

### What Would Jesus Do?

A young and earnest pilgrim  
Travelling the King's highway,  
Counting over the lessons  
From the guide-book every day,  
Said, as each hindrance met him,  
With purpose firm and true,  
"If on earth he walked to-day,  
What would Jesus do?"

It grew to be his watchword  
In service or in light;  
Helped to keep his pilgrim garb  
Unsoiled, pure, and white  
For when temptation lured him,  
It nerved him through and through  
To ask this simple question:  
"What would Jesus do?"

Now, if it be our purpose  
To walk where Christ has led,  
To follow in his footsteps  
With ever careful tread:  
Oh, let this be our watchword,  
A watchword pure and true,  
To ask, in each temptation:  
"What would Jesus do?"  
—The Silver Cross

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## Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 27, 1892.

### PREVENTION BETTER THAN CURE.

BY REV. A. C. GEORGE.

THE use of intoxicating drinks as a beverage results in a habit which binds its victim with an iron power. The whole physical system cries out for the accustomed stimulant. The capacity of resistance is constantly diminished, and the rush and clamour of the appetite and passions is like a thunder-storm in motion. It is seldom that a tippler is thoroughly reformed who does not also become a reformed man. Salvation from sin—from all sin—through the blood of Jesus Christ, and by the power of the Holy Ghost, is his only hope, as well of sobriety and decency as of eternal life. The reformation will not suffice except there be also a transformation.

It is a satisfaction to know that this moral miracle is sometimes wrought, but it must never be forgotten that these reformed men have suffered irreparable losses. They were deformed before they were reformed, and, as a consequence, they lost time, strength, money, influence, reputation, and moral power. They dishonoured their manhood, destroyed their self respect, and dragged their reclaimed souls through the mire of sensual indulgence. The lost opportunities can never be recovered, the impaired powers can never be fully restored, and the bitter memories can never be wholly washed away. The wounds of the soul are healed, but the scars remain.

The lesson, therefore, in the lives of these men is

one of admonition. Their return to virtue and to God is to be heartily commended; but they are, nevertheless, beacons to warn rather than examples for imitation.

Prevention, holding men back from becoming drunkards, is the supremely important work. Let every one beware of entering on this downward way, and let ministers, parents, teachers, and all Christian labourers remember always that their best work for God and man is not recovery, but prevention.

### A PULL ALL TOGETHER.

FOR remember the old saying, "A long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together!" That is what accomplishes results. Oftentimes two brave hearts working together will do ten times the work that one would.

The other day I saw two ragged children on the Boston Public Garden gleefully clasping hands, and raising another child between them. Neither of the little bearers could alone have lifted the weight, but together they trudged off easily with their laughing burden, and made great fun of the whole matter, too.

That is what Young People's Christian Endeavour Societies are for, and Chautauqua Circles, and Temperance Bands, and all sorts of gatherings and associations of young people in the Church and Sunday-school. You help one another to help other people. Clasp hands with somebody, and then set to work bearing burdens for others.

Then, as you help some little child over a hard place, you will find, like St. Christopher, that you have been bearing Christ, inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, his children.—*Sunday Afternoon.*

### WAITING FOR THE MASTER.

THE wind was roaring, the waves were rising; proud, angry breakers were defiantly splashing their white heads in the distance.

"A jolly good dance old Neptune is going to lead us to-night," said a careless-looking sailor leaning against the cabin. "If I were the captain I would order some grog all round to give some Dutch courage, for we shall have squalling of both kinds before night falls."

A small cabin-boy was passing by; it was his first voyage. "Is there any danger?" he asked in a trembling voice.

"Danger! Oh, heaps!" cried the man, thinking it fair sport to frighten the lad. "Before the morning we shall all be food for the fishes."

"Leave the boy alone and have done with your nonsense," said the captain, sternly, coming up, but his voice sounded anxious. "Look here, Walter; when the storm rises you keep below, and don't come up unless I call you myself, remember."

"Yes, sir," said the lad, and down the stairs he went.

"A milkop!" cried Smith, shrugging his shoulders.

"A milkop!" echoed the captain; "there is more real stuff in that lad than in any of you."

Presently above the roaring of the waves, and the fierce-wailing of the wind, came a sudden fearful and a long roar, and then a quick flashing light which seemed to fall right upon that one frail ship, and lit up in a wondrous way the great angry sea above and below her. Then another crash of thunder and another broke upon the storm till the men's hearts failed them, and some of them sobbed like little children.

Walter was, true to his orders, down in the cabin, and kneeling on his knees, he was praying his prayer, "Deliver us from evil," when Smith appeared with a scared face. "Where's the whiskey?" he cried hoarsely. "It can't matter now the captain is washed overboard, and we shall all be dead men before an hour. I must get a glass first." He was so terrified he hardly knew what he was saying.

The boy's sweet voice, "Deliver us from evil," rose like an angel above the storm, and Smith's hand was stayed.

"For thine is the kingdom," went on that brave,

silvery tone, and then—came another shiver; the vessel was struck.

Down went the life-boats, up rushed the crew. It was a hopeless chance, but still it was a chance. Another flash of lightning came; it revealed all hands but one. Where was the cabin-boy? Smith flew down the stairs again; there was the boy still kneeling, his hands were still clasped. He was waiting for his master's call, was he? Well—the Captain had called him, and little Walter's half finished prayer here was ended in that land where there is no more sea.

But his prayer, "Deliver us from evil," was not ended even here, as you may imagine, for Smith, who with only two others, were saved that fearful night, never forgot that boy's firm faith or his brave obedience.

"Waiting so patiently for the Captain," he used to say so reverently that at last it became his motto too; and Smith, in waiting for his Captain, became such a brave, God-fearing, sober man, that he was an example to all around him, and a devoted follower of the Great Captain of heaven and earth.

### TOBACCO.

DEAR Boys,—

"Tobacco is a filthy weed,  
And from the Devil it doth proceed.  
It spends your money, and burns your clothes,  
And makes a chimney of your nose."

How do you like this poetry? It was composed by a man over fifty years ago, who was smoking when he repeated it. Did you ever see a tobacco user, who was glad he learned to use it? I think nearly all of them will say they are sorry they learned to use it. Here is a short story for you.

Over fifty years ago, an old man came into a store, leading a little boy, and said to the merchant,

"Weigh out a pound of tobacco for this boy; he was born with an appetite for it." The boy was only six years old, and the old man was his grandfather. Do you think that was kindness? That boy's mother smoked when she was a young woman, and now her boy must suffer because he has a natural taste for it. His grandfather might have helped him to overcome it. It is a strong habit and a vile one. Children ought not to do bad things, even if they see their parents do them, so I hope none of you will use tobacco, not even if your fathers and uncles do. But here is more about that tobacco-using boy. He grew to be a man and still he puffs and chews. He becomes a greater slave each day. Lately there was a revival meeting where he was, and he came to the altar for prayer but didn't get saved. That habit of tobacco was in his way. How much money do you suppose he has chewed and smoked up, in over fifty years? I think more than enough to buy a good farm. I once saw tobacco growing in one of the southern States, and great, green worms, as large as my finger, called tobacco worms, crawling over it. I don't want to chew such stuff; do you? Let the farmers have it to kill the lice on their calves, if they want it. It is a poison even for insects.

### A FABLE.

"I'll master it," said the axe, and his blows fell heavily on the iron; but every blow made his edge more blunt, till he ceased to strike.

"Leave it to me," said the saw; and with his relentless teeth he worked backward and forward on its surface till they were all worn down and broken; then he fell aside.

"Ha! ha!" said the hammer, "I knew you wouldn't succeed; I'll show you the way." But at the first fierce stroke off flew his head, and the iron remained as before.

"Shall I try?" asked the soft, small flame. They all despised the flame; but he curled gently round the iron and embraced it, and never left it till it melted under his irresistible influence.

There are hearts hard enough to resist the force of wrath, the malice of persecution, and the fury of pride, so as to make their acts recoil on their adversaries; but there is a power stronger than any of these, and hard indeed is the heart that can resist love.