

**A Sad, Sad Case.**

**I. THE MAN.**

In Queen Victoria's reign,  
A man he took a peign  
Which drove him quite insolgn.

**II. THE DOCTORS.**

On looking at his tongue,  
Which from his mouth he fonge,  
This song one doctor songue:

"There isn't any doubt,  
Were the mystery but oubt,  
His trouble is the goubt."

Another, of great weight,  
Grave-looking and sedoight,  
Said: "He'll die, as sure as feight."

**III. THE WIDOW.**

When at last the man did die,  
His companien heaved a sio,  
And began to weep and crie.

**IV. THE MINISTER.**

"Our brother was resigned,  
And nad great peace of mind!  
His wife he leaves behigned."

**V. THE OBSEQUES.**

With pompous funeral rite,  
They buried him out of site;  
Then o'er his wealth did site.

**VI. THE MORAL.**

So, in Victoria's reign,  
This man who died in peign,  
He did not live in veign.

**OUR PERIODICALS:**

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.

	Yearly	Sub'n
Christian Guardian, weekly.	\$1 00	
Methodist Magazine and Review, 90 pp., monthly illustrated.	2 00	
Christian Guardian and Methodist Magazine and Review.	2 75	
Magazine and Review, Guardian and Onward together.	3 25	
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly.	1 00	
Sunday-School Banner, 65 pp., 8vo., monthly.	0 60	
Onward, 8 pp., 4to., weekly, under 5 copies.	0 60	
5 copies and over.	0 50	
Pleasant Hours, 4 pp., 4to., weekly, single copies.	0 30	
Less than 20 copies.	0 25	
Over 20 copies.	0 24	
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than ten copies.	0 15	
10 copies and upwards.	0 12	
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than ten copies.	0 15	
10 copies and upwards.	0 12	
Dew Drops, weekly (2 cents per quarter).	0 07	
Berean Sentinel Quarterly (quarterly).	0 20	
Berean Leaf, monthly.	0 05	
Berean Intermittent Quarterly (quarterly).	0 06	
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 2to. a dozen; \$2 per 100; per quarter. 5c. a dozen, 50c. per 100.		

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto.

C. W. COATES,  
2170 St. Catherine St.,  
Montreal.

S. F. HUSTON,  
Wesleyan Book Room,  
Halifax, N.S.

**Pleasant Hours:**

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, AUGUST 27, 1898.

**JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.**  
PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

SEPTEMBER 4, 1898.

**SOME THINGS THE BIBLE FORBIDS.**  
MURDER AND CRUELTY.

Amid the thunderings and lightnings of Sinai God hedged about the sanctity of human life with this solemn command, "Thou shalt not kill." In a rude, turbulent, and lawless age, when every man's hand was against his fellow, this crime was much more common than it is now. The practice of duelling was one esteemed honourable, now it is almost everywhere hated and prohibited. Even the lives of those who have violated the law are protected in large degree. Men were hanged for trivial crimes, and in great numbers, whereas now it is only upon clearest conviction of the crime of murder that they are executed.

But, though we would shrink with horror from the crime of murder, yet, says the Saviour, he that hateth his brother is a murderer. Angry feelings in the soul are the beginnings from which the crime of murder has often sprung.

It is strange that Christian nations who think it a crime to kill a single man, shall often think it right, and even glorious, to kill a thousand men in battle; or, for a paltry gain to the revenue, to license the guilty liquor traffic which sends a hundred thousand men to the drunkard's grave every year. "Intemperance," said Mr. Gladstone, "has slain more than war, pestilence, or famine." Now that Canada has a chance to vote for the abolition of this great sin and crime, let us hope that

every lover of his race, that every true Canadian, will do his duty to his country and his God

All cruelty to man or beast is against the spirit of this law. Boys are often unthinking and cruel in teasing dogs and cats, and torturing flies and insects. These are the creatures of God, and unless they interfere with our rights, we may not innocently injure or destroy them. The merciful man is merciful to his beast. Nero began his wicked career by killing flies, and ended by killing the apostles and martyrs of God

"He prayeth best who loveth best  
All things both great and small,  
For the dear God who loveth us  
He made and loveth all."

**A BOY'S RELIGION.**

It was the late Henry Drummond who once said to a great company of boys: "Boys, if you are going to be Christians, be Christians as boys, and not as your grandmothers. A grandmother has to be a Christian as a grandmother, and that is the right and beautiful thing for her; but if you cannot read your Bible by the hour as your grandmother can, don't think that you are necessarily a bad boy. When you are your grandmother's age, you will have your grandmother's religion."

Now, there is a great deal in the above for a boy to take to heart, for some boys have the idea that they will be expected to put aside most of their propensities, if they take upon themselves the duties of Christian boys. This is a mistake. No one expects, no one wants them to give up the natural rights and feelings of boyhood. They are not to be in the least grandmotherly or grandfatherly, but they are to be happy in the way that God intended all youth should be happy.

One of the truest-hearted Christian boys I know is also the merriest. No one would think of calling him "grandmotherly." He reads his Bible, too, and goes regularly to church, to Sunday-school, and to prayer-meeting. He is at the same time such a good ball-player that he is always chosen first when the boys are choosing sides for a game. And no boy of his age can excel him at football or at tennis. And they always say of him: "Harry plays fair; he does!"

He is the life of the social gatherings he attends, and his reputation for absolute truthfulness is such that the teacher of the school he attends told me, not long ago, that on one occasion, when the boys on the playground were hotly discussing a certain matter, and there had been charges of falsehood made and still more hotly refuted, one of the boys said:

"Let Harry M— tell the straight of the story. He knows all about it, and he'll tell the exact truth."

It is a fine thing for a boy to have a reputation like that in the community in which he lives.

At another time, the pupils in Harry's room had met to select some one of their number to present a certain request to the principal of the school, and Harry was immediately chosen, "because he is so sort of gentlemanly," as one of the boys said.

This was a tribute of the unflinching power and influence of real courtesy, and true courtesy is a marked trait of Christian character.

Harry is a Christian boy in a boyish way, which is quite as charming and impressive as the grandmotherly way of being a Christian. All Christianity is based on right thinking and right living, without regard to age. Each decade of life has its own particular joys in the Christian life. They are all God-given, and none are sweeter than the joys of true Christian boyhood.

**JOE'S PRAACHING.**

Some of the best sermons ever preached have fallen from lips that were unconscious of their mission.

Some wealthy young men in New York who had been fishing and shooting last summer at a lonely sea island off the southern coast brought home their guide for a few days' visit, prompted partly by kindness and partly by a mischievous desire to surprise the ignorant old savage by the luxury and splendour of their homes.

Joe, however, walked quietly about in his clean homespun suit, manifesting little surprise and less admiration.

"Now, Joe," said one of the boys, nettled somewhat by his calmness, "tell me candidly what you think of New York? Isn't it grand?"

"It 'pears too shut in for to call it that," the old fisherman said reluctantly, unwilling to be ungrateful or uncivil.

"My cabin has all outdoors behind it, an' ther sea in front. That's what I call grand"

"Oh, certainly. But wouldn't you like to give up your drudgery and live as New Yorkers do?"

"No," said Joe thoughtfully. "'Tain't as easy livin' here. Your uncle sets in his bank all ther day, an' your father in court, an' I set in my boat. They fish fer men, an' I fish fer mackerel. They hev to study an' fret to catch their fish; I don't."

"Well," said the boy, discomfited, "wouldn't you like your wife to live in a house like this?" glancing around the stately rooms filled with costly bric-a-brac.

"No," said Joe, laughing. "Jane scrubs our two rooms an' cleans them up, an' then she sets an' rests, or has some fun. She's never finish keepin' this house tidy."

"Oh, my mother has plenty of servants to do that."

"Yes. An' she told me they was a onbearable weight an' worry on her."

"But we see people," urged the lad, "and have music and gaiety, and many things to see."

"We have company, too; we ain't buried. Ther neighbours come an' set round evenin's an' tell stories an' sing. I reckon we enjoy ourselves as much as you do at your big dinners."

There was a short silence.

"We've got friends, like you," Joe went on gravely, "an' our families. It's the same thing in ther long run. Your preacher in that gilt pulpit said pretty much the same words as ol' Parson Martin does. An' when we die we rest jest as quiet under the grass as under them thousand-dollar monyments you showed me. I'm glad I've seen it all," he added, smiling, "an' it was kind in you to show me. But it don't seem to make such a difference between you an' me as I thought it would. Inside we're pretty much alike."

"That's a good sermon you have preached to me," the lad said, laughing.

"I wasn't aweer I was preachin'."

Joe said anxiously.—Sunday-school Times.

**HOW A BIRD HELPED IN BATTLE.**

During the summer of 1690 there was a war in England, and the soldiers suffered very much. One evening after a long march they were so tired that they lay down for a short sleep, when it would have been wiser and better had they remained on the watch for the enemy.

Among the soldiers was a little drummer-boy, whose eyes, like those of his elders, were fast shut. Just before he fell asleep he had been eating his rations, and some crumbs of bread had dropped on the head of his drum.

A little wren perched overhead in one of the trees saw these crumbs and flew down to eat them. As she hopped about on the drum the tapping of her beak awakened the little drummer. He opened his eyes, and was startled to see the enemy advancing. Quickly he beat the signal of alarm, which roused the soldiers and put them on their defence.

The skill of the king, William the Third, won that day, July 12, 1690, the Battle of the Boyne; had it had not been for the little wren the fortune of the day might have been very different.

**OUR DEBT TO BUMBLE-BEES.**

Barney Hoskin Standish writes an article on "The Bumble-Bee" for the June St. Nicholas. Mr. Standish says: "The work of the bumble-bee in bringing about the cross-fertilization of flowers is as important as that of the honey-bee, and these two stand at the head of the list of insects useful in this respect. Each has its flowers which it alone visits, but there are many flowers on neutral ground, visited by both. So we may say of the bumble-bee, as of the honey-bee, the more bumble-bees the more seeds; the more seeds the more flowers—especially wild flowers, as the tall bell-flower, touch-me-not, Solomon's seal, gentian, Dutchman's breeches, and turtle-head. But probably the most important work this insect does for agriculture is upon the fields of red-clover. There is abundant proof that this plant will not produce seed without the co-operation of the bumble-bee. It is impossible for the wind to bring about the fertilization of the seed, as it may do in the case of Indian corn, grain, and some forest trees. The tube of red-clover blossoms, too, is so long that other insects (including the honey-bee) are not regular visitants.

Here is a proof that this plant must have visits from the bumble-bee. This insect is not a native of Australia, and red-clover failed to produce seed there

until bumble-bees were imported. As soon as they became numerous the plant could be depended upon for seed. Again, the blossoms of the first crop of the "medium red-clover" of our own country are just as perfect as those of the second crop, but there are too few bumble-bees in the field, so early in the season, to produce fertilization; hence little or no seed in this crop. If bumble-bees were sufficiently numerous there is no reason why much larger yields of clover seed might not be expected than at present.

Here is what a well-informed farmer says about it:

"It was formerly thought that the world rested on the shoulders of Atlas, I can prove that its prosperity rests on the bumble-bee. The world cannot prosper without the farmer's product. The farm will not be productive without clover. We cannot raise clover without seed, and we cannot have clover-seed without the bumble-bee, because it is this insect that carries the pollen from flower to flower, securing its development and continuance. Let us learn to know and to protect our friends."

**AN INVISIBLE MONKEY.**

One of the strangest problems in natural history is that of "protective coloration," and in many cases colouring that is really protective seems to be glaringly conspicuous. The black stripes and yellow skin of the tiger harmonize with the long grasses of the jungle in which it prowls; the white and black stripes of the zebra, though very conspicuous when close by, blend into a gray tint resembling the sands of the desert when further off, and tend to conceal it from its enemies. But one would scarcely think that a monkey clothed in long fur, arrayed in strongly contrasted patches of black and white, would so harmonize with its natural surroundings as to be practically invisible.

We are told, however, that this is the case with the very pretty monkey of which we are writing. It has long been known to science as the guereza (Colobus guereza), and has a coat of long silky white and black hair, used for military trappings. The dense forest of Mount Killima Njaro, where it is found, are bearded with long white and gray mosses and lichens, which contrast with the black limbs of the trees, and render the monkey which lives in them practically invisible.

The monkey is a harmless creature, and this protective colouring is almost its only safeguard. On the other hand, there are animals, such as the malodorous skunk and certain polecats, which are so well provided with a weapon of defence that nature would seem to have made them conspicuous by their bright colours as if to warn other animals. Moreover, there are creatures which, though inoffensive in themselves, evidently profit by their likeness to some formidable beast. In South Africa, for example, there is a weasel which is often saved by being mistaken for the redoubtable polecat.

**"I'm Stepping in Your Steps."**

Climbing the mountain wild and high,  
Bold was the glance of his eagle eye,  
Proud was the spirit that knew no fear,  
Reckless the tread of the mountaineer;  
Up and up through the fields of snow,  
Down and down o'er the rocks below,  
On and on o'er the pathway steep,—  
On o'er the chasms wide and deep.

Hark! o'er the mountain bleak and wild,  
Echoed the voice of a little child;  
"Papa, look out! I'm coming, too,  
Stepping in your steps, just like you!  
Papa, O papa! just see me!  
Walking like papa—don't you see?"

Pale was the cheek of the mountaineer,—  
Pale with the thrill of an awful fear;  
Paused he quick, and with eager face,  
Clasped the child in his strong embrace;  
Backward glanced with his eye so dim,—  
Back o'er the path she had followed him.

Father, pause in the path of life,  
Rough with the chasms of sin and strife;  
When you walk with a step so free,  
"Mong the rocks where the dangers be,  
List to the voice that is sounding sweet,  
List! they are coming—the little feet.  
Walk with care; they are coming, too,  
"Stepping in your steps, just like you."

A little fellow, with a tall, stalwart wife, as asked by a friend if the contrast between them didn't often expose him to mortifying remarks. "Oh, I don't mind that," he said, cheerfully: "but since Sarah's grown near-sighted I have to look sharp for fear she'll step on me."