

My Mother at the Gate.

BY MRS. O. M. SMILEY.

[My mother promised, before she died, that, if permitted, she would wait for her children at the gate of heaven until all had entered in.]

Come beside the gate of heaven
My loved mother waits for me,
And my father sits beside her,
Whom he always loved to be
And the strong and mighty angel,
He who guards heaven's outer door,
Wonders much to see them sitting
At the gateway evermore.

And he says, in gentle chiding,
Tell me why you ever wait."
Then my mother says to me
"Child, do not, O Strong and Great I
We are waiting for the children,
Some of them are very late."
From afar we see them coming,
We must meet them at the gate."

So I journey toward that city,
And my heart is oft elate
As I think of crown and mansion
And my promised high estate.
But, ah, my joys of heaven,
Which I eagerly await,
Is the meeting with my father
And my mother at the gate

—Watertown, Mass.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

Rev. W. H. WITKROW, P.D., Editor.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 19, 1892.

RUM AND ROMANISM.

It is bad enough for a Church claiming to be Christian to be indifferent respecting the suppression of the rum traffic, but for such a Church to truckle to, encourage, patronize and make money out of the traffic which besots, brutalizes, and ruins men, and pauperizes and breaks the hearts of women and children, is infamous. That the Roman Catholic Church is guilty of this enormous crime is clearly evidenced by the following, clipped from the *Herald of Gospel Liberty*.

"Is the Roman Church moral in its spirit and teachings? Of course it teaches many moral things, but if it permits and encourages immoral things then is its influence not helpful and saving to any great extent. The nun of Kenmare, who until a few years ago was a devout worker in the Roman Church, says that Rome could shut the saloons of America in a day if she would. If she can, and will not, then the blood of the curse traffic is on her skirts, and this alone should be enough to sink her to the bottomless pit. If she actually holds the gates of the dens of death open, she should, as a corporation, be sunk into the depths of a reurrectionless grave. The nun of Kenmare is good authority, and we accept as actually correct her statement. Rum and Romanism go together. Do they not? Sabbath, September 27th, Rome opened a

new church at Deer Park, a suburb of Cincinnati. It was a great day for Romanism, and faithfully illustrated its spirit, but not the spirit of sanctity, sobriety, or the true Sabbath. It was a day of festivity, joviality, hilarity, and drunkenness. Rome wanted more money, and she knew how to get it, regardless of moral consequences. A circus exhibition would have been a moral entertainment in comparison with the outside dedicatory ceremonies, for all of which Rome was responsible. Cane racks, shooting galleries, wheels of fortune, were simply the less harmful gateways to the inner debauchery. The brewers' faithful Catholics of course donated to the church thirty one kegs of beer, and it was all sold for the benefit of the church rather than for the benefit of the boozy consumers. While the church got all the beer profits, they also received one fourth of the receipts of the other entertainments. In all this there was nothing moral, there was almost everything immoral, but the stream of pollution flowed from Rome. Is Rome moral?"

AFRICAN BOYS. THEIR PLAYS AND THEIR PLAYTHINGS.

The little black boys and girls in Africa have their romps and games just as you have, though of course very different. They have their games at ball, which consist of choosing sides, and the ball is thrown up, while the one side tries to keep it from the other as long as they can. Then they have pop-guns, something like those at home, only made of bark from a tree or of reeds; and they spin tops. They do not have dolls, for they have not often themselves as much cloth as would cover a doll if they knew how to make one. But they make little clay figures which are meant to look like cows, though the only parts of the figures like a cow are the great big hump on the back and the tapering horns. Little black boys and girls are really very good-tempered; they rarely fight, and if you give one of them a pinch of salt, no matter how many there may be, every one gets a little.

You think children are happy when they have nice, big, airy houses with lots of nice things in them. The little African only goes into his house if it rains or if he is going to bed; and if he is tall, then he must stoop to get in, and then, once in, it is all dark, unless there be a fire, which will likely smoke badly, as no houses have chimneys. The houses are just like so many bee-hives, and if you begin to build you will probably finish your house in two or three days at the most. A little blackie knows nothing of breakfast, lunch, dinner, or tea. His mother gives him a little basket of cooked maize made into a brose, and some beans or leaves boiled, which are eaten with the brose. This in the morning and at night is quite sufficient to feed any child.

When war comes on a peaceful village, and children are torn from their friends and their village, which they may never see again. They grow up as the slaves of those who capture them, and they in turn will, no doubt, do the same to other villages, and perhaps even to their own old home of years ago. All this is very sad because it is true; and the only way in which to stop the horror of war, with its bloodshed and cruelty, will be to tell these poor people of that God who is the friend of young and old, rich and poor, alike.

Just near us lives a poor woman whose nose, ears, lips, and hands have been cut off by the Awemba, who, when they carried others off, did not think her worth taking. Another poor man near us only three weeks ago suffered the same, though death mercifully ended his sufferings. One village five miles from here had thirty or forty women carried away by the Awemba, who came down on them while they were all happy in the joy of gathering in their harvest home. A poor little baby was found sleeping, all unconscious that its mother was already miles away, hurried by the cruel captors, her neck tightly pressed in a slave stick.

Neither you nor I can change the hearts of these cruel and blood-thirsty people, but we can pray to God to change them, and he, who knows their sorrows and sufferings, will hear and send relief to their distress.—*The Little Missionary*.

A TRAGEDY OF ERRORS.

BY REV. EVAN STONE.

ACT 1. Boy reading a modern, "published every day in the year" daily newspaper. Becomes familiar with the language of crime and criminals. The natural horror of crime is blunted. The "spicy" style of the reporter is whetting his appetite. No religious paper in the home.

ACT 2. Same boy reading an illustrated story paper. His imagination is fired by some made pictures of crime and criminals. He begins to long to "see the world for himself." Home life is growing too tame for him. His father "can't afford to take the Church paper."

ACT 3.—Same boy reading a five cent novel—"Spiderlegs, the Indian Scout." He learns that commission of crime is manly, courageous. Decency is dull, and honest work is slavery. The criminal is a hero. He wants to be a hero. There is no good books in the house.

ACT 4.—Midnight. Boy in bed but not asleep. He is poring over an obscene book smuggled into the house by stealth. He starts at every sound on the stairs. Look at him! The devil's servants have left foot-prints on his once fair face. His eye burns with a fierce fire, but he cannot look you in the face. His lips are discoloured with nicotine, his room smells of tobacco, and his breath of beer. "Good books," says his father, "cost too much."

ACT 5. The last. The scene is changed. No longer the quiet rural village, but a mining camp in the mountains. Instead of a Brussels carpet, the floor is covered with gaudium. Bottles instead of books, adorn the walls. A bear-eyed, half-clad, lumber-bodied thing, in form a man, but in fact a fiend, lies in one corner. Is it alive? Yes, if animal life is man-life; otherwise it is dead—dead to God, to home, to honour. Said we not well it was a tragedy of errors? There is a religious paper in that rural home now, but it's too late for him.

ABOUT BEES.

THERE are three kinds of bees in a hive family: a royal queen whom all the rest honour, caress, and submit to (they do really); the drones, or male bees, who are lazy fellows, who do not work and cannot even sting; and the "busy bees" we hear so much about—the workers—who gather the honey, build the cells, care for the young, fight for the protection of the home, and, in fact, serve the family in every way.

What does the queen do? Well, she almost never goes out of doors, but she lays all the eggs; so she is the mother of the whole community. What is a very odd thing, some of the eggs produce workers, some drones, and some young queens. The workers make different wax cells for the different eggs, and the queen always puts the right egg in the right cell. Sometimes she lays two hundred eggs a day. How does it happen, do you suppose, that among all the queen-bees in the world not one ever makes a mistake? Ah, as the little hymn says—

"'Tis God who taught them all the way,
And gave them curious skill—
Who teaches children, when they pray,
To do his holy will."

You have all of you eaten sweet honey and seen the beautiful cells of wax in which the bees store it. Where do they get the honey? and where do they get the wax? "They get the honey out of the flowers," I hear you all answer at once; but I think if I wanted an answer to the second question I shall have to find it for myself. How many of you know that the busy bee has two stomachs, into the first of which he puts honey that it is going to keep and use, while into the other goes what it eats for its own support? Out of this first stomach the "nurses" (as the bees which take care of all the babies of the family are called) take honey and mix it with pollen, and feed it to the young bees shut up in their cell-nurseries. They gather this pollen from plants and bring it home in "pollen-baskets" which you may see on the hind legs of the busy bees—a kind of cavity surrounded by hairs which keep the pollen from falling out.

But we must not forget about the wax. Some of the working-bees, when they have

fed heartily on honey, hang themselves up in the hive, clinging to each other in a great cluster by the little hooks which you may see at the end of their hind feet. After hanging perfectly still for several hours, little pieces of wax appear under the scales, like white lines around their bodies. By and by one of the bees drops down and begins to drag the wax from his own body with his hind feet, and chew it up until it is soft enough to use in building the cells. Other workers come and help the wax producing bees, until enough wax is ready to begin to build. Is not that wonderful?

How do people know that it all happens just so? Because glass hives have been used, through which scientific men have watched these things happen over and over again.

Sometimes there are thousands of bees in a single hive, and if you listen near a full hive you will almost always hear a whirring hum. Do you know what is the cause of that? It gets to be very warm and close in the hive with its one little door, and bees as well as people, must have fresh air to breathe; so a certain number of them are apparently appointed to look after the ventilation while the rest are building, feeding the young, etc. They fasten themselves to a certain spot and then flap their tiny wings just as if they were flying. This stirs the air and makes a stream of it flow in from out of doors. Though the heat in a hive is often as high as one hundred and four degrees by the thermometer, it is said that the air there is always pure.

Now, I see that I shall have to wait till another time to tell you how the eggs turn into bees, what happens when the queen of the hive dies or goes off with a new swarm, how the drones are all murdered at last, and a great many other curious things.

"LEND A HAND."

When? Where?

To-day, to-morrow, every-day just where you are.

You have heard of the girl who sat down and sighed the morning hours away, longing to be a missionary and help somebody, while her mother was loitering in the kitchen and looking after three little children at the same time. Perhaps your mother has servants in the kitchen, but you can lend her a hand all the same. You can find a place to help brother, or sister, or friend, and you can help every body in the house by your patient, kind, obliging spirit, "in honour preferring one another," self-forgetful, and mindful of others.

It seems a very little thing to "lend a hand" in these quiet home ways, but if you could see the record the angels make of such a day, you would see that it was a very great thing.

Boys, girls, watch eagerly your chance. Don't be cheated out of your happy privilege. It is a great, noble, blessed thing to be able to "help a little, no matter how little it may be.

WHAT JOHNNY THINKS.

WELL, sir, I'll tell you. I think it pays to think of the church and those things first, and of yours secondly.

I did use to do that way, but last fall mother said, one day, "Well, Johnny, how much are you going to give to help build our new church? You've got five dollars."

"Hugh!" says I, "that's all I have got. I want to get a pair of shoes with that five dollars."

Mother didn't say anything, but she went and got the Bible and read me that story about Elijah, you know, and the widow.

Well, I couldn't get that story out of my head. Every time I tried to get any show I'd hear that. "Make me a little cake first, and after that for thee." And the end of it was I gave the money to the church—I could not help it.

What do you suppose happened then? Well, sir, it snowed a steady stream of Thanksgivings, and I had more folks say "Yes" to me when I asked to share part than I ever did before in my life. And I had all the money I wanted! Shoes? Yes, sir, there they are! Ain't they good ones? —*The Little Pilgrim*.