

## UNKIND WORDS.

How many hearts have covered been,  
By just one thought, as word  
spoken in haste, without a thought,  
By lips most fondly loved.

The wounded heart, in silence perhaps,  
Has hid the bitter pain.  
Until it rankled far too deep,  
E'er to be healed again.

Ah! better far to heal the wound,  
With gentle thought and kind,  
Or, with some tender loving act,  
Erase it from the mind.

Forgive as I forgive, said One,  
Whose tender heart was grieved,  
With many cruel words and deeds  
He through his life received.

"They know not what they do," He said,  
Forgive them for My sake,  
I gave My life in love of them  
And yet My name they hate."

And shall we whom His love redeemed,  
Not bear a little wrong,  
Shall we not have the Christ-like love,  
That suffered yet was strong?

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## Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS:

Rev. W. H. WITHROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 24, 1883.

## MISSIONARY NOTES.

WE quote from the Missionary Report just issued the following interesting missionary extracts:

From Port Simpson, the Rev. Thos. Crosby writes:—

The various religious services in the Mission have been well attended when the people were at home, but having to go hunting, fishing, and working during the summer months, take many of our own people away; during that time large numbers of strangers are with us who come from all parts of the country for trading purposes; thus our Church is well filled in the summer season as well as in the winter.

Many more new houses have gone up during the year, and the completion of the new school-house is a good thing; and the poor people have nobly subscribed to the building of it. It was built larger than we at first intended, and has now cost \$1,500. A grant of \$500 was given by the Indian Department. The building is now one of the best school-houses in the country. Here we hope soon to have a good training school for native agents. Our "Girls' Home" is grow-

ing on us, and we hope by the assistance of kind friends, to get the building enlarged, and take more of those poor girls in, and thus protect them from the sad life that has swept so many of their heathen sisters away.

From Naas the Rev. A. E. Green writes:—

This is the fifth year since I came to this new mission, and in comparing the past with the present, oh, how much cause we have to rejoice, and to thank God! The manifestations of His saving power have been wonderful. For then, five years ago, all were in darkness and cruel superstition, but such is the power of "the glorious Gospel of the blessed God" that nearly three hundred have been so wrought upon by God's Holy Spirit, that they have turned from Satan to Christ! A number of whom have gone to the better land.

I was forcibly reminded to-day of the marvellous change the Gospel has made. Some one came and requested me to go and see a sick man. I found him lying upon a wild sheep's skin; by his side lay a Bible, and although very weak he seemed quite happy, and spoke freely and sweetly of heaven. This is the same man we wrote you of in 1877, who killed his sister because she was subject to fits; and he is one of the number who, when the dead body had been placed on burning wood, went dancing round it, poking it with poles. The lion has indeed become a lamb!

The means of grace have all been well attended, and, with one or two exceptions, all have remained faithful, and we have reason to think they are growing in grace.

The Word of God is studied with increasing interest, and wherever our Indians go, in a canoe or on the mountains, they always take a Bible with them, and the gospel songs are echoed all along the coast.

During the year I have received forty-seven, all out of heathenism. Twelve of them belong to Kit-wan-cool, in the interior, over 100 miles from here, and are the first-fruits from that dark place. A native teacher from here has been staying with them.

Our village is improving—neat frame houses are taking the place of the old ones, so that this place has now quite a civilized appearance. The progress would be much more rapid were we to have a saw-mill here, as it is, our lumber has to be brought from Port Simpson mill, a distance of nearly sixty miles, which, of course, makes it expensive.

At Naas Harbour I have secured ground for a church, and we are taking up a subscription to build one, should the Committee approve of it. I am sorry to say that the debt on our Mission premises here, still oppresses your Missionary, and the Indians are unable to pay it off. During the winter I visited the upper villages; it was very cold weather, and as we walked over the ice, for miles it was covered with water knee-deep—at night sleeping on the snow under the huge pine trees. I have been busy going from camp to camp, as much sickness prevailed. We had to enlarge our Church at the fishing station, and then more came than could get in. Pray for us.

I believe that laziness is the cause of more misery in this world than sickness is, but I can't prove it.

## CANADA'S "BEST INTERESTS."

To the Editor of PLEASANT HOURS, —Dear Sir, —I have always felt pleased at the stand you have taken in the Temperance Work, and therefore, I thought I would send you something that came under my own observation. I do it from reading the piece in PLEASANT HOURS on "Canada's Best Interests." I was foreman in an establishment in a town east of Toronto. Trade being brisk, I was glad to take on all the help I could. A tramp came along and I gave him "a job," and I had to become security for his board, and as I found that he was given to drink, I made several excuses during the week, for not giving him any money; but on Saturday night he received his wages, and as soon as he left the shop he made his way to the nearest tavern, but fortunately for me, it was closed, it being past seven o'clock. Now, sir, what I want to show is this, that if that tavern was open, he would have spent his money there, and I would have been called upon to pay his board.

How many families have to bless God for the early closing of taverns in this country! Yours truly, H. I. S.

OUR noble Sunday-schools in Montreal are to the front again with their Missionary offerings. It is the custom there to hold a mass meeting of all the Methodist Sunday-schools in the city and suburbs on New Year's Day, when the missionary givings of the year are reported. The following telegram, received on the first inst., explains itself:—"Montreal Sunday-school children send New Year's greetings. Missionary offerings, three thousand five hundred and seventy nine dollars. Increase, two hundred and fifty-five dollars. J. McLAREN."

Isn't that a magnificent result, with less than 3,000 teachers and scholars on the rolls!—*Outlook*.

*The Life of Captain John Smith, First Planter of Virginia.* By CHARLES K. TRUE, D.D., pp. 267. Illustrated. New York: Phillips & Hunt. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price \$1.

This is one of the most romantic stories of an age abounding in romance. A bold English adventurer, Smith, served four years in the Netherlands, fought against the Turks in Hungary, was made prisoner and sent a slave to Constantinople, wins the affection of his young mistress, and by her connivance escapes. He returns to England, goes to Virginia and saves the infant colony from destruction, is captured by the Indians and saved by Pocahontas—tale dear to our boyhood—and after a life of many adventures dies peacefully in England. Boys will read this stirring story with avidity, and will learn much solid history in the reading. Dr. True has recounted it with much grace and felicity.

MANY of our readers have heard of the Suez Canal, cut through the isthmus from the Mediterranean to the Red Sea. Yet they may not know that many hundred years before Christ a canal was cut through from the Nile to the Red Sea wide enough for two ships to pass. This was called the Canal of Rameses, because it was dug during his reign. It cost 120,000 lives and countless treasures of money.

## GOOD ADVICE.

M. R. R. J. BURDETTE, of the *Hawkeye*, gives the following advice to a young man: "My son, when you hear a

man growling and scolding because Moody gets \$200 a week for preaching Christianity, you will perceive that he never worries a minute because Ingersoll gets \$200 a night for preaching atheism. You will observe that the man who is unutterably shocked because F. Murphy gets \$150 a week for temperance work seems to think that it is all right when the barkeeper takes in twice as much money in a single day. The labourer is worthy of his hire, my boy, and he is just as worthy of it in the pulpit as upon the stump. Is the man who is honestly trying to save your immortal soul worth less than the man who is only trying his level best to go to Congress? Isn't Moody doing as good work as Ingersoll? Isn't John B. Gough as much the friend of humanity and society as the bartender? Do you want to get all the good in the world for nothing, so that you may be able to pay a high price for the bad? Remember, my boy, the good things in the world are always the cheapest. Spring water costs less than corn whisky; a box of cigars will buy two or three Bibles; a gallon of old brandy costs more than a barrel of flour; a 'full hand' at poker often costs a man more in twenty minutes than his church subscription amounts to in three years; a State election costs more than a revival of religion; you can sleep in church every Sunday morning for nothing if you are mean enough to dead-beat your lodgings in that way, but a nap in a Pullman car costs you two dollars every time; fifty cents for the circus and a penny for the little ones to put in the missionary box; the horse race scoops in \$2,000 the first day and the church fair lasts a week, works twenty five or thirty of the best women in America to death, and comes out \$40 in debt—why, my boy, if you ever find yourself sneering or scoffing because once in awhile you hear of a preacher getting a living, or even luxurious salary, or a temperance worker making money, go out in the dark and feel ashamed of yourself.

## EMPIRE OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

THE Queen of Great Britain is now sovereign over a continent, 100 peninsulas, 500 promontories, 1,000 lakes, 2,000 rivers, and 10,000 islands. She waves her hand, and 500,000 warriors march to battle to conquer or die. She bends her head, and at the signal 1,000 ships of war and 100,000 sailors perform her bidding on the ocean. She walks upon the earth, and 120,000,000 of human beings feel the slightest pressure of her foot. Come all ye conquerors, and kneel before the Queen of Britain, and acknowledge the superior extent of her dependent provinces, her subjugated kingdoms, and her vanquished empires! The Assyrian empire was not so wealthy. The Roman empire was not so populous. The Persian empire was not so expensive. The Arabian empire was not so powerful. The Carthaginian empire was not so much dreaded. The Spanish empire was not so widely diffused.