

## Olden Times.

In the great, wide halls of memory,  
Rise up scenes of olden times:  
When the house, the fields, the garden,  
Rang with laughter's merry chimes!

Then, my brothers and my sisters,  
With myself, in childish glee,  
Played around our lowly dwelling,  
Beside that sweet-briar tree.

Now, as down the road I saunter,  
Gently wandering toward home,  
I gaze on those old log-buildings,  
Looking sombre, sad, and lone.

But, at once, imaginations  
Rise within my youthful mind,  
And I see the doors stand open,  
As they did in olden times.

Oh! I've wakened from my fancies—  
Fain I'd be to longer stay;  
But that golden scene has vanished,  
And along the road I stray.

That once cosy home is empty,  
To another house we moved;  
But I often long for childhood,  
And the dear old home I loved!

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## Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, AUGUST 5, 1893.

## A CHILDHOOD REMEMBRANCE.

THE mother of the Emperor of Germany, daughter of Queen Victoria of England, in her childhood was given a little Swiss cottage by her father. Her brothers and sisters shared it with her; and the children of royalty created for themselves a home of their own, and a little paradise of gardens and bowers. They were allowed to sow, reap, dig, and water to their hearts' content.

The cottage was filled with collections of flowers, and shells, and butterflies, and stones, so dear to the hearts of children. The little cottage possessed a real cooking stove, utensils, china closet, and small brooms and brushes to be "plied by busy housewives" when they were getting ready for visitors to come and see them. These little princesses, when they invited guests to lunch with them, prepared all the dishes with their own fingers.

Once they received a very learned man, a great chemist, who had come from a far-off land to visit their father, Prince Albert. Baron Liebig afterward told his friends how charmingly he was entertained by these children. His little hosts led him about, showing him their treasures. They baked a little cake for him, and prepared a luncheon for him out of doors among the flowers.

Those days of childhood were so pleasant to the daughter of Victoria that after she married the Crown Prince of Germany, and went to that country to live, she opened what is called the Pestalozzi Froebel House

at Berlin, in which poor children are taught how to wash their dollies' clothes, to bake and to sew, and to keep house for themselves. Connected with the house is a large garden, where the children raise flowers and potatoes and other vegetables. They have grass enough to make hay of; and in haying time the children turn the newly-cut grass with tiny rakes, and make it into tumbles for the little hayrack waggon, drawn by two ponies.

A visitor speaks of seeing the joy the children showed over a new cow, and saw the cream, and the cheese and the butter the little girls had been taught to make from the milk.

The young king's father and mother were such good people that we think his reign must be a blessing to the German people. The education of their children was the greatest concern of their lives. When the young prince's parents were away from home they wrote them: "We, your parents, are far away from our dear sons, from our home. You, our children, must be our representatives. Seek out the poor, the suffering, in the cottages around you, and give to them freely according to your means."

No children have had more opportunities or better ones of learning the great art of making other people happy than Emperor William and his brothers and sisters.

## FANNY'S SIN.

BY A. E. C. MASKELL.

FANNY AMBLER was a little girl who lived with her grandma because her mamma had died almost as soon as she was born. She was a child with many lovely traits of character. But for one fault she would have been almost perfect.

"Some time," grandma told her, "if she did not overcome her temper—bind it with chains away down in the bottom of her heart so that it could never break loose—something dreadful might happen to blight her life forever."

"What?" asked Fanny.

"Suppose you should become a murderer?"

"Nonsense," laughed Fanny.

"Anger and hatred lead to it. 'He who has hatred in his heart is a murderer in the sight of God,'" said grandma.

"I will try to be more careful," the little girl would say, gravely.

Once or twice she had overcome, to be all the more terrible on another occasion.

One day a beautiful lady came to grandma's, visiting, bringing a sweet child of five years.

Fanny was at school, and grandma sent little Rose into the play-room to amuse herself with Fanny's doll-house.

When Fanny returned she was told that there was company for her in the play-room, and, as she loved Rose dearly, she went in search of her with a smiling face.

She found her sitting on a footstool before the doll-house, turning over the articles within with eager fingers.

Now Fanny was a paragon of neatness, and she took in at a glance that one of her chairs was standing on three legs, one doll's arm was broken, and her stove, her bright pretty stove, of which she was so proud, lay on the floor cracked and disabled.

Fanny flew into a passion in an instant, and picking up the stove, hurled it with all her force at Rose.

The little one held up her hand appealingly, but the stove glided by and struck her on the head.

There were one or two gasps for breath, and then little Rose fell over, the blood staining her white face.

Fanny realized in an instant what she had done. Her eyes were big with horror as she turned them once on Rose's mamma and her grandma just coming into the room, then with a wild, piercing scream, she fled to the attic.

What had she done? She had killed little Rose. She was a murderer, just as her grandma feared she would become. Would she be hanged? What would she do? What would God do? Then she prayed:

"Dear, dear Jesus, don't let little Rose die. Save her, save her, and do help me to overcome my wicked temper."

It was dark when she was found on the attic floor, unconscious.

"Poor child, how she suffers from the fruits of her sin!" said grandma, pityingly.

Once she opened her eyes and shuddered, then her grandma said, "Rose is not dead. Her head is bandaged up, and the doctor says she will get well."

Fanny smiled a ghastly smile and went into unconscionableness again.

A brain fever followed, which lasted for weeks, the little girl continually believing herself to be a murderer, but when, at last, she was restored to health, it was found she had learned a lesson she would never forget. At the first provocation to anger she would flee to Jesus, and most earnestly ask him to help her to overcome, and he always did. "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city."

## JOHNNIE AND HIS APPETITE.

JOHNNIE was always known to have a good appetite, and was ready for every meal. So hungry was he always, and such a quantity of his mother's dainties did he consume, that he was called the "champion eater" of the family. Not that he was a glutton, oh, no! only a healthy, growing boy, very fond of out-of-door sports, which help one's appetite amazingly. But about the time when the cholera scare began to be talked about and the papers were full of it, it was noticed that Johnnie seemed to be more hungry than ever. He was eager for every meal, and the many times he passed his plate at the table for refilling, was seemingly beyond all reason.

"Why, Johnnie," said his mother, "it seems to me you have an extra good appetite lately. If we had cool weather I should not wonder at it. What makes you so hungry these warm days?"

"Well, mother, I've always heard you say that 'an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure,' and so I'm strengthening myself against cholera. I read in the papers the other day that it was mostly underfed people who took the cholera, and I don't mean to be one of that sort. We boys at school have decided to fill up."

This occasioned a loud laugh from every one around the table.

"There's no danger of underfeeding in your case, John," said his father; "you seem to be in a very healthy condition; able to cope with any disease. But food is not the only essential. Did you read what the paper said about the use of intoxicating drinks? The drinkers take the cholera more readily than teetotalers, and die in greater numbers. A man whose blood is poisoned with beer or brandy, is rarely able to fight this dread disease, and it has been proven in some places where the disease raged that almost every drunkard died, while only a very few total abstainers were sick at all."

"That speaks well for us teetotalers," said the mother. "John, you may feel quite safe, for you have never yet taken a drop of any alcoholic drink whatever."

"I'm jolly glad to know that, mother, and I promise you I never will," said the boy. "I'll tell that teetotal fact which father spoke of to all the fellows at school; and especially lay the law down to Bert Smith, because his folks have beer every day; and Bert drinks it, I know. I'm glad we are all temperance in this house."

## LIFE THROUGH CHRIST'S DEATH.

A PREACHER had gone down into a coal mine to tell the miners of that grace and truth which came by Jesus Christ. Meeting the foreman on his way back to the shaft, he asked him what he thought of God's way of salvation. The man replied: "Oh, it is too cheap. I cannot believe in such a religion as that."

Without an immediate answer to his remark, the preacher asked, "How do you get out of this place?"

"Simply by getting into the cage," was the reply.

"But do you not need to help raise yourself?" asked the preacher.

"Of course not," said the miner.

"But what about the people who sunk the shaft? Was there much labour and expense about it?"

"Indeed, yes. The shaft was sunk at great labour and expense; but it is our only way out. Without it we should never get to the surface."

"Just so. And when God's word tells you that whosoever believeth on the Son of God hath everlasting life, you at once say, 'Too cheap, too cheap,' forgetting that God's work to save you and others was accomplished at a vast cost, the price of our lives being the death of his own Son."

## A GIANT TREE.

AMONGST the greatest of the natural wonders of this continent, exhibited at the World's Fair, Chicago, is a section of a great redwood tree from California.

The section of the tree was taken from Mammoth Forest, in Tulare County, California. It was cut from a forest giant 312 feet in height, growing at an enormous altitude, and was severed from the trunk twenty-eight feet above the stump, at which point the tree measured sixty feet in circumference.

The tree was larger at the stump; but a section from the base could not be cut for the purpose of transportation, for the simple reason that a solid cut of twenty feet was taken diametrically, and nine feet in height, and that is the maximum of the railway freight limit on flat cars.

The entire piece of wood consists of sixteen sections as follows: The lower section is one foot in height by twenty feet in diameter, all in one solid cut, weighing 19,728 pounds. This will be arranged as a floor, placed on nine elegantly carved and enormous pedestals made of the wood of the same tree. The next cut is seven feet in height by twenty feet in diameter, which is hollowed out and will be placed on the floor cut. The last and final cut is one foot high, and similar in every respect to the floor cut. The whole of this remarkable curiosity will form a sort of hall, and will accommodate one hundred people, and will be entered by a swinging door made out of one of the portions of the second section. Two hundred and fifty incandescent lights will illuminate the section inside and out; and a number of wood carvers have been engaged to manufacture souvenirs for distribution among the visitors.

## A Modern Prodigal,

BY

Mrs. Julia McNair Wright.

## CHAPTER XIII.

A THANKSGIVING DAY.

AFTER Letitia went to live with Uncle Barum the friendship of the old man for his niece and her family increased; he often drove out to the cottage with Letitia to take tea, or spend part of a Saturday. He never failed to say something to indicate his settled animosity to Thomas Stanhope, but was all kindness toward Mercy and her children.

He gave them no presents; giving was not in Uncle Barum's line, and what he did for Letitia was a great straining of his natural disposition. Two forces were at work within him where Letitia was concerned.

He had become irritated against Sacy Terhune and her daughter Madge, because of certain exhibitions of insolence and greed. But in the days of his first wrath against Mercy, Sacy Terhune had been very attentive and sympathetic to him, and had known how to turn his anger against her cousin to the benefit of herself. She had secured the promise of the Titus farm for Philip, her son, and various pledges in her own behalf.

As for Philip, Uncle Barum heartily loved the lad, and did not repent that he was to heir the Titus farm. But Uncle Barum was growing weary of Sacy and her greed and little follies, and when Samuel's visit had drawn his attention to his niece and her family, he had begun to consider how he might outgeneral Sacy and benefit Mercy.

He planned about this with an obstinacy and secrecy of a crafty old man verging on his second childhood. He visited the High School and studied Letitia attentively; he talked with Friend Amos Lowell about her, and at last he had moved to the village, and she had come to live with him as a daughter.