A Lesson from the Vine.

HAVE you seen the little tendrils
 Of the closely-clinging vine,
How they seek for something stronger
 Than themselves, whereon to twine?
Reaching out and always upward,
 Getting farther from the ground,
They climb their leafy ladders
 To the very topmost round.

So let your best endeavour
 To noble heights aspire—
Let faith be like the tendrils
 Whereby you rise the higher,
Leave sin's alluring pleasure
 Where the vine has left the sod,
Beneath you is the darkness,
 Above the light of God.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 30, 1895.

AS THE ZULUS DO.

A WRITER in the *Evangelist* tells about some of the customs of the Zulus. They are a strong, athletic race of people, hospitable and good-natured.

Their houses are made of long strips, fastened in the ground, bent over and lashed with monkey rope. The covering is long grass, and when you first see a number of these huts they look like haystacks.

The door is about two feet high, and this opening is window and chimney as well as door. Creep in on your hands and knees and look about. A saucer-shaped hole is in the middle of the floor, with a rim around it to keep the coals and ashes from scattering. This is the fireplace, where the food is cooked, and around which the natives eat, sit and chat, or sleep.

On one side of the hut you see a small fence. This is to separate the calves and goats, at night, from the family.

The furniture of a Zulu home is not very extensive. A few pots of earthenware for cooking, a few wooden spoons, some gourds for water and milk, a wooden pillow, or four-legged stool, on which to place the neck, not the head—these are the principal articles of a Zulu hut.

The married men wear a peculiar ring on their head, made of gum. This is sewed to the hair and rises, with its growth, four or five inches, making a convenient place for feathers, porcupine toothpicks, and snuff spoons. The women shave all the head except a little tuft on the crown, which they work into a topknot with red clay and tallow.

The Zulus are all fond of perfumes, and are glad to get them from the white people to use in their toilet. They use snuff made of tobacco, burnt aloes, and ashes ground together. The powder is quite pungent, causing them to sneeze violently, and the tears to roll down their cheeks. When they sneeze they thank the departed spirits for this sign of good health.

JERRY AND JUDGE.

BY BERTHA DAMARIS KNOBE.

ON a narrow white cot in the children's ward of the county hospital lay a waif of the street. The lad was the latest arrival. The nurse was told that his name was Jerry—just Jerry, nothing more.

In the afternoon he had been picked up, bruised and bleeding, from under the ponderous wheels of a waggon. The instant the accident occurred Judge—his boon companion of the street—rushed to the prostrate form with a terrified "Oh, Jerry!" on his pale lips. The next instant a burly policeman pushed him aside and, lifting the injured boy in his arms, asked:

"Any home, sonny?"

The lad shook his head.

"Any relatives?"

"No;" feebly.

"Friends?"

"Haint got nobody, only—only Judge," came in tremulous tones.

"That's me, sir," and Judge took an eager step forward as he spoke.

The man heeded not the childish proffer of help. A moment later the slight form of Jerry was lifted into a passing ambulance. There was an ominous crack of the whip, and the grim-looking vehicle hurried on its way to the hospital.

Judge could not think how it happened. He stood on the curbstone as one dazed. In a flash the terrible truth dawned upon him, and he staggered back into a doorway. He and Jerry had been quarrelling over a bit of orange peel—a luxury for their noon lunch—and in an unguarded moment Jerry was struck from behind.

"I've killed Jerry—I've killed Jerry," piteously moaned Judge, who felt that the accident was the result of the dispute. Supperless and alone he wandered through the only home he knew—the cold, bare streets of a great city.

When morning dawned, Judge was directed by a policeman to the county hospital. Only stopping long enough to sell a few papers, the pennies were exchanged for two large yellow oranges. He walked to the hospital, several miles distant, and left his gift at the door with the message, "Them's for Jerry."

Then his young heart began to hope. He pictured Jerry back as his partner in a few days, and he chuckled to himself as he thought how he would surprise Jerry with an orange every day. But day followed day, and no Jerry. At the end of the fifth day he sought the hospital again and was kindly invited in. The attendant told the ragged, forlorn-looking little visitor that Jerry had begged daily to see him.

"When will he git well, ma'am?" ventured Judge in eager tones.

The nurse hesitated. That day the case of the injured street waif had been pronounced hopeless, and his death was the matter of a few hours. So she only bade him follow.

The little patient opened his eyes wearily when footsteps sounded near his cot. Before he realized what had happened, Judge had his grimy arms about Jerry's neck and was sobbing, "Oh, Jerry, I've been missin' you awful. And all the boys in our alley are askin' about you."

Jerry was crying softly by this time. But his tears were the tears of happiness.

He only pressed Judge's hands for an answer. In a few moments he said: "You didn't mean it, did you—I mean the fightin' over the orange peel? I've saved all for you this time," and he pushed from under the pillow the peel of the oranges Judge had sent him.

Judge shook his head disconsolately. "I couldn't eat 'em, Jerry." Then, after a pause, "And I say, old feller, will you forgive me? I didn't mean to fight you, Jerry, indeed, I didn't."

Somehow it had dawned on Judge that Jerry—the only real friend he had known since a stormy night three years ago forced them under the same shelter—was to leave him forever. Perhaps it was the pinched look on the dying lad's face, or it may have been that an instinct told him he was in the presence of death. He was awed, and his tea[illegible]ed. With Jerry's hands in his own [illegible] he watched the laboured breathing.

As midnight drew near Judge whispered softly:

"Are you sure—*sure*—you forgive me, Jerry?"

"Sure, Judge," came the feeble answer. "The nurse learned me the same prayer we heard at the mission once—somethin' about forgivin' others."

"Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive others who trespass against us," softly interposed the attendant, who was watching life's candle flicker out.

"That's it, Judge, and—I—do—forgive you," came faintly. Then his eyes slowly closed in death.

Judge, sobbing piteously, was permitted to watch the remainder of the night by the bedside—now the bier—of his companion. The waifs had loved each other with the intense affection of lonely hearts which have no other object in the world on which to lavish love. It was a rough, newsboy's love, but it was genuine.

The next morning Judge left the hospital. In the afternoon he returned to the funeral. His appearance was touching in the extreme. The grimy face and hands had been made clean, and a less tattered coat donned.

"It's the best lookin' coat I could find," he said by way of apology. "Tom Sawyers lent it to me for the fun'ral."

In his hand he carried a pure white rose—the sole offering of poverty. Tenderly and tearfully the blossom was laid on the simple pine casket.

Judge was the only mourner. But his heart ached as many a heart does not ache under broadcloth. Seated on the hearse by the driver, a serpentine road through the slums led to the pauper's city of the dead. In that forlorn spot his tears were the only tears upon the grave of his beloved companion of the street.

GLIMPSES OF JAPAN.

DR. W. E. GRIFFIS thus describes the scenes on a journey to Tokyo:

"It is a frosty morning; air keen, bracing; sky stainlessly clear. The shops are just opening, and the shop-boys are looping up the short curtains that hang before each front.

"What a wonderful picture-book! A line of villages, strung along the road like a great illuminated scroll, full of gay, brilliant, merry, sad, disgusting, horrible, curious, funny, delightful pictures. What pretty children! Chubby, rosy, sparkling-eyed! The cold only makes their feet pink and their cheeks red.

"How curiously dressed, with coats like, long wrappers, and long, wide, square sleeves, which I know serve for pockets, for I just saw a boy buy some rice cracknels, hot from the toasting coals, and put them in his sleeves. A girdle three inches wide binds the coat tight to the waist.

"The children's heads are shaved in curious fashions. The way the babies are carried is an improvement upon the Indian fashion. The Japanese *ko* is the papoose reversed. He rides eyes front and sees the world over his mother's shoulders. Japanese babies are lugged pickaback.

"Here are big and little running barefoot. Nobody wears a hat. Every one wears cotton clothes, and these of only one or two thicknesses. None of the front doors are shut, and all the shops are open. We can see some of the people eating their breakfast—beefsteaks, hot coffee, and rolls, for warmth? No; cold rice, pickles, radishes, and vegetable dishes of all unknown sorts. The family sit in a circle at meals. The daughter, or housemaid, presides over the rice-bucket, and hands out cupfuls of it.

"Here are large round ovens full of sweet potatoes, being steamed or roasted. A group of little boys are waiting around one shop, grown men around another, for the luxury. Twenty cash, one-fifth of a cent, is the price of a good one. Many of the children are carrying babies on their backs. They look like two-headed children.

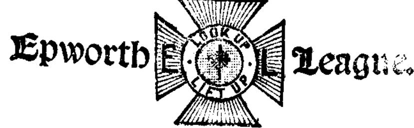
"The houses are small—mostly one story; all of them of wood, except the fire-proof, mud-walled storehouses of the merchants. The floors are raised a foot above the ground and covered with mats. The woodwork is clean, as if often scrubbed. The Japanese lead all Asiatics in cleanliness of person and dwellings.

"We pass many shops and learn very soon that the staple articles for sale are not groceries, nor boots, nor jewellery, nor lacquer bronze, nor silk, but that they are straw sandals, paper umbrellas, rush hats, bamboo work of all kinds, matting, oiled-paper coats, wooden clogs for shoes, etc. Vegetable and fish shops are plentiful, but there is neither butcher nor baker. In Japan the carpenter is the shoemaker, for the footgear is of wood. The basket-maker weaves the head-dress, which is called a roof or shed.

"Our ride leads us up a steep hill, and then we dash over a splendid road, beneath an arch of pines, some venerable, others tall, but many more scraggy and crooked."—*Morning Guide.*

A GOOD EXAMPLE.

THERE is no better reading for the young people of to-day than Scripture biography. How many young men in the past have drawn and others will draw inspiration from the example of Joseph. It should be read and re-read in every household. "The fear of God bottomed his whole character. It made him free when a slave. It restrained passion, and kept purity unscorched in the flames of a hellish temptation. It made prison life less monotonous, and endowed the natural mind with supernatural might. He stood before the monarch without trepidation, for he coveted the favour of Jehovah. The fear of God quickened his sense of fraternal injustice when his brothers came down to Egypt to buy food, yet also stirred his tender heart to generous pardon of their acknowledged wrong. Each phase of life from the pit to the sceptre furnished a new field of exercise for the kaleidoscopic fear of God. What a splendid example for the young men of our day! How worthy of emulation!"



JUNIOR LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

December 8, 1895.

EVEN SO.—Matthew 7. 12.

These words are a part of the Golden Rule. To get men to act according to this rule is the grand design of the Gospel. Everything is forbidden which you know would be injurious. Never do anything to another but what you know would be beneficial. Every person in whose heart is found the principles of truth and righteousness, will never act to another but only as he believes will be productive of good. We are not to do to others just as others do unto us. But we are to do to them what is just and right, because God commands us. It is a statute which he has established, from which there can be no divergence. To act according to this rule is to be guided by the principle of love, that principle which is the opposite of hatred, and which prevents everything coming into the heart but kindness.

Men are naturally selfish, and are always looking for their own gain, hence, they will not be likely to act according to the Golden Rule until they are renewed by grace; their hearts must be full of love, then will they seek in all things to do that which is well pleasing to God, and will be sure to obtain his approbation. Jehovah has given such precepts as will be sure to conserve the best interest of mankind, but men will not put themselves under those laws until they become convinced that they are bound in duty so to do. Men must think, ponder, consider well how they are constituted, why they are sent into the world, and when they see that they are a part of the whole human family, and are under obligation to promote the welfare of the same, then, by dependence on him whose they are and whom they serve, will they be enabled to perform the most irksome duties, which require the greatest self-denial in their accomplishment. Remember the Golden Rule.

THE statement was recently made in the German Reichstag that there are eleven thousand persons in hospitals in Germany who are suffering with delirium tremens.