses, and leave a respectable sum for missions at home and abroad."

Good for that mother.

SHOULD CHRISTIANS USE TOBACCO.

The testimony of Jerry McAuley, the converted convict, river thief, prize fighter, drunkard, etc., who afterwards became the superintendent of the Water St. Mission, New York, on the use of tobacco by Christians, is as follows: "I resolved to give up tobacco. And here let me say a word about tobacco. I consider it a great stumbling-block in any Christian's life; but when a man has had an appetite for liquor, and is trying to keep from drinking, the use of tobacco is positively fatal. It will surely bring him back to his cups. If I had given it up when I gave up rum, I believe I should have had none of those fearful falls which I have described. I was led at last by the grace of God, to do the clean thing—to give up every sinful habit, and from that time Jesus has kept me." Before this he fell into sin a number of times.

THE CRY OF THE GREAT-EARED OWL.

WHEN Mr. Wilson, the naturalist, was hunting for birds along the shores of Ohio and in the deep forests of Indiana he was often roused from sleep just before daylight by loud and startling cries of "Waugh ho! Waugh ho!" At other times in the night a sound resembling the half-suppressed screams of a person suffocating or half throttled, disturbed his slumber. These cries came from the great-eared owl, or eagle owl. Do you wonder that he spoke of it as a "ghostly watchman" by no means entertaining "to a lonely benighted traveller in the midst of an Indian wilderness?"—*S. S. Classmate*.

THE MISSIONARY CHILD.

ONE Sabbath, on an island in the Indian Ocean, a missionary was studying a sermon to preach in the language of the people. A boy, half clad, came in and said:

"May I do something for Jesus?"

"And what can you do?" asked the missionary.

Blushing and stammering, as if afraid to say anything, he replied: "I will be always there; I will do it loud—please let me ring the bell!"

While he was a boy he rang the bell which invited people to church; and when he had become a man he preached to his people the same news that he had commenced calling the people to hear when he rang the Sabbath bell.

Boys, begin when you are young to call the people by bell, or mouth, or tract, or by inviting children to a Sabbath-school; and as you grow up you will be trained servants and soldiers to serve Christ where he shall call you.