

Look Not Upon the Wine.

BY M. F. WILLIS.

Look not upon the wine when it
Is red with the blood of grapes,
Stay not for pleasure when she fills
Her tempting beaker up
Through clear its depths and rich its glow,
A spell of madness lurks below.

They see 'tis pleasant on the lip,
And 'neath the brain,
They say it silks the sluggish blood
And fills the youth of pathos,
Aye, but within its gloomy depths
A stinging serpent unseen sleeps

Its rosy light will turn to fire,
Its cooling change to thirst,
And by its mirth within the breast
A sleepless worm is nursed—
There's not a bubble at the brim
That does not carry poison to him.

Then dash the burning cup aside,
And spill its purple wine,
Take heed to his madness on thy lips,
Nor let its curse be thine,
'Tis red and rich—but grief and woe
Are hid those rosy depths below

OUR PERIODICALS:

Table listing various periodicals such as Christian Guardian, Methodist Magazine, and others with their respective prices.

WILLIAM BRIDGES,
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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.
REV. W. H. WILTHROW, D.D., EDITOR.

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THE HEROISM OF THE PARSON-AGE.

BY REV. J. BENSON HAMILTON.

The dinner was fit for a king—or a preacher. The host was a generous-souled farmer who the day before furnished the material which his defunct helpmeet had fashioned into a most tempting banquet. The guest of honour was the itinerant pastor. The Thanksgiving sermon had been preached in the little country church to a congregation that had driven many miles from every direction. The simple Gospel story, told in unornamented words, but with such force and pathos, had sent the people home with a determination to prove worthy of the divine bounty which they had received. Now, the family that had solicited the pleasure of entertaining the pastor at their Thanksgiving dinner were gathered about the table.

The pastor asked the divine blessing upon the food, and then looked at the heavily laden table. His bronzed face grew pale as he saw the tempting display. After making an effort to restrain his emotion, he burst into tears and rushed from the room. The family were great respecters of a deeply buried. The good wife looked over the table to see what there was on it to make a preacher cry. Satisfied that the fault was not hers, she said to her husband "These go and see what is the matter with our minister."

The host found his guest leaning against the woodshed crying and sobbing as if his heart would break. The rickety old table on which the preacher's large body rested against it trembling with emotion. "What have we done, pastor," said the farmer, "that you should weep like this?" "No," said the minister, "I am not weeping. But when I saw your table spread so bountifully for my entertainment, I remembered that my wife and little ones had nothing for their dinner but a handful of potatoes.

The contrast was so great, my brother, that I just—had to cry."
"Is that all," said the farmer laughing. "If that will give you an appetite for the dinner, the boards here would be better because it is getting cold instead of being eaten, I will tell you now a secret which wife was about to reveal when you ran away. A dinner exactly like the one that is waiting for you is being served to the parsonage. Come and eat, and my wife will tell you about it to give you a relish."

The parsonage was a little two-room house, scarcely fit for a stable. It was grotesque in its homeliness without. The logs which formed the original walls had been covered with boards nailed up and down. The boards had become warped and twisted into great wrinkles which left many open places through which the keen November wind was whistling. Every shingle on the roof had a distinct curl of its own that made the roof seem like a tously ablock of bristly hair. The chimney of mud and sticks was propped in its place by a couple of fence rails that did not stop the vibrations as the strong wind swept across the corner of the cabin.

Within, the house was spotlessly clean, but painfully bare of all adornment. There was a constant fire in the grate that suggested the most ordinary comfort. The uncovered floor, the dingy walls, and the smoke-tinted boards which formed the ceiling would have made the house a wretched den if it were not so transformed and glorified by the bright faces of the four little children whose voices filled it with laughter and song. The mother sat on a stool at the open door, helping the little ones to get out of the hot ashes on the hearth. She had contrived a sweet little tale of being castaways on a lonely island. They had all reached the island in safety. They had found a sheltered little nook and had built a fire, and were roasting a few potatoes that had floated from the ship that had gone down. Her eyes were wet and she was crying, but her face was sweet, and her tones were loving and cheerful. As the little ones listened, and watched the potatoes, they chatted with one another.

"Just to think," said Willie, a little fellow of eight years of age, "our dinner on the island is our Thanksgiving dinner. It's only potatoes I wish—"
"The wish could be put into words," remarked the mother, "but I can't tell the other what we have to be thankful for. I am thankful we are all here, and well. I would rather be on an island, and have only potatoes to eat with my little children, than to sit alone at the table of a king."

"I see thankful," said Little Dumpling, as they called the smallest little girl, "I see thankful that we have potatoes to eat with our little children, and I eat alone. I'd like to be thankful for a better dinner, but I guess I'd better not think about it. When I shut my eyes, and see my cake and turkey, I get so homesick, I see so much to be thankful 'em. I see 'tinted' tired of potatoes and salt."

"Mary, mamma's little helper of nine years of age, cuddled close to her mother, and said, softly,

"I'm thankful I have such a nice mamma to love us, and take care of us, and make this old house comfortable. If it wasn't for her I'd starve of potatoes, too. I mean a good deal tricker than I am."

Johnnie, a sturdy little fellow, the oldest child of the man of the house, as his mother called him, was sitting away, sat in sober thought for a little while watching the flames of the wood fire as they leaped and crackled. Then he said, as if he were talking to himself,

"I'm thankful that our papa, who has to work so hard, is going to have a good Thanksgiving dinner to-day. I saw the potatoes and I was going to eat. He was just splendid, I starved all night at that house, and I can taste the good things yet that we had to eat. I am glad that papa is going to have turkey and cranberries and pie and cake and nuts—"

"Johnnie, just you stop saying them things over," said Willie. "I can't stand it. I can smell the turkey, and can almost eat my pie."

Johnnie sturdily replied, as he shut his eyes—
"I can see them, too, and smell them, and taste them. But I ain't going to eat. I am glad that papa is going to have turkey and cranberries and pie and cake and nuts as thankful as I can be that it's him, and not me, but I guess I could be a little thankfuller if I had a drum-stick of that turkey."

Three cheers for our hero-papa! I am thankful we have a papa who listened to God, and quit making money to attend to God's business. I am proud of him, and he was a brave man. He is not a bit afraid of cold or hunger or being poor. He is only sorry about us. He cries sometimes when he thinks I am not looking after him because he feels badly that he cannot do God's work, and take better care of us at the same time. I want you to promise mamma that not one of you will ever let him think we are sorry because we are poor. Let us make our little home-nest so cozy and bright with love that the few days papa can spend with us will seem like heaven to him. Little Johnnie bravely gulped down a big lump that began to fill his little throat. He courageously turned his back upon the tempting drumstick, and said, with a cheery voice that seemed to ring out like a little trumpet, and fill the room:

"Hurrah for our hero-papa! When I get big I'm going to be a brave hero-man like him. I'm going to be poor and live in a cabin and feed the Thrifty on potatoes and salt if God wants me to. But I am afraid I can't stand it unless he gives me a nice little hero-woman like my mamma to keep me from being a coward, and crying when folks ain't looking."
The little family joined in shouting "Hurrah!" The door opened, and a half-dozen ladies walked in. Each had her hand on her arm. It would take too long to tell what was in the baskets. One thing was a dinner, exactly like the one the minister had, away off on the other side of the big circuit. The members of the church, and the Thrifty, surprised around the parsonage had planned a surprise for the minister's family. A Thanksgiving dinner was a part of it. The ladies who brought the dinner were so embarrassed they had committed a crime, and said that they never gave the men a moment of peace until the old house was torn down and a new one built. It was an speaking of a Conference, and told the story of the Thrifty on potatoes. I was trying to make the people believe that no greater heroine ever lived than the woman who helped the minister do his duty, by making his home happy and training his children to be good men and women.

When I finished, an old minister arose and said:
"I am Johnnie, who lived in that little cabin. I have spent my life trying to walk in my father's footsteps. I thank God that he gave me a little hero-woman as a mother who inspired me to give myself to God, and for my father, I thank God that he gave me as a wife another little hero-woman like my mother, to comfort and cheer me while I have tried to preach his Gospel."

SLIPS IN ENGLISH.

In reply to numerous inquiries concerning certain words and phrases often misused, we give the following list of common "slips" in English. Do not use:
"Guess" for "suppose" or "think."
"Fix" for "arrange" or "prepare."
"Set" and "drive" interchangeably. (Americanisms.)
"Real" as an adverb in expressions "real good" for "really" or "very good," etc.
"Some" or "any" in an adverbial sense. For example, "I have studied some" for "somehow"; "I have not studied any" for "at all."
"Some" ten days for "about" ten days.

Not "as I know" for "that I know."
"Storms" for "it rains" or "snows" moderately.
"Try" an experiment for "make" an experiment.
"Ingluis" subject with contracted plural verb. For example, "She don't skate well."
Plural pronoun with singular antecedent.

Every "man" or "woman" do "their" duty; or, if you look "any" one, straight in the face "they" will flinch.
"Expect" for "suspect."
"Ad" for "adverb."
"Nice" indiscriminately.
"Had" rather for "would" rather.
"Had" better for "would" better.
"Right away" for "immediately."
"For" for "person."
"Promise" for "inform."
"Posted" for "satisfied."
"Post graduate" for "graduate."
"Deposit" for "station."
"Try" and "and" for "and."
"Do" and "do for" for "to" do.
"Cunning" for "smart," "dainty."
"Cute" for "acute."
"Funny" for "odd" or "unusual."
"Turkey" for "coringing;" "more than" for "beyond."
Does it look "good" enough for "well" enough?

The matter "of" for the matter "with."
"Like" I do for "as" I do.
Not "as good" as for "not so good" as.
"Feel bad" for "feel 'bad."
"Feel" good" for "feel" well."
"Between" seven for "among" seven.
Seldom "or" ever for "seldom" "if" ever, or "seldom" or "never" when used transitively.
More than you think "for" for "more than you think."
"Kind of" for "this" kind.
"Nicely" responds to an inquiry "Healthy" for "wholesome."
Just "as soon" for just "as late."
"Kind of," to indicate a moderate degree.

WORD HISTORY.

The mantua, a lady's wrap, was invented at the city of the same name in Italy.
Neighbour once meant "nigh boor"; boor meant farmer, and consequently "nigh boor" was the nearest farmer.
"Bread" is derived from two Latin words, signifying to cook twice. It was formerly the custom to harden ship biscuit by a second baking.
The word duce was originally the name of a simple, unadorned divan, whose reasonings were so intricate that few could understand them, and most people pronounced them mere rubbish and nonsense.
The word duce rival comes from the Latin rivus, a brook. Brooks were, in ancient times, the boundary lines of farms, and quarrels between neighbours about boundaries were just as common in ancient as in modern days.

THE GALLEY-SLAVE.

Years ago, in some countries of Europe, persons who committed an offence were punished by being condemned to work as galley-slaves in the galleys of the large vessels which were met along the coast by a great number of heavy cars. The men who rowed these cars were chained to the seats on which they sat. The work of the galley-slaves was very severe. They were treated in a cruel manner.
On one occasion a young man, belonging to a good family, had fallen into bad company. He was led from bad to worse until he had committed a crime. He was sentenced to serve seven years among the galley slaves, in the harbour of Toulouse, in France. While there he was led to repentance, and became a Christian. He was released from the galley-slave, but he was still a slave of the devil. He disguised himself and hurried away. While on his way he stopped one night at a cottage, and asked for lodging. It was freely given to him, and he was very comfortable. That the family was in great distress. Their rent was due, and they were unable to pay it. In a few days they would be turned out of doors. The young man was told to help them. Instead of doing so, he was an escaped slave. "Now," he said, "a large reward is offered for the capture of an escaped galley-slave. You take me back and get the reward. The cottage said he would rather starve than do such a thing. But the young man insisted upon it. He said he would go back anyway, and this man had better take him back and get the reward, and thus save his family from privation."

At last the man consented. A rope was placed about the body of the fugitive, and he was led back. The reward was paid to him, and he was set free. He was going away he stood sadly watching the young prisoner. When he saw them put the chains upon him he burst into tears. The officers asked him what this meant. He said that he had a wife and children. The officers were so moved by this story, that they at once took off the chains from the young man, honoured him with many gifts, and sent him home rejoicing.

HOW MARY KNEW.

A girl of fourteen felt that she had experienced a change of heart. Her parents were very kind to her. "What makes you feel that you are now a Christian, Mary?"
"Well, for one thing, I do all my work better than I did before."
"And you did it and it proved the sincerity of her desire to lead a better life. She had learned the valuable lesson that true religion is something that can be applied to the homeliest and most common duties. Then one cannot help doubting the genuineness of a conversion that has no effect on one's everyday duties, for true religion is a very practical thing. If we experience it in our hearts, it will be shown in our lives. It will cause us to perform common, everyday duties 'as unto the Lord.'—Forward.