

ber of agricultural colonies, which seemed to be doing fairly well, although the soil was very stony. We were in Jerusalem on Palm Sunday, and I saw some very fine functions at the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, but we were struck with the fact that the presence of some 500 armed Turkish soldiers seemed to be necessary to preserve the peace between the rival Christian sects—Greek, Latin, Syrian, Coptic and Abyssinian. A very remarkable feature is the provision made for the entertainment of pilgrims. On the roof of the Abyssinian convent were about 80 small houses where the pilgrims lodged and cooked their food at fires in the open air, very much as you might expect to see at a market in Central Africa. Our party was joined to the patriarchs of the Greek and Armenian Churches, and also to the Bishop of the Syrian Church, who are very able and courteous gentlemen.

AN ADVENTURE IN THE MOUNTAINS.

"At Bethlehem, too, at the Church of the Nativity, Turkish guards seemed to be necessary to preserve the peace. Only a few years ago one of the rival sects burned the rich tapestry which covered the naked walls of the grotto, but now they have a covering of wire which defies such treatment. We had admirable weather most of the time, except when riding over the shoulder of Mount Hermon at an altitude of about a mile above the sea, where we were overtaken by a cold rain accompanied by hail and sleet. We were wet to the skin and chilled to the marrow, and we were compelled to take refuge for the night in the house of a Greek priest, our tents and baggage being soaked with the rain, but we were none the worse for our adventure. With our party of six persons we had 23 horses and beasts of burden, 11 servants, including dragoons, cook, waiter and muleteers, and five tents. All our baggage, tents, iron bedsteads, bedding, dishes, and even the charcoal for the cooking and forage for the horses, had to be carried in packs on horses or mules over very rough roads. We came upon an encampment of the Samaritan sect on the summit of Gerizim. This is the smallest sect in the world, and probably the oldest, numbering only 250 persons. It is a handsome though somewhat effeminate race, slowly dying out, as they marry only among themselves. We enjoyed very much our visit to Damascus and Basleek—Damascus with its great bazaars, Basleek with its stupendous ruins—also our ride over the snowy range of Mount Lebanon to the beautiful port of Beyrout, where we met several of the accomplished missionaries of the American Board of Missions, men who are doing a noble work both in Lebanon and in their splendid college at Beyrout to induce higher education among well-to-do classes.

THE HOMEWARD TRIP.

"At Smyrna I called upon Rev. Mr. McLaughlin, who went from Toronto a few years ago as missionary to Persia, where he has now charge of an important mission with an admirable school in the City of Smyrna. At Constantinople we visited the famous Roberts College, beautifully situated on a height above the Bosphorus and commanding a magnificent view, resembling that of the Hudson at West Point. Principal Washburn with his able assistants is doing a grand work in the higher education of the promising youths of Bulgaria, Servia, Roumelia and the great populations of Eastern Europe. Some of our party returned through Greece, while I returned through Turkey, stopping at Philippopolis, Belgrade, Buda Pesth, Vienna, Munich, Aueburg, Nuremberg, Prague, Dresden, Berlin, Potsdam, Brunswick, Hanover and other places. I made a very interesting visit to Kaiserwerth on the Rhine to the mother house of the famous deaconess institutions whose noble work I was witness to at Cairo, Jerusalem, Damascus, Beyrout and Constantinople."—Toronto Globe.

There will be three things which will surprise us when we get to heaven: one, to find many there that we did not expect to find there; another, to find some not there whom we had expected, a third, and perhaps the greatest wonder, will be to find ourselves there.—Boyes.

The Water Lily.

BY R. M. L. HENRY.

Water lily, robed in white,  
Dainty saunt'ry child of light,  
Rocking on the river's breast;  
To the heavens holding up  
Triumphant your golden-cup,  
To receive love's sweet bequest;

Teach me how to grow as sweet,  
With the mire about my feet,  
How to take from wind and tide  
Just the very things to be  
Moulded into purity,  
Leaving everything beside.

Darker than the river's flow,  
All about me swells the wave  
Of the sin and of the blame;  
Even on the morning's breath  
Comes the bitter taint of death;  
Even childhood knows of sin

But I'd be a child of light,  
Always keep my garments white—  
Water lily, just like you.  
From the same sweet spring divine  
That doth fill that cup of thine  
I would drink, to keep me true.

Water lily, always white,  
Dainty, saunt'ry child of light,  
Rocking on the river's breast;  
Just like you I hold my cup  
To the blessed heavens up,  
That I, too, know love's bequest.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

Rev. W. E. WITHROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 3, 1892.

DON'T RUN IN DEBT.

Boys, do not borrow money nor buy things that you cannot pay for. If you do it will make you a slave and expose you to great temptation. Business men borrow money and trust persons who buy goods of them; but all careful business men get security when they can, and only trust those that they believe will pay them, while money is coming in all the time from what they sell for cash and by the payment of the debts which are owed to them. When men fail it is often because they have loaned money or sold goods on promise to pay to the wrong persons. Often they fail because they have run in debt themselves and are not able to pay. But boys are not in business, and if they run in debt how are they going to get the money to pay their debts? Many a boy who has borrowed money or bought something on credit has been tempted to lie, to make up all kinds of stories to appease his creditors. Others have borrowed from one to pay another, and then from a third to pay the second, and from a fourth to pay the third, and so on until every body shuns them. When it is found that they do not tell the truth or pay their debts they are despised.

Others have been tempted to steal or to run away. Don't run in debt. Deny yourself and save until you can buy what you think you must have. Remember how easy it is to do with-out a great many things. One boy found he had spent thirteen dollars for soda-water in the summer, and he was then in debt eleven dollars. He said to himself, "What a fool I was to tie myself up in knots like this for a lot of froth." Did you ever read Benjamin Franklin's story, "I paid too dear for the whistle?" and have you ever seen the proverb, "A fool and his money are soon parted?" The one who runs in debt is a greater fool than the one who merely spends his money. Don't run in debt. Remember what the Bible says: "The borrower is servant unto the lender."

LEON'S TEMPERANCE SERMON.

"I SAY, boys, let's go down to Delabar's and get some cider!" said Billy Graves to his schoolmates at the recess. "He has got some that is prime. I tasted it this morning."

"All right! I go in for that," said Tony Brown, who, to tell the truth, "went in" for anything that anyone proposed.

The other boys nodded assent to Billy's proposal—all but one, who made a decided protest.

"Oh, come boys! Let's pitch quoits. What do you want of Delabar's cider?"

It was Leon Noble, the minister's son, who said that, and he was so frank and good-natured all the boys liked him.

"Of course, why not pitch quoits?" echoed Tony.

"Oh, you just keep still, will you?" cried Billy, angrily.

"The parson's son is afraid he'll get drunk on new cider, maybe. I'm not such a baby. All you fellows who are in favour of going to Delabar's raise your hands."

Tony's hand went up involuntarily; but he quickly dropped it when he saw his was the only one raised.

"Will you let me tell you a little story?" asked Leon, without heeding Billy's angry looks.

"The other night after school, I went over to Pine Hollow to carry some jelly and things to a sick woman that mother had hunted up, and when I was coming home by Delabar's still I saw a man lying on the ground. I was hurrying along when I heard a little piping voice, and, if you will believe it, there was a child not an inch taller than our Grace. She was pulling his coat sleeve and saying over and over, 'Do come home; papa; do please come home with Mamma.'

"And what do you think the fellow did?"

"He just swore at the little creature—such terrible oaths I never heard before—and then he staggered to his feet and knocked her down with his fist. I thought at first he had killed her."

"He should have been horse-whipped," interrupted Bob Grant, "and I'd have done it if I had been there."

"I'd have knocked him down," added Tony, at which they all laughed; for everybody knew Tony would not dare to fight his own shadow.

"What did you do, Leon?" asked Nat Tylet.

"Before I had time to collect my wits," said Leon, "Delabar came out and caught up the little girl in his arms; and you just ought to have heard the rating he gave the man. He told him to take himself off his premises and not to show his beastly face there again."

"And do you know, it just sobered the fellow completely! Queer, wasn't it?"

"What did he say?" asked Billy Graves.

"I wish all you boys had heard him," said Leon. "He drew himself up and pointed his finger at Delabar, and said, 'How dare you talk to me, you whited sepulchre? 'Twas you who made me a brute. 'Twas you who knocked down my baby, and robbed me of my money, and my manhood, and everything I cared for. You tempted me with your cider until I was mad for something stronger, and you urged me on until you have got all my money; and now you curse me. And it is the truth; as God hears me!'"

"I should not like to be in Delabar's

shoes," said Bert Sweet. "What did he say to that?"

"Not a word. He dropped the child as if she burned him, and went into the house in a hurry. And the child took hold of her father's hand and they went off together."

The boys were silent for at least a minute as Leon stopped talking. Billy Graves was the first to speak.

"If cider does that I don't want any more of that kind of drink, and I won't touch no more of it neither; see if I do," he said hotly.

"You're a first-class temperance lecturer, Leon," said Nat, "and if you only had some pledges we all would sign them; wouldn't we, boys?"

"Oh! would you?" asked Leon, excitedly. "Why that is what we've been talking about, mother and I, for over so long. She wanted I should try to have you all sign the pledge and have a society, and she has the pledges all ready; but you see, I thought you'd all laugh and make fun of it, so I've been putting it off; but mother will be glad enough if you only will."

"I don't see why she should care so much," said Bert Sweet: "but I like it first-rate."

"Oh! you don't know my mother," said Leon. "She and father are planning all the time to help somebody. And they told me to ask you all to meet at the parsonage once a week, and mother will make pop-corn balls and lemonade, and we'll have no end of fun. Will you all come to-morrow night?"

The boys were very ready to promise, and that was the beginning of a temperance work which was felt throughout the town, and the end is not yet.—Christian Advocate.

AN EXAMPLE WORTH COPYING.

A SPEAKER at a temperance meeting lately related the following incident which occurred at one of the stations of the Underground Railway in London:

Two gentlemen, an Englishman and one who seemed a native of India, were pacing the platform together; as they approached the refreshment bar, the Englishman, thinking to beguile the time of waiting for the train, said to his companion:

"Will you have a drink?"

The foreigner returned him the answer we trust you all would have made:

"Thank you, I never take strong liquors."

His friend then offered him a cigar, but was told, "I never smoke."

The Englishman gazed at him with astonishment; whatever did he find to occupy his time if he neither drank nor smoked? "Why, whatever do you do?" he asked, a little impatiently, perhaps.

The quiet reply proved that his companion, though a stranger to England, understood the highest wisdom of all, and had learned the secret of joy and blessedness—"I try to serve my God, and help the people around me."

Is not this an example worth copying? Boys and girls, if you shape your lives after this fashion, yours will be the gladness unknown by those who live for self, and forget their neighbours and their brethren.

GO HOME, BOYS.

Boys, don't hang around the corners of the streets. If you have anything to do, do it promptly, right off, then go home. Home is the place for boys. About the street corners and at the stables they learn to talk slang, and they learn to swear, smoke tobacco and to do many other things they ought not to do.

Do your business, and then go home. If your business is play, play and make a business of it. I like to see boys play good, earnest, healthy games. If I owned the town I would give the boys a good spacious play-ground. It should have plenty of green grass and trees and fountains and broad paths to run and jump and play-mitale games. I would make it as pleasant as lovely as it could be, and I would give it to the boys to play in, and when the play was ended I would tell them to go home.—Sunday-school Scholar.