

They are Fad for Boys.

Little bits of paper
Old cigars chopped small,
Little puffs of smoke, by
Keeps from growing tall

Liquids and slumps worked over
By diluting
Make a youth a bloke.
Make a boy a rowdy,
Make a youth a bloke.

Very bad tobacco,
Very thin and poor.
Something cheap and flimsy
No one need endure

Let us come out strongly
Anti-cigarette.
Fight it to a finish
Hard lest we regret.

-Chicago News.

OUR PERIODICALS:

Table listing various magazines and their prices, including Christian Guardian, Methodist Magazine, and others.

THE AMORY PUBLISHING HOUSE

WILLIAM BRIGGS,
O. H. Wood and Publishing House, Toronto.
S. F. Hildesheim,
2176 St. Catherine St., Montreal.

Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.
Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 1, 1900

GIVE GOD YOUR LIFE.

Dear Juniors, the revival season, so dear to us as a church, is approaching, and we trust that you will take a deep interest in it. To each of you as have given Christ your hearts God has a special message. For does he not say "They that seek me early shall find me"? Not that he is not always found, but that it is so much easier for the young to yield their hearts to God than it is for older persons. Then evil habits have not wrapped their coils so tightly around one, and the love of the world has not gained such a strong hold. The child's loving and trustful nature is quick to respond to the Father's call: "Son, daughter, give me thy heart."

We hope you will try to realize what blessedness it is to give your life to God. For he who gives his life to God is kept from sin, and the suffering and sorrow that sin brings. Kept to be good, and to go on to glory, and to be the most beautiful thing on earth—righteous men and women. Kept thus from evil. For no evil can befall the good man. Kept unto eternal life. For those who are born of the Spirit have obtained eternal life.

Dear young friends, give your lives to God, and let him keep you henceforth and for ever.—Epworth Herald.

OUR JUNIORS.

To you the revival should have special significance. You should first resolve to your beloved Master, and second, you should be filled with a burning zeal to bring others into his service. Consecrate yourselves completely, and then pray for your messages earnestly and wisely to others. Tell your young friends of the joy you find in the love and service of Christ, and beseech them to come near to him for salvation and life. Pray for and with them, and obey cheerfully the wise instructions of your superintendent.

You can aid greatly in singing, and in distributing invitations to the meeting. Then, too, you might stay with the small

children of busy and tired mothers, and let them sometimes attend the meetings. It would be a great and helpful work that you could bring forth.

THE BRAKLE OF THE KARROO BUSHES.

BY WALTER PALMER.

The brakle of South Africa is a little cur of an odd degree, a sneaking, skulking, peeping outcast from his own kind, a poor substitute for a dog only where no better may be had. Yet, the poor brakle sometimes rises so high as to be worthy of an honoured place among the St. Bernards and Newfoundlanders.

One day, during the dry season of the year, a party of traders were crossing the hot, dust-yeow plain, and the brakle barked at them. At noon they were near the summit of a small kopje, or hillock, and as this offered as much air as there was stirring, they dismounted and made preparations for a midday meal.

This kopje, like most of those they crossed, had a straggling clump of karroo bushes, many of them but a few inches high, and among the karroo was an occasional milk-briar, some long finger-like leaves, and here and there was a tuft of grass or a clump of prickly pears with uplifted, thorny arms.

Presently one of the party noticed a small animal, evidently toward them through the karroo bushes, and as it came nearer, he recognized the intruder as a brakle.

"Throw something at the cur, Dick," he called, "writing to one of his companions." "We wouldn't mind feeding a decent dog, but we don't want any of these cowardly mongrels skulking about and maybe following us. Never mind if you do break down a stick or two."

Dick caught up a stick and threw it with skilful aim; but, instead of slinking away, as they expected, the animal dodged the missile and came nearer.

They called, and again the animal bounded adroitly aside, this time coming to within a few feet of where they were sitting, and beginning to whine piteously.

"Hush on, Dick," another man called, suddenly, "he believes in us, and is stating, 'Hoss him a chunk of meat—a big one.'"

Dick obediently selected a piece of meat, almost half as large as the applicant, and sprang forward to offer it to meet his half way. But the offering was too large for the brakle to grasp in mid-air, and both dog and meat fell rolling upon the ground.

"'Afraid to eat in sight of us,'" the first speaker said, indignantly, "that's the way with all these underhanded creatures. This somebody is trying to steal from them. This cur will sneak off into some solitary place and gorge himself. Well, if he eats all that meat, he will not be hungry again."

But apparently he was mistaken, for ten minutes later the brakle was again looking up into their faces and whining entreatingly. Several of the men whistled under their breath.

"Throw him a chunk of meat, Dick," one of them called, facetiously; "don't you see the brute is starving? Where I've heard that a Kafir could eat his own shadow, and I've heard that you've another piece of meat, I can do so. Give him a good, big chunk, Dick."

More meat was thrown to the dog, and, as before, it was snatched up with a strong grip and bounded away into the karroo bushes. This they supposed would be the last of him, but, even in less than ten minutes before, he was back again, bounding from one to another, and looking up at them with big, entreating eyes that almost seemed to speak. What little fear and hesitation he had shown at first was now wholly gone. He seemed to have read their confidence.

"What a dog!" cried several, in wondering admiration; "what capacity!" and one of them added: "Here, Dick, throw him some more, and then, we must all go to it, if we have to kill a bull-wink to do it."

other: "that is quite evident from the way he smelled the meat. There was a very ravenous longing in his every motion."

Apparently the dog understood that they were talking of him, for he gave a quick yell, and bounded into the karroo bushes, then stopped and looked back at them.

"He wants us to follow him," cried the man who had tried to kick to drive the cur away. "Come on!"

He started after the brakle, and the others followed, and the dog, with a joyous, comprehending bark, rushed ahead.

Up though the karroo bushes he hurried, and then the dog averted off to the right and bounded on for three or four rods, stopping at length near a clump of prickly pears. When they came up paunting they found him licking the face of an emaciated Kafir, who was apparently dead.

But a brief examination showed that the man was merely unconscious, evidently from loss of blood, and with wounds, already beginning to heal, and one of his legs had been fearfully lacerated and crushed. An effort at self-rescue had been attempted, for the fingers rudely found him licking the face of an emaciated Kafir, who was apparently dead.

One of the men went back over the trail which the dragging body had made. When he returned, his eyes sought the Kafir with an odd look of questioning respect.

"I found the body of a lion down there," he said, gravely. "It must have been killed a week or ten days ago, for the flesh has been nearly removed by birds and ants. There were wild cats and a fox, and a hand-to-hand encounter, I should say, for I found a long knife in the head of the animal."

"You don't mean—beginning one of the listeners," "Yes, I mean just that. I believe this man and the lion fought together, and this man conquered and dragged himself up here, in the condition you see him. Furthermore, he has had the lion surgeon by licking the wounds, and as sole provider." He nodded toward the dog, which was still licking the Kafir's wounds. Near the animal, and within easy reach of his arm, were the two pieces of meat; and scattered about were the cleanly-picked bones of small animals and birds, and the broken shells of birds' eggs. The men looked at each other with a certain incredulity. The one who had asked Dick to drive the cur away looked round with a sudden tenderness in his face.

"Yes, I see it all now," he said slowly. "The little brakle has done animals and birds in the same manner which he alone can explain, and brought them to his master. He licked the wounds, and kept off birds and other intruders which might have been harmful. And the man's unconsciousness is very likely due to thirst. Probably he did not lose his reason until some time this afternoon, and then the dog hurried off in quest of food, and he was left with no water. But when he brought the pieces of meat, and his master would not touch them, he must have realized that the remedy was beyond his power to provide; then he came and implored us to help him."

"Then, there is another thing," his voice becoming softer; "I believe the dog has been starving himself in order to provide for his master. See how bright his eyes are! I don't know how he smelled that third piece of meat in camp. I suppose he felt that his moments were too precious just then to be wasted in eating. I doubt if he has ever eaten so much since his master dragged himself up here."

They were all silent for a few minutes, looking at the Kafir and the dog; then some one asked, "What shall we do with them?"

"Take them along, of course," was the prompt response. "A man who has been cared for as this one has must be worthy of further looking after. His wounds are apparently doing well, and I think we shall have no trouble in getting him through. We will take him down to the camp, and then carry him on to Kimberley. There I will put him in the care of the best surgeon I can find. We must save him for our own sake. Before the end of three months the Kafir was nearly as strong as ever, and by that time they had learned that he was intelligent above his class, and that he was a valuable animal. When they offered him the position of hunter for their party, he accepted the place with a broad

display of teeth. So the brakle became a fixture at the camp, and though, of course, his direct affection was always for his master, he had a special fondness for the party giving perhaps the second place to the one who had asked Dick to drive him away.

A GOVERNOR FOUND IN A HOGSHEAD.

BY GEO. W. BLUNAT.

A good-natured philanthropist was walking along the docks one Sunday morning, when he found a boy asleep in a hogshead. He shook him awake, and then opened the following conversation:

"What are you doing here, boy?" "I 'slopt here all night, sir, for I had no other place to sleep in." "How is that? Have you no father or mother? Who takes care of you?" "My father drinks, sir, and I don't know where he is. I have to take care of myself, for my mother is dead; she did not long ago. And at the mention of her name the boy's eyes filled with tears.

"Well, come along with me. I'll give you a home, and look after you as well as I can."

The child thus adopted on the wharf was taken to a happy home. He was sent to a common school, and afterwards employed as a clerk in the store of his benefactor. He became of age, his friend and benefactor said to him, "You have been a faithful and honest boy and man, and if you will make three promises, I will furnish you with letters from the West on your own account."

"What promises do you wish me to make?" inquired the young man.

"First, that you will not drink intoxicating liquors of any kind."

"I agree to that."

"Second, that you will not use profane speech."

"I agree to that."

"Third, that you will not become a politician."

"I agree to that."

The young man started in business at the West, and, by mingling his own business in a few years he became a rich man. At the close of the war he came East, and called upon his friend and accepted father. In the course of a happy interview the philanthropist asked his adopted son if he had kept his total-abstinence pledge.

"Yes, sir," was the answer.

"Have you abstained from the use of profane speech?"

"Yes, sir," said the man with emphasis.

"Have you had anything to do with politics?"

The visitor—the adopted son perhaps I should have said—the father and said, "Without your consent I was nominated for governor of my State and elected. I am now on my way to Washington to transact important business for the State."

"Ever a hogshead turn out so good a thing as a teetotal governor before? It had to be emptied of its wine before it could be a shelter for the little Arab who ran wild in that wild and lawless and lawless part of the great city of New York."

The streets and wharves of the great metropolis of commerce invite missionary effort, and the writer hopes that the little walls about on the leve of outward life will not be neglected.

LUCKY DAYS.

I heard some one say the other day: "Brighter day is not going to begin that work Friday, are you? Why, Friday's an unlucky day!"

Not many people are so foolish as really to think so nowadays, and surely brighter day is not the side of the world on Friday, and reached Palos on his return on Friday. So, for this dear country of ours, Friday is surely a lucky day. I'll tell you what I think. Every day in which the world is made happier and brighter is a lucky day. And every day in which the saloon and other evil things are allowed to do their wicked work is an unlucky day. When the boys and girls of to-day are as good as the boys and girls of to-day, and that there are more "lucky" days than we have now?—Silver-Cress.