

Our Battle Hymn.

The light of truth is breaking, on the
mountain-tops it gleams,
Let it flash along our valleys, let it glit-
ter on our streams,
Till all our land awakes in its flush of
golden beams
Our God is marching on.

Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Our God is marching on.

With purpose strong and steady, in the
Great Jehovah's name,
We rise to snatch our brethren from the
depths of woe and shame,
And the jubilee of freedom to the slaves
of drink proclaim.
Our God is marching on.

Our strength is in Jehovah, and our
cause is in his care;
With almighty arms to help us, we have
faith to do and dare,
While confiding in the promise that the
Lord will answer prayer.
Our God is marching on.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, AUGUST 13, 1898.

JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.
PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

AUGUST 21, 1898.

SOME THINGS THE BIBLE FORBIDS.
BREAKING THE SABBATH.

(Ex. 20, 8-11; Matt. 12, 10-12.)

There is scarcely any one of the Ten Commandments which we are more in danger of violating to-day than the Fourth Commandment—to remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy. There are many inducements and temptations to forget this command of God. The street cars, the Sunday bicycle, and especially the Sunday newspaper in the United States, have done a great deal to break down the reverence for God's day.

If some one had given us seven precious jewels, and said, "Now, six of these you may use for your pleasure, but this seventh I wish you to take care of for me," we would think it very mean if we refused this slight request.

God asks us to keep the seventh day for our own good. Man and beast need rest on the seventh day. Science has shown that even steam engines and the hardest metals by constant use will "become tired," the engineers say, and need rest. How much more flesh and muscle, the mind and brain?

Sunday is not intended to be a dull and gloomy day, but a bright and joyous one. "The bridal of the earth and sky," old Herbert calls it.

"In holy duties let the day
In holy pleasures pass away.
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest."

In glad songs in church and school, in cheerful study of God's Word and reading of helpful books, in waiting upon God in his house, and in the study of his word—thus shall the Sabbath be a blessing and a delight.

ELSIE AND KARL.

Karl came home from school one day and found his little sister in tears.
"What's the matter, Elsie?" he called out cheerily.

"Father's been drinking again," said the child. "He could hardly get home at all, his legs wobbled so. An' the boys made fun of him all along the street and one of them threw a stone which mos' hit him. He's asleep now, but he'll be awful cross when he wakes up. He always is, you know."

Karl put his arm around Elsie's neck. "Don't feel bad," he said. "I know why whiskey makes people tumble down, and go to sleep when they oughtn't to, and be cross. We learned about it in school to-day and we'll tell father when he wakes up and maybe he won't drink any more."

"Whiskey hurts people, 'cause there's a poison in it."

"What poison?" said Elsie with wide-open eyes.

"Alcohol," continued Karl. "There's lots of 'in whiskey and rum and gin, and that's why they make people drunk. If they should drink enough 't would kill 'em right off quick, and it always hurts 'em."

"There's alcohol in beer, too," Miss White said, "and in wine and cider. Not so much, you know, but enough to hurt you, and make you want more. I'm not going to drink any more beer for breakfast after this, and you mustn't either, Elsie. We don't want to get to be cross and trembly, you know."

"No, let's not," said Elsie, and they ran off to play.

You will be glad to know that Elsie and Karl kept their promise to each other and that they grew up tall and straight and healthy.

They told their father what they had learned about the poison alcohol, and begged him not to drink any more whiskey.

"If I had known all this when I was your age," he said, "I shouldn't have been such a poor, miserable creature, but it's too late now to stop drinking. I should die if I didn't have it."

But he did try, to please Elsie and Karl.

Whiskey, gin, beer and all such drinks hurt people, because they contain a poison, alcohol.

Boys and girls who want to grow tall and strong must not take any drink which has alcohol in it.—School Physiology Journal.

A BOY ON PROHIBITION.

BY EDWARD CARSWELL.

I am asked to tell this meeting what we boys think about a Prohibitory law for Canada. Well, we go in for it, of course. Why shouldn't we? Ain't they always putting prohibitory laws on us boys, and nobody ever asks us whether we want 'em or not. We can't ride a "bike" as we want to, or go swimming, or skating, or coasting, or snowballing, or anything, without danger of running up against a prohibitory law.

Now, there is a steep hill on the main street of our village, and last winter there was a heavy rain storm, and then a freeze and that hill was like glass; and didn't we boys have a jolly time coasting down that hill until Billy Smith ran into an old woman and scattered her two baskets of eggs all over the hill. Billy didn't mean to do it, but he was just scooting when she got right in his way. He hollered, but before he could holler again an egg went into his mouth and another hit him on the left eye. Now, the old lady wasn't much hurt, and we boys chipped in and bought her some more eggs and better than the ones she lost. Billy says so, and he ought to know.

Well, the very next day there was a sign put up, and it said: "Any boy found coasting on this hill will be sent to the lock-up." Now, only a week before, Tom Guzzle brought a load of wood to town, and then drunk it up at the saloon at the top of the hill and, mad with drink, drove his team headlong down the hill, tore away a veranda, smashed a plate-glass window and nearly killed a man who tried to stop 'em. But they didn't prohibit the saloon! Then because a barn was burned last Queen's Birthday didn't the council pass a law that no crackers or fireworks should be let off on any street of the village. Now, I'd like to know how boys are going to show their loyalty if they can't let off fire-crackers and make a racket on Queen's Birthday and First of July!

Now, they never proved that the barn was burned by fire-crackers; but we all know that there was a big fight at that saloon on Dominion Day and one man had his ear bit off! And didn't old

"Flare Up" get drunk at that saloon and then go and set fire to his shop, and it was burned up and himself, too? But they didn't prohibit the saloon!

Then, didn't they prohibit us swimming in the mill pond 'cause we didn't have our clothes on? And who wants to be all fixed up when they go in swimming? And I know lots of boys and girls that ain't got hardly any clothes to wear and what they have is all patched up, 'cause their fathers drink up all their money at that saloon. And the saloon ain't prohibited yet!

Then just because Tom Scorchers ran over a baby carriage that had twins in it and tumbled it over, didn't the council the very next week prohibit anybody riding a wheel on the sidewalk. Now, Tom didn't do it on purpose. The carriage was run right in front of his wheel and he took an awful tumble trying not to do it. And the babies wasn't hurt much, 'cause they were fat and the mud was real soft. Only they couldn't tell one from the other till they were washed.

Now, only last year a man left his team in front of the saloon while he went in to drink, and didn't they get up a row in the bar and frightened the horses so they ran away and smashed a buggy and one of the ladies in the buggy was so badly hurt that she died. But the saloon goes on all the same.

Then, didn't they prohibit snowballing on the street? And I'd like to know when they would have found the body of old Sam Toper if we hadn't seen one of his boots sticking out of a drift when we were building a snow fort? But the saloon where he got drunk ain't prohibited yet!

Of course, if it's right to prohibit bad things, it can't be right to license what makes all the badness. And we boys say it ain't fair to prohibit fighting and swearing and lots of other things, while you license the stuff that make men do 'em all. So, of course, we boys and girls are in favour of a Prohibitory law for Canada now and forever.

"Then hesitate no longer,
The foe is growing stronger,
The longer we delay;
But, for God and home and right,
Let us rally for the fight,
And work as well as pray."

—Templar Quarterly.

FOOLSCAP.

Everyone knows what foolscap paper is, but not everyone knows why it was so called. An exchange ventures to remark that not one in a hundred that daily use of it can answer the question. The following will tell you how the term originated:

When Oliver Cromwell became Protector, after the execution of Charles I., he caused the stamp of liberty to be placed upon the paper used by the English Government. Soon after the restoration of Charles II., having occasion to use some paper for despatches, some of this government paper was brought to him.

On looking at it, and discovering the stamp, he inquired the meaning of it, and, on being told, he said:

"Take it away; I have nothing to do with a fool's cap."

The term "foolscap" has since been applied to a certain size of glazed writing paper.—Morning Star.

IT WOULD NOT SUIT.

A Canadian gentleman sends us the following:

The following from Halifax may be an object lesson to dealers in horses and admirers of docked tails. An officer recently arrived wanted a charger, and a citizen undertook to provide one. He produced a very fine mare at a cost of \$200, with a certificate as to soundness. On being taken to the officer the dealer was astonished by his saying it would not suit. "Why not?" he asked. "It is a splendid animal." "Yes," said the officer, "but its tail is docked, and the Queen's regulations prevent us from using it. Her Majesty's orders are that horses with docked tails are not to be used in the service." The result was, as Halifaxians are not admirers of docked tails, the mare was eventually sold for \$60, a loss to the dealer of \$140.

Mistress—"Why were you dismissed from your last place?" Up-to-date Servant Girl—"Well, I like your inquisitiveness! Did I ask you why your last girl left you?"

Proud Father (showing off his boy before company)—"My son, which would you rather be, Shakespeare or Edison?" Little Son (after meditation)—"I'd rather be Edison." "Yes, why?" "Cause he ain't dead."

The Little Tramp at Our House.

Now I am sure you'd never guess, Tho' 'tis the truth and nothing less, We have such hepping loads of fun, As make the walls laugh, every one, With a Little Tramp at Our House.

She strayed away, you see, one day, And where she lived she will not say, But when she saw us going by, Out from the hedge she ran to cry,— This Little Tramp at Our House.

"Let me go with you," was her plea, "Why so? You don't belong to me." "Good evening, Doctor; here's a tramp; Pray do you own the little scamp? She wants to go to Our House."

"Not I," the Doctor said. "Yes, take her; My dog just broke his chain to shake her." And so this little gray-and-white, That bubbles over every night, Came up to live at Our House.

She plays with me at hide-and-seek, And makes me laugh until I'm weak; She jumps out here and pops out there, And has a regular little tear,— This Little Tramp at Our House.

She was a little shadow-cat, Had lived on air, or less than that, But now she is just rolling fat,— This Little Tramp at Our House.

Her favourite dish is melon-rind; She scallops it to suit her mind, Then purrs for more of that same kind,— This Little Tramp at Our House.

She was never, never known to steal— Just helps herself. How would you feel If every time you took some cream The heavens should fall, and lightnings scream,—

We don't do so at Our House.

—Our Dumb Animals.

A Short Cruise.

BY JAMES OTIS.

CHAPTER III.

ADEIPT.

Despite the fact that his behaviour had been unpleasantly commented on by the owner of the sloop, Master Seabury made a very satisfactory meal, paying no attention whatever to his surroundings until his hunger had been appeased, when he unceremoniously went on deck without regard to his companions.

On emerging from the cuddy an exclamation of surprise burst from his lips. He could see Captain Hiram at the helm in one direction, and the mainmast of the sloop in the other; but everything else in the immediate vicinity was enveloped in a gray mantle of fog, so dense that the water was trickling from the brim of the helmsman's hat, and from every angle formed by his garments.

"Yes, it has overtaken us," Captain Hiram said grimly, as if Thomas Hardy had spoken. "It's overtaken us, an' drove away the wind. What do you think now, lad, would be your chances, pervidin' there was breeze enough to give the sloop steerage-way, if you should try to make Oldhaven harbour."

"I could do it," Master Seabury replied confidently. "I'd sail right in that direction till I got there," and he pointed over the stern.

"You would, eh? Well, I allow it might be a long time before you ever saw Oldhaven agin if you kept on that course. Unless I'm all mixed up, an' I've done my best towards keepin' a straight head, Dollar Island is just astern of us, an' there's where you count on strikin' Oldhaven."

"Well, you must have got mixed up for a fact," Thomas Hardy said pityingly. "Why, we've been headin' just this way all the time, and of course the stern will be toward the place we came from."

"But you ain't givin' any allowance to the fact, lad, that we swung 'round when the wind died away, 'cause you was in the cabin an' didn't take note of it. The wind petered out 'bout five minutes before the fog struck us, an' then the current pulled the little craft's nose 'round till the last time I saw Dollar Island it was right under her stern. I don't allow we've made any great change of position since then."

Master Seabury was rapidly growing bewildered; and owing to this fact he did not make the reply which he might otherwise have done, but stood gazing in silence at the old man fully a moment before he asked—