

In Icy Weather.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

There's a pleasant sound of bell tones
gently growing, far off flowing:
Of rain upon the roof, like the patter
ing feet of mice,
Of harp-strings in the casement where
the wind is lightly blowing—
But there's no such music anywhere as
the skates make on the ice!

A-ringing and a singing while you're
heeling, while you're wheeling
A humming and a thrumming and a
drumming in a trice.

A-clinking and a-clinking when the outer
rims are feeling
Oh, there's no such music anywhere as
the skates make on the ice!

A-chiming and a-rhyming one stroke
springing, one stroke swinging,
A-faunting and a-twangling, whirling,
twirling, twice and thrice,
A-chaffing and a-laughing all along your
airy winging—
Oh, there's no such music anywhere as
the skates make on the ice!

—The Independent.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

Rev. W. E. Withrow, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 18, 1899.

JOHN WESLEY.

John Wesley, born June 17, 1703, died March 2, 1791. Methodism dates from the conversion of Wesley in 1738. "It is difficult for us now to realize the heathen condition of England at that time, no language can describe the degradation of the masses of the people. The clergy unwittingly rendered a great service by closing their pulpits against Wesley. Their intolerance, the example of Whitefield and the needs of men drove him into the open air. . . . England has never seen anything like his open-air work. During his itinerancy of half a century, 10,000, 20,000, and even 30,000 people would come together and wait patiently for hours until the great evangelist appeared on horseback upon the scene. He bestowed little labour either upon fashionable localities or upon sparsely populated agricultural districts. He gave his time and strength to neighbourhoods where the working class abounded; hence the mass of his converts were colliers, miners, foundrymen, weavers, spinners, fishermen, artisans, yeomen and day labourers in towns. He never journeyed less than 4,500 miles in one year, he always rode at four and preached at five, as well as two or three times later. Until his seventieth year all his journeys were done on horseback and he rode sixty or seventy miles day after day, as well as preached several times. Terrible persecutions broke out, and his life was frequently in danger, but he completely outlived all persecution, and the itineraries of his old age were triumphal processions from one end of the country to the other. During the fifty years of his unparelleled apostolate he travelled 250,000 miles, and preached 40,000 sermons."

A THRILLING INCIDENT.

When addressing an audience, Connecticut, I related the following incident. Mrs. Falkener, who lives a little way from here, gave me some interesting incidents with regard to her son.

"My boy," she said, "was a drunkard, but he promised not to drink any more, and said, 'Mother, I will go away from home, away from the midst of temptation, but I will keep this promise.'"

By and bye, after he had been gone a little over two years, a letter came, saying:

"Mother, I am coming home to spend Thanksgiving with you."

And he came by the stage into the town, which stopped at the door of Solomon Parson's tavern. It was just after dusk. Some young men were at the bar.

"Halloa, Fred!—and how are you? What will you have to drink?"

"Nothing."

"Haven't seen you this long time. But you are looking well and hearty. What will you have?"

"Nothing, thank you."

"Not on Thanksgiving? Come, take a little."

"No, I'd rather not. I have come home to see my mother. She hardly expects me to-night. I thought I'd wait till dark and go in and surprise the old lady."

By-and-bye, Solomon Parsons, who was leaning his elbow on the counter, looked at him and said, "Fred Falkener, if I were six foot tall, and broad in proportion as you are, and yet was afraid of a paltry glass of ale, I'd go to the woods and hang myself."

"But I am not afraid."

"Oh, yes, you are—ha! ha! ha! I say, boys, here's a great big fellow afraid of a glass of liquor. I suppose he's afraid of his mother."

"Well," he said, "I'm going to mother; and I may as well show you that I'm not afraid to drink it."

He drank it; then came another glass; and they piled him with more. Twelve o'clock that night he went into a barn, and was found in the morning—dead.

They brought him to his mother stretched on a plank, with a buffalo robe thrown over the body.

She said to me, "Parsons came, and I said, 'You tempted my boy.'"

"Well, I didn't know it was your son."

"You did! You called him by name; you knew it was Frederick Falkener, the only son of his poor, crippled mother; and you have killed him."

"Mrs. Falkener, I am not used to having such language applied to me."

"God forgive me if I have sinned," said the poor woman, "but I put my hand on the face of my dead boy, and I lifted up my finger, and I cursed him. He went out with a face as white as chalk."

Then I said, "Ladies and gentlemen, Solomon Parsons, the man who tempted Frederick Falkener to his ruin, is in this hall, and he sits right there! and this same Solomon Parsons keeps a grog-shop on the bridge of your city, licensed by the State—Connecticut! Rout him out!"

And before twenty-four hours had elapsed, bag and baggage, bottles and demijohns of liquors, furniture, licenses, and all, were carted out of the city.

TEDDY AND THE COWS.

"Come, Teddy," said Mrs. West. "It's time for the cows to come home."

But Teddy was reading a story about a shipwreck, and did not want to be disturbed just then.

"Oh, mother, wait a little while," he said.

But soon a man's face appeared at the window. "Edward, the cows!" said Mr. West, and when he spoke like that, Teddy lost no time in obeying.

Sulkily, he laid down his book and walked through the kitchen, where his mother and sister were cooking the supper.

"I hate cows!" Teddy grumbled, as he walked slowly across the pine floor. "They're a bother, and I wish we didn't have any. I wish nobody had any. Cows are no good, anyway. I hate cows!"

An hour later the cows were safe in the barn, and Teddy was in a better humour. He was hungry, too, after the walk to the meadow and back. A fine round of meat was sizzling on the table, but there was none on Teddy's plate.

"This is beef," said Mr. West. "I did not give you any, because you hate cows." Teddy opened his mouth, and then closed it again without a word.

"I will not give you any butter, Teddy," said Mrs. West, "because we got our butter from the cows, and you hate them so."

Hester poured out the milk for the

others, but to Teddy she gave a glass of water.

"Cows are such a bother," she said, soberly. "I know you don't want any milk."

Teddy looked wistfully at the plate of cheese, but it was passed to every one but him. And, worst of all, when the custards came in, sweet and brown, in their little white cups, Teddy was passed by.

"Of course you wouldn't eat custards, for they are made mostly of milk, and cows are no good," said Aunt Hetty.

Teddy looked as if he would cry.

"I—I haven't had anything to eat," he blurted. "Just bread without any butter, or potatoes and water. I wish I hadn't said those things about the cows."

Everybody smiled then, and no one objected when Hester slyly passed to him a cup of custard.—Youth's Companion.

THE ST. JAMES' METHODIST CHURCH.

The sympathy of our Presbyterian friends in the movement to rescue St. James' church is very gratifying. The Presbyterian Review says:

"We congratulate the congregation of the St. James' Methodist church, Montreal, on the success of the pastor, Dr. Williams, in securing contributions toward the debt to an amount sufficient to warrant the hope that this fine building will be saved to Protestantism. We are glad also that some prominent Presbyterians are lending substantial aid to the enterprise. We trust that Lord Strathcona's gift of \$5,000 may be followed by others proportionately as liberal. When the union of the Presbyterian and Methodist Churches takes place a generation hence it will be a satisfaction for us to feel that we have some share in rescuing this enterprise from failure."

FILLING A BASKET WITH WATER.

An Eastern king was once in need of a faithful servant and friend. He gave notice that he wanted a man to do a day's work, and two men came and asked to be employed. He engaged them both for certain fixed wages, and set them to work to fill a basket with water from a neighbouring well, saying he would come in the evening and see their work. He then left them to themselves and went away.

After putting in one or two bucketfuls, one of the men said:

"What is the good of doing this useless work? As soon as we put the water in on one side, it runs out on the other."

The other man answered:

"But we have our day's wages, haven't we? The use of the work is the master's business, not ours."

"I am not going to do such a fool's work," replied the other, and, throwing down his bucket, went away.

The other man continued his work, till, about sunset, he exhausted the well. Looking down into it, he saw something shining at the bottom. He let down his bucket once more, and drew up a precious diamond ring.

"Now I see the use of pouring water into a basket," he exclaimed to himself.

"If the bucket had brought up the ring before the well was dry, it would have been found in the basket. The labour was not useless after all."

But he had yet to learn why the king had ordered this apparently useless task. It was to test the capacity for perfect obedience, without which no servant is reliable.

At this moment the king came up to him, and, as he bid the man keep the ring, he said:

"Thou hast been faithful in a little thing, now I see I can trust thee in great things. Henceforward thou shalt stand at my right hand."—The Sunday Hour.

TWO-FACED EMMA.

BY HELEN A. HAWLEY.

It is strange how much a pout can change a pretty face. Emma Richards was pretty, but if her picture had been taken just then, no one would have thought so.

Emma had been over to see her dear friend, Susie Wood, to stay an hour; and here she was at home before half an hour had gone.

What was the matter?

Emma had taken her doll with her, as little mothers usually do. She found Susie with a new doll just from the city. It could do things Marianna had never even tried to do.

Emma wanted to hold the new doll all the time, and Susie didn't want to give her up all the time. Emma wanted to exchange for good. Then Susie cried, and Emma ran home in a pout.

What is the trouble?" Mrs. Richards said. "Is this really my little daughter? She looks like some naughty girl instead."

Emma put her finger in her mouth, and pouted still more.

"I want it!" she said.

"Want what, dear?" asked her mother.

"Want Susie's doll—it's prettier 'n mine. It says 'mamma.' Marianna can't say a word. Oh, dear!" she sobbed. Poor Marianna had been forgotten, and hadn't returned with her angry, pouting little mother.

"But, Emma, the new doll is Susie's. If you have her, Susie must go without. Susie's aunt didn't send the doll to a child she had never seen, called Emma Richards, but to her own niece. My little girl mustn't covet. That means you mustn't want things to which you have no right."

"Is it in the commandments, mother?"

"Yes, dear, in the commandments. Now, go away, pouting Emma—come back mother's smiling daughter! Go right over to Susie's, put your arms around her neck and kiss her. She'll know it's all right."

So it was Emma with the pretty face who went back to finish her hour with Susie.

And she came back very happy, bringing Marianna in her arms. "I guess I love Marianna the best, anyway," she said, "cause I'm 'customed to her."

A LIVING ROPE.

Quick thought and prompt action in time of danger have averted many an otherwise fatal accident, as is well illustrated in what came near being a case of drowning last winter. A dozen boys were skating on a pond, when one of them broke through the ice, and the next moment was struggling in the water.

The accident occurred near the middle of the pond. There was no house near to which the boys could run for help; no rope which they could throw to their unfortunate companion, nor yet a pole or stick of any kind. For a minute they stood aghast, huddled together, watching the poor boy's struggles in the icy water, and his futile efforts to hold himself up by grasping the treacherous ice.

Suddenly David Small threw himself, face down, upon the ice, and cried:

"Quick! Shove me up to the edge. John, you lie down and get hold of my feet, and Si, you get hold of his. I'll catch hold of Rob, and when I give the signal, the rest of you fellows grab Si, and haul us out of this."

The brave boy took the post of danger himself, the others followed his directions, and when he had securely grasped Rob, the signal was given. All hands pulled with a will, and the drowning boy was saved.

THE CIGARETTE EVIL.

In a recent issue we gave our readers a glimpse of the cigarette evil among boys in New York. Since that time a vigorous campaign has been instituted and carried on with a degree of success that is encouraging. For instance, in many stores, where tobacco is sold, there now appears a sign giving notice that no cigarettes will be sold to boys, nor to any person under sixteen years of age.

Rev. Dr. Miles has made a tour of part of the city, and reports, however, that many boys still smoke and that to excess. As many as twenty cigarettes a day are accredited to some lean, nervous young creatures. Dr. Miles also says that cigarette smoking is gaining prevalence among the little girls, who steal away to the docks and there smoke cigarettes 'o their mental and physical hurt. Of this Dr. Miles says:

"To my great surprise I learn that little girls have the habit of cigarette smoking. An intelligent little girl said to me:

"Why, sure, they smoke. They go to a store and say that they want some cigarettes for their father, and they go on to the dock with the boys and smoke."

"The evil of cigarette smoking is most pitiful—the parents as well as the children are wishing that relief might come."

A policeman in speaking to the doctor upon the subject of the habit told of his observation in one incident as follows:

"I arrested a young man some time ago for a crime. As soon as I put my hand on his arm he trembled nervously. He asked me to let him take a whiff to brace him up. When he did so his nerves were steadier for a little while."

Dolly—"Papa, do they get salt out of Salt Lake?" Papa—"Yes, my dear, large quantities."

Dolly—"And ink out of the Black Sea?" Papa—"No; now keep quiet."

Dolly—"Yessir. Are there any women on the Isle of Man?"