

## BY THE SHORE.

STOOD by the shore as the anchor  
went down,  
And the merchant-ship swung to her  
chain,  
And saw the dark sailors row up to the  
town,  
Returned from the far-away main.

I cried, "What a glorious thing it must be  
To come home in a ship from the deep,  
With heart thrilling tales of the wonder-  
ful sea,  
And the coasts that all latitudes sweep!"

But a sailor replied, 'mid the laughter and  
din,  
And the hand-shaking going about,  
"Before you can be in a ship coming in,  
You must be in a ship going out!"

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## Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS:

Rev. W. H. WITHROW, M.A., Editor.

TORONTO, APRIL 22, 1882.

## STUDY THE BIBLE.

Do not skim it or read it, but study it, every word of it: study the whole Bible, Old Testament and New,—nor your favourite chapters merely, but the complete Word of God from beginning to end. Don't trouble yourself with commentators; they may be of use if kept in their place, but they are not your guide. Your guide is "The Interpreter," the one among a thousand (Job xxxiii. 23), and who will lead you into all truth (John xvi. 13), and keep you from all error. Not that you are to read no book but the Bible. All that is true and good is worth the reading if you have time for it, and all if properly used will help you in the study of the Scriptures. A Christian does not shut his eyes to the natural scenes of beauty spread around him; he does not cease to admire the hills or plains or rivers or forests of the earth because he has learned to love the God that made them; nor does he turn away from books of science or true poetry because he has discovered one book truer, more precious, and more poetical than all the rest together. Besides, the soul can no more continue in one posture than the body. The eye must be relieved by variety of objects, and the limbs by motion; so must the soul by change of subject and position. Let the Bible be to us the Book of books, the one book in all the world, whose every word is truth, and whose every verse

is wisdom. In studying it, be sure to take it for what it really is,—the revelation of the thoughts of God given us in the words of God. Were it only the book of divine thoughts and human words, it would profit little, for we never could be sure whether the words really represented the thoughts; nay, we might be sure that man would fail in his words when attempting to embody divine thoughts; and that, therefore, we have only man's translation of the divine thoughts. But, knowing that we have divine thoughts embodied in divine words through the inspiration of an unerring translator, we sit down to the study of the heavenly volume, assured that we shall find in all its teachings the perfection of wisdom, and in its language the most accurate expression of that wisdom that the finite speech of man could utter. Every word of God is as perfect as it is pure (Psa. xix. 7; xii. 6). Let us read and re-read the Scriptures, meditating on them day and night; they never grow old; they never lose their sap; they never run dry. Don't let man's book thrust God's book into a corner; don't let commentaries smother the text; don't let the true and good smother the truer and the better. Beware of light reading! Shun novels; they are the literary curse of the age; they are to the soul what ardent spirits are to the body. See that your relish for the Bible be above every other enjoyment; and the moment you begin to feel greater relish for any other book, lay it down till you have sought deliverance from such a snare, and obtained from the Holy Spirit an intenser relish, a keener appetite for the Word of God (Jer. xv. 16; Psa. xix. 7, 10).—H. Bonar.

## BOOK NOTICE.

THE HALL IN THE GROVE. By Pansy. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price, \$1.50.

Of all Pansy's books this bids fair to be the most popular, as it deals with a subject in which tens of thousands are specially interested and furnishes exact information regarding the most extraordinary educational movement of the age, a movement which, beginning a few years ago in a humble way at the camp-meeting grounds at Chautauqua, has reached and affected every city and town of importance in the United States and Canada.

Fully half the book is taken up with a vivid description of life at Chautauqua during the summer season, and many real characters are introduced which give a strong feeling of reality to the whole story. Dr. Vincent, Geo. H. Stuart, of Philadelphia, known for his work as connected with the Christian Commission during the war; General Fisk, and others whose names are household words throughout the length and breadth of the land, take active part in its pages. She meets, too, in a very effective way, the charge brought against the Chautauquus movement that its methods of teaching are not thorough.

"There are people who call the enterprise superficial. I never knew anything that was less so. It begins at the roots of things; prepares the soil, drops the seed, tends and waters



NEPTUNE'S GROTT, BERMUDA.—(See First Page.)

it, and says to it: 'Now grow: become an oak if you can, or an elm, or a fruit tree, anything that God intended you for: you are started.' Superficial indeed! Is an oak tree superficial, I wonder, because it started from an acorn? Chautauqua never pretended to give men and women finished educations. It only starts them or gives a vigorous push to those who are started; brains will do the rest. I like it, too, because it does start people; I mean, it doesn't begin too high for men and women who had to work during the period of their boyhood and girlhood."

We have received the following from the Rev. William Cross, of the New Credit (Indian) Mission. The supply of such cases of need is just the work which the Sunday-school Board undertakes.

DEAR BRO. WITHROW,—Library received, many thanks. You will be glad to learn the Indian children take a lively interest in the books and Sunday-school papers. School largely on the increase. More than one thousand verses of Scripture committed to memory each week. We have opened another Sunday-school at the Delaware Indian appointment. If we had for distribution some old *Guardians*, or old Sunday-school papers or tracts, they would do a good work. If you have any we would be glad to get them.

## A PERSIAN APOLOGUE.

IN Sir William Jones' Persian Grammar may be found the following beautiful story from Nisami. Mr. Alger gives a metrical translation in his "Poetry of the East":—

"One evening Jesus arrived at the gates of a certain city, and sent His disciples forward to prepare supper, while He himself, intent on doing good, walked through the streets into the market-place.

"And He saw at the corner of the market some people gathered together, looking at an object on the ground, and He drew near to see what it might be. It was a dead dog, with a halter round his neck, by which he appeared to have been dragged through the dirt; and a viler, a more abject, a more unclean thing never met the eyes of man.

"And those who stood by looked on with abhorrence.

"'Faugh!' said one, stopping his nose, 'it pollutes the air.' 'How long,' said another, 'shall this foul beast offend our sight?' 'Look at his torn hide,' said a third; 'one could not even cut a shoe out of it.' 'And his ears,' said a fourth, 'all dragged and bleeding.' 'No doubt,' said a fifth, 'he has been hanged for thieving.'

"And Jesus heard them, and, looking down compassionately on the dead creature, He said, 'Pearls are not equal to the whiteness of his teeth!'

"Then the people turned toward Him with amazement, and said among themselves, 'Who is this? It must be Jesus of Nazareth, for only He could find something to pity and approve even in a dead dog.' And, being ashamed, they bowed their heads before Him, and went each on his way."

## THE COST OF TOBACCO.

AS we went over the bay to Anastasia Island, says Dr. Stokes in a letter from St. Augustine, Florida, we said to the coloured boy who sailed our boat, "Do you go to meeting?" "Yes, sir." "What are you?" "I am a Roman Catholic, sir." "A Roman Catholic!" we exclaimed, in surprise; "are there many coloured Roman Catholics?" "Yes, sir; about as many as there are white." "Well, Harry," I said, for that was his name, "You are a Roman Catholic; do you ever swear?" "No, sir." "Do you drink rum?" "No, sir." "Do you use tobacco?" He looked confused, and finally answered, "Yes." "Now," said I, "Harry, why do you do that?" "Well," said he, "I am sorry for it, but I got into the habit several years ago and I can't quit." "Oh, Harry, that's too bad; but how much does it cost you to use tobacco?" "Five cents a day, sir." "Five cents a day—thirty-five cents a week—\$18 25 a year, and a little for extras, say \$20 a year. Pretty heavy for you, Harry." "Yes, it is," said he, with a sigh. "Well, Harry, how much do you pay your church?" "Five cents a week." "Five cents a week—\$2 60 a year, or \$17 40 more for a filthy self-indulgence than for God." I wish Harry was alone in such a showing.