

get in the air drawn into them, and if the boys will apply their own knowledge of physiology and chemistry, they will see that drawing the breath through fire destroys or prevents much of the oxygen entering the lungs, and charges the air with carbon, which is the very thing the lungs are trying to get rid of in the form of carbonic acid gas.

Then the heat dries, sears and destroys the delicacy of the mucous surfaces and produces cough, bronchial catarrh, ulceration and often consumption—indirectly many times, but the prime cause nevertheless.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

Rev. W. M. WITHROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 18, 1893.

WHAT SUSTAINS THE MOON.

THE EARTH KEEPS IT FROM FLYING AWAY.

We have read how the coffin of Mohamed was poised without support in the mosque of the faithful, from which all unbelievers were so rigidly excluded; no material support was necessary to sustain the remains of the prophet, the body itself seemed ever on the point of following the departed spirit to the realms of bliss. A perennial miracle was indeed necessary to sustain the reverend sarcophagus in space.

The infidel, no doubt, is somewhat sceptical about this marvellous phenomenon, and now, as ever the truth is stranger than fiction. Far over our heads there is a vast globe, larger and heavier than millions of sarcophagi; no material support is rendered to that globe, yet there it is sustained from day to day, from year to year, from century to century.

What is it that prevents the moon falling? That is the question which now lies before us. It is assuredly the case that the earth continually attracts the moon. The effect of the attraction is not, however, shown in actually drawing the moon closer to the earth, for this, as we have seen, does not happen, but the attraction of the earth keeps the moon from going further away from the earth than it would otherwise do. Suppose, for instance, that the attraction of the earth were suspended, the moon would no longer follow its orbit, but would start off in a straight line in continuation of the direction in which it was moving at the moment when the earth's action was intercepted.

What Newton did was to show, from the circumstances of the moon's distance and movement, that it was attracted by the earth with a force of the same description as that by which the same globe attracted the apple, the difference being that the intensity of the force becomes weaker the greater the distance of the attracted body from the earth. In fact, the attraction of the earth on a ton of matter at the distance of the moon would be withstood by an exertion not greater than that which would suffice to sustain about three quarters of a pound at the surface of the earth.

GERMAN HOME LIFE.

REV. DR. STEVENS gives in the *Methodist* this glimpse of a charming feature of German life, which Americans may well study:—

A good German home is the best in the world. I say this peremptorily. German mothers are thoroughly maternal and extremely affectionate; German fathers are generally forbearing and moderate, and singularly inclined to "domestication;" German children generally grow up, as by instinct, with an admirable mixture of filial reverence and affection. The Germans love large families; the more children the better, according to their philosophy of life; and they generally have abundance of them. They despise the French and American misanthropy in this respect, and justly point to it as a proof of demoralization, unknown in their own better land. In their home life they seem continually but unconsciously to be contriving agreeable surprises for each other, and this good feeling overflows the boundaries of home and reaches all the intimacies of their lives—their kindred, their neighbours, their pastors, and their schoolmasters.

No people make more pleasure out of *fete* days, birthdays, wedding anniversaries, etc. For a German not to know the birthdays and wedding anniversaries of all his intimate friends, and not to commemorate them by some token of affection, however slight (for the value is nothing compared to the sentiment) is a barbarism, a sacrilege. In large families these commemorations reaching from the grandparent to the yearling baby, and extending out to all dear friends, keep up, of course, an almost continuous exercise of kindly attentions and forethought; and the Germans have quite universally a peculiar tact of clothing these beautiful little things with dramatic surprises, so as to render the "mauer" infinitely more precious than the "matter." The lowliest village schoolmaster's birthday is known to all his rustic flock, and his cottage on that day is a shrine of pilgrimage to all the little feet of the hamlet; flowers, books, cheeses, loaves of bread, embroidered slippers, chickens, geese, even young pigs, are showered upon him; he is decked with bouquets, and his humble home garlanded within and without; he is addressed in original doggerel, and serenaded with music and dancing. And thus also, fares the village pastor. And all these things are done so heartily, so joyously, as to be evidently spontaneous, never ceremonious, as much a joy to the donors as to the recipients. Add to these domestic occasions the public festive days of the Church and the State, and you can imagine that German life has holidays enough. Christmas and similar days are occasions of incredible festivities throughout Germany. Santa Claus has no better dominion.

A DOG'S HEROISM.

(From an incident given in the "Hospital Review.")

BY CAMILLA B. SANDERSON.

MEN and women as well as boys and girls are always eager for a story of brave endurance or heroic effort, especially the latter, and no matter how ancient the tale, if it be well told, soft eyes will brighten, tender hearts will throb with admiration, and manly bosoms heave with noble emotions. Affectionate or courageous devotion to friend or to principle, on the part of either man or beast, finds its meed of praise in the interest and sympathy of those who see the act or hear the story, and low indeed in the scale of humanity must be the man whose soul is thrilled by no responsive feeling.

The incident I am about to relate is one vouched for by an able-bodied, big-hearted policeman in the city of Pittsburg, whose special duty was to stand at the corner of two prominent streets and keep people from being run over at the crossing of the cable roads. This good-natured representative of municipal authority, and intelligent observer of things sub-lunar, tells many a story of the curious adventures of which he has been an eye-witness while attending to duty. But into the telling of none of them does he throw such a whole-souled interest as into that of an encounter between two dogs.

A big Newfoundland, with curly black

coat, soft, almost human eyes, and great banner-like tail, was trotting peaceably along, amiably enjoying all the sights and sounds of the crowded thoroughfare. All at once a low-born cur began snapping at him, and snarling with all the venom of which ill-bred dogs are commonly possessed. Three or four others, equally ill-favoured, bore down upon the scene, anticipating a glorious time in this brave fight of five to one. Our curly-coated friend took no notice till obliged to defend himself. Then the way in which he proceeded to punish their impudence, and to "shake the nonsense" out of them was edifying to behold. Off they went in various directions, yelping or howling, in proportion to the punishment administered; all but the leader, who had been sent sprawling into the middle of the street, where he lay in abject helplessness, awaiting the return of his victorious foe.

Ponto came on with a ferocious growl, for his canine blood "was up," and was about to give the cowardly brute a further shaking, when down the hill, with clanging bell, came a cable car at full speed. It was nobody's special duty to warn dogs of approaching danger, so the car was almost upon them before the policeman's stentorian "get out" was heard. The Newfoundland saw his danger and sprang aside, but his vanquished enemy was so overcome by terror that he neither heard nor saw what was coming. There he lay, with eyes rolling from side to side, and paws curled inward in a very agony of fear. Another moment and the merciless wheels would have crushed him to death, but Ponto looking back and seeing the situation, sprang upon the track, seized the pitiful cur in his great jaws, and snatched him, still whining and begging for mercy, from the awful fate that awaited him. Laying him down at the side of the road, and apparently forgetting all about the late fierce battle, he wagged his tail in evident satisfaction, and trotted on his way as if nothing had happened, all unconscious that for deeds far less brave and noble, men have won medals of silver, and worn the laurel-wreath of fame.

Ponto was only a dog, but who will deny that in his canine soul dwelt the principles of truest heroism. He was only a dog, but may we not blush to feel that we have scarcely reached his standard of magnanimity.

THE DELIGHTS OF BOYHOOD.

I'd like to be a boy again without a woe or care, with freckles scattered on my face and hayseeds in my hair; I'd like to rise at four o'clock and do a hundred chores, and saw the wood and feed the hogs and lock the stable doors; and herd the hens and watch the bees and take the mules to drink, and teach the turkeys how to swim so that they wouldn't sink; and milk about a hundred cows and bring in wood to burn, and stand out in the sun all day and churn, and churn, and churn; and wear my brother's cast-off clothes and walk four miles to school, and get a licking every day for breaking some old rule; and then get home again at night and do the chores once more, and milk the cows and feed the hogs and curry mules galore; and then crawl wearily upstairs to seek my little bed, and hear dad say, "That worthless boy! He isn't worth his bread!" I'd like to be a boy again; a boy has so much fun; his life is just a round of mirth from rise to set of sun; I guess there's nothing pleasanter than closing stable doors, and herding hens and chasing bees, and doing evening chores.—*Washington Evening News.*

GIVING FROM POVERTY.

THE native Christians of a Karen village in Burmah made their contribution to send the Gospel to a heathen tribe farther north. The crops of these poor Karens had been destroyed by an incursion of rats; but they brought five dollars missionary money to the mission station. "It is too much," said the missionary; "you can't afford to give it. You are almost starving." The reply was, "It is God's money. It has been given for this mission. You must take it. We can eat rats, but these people cannot do without the Gospel." The money was taken, the missionary was sent, and many were saved.

The One Who is Missed.

BY LILLIAN GRAY.

THREE beautiful children kneel at night
By the mother's side to pray;
But ever she misses, with aching heart,
The one who has gone away.

And if you ask her which of these
Is the darling, she cannot say;
But of all her children the dearest one
Is the one that went away.

Gay ringing voices fill the house,
And thrill her with joy and pride;
But none of them all has tones so sweet
As the little one who died.

And which are the loveliest who can tell?
These eyes—blue, brown, and gray;
But none have the look of the violet eyes
Of the one who went away!

Here's Alice, graceful and pure and fair,
Brave Charlie and gentle May;
But the sweetest, loveliest one of all
Was the one who went away.

These rest at night in the mother's care,
Close sheltered from harm and cold;
But the safest of all is the little one
In the Saviour's guarded fold.

SUPPOSE.

BY AMOS E. WELLS.

SUPPOSE you had a great, big, strong soldier, well armed, who marched by your side all the time, ready to fight all your battles, and keep every one from harming you. Wouldn't you feel safe?

Suppose you had the wisest man in all the world, whose gray head contained all the wisdom of every book in the world, to sit down by your side and tell you anything you wanted to know, and advise you in all your difficulties, telling you just what course would bring you out all right. Wouldn't you feel safe?

Suppose you had the most beautiful and most loving woman in all the world to take care of you—some woman who never got sick, and never died, and never went away, and was always just the same loving and tender and beautiful one, to watch over you and comfort you as long as you lived. Wouldn't you feel safe?

Suppose you had the most sensible friend in all the world to help you do your work—the man of all men who knew best just what to do and how to do it; the man of the most skilful hands and best trained mind and warmest, most sympathetic heart; and suppose he was entirely devoted to you, and liked nothing better than to help you. Wouldn't you feel safe?

Open your eyes, children, and you will see just such a strong and wise and loving and useful friend close beside you. It is the dear Jesus, who is just as ready there as if your hands could touch him. He will never leave you, because he has promised to stay with you, and protect you, and help you, and teach you, and love you all your lives. Don't you feel safe?—*Golden Rule.*

HELPS TO HEALTH.

AN eminent physician has said that if the following three movements are executed vigorously every day for twenty minutes the effect in a year's time will be very apparent. Before going down to breakfast open wide the window and for ten minutes go through the following exercises: First, stand perfectly straight, with heels together, and inflate the lungs with pure morning air, drawing in the breath while fifteen is being counted and expelling it in the same way; repeat this eight or ten times. Then bring the arms forward at full length with the palms together, and then throw them vigorously back, trying to touch the backs; at first it will seem impossible, but after a few days' practice it can be done.

Do this from twenty-five to fifty times. Then raise the arms above the head to the utmost, with the palms outward; and then lean slowly forward, keeping the knees perfectly straight and try to touch the ground with the fingers. This, too, requires practice at first, but can be done after awhile. Then raise the arms gradually to the first position and repeat the movement twenty-five to fifty times. At night go through the same movements. This simple little exercise, if persisted in, will prove to be of incalculable benefit.—*New York World.*