

An Indignant Scholar.

Such a horrid jogafrj lesson!
Cities and mountains and lakes;
And the longest, crookedest rivers,
Just wriggling about like snakes.

I tell you, I wish Columbus
Hadn't heard the earth was a ball,
And started to find new countries
That folks didn't need at all.

Now wouldn't it be too lovely
If all that you had to find out
Was just about Spain and England,
And a few other lands thereabout.

And the rest of the maps were printed
With pink and yellow to say,
"All this is an unknown region
Where bogies and fairies stay!"

But what is the use of wishing,
Since Columbus sailed over here,
And men keep hunting and 'sploring
And finding more things every year?

Now show me the Yampah River,
And tell me where does it flow?
And how do you bound Montana?
And Utah and Mexico?

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 30, 1893.

"DON'T DESTROY THE PAPERS."

AN article in an exchange with the above heading told how one dull November day an invalid girl longed so much for something to read that her mother smoothed out the crumpled newspaper which had come that morning around the sewing and handed it to her. Agnes read several items of interest, and then came to a little poem, entitled "Trust," which she read aloud:

"Make a little fence of trust
Around to-day;
Fill the space with loving works,
And therein stay;
Look not through the sheltering bars
Upon to-morrow.
God will help thee hear what comes
Of joy or sorrow."

"Read it again, dear," the tired, overworked mother said, and as the lips which were so soon to be pale and lifeless read the tender lines once again, there came into the face of the careworn mother a look of peace. As she knelt that night by the sick bed she said to her daughter:

"Agnes, pray that your mother may learn to trust."

Rising, she said, softly: "I think he has granted it, even to unworthy me, Agnes;" and as she moved about to set things in order for the night, she added: "I think we shall never forget that scrap of paper, child. I think the Lord sent it on purpose."

Don't destroy your papers. A bare-footed Colorado lad said to me a day or so ago, with shining face: "I have reading

enough to last me for a whole year. A lady subscribed for several papers for her little boy, she gave them to a poor boy, and he read them and then loaned them to me."

Don't destroy the papers. The children's magazine may gladden the hearts of the little ones whose homes are bare as was that of the little Western boy. Every good religious paper is capable of being just such a messenger of peace as was that scrap which comforted the overworked widow. So do not destroy them, but send them to the penitentiary, the hospital, or to the poor and sick in your vicinity.—*New York Christian Advocate.*

IRON SHOD.

THE safety of a mountain-climber depends upon being well-shod. And therefore the Swiss guides wear heavy shoes with sharp spikes in the soles.

On a bright July morning, a famous scientist of England started with two gentlemen to ascend a steep and lofty snow mountain in Switzerland.

Though experienced mountaineers, they took with them Jenni, the boldest guide in that district. After reaching the summit, they started back, and soon arrived at a steep slope covered with thin snow. They were lashed together with a strong rope, which was tied to each man's waist.

"Keep carefully in my steps, gentlemen," said Jenni; "for a false step might start the snow and send us down in an avalanche."

He had scarcely spoken when the whole field of snow began to slide down the mountain side, carrying the unfortunate climbers with it at a terrible pace.

A steeper slope was before them, and at the end of it a precipice! The three foremost men were almost buried in the whirling snow. Below them were the jaws of death. Everything depended on getting a foothold.

Jenni shouted loudly, "Halt! halt!" and with desperate energy drove his iron-nailed boots into the firm ice beneath the moving snow.

Within a few rods of the precipice, Jenni got a hold with his feet, and was able to bring the party up all standing, when two seconds more would have swept them into the chasm.

This hair-breadth escape shows the value of being well shod when in dangerous places. Life is full of dangerous places, especially for the young. No boy is prepared for dangerous climbing unless he is well shod with Christian principles. Sometimes temptation ices the track under him, and then he must plant his foot down with an iron heel, or he is gone.

A poor boy of my acquaintance signed a pledge never to taste whiskey. One day his rich employer invited him to dinner. There was wine on the table, but the lad was not ashamed to say:

"No, I thank you, sir; I never touch it."

Then came a rich pudding, which the boy tasted, and found that there was brandy in it; so he quietly laid the tasted morsel back on his plate. The employer discovered that the boy had pluck enough to stand by his convictions, and he will never be afraid to trust him. He is a sure-footed boy.

God knows what steep places lie before us. He has provided the "shoes of iron and brass" for us to put on. They are truth, honesty, and faith, and courage, and prayer.

A clear conscience will keep the head cool. And up along the hard road there is a sign-board, on which is written in large letters, "He that walketh uprightly walketh surely."

THE AIR WE BREATHE.

It is said that "twelve thousand silkworms when newly hatched scarcely weigh one quarter of an ounce, yet in the course of their life, which only lasts about thirty-five days, they will consume between three and four hundred pounds of leaves."

This seems wonderful, but not more so than the quantity of air that a man will consume. In one year he uses in his breathing one hundred thousand cubic feet of air, and purifies over three thousand five hundred tons of blood.

Suppose he does not breathe pure air? Then the impurities that he takes in go

into his blood, and must be gotten rid of some way. Sometimes the blood carries them to the skin, and they come out in pimples or boils; sometimes they cause fevers or other diseases. So you can see how important it is to breathe good air. The air of the house is never quite so good as that out-of-doors, because stoves and furnaces make a gas that poisons the air more or less; then the breath sent out from the lungs is poison, so it is very important to have as good air as we can in the house, and to be out-of-doors, walking, riding, or working, as much as possible every pleasant day. At night there should always be fresh air in the sleeping room. If there is not, the sleeper will wake up in the morning feeling very tired and unrested, and the reason is, he has been breathing air over again until there was no life in it. Remember, if you took back into your lungs one breath just sent out from them that had no fresh air mixed with it, you would die of suffocation in sixty seconds. Don't economize on air. Have plenty of it, and as good as you can get always.

THE TOBACCO TYRANT.

TOBACCO is the most oppressive, malicious, relentless and exacting ruler in the world, having the control of the largest number of slaves of any other tyrant. There are but very few of his slaves who can so far rise to the dignity of true manhood as to throw off the yoke of oppression. The bidding of this oppressor is generally obeyed, however unreasonable it may be, and, too often, without one word of opposition. A man—or one who was once a man—though his family may be suffering for the necessaries of life, is practically told to gather up what money he can find and rush to the shop for some tobacco, that he may satisfy, or try to satisfy, his craving appetite for the vile weed that may remove that insatiable gnawing within, ever crying, "Give, give!" This tyrant orders him to fill his breath so full of disgusting and nauseating stench as to render him an unwelcome visitor in decent society, and he obeys, however disgusting this may be to his female friends. Indeed, it matters but little how arbitrary this oppressor may be, he rules.



REV. EGERTON YOUNG.

EGERTON YOUNG AND THE NORTH-WEST INDIANS.

[We have previously reviewed Mr. Young's book and have pleasure in reprinting the following notice of it from the *Montreal Witness*.—Ed.]

No one that has listened to Rev. Egerton Young, as with gentle voice he has told at Conventions the most entrancing stories of his work among the Indians of the North-West, but will welcome with delight his new book entitled, "Stories from Indian Wigwams and Northern Camp Fires." (Wm. Briggs, Toronto.) Mr. Young loved his Indians and drew out whatever was best in them. With marvellous tact he met their difficulties and won their affections, and had the delight of seeing in more than one instance even their sorcerers yielding to the power of the Gospel.

In 1868 Mr. and Mrs. Young left Hamilton, Ont., for work among the Cree Indians at Rosville Mission, near Norway House. Two months were spent in the journey to Winnipeg, then Fort Garry. From thence they started in a Hudson Bay Company skiff, with neither deck, awning nor cabin, for their long and perilous journey northward. Eight Indian boatmen took them safely down the Red River of the North with a large ox as fellow-passenger. Fourteen days of varied experiences on Lake Winnipeg followed, the party going ashore each evening to camp and cook meals.

There were places where the water was so shallow that our boat grounded in the sand a hundred feet or more from the shore. When this happened a broad-shouldered man named So-qua-a-tum, would jump into the water, and coming around to the stern of the boat, would take Mrs. Young on his back and shoulders safely to the shore. I would address my feet and wade ashore. One day the big guide, as he saw me about to take off my shoes, said: "Missionary, let me carry you ashore like So-qua-a-tum carried your wife." "All right, Tom," I replied. He jumped into the water, and coming round, placed himself in position for me to get on his back. Just as I let myself go to catch hold of him he suddenly ducked down, and I went over his head into the lake, amid roars of laughter from the men. He said he slipped, and urged me to try it again,