

## Our Country Girls.

BY MRS. M. L. WARNER.

Up in the morning early,  
Just at the peep of day,  
Straining the milk in the dairy,  
Turning the cows away;  
Sweeping the floor in the kitchen,  
Making the beds upstairs,  
Washing the breakfast dishes,  
Dusting the parlour chairs;

Brushing the crumbs from the pantry,  
Hunting for eggs in the barn,  
Cleaning the turnips for dinner,  
Spinning the stocking yarn;  
Spreading the whitening linen  
Down in the bushes below,  
Ransacking every meadow  
Where the red strawberries grow;

Starchin' the fixin's for Sunday,  
Churning the snowy cream,  
Rinsing the pails and strainers  
Down in the running stream;  
Feeding the geese and turkeys,  
Making the pumpkin pies,  
Jogging the little one's cradle,  
Driving away the flies;

Grace in every motion,  
Music in every tone,  
Beauty in form and feature,  
Thousands might covet to own;  
Cheeks that rival spring's roses,  
Teeth the whitest of pearls;  
Give me a blithe country maiden—  
These are the go-ahead girls!

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## Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 2, 1893.

## MARSHAL THE BOYS AND GIRLS.

ONE important feature of the Temperance campaign will be marshalling the young hosts in the Sunday-schools and day schools into the armies of this new crusade. We are told that Hamilcar, the Carthaginian general, made his little son Hannibal, at six years of age, swear, upon his country's altar, eternal enmity against his country's foes. The victorious march of the Carthaginian conqueror over the conquered Roman territory tells how faithfully that vow was kept.

In like manner the boys and girls, the youths and maidens, in our homes and in our school, the young men and young women who will so largely mould the thought and the opinion of the future should swear eternal enmity against this foe of God and man in our land.

Let the boys and girls first be pledged in the Sunday-schools. Let temperance instruction be communicated, as it already largely is, in our public schools. Let temperance literature and information be widely diffused in the religious and secular press of the country. Let petitions be poured into the Government for comprehensive measures for the suppression of the drink traffic. Let electors by the thousand

write strong, plain, urgent letters to their representatives in Parliament, Dominion and Local, demanding their earnest support of temperance legislation. Let such legislators be admonished that the voting lists will be studied and that said electors will have no further use for men who withhold their support from this great reform. Above all, let local efforts be made in every village, town or county throughout the Dominion to secure liquor prohibition.

Earnest, unceasing, importunate prayer should be sent up to heaven for the staying of this awful tide of intemperance. But prayer without effort is an insult to God. Prayer should be accompanied by the most earnest and persistent effort to build up God's kingdom in the world and to overthrow the ancient Bastille of intemperance and vice.

## HOW FISHES BREATHE.

A GENTLEMAN, who found small fishes dead, wrote to *Nature* to ask: "How is it with the fish in countries like Siberia? Do they desert those parts of the rivers which are frozen over? or are the currents more rapid, so as to transfer air beneath the ice from unfrozen parts? or, as in some glacier streams, are fish altogether absent?"

Any one who has caught fish through ice three feet thick on Maine ponds will understand that fish live very comfortably, so long as any part of the pond remains liquid.

The waters of Siberia are likely to be abundantly stocked with fish, which will be found in the best condition when their house is sealed with frost.

It is not necessary to suppose that air is carried under the ice from open places in the brooks. There is air enough in the water at all times to answer the purposes of the fish. The presence of the air is best discovered by allowing water slowly to become warm in a vessel of tin or iron.

The air, which is held in the water very much as water is held in a sponge, is expanded by the heat, and may be seen gathering in small bubbles attached to the surface of the vessel. This must be a matter of common observation.

It is this air that supplies the fishes with breath. It may be thought by some that fishes breathe water, for the writer has heard this statement made, but such a view is not correct. The fish has no power to decompose water and get the needed oxygen from that source.

As he is constituted, he needs very little air. He is furnished with but little blood, and this is sufficiently oxidized by coming in contact with air in the water forced through the gills, which are his breathing apparatus.

The effect of the air is seen when the fish is taken from the water. The gills suddenly redden. This is due to the rapid oxidation of the blood. The fish is killed by the excess of air. In the water he gets only the proportion that he needs. Altogether the fish must be very comfortable under the ice during a hard winter.

## WISHING TO BE A MARTYR.

BY MRS. C. W. B. M'COY.

"I WISH I could be a martyr," said little Jemie.

"Oh! Oh!" said grandma, looking up from her knitting. "What a wish! Do you want to be burned at a stake, or thrown into a caldron of boiling oil, or broiled on a gridiron, or nailed to a cross, or racked until every bone is broken?"

"Well—I—don't—know," said Jemie, thoughtfully. "I don't suppose it would be very pleasant; but martyrs will have such a grand time in heaven after it is all over, I most wish I could be one."

Grandma looked very grave as she resumed her work, and picked up several stitches she had dropped.

"You may never be a martyr, my dear little boy," she said, "but you will often be called upon to do very unpleasant things, and by going about them cheerfully and bravely, you will show yourself a little hero—such as God will approve and bless. For instance, when baby cries for your playthings, you can give them up willingly, and let him amuse himself until he is tired. When mamma wishes you to go to Sunday-school, and you mentally object because the weather is very warm,

or your new shoes pinch your toes, you can march off without a murmur, and imagine, if you please, that you are John Rogers going to the stake. After awhile the shoes will get adapted to your feet, and the sweet, soft air will come to you over the green fields and meadows like a breeze sent from heaven. Again, when on a rainy morning you wish to wear your new hat, and mamma says: 'No, son, wait until next Sunday,' instead of pouting and crying to have your own way, you can smilingly put it back into its box and say, 'She knows best; I guess the old hat will do for to-day.' Maybe God will consider these little things in a boy's life a kind of martyrdom, and will reward him for them. Who knows?"—*Exchange*.

## LORD ABERDEEN AND THE BOYS.

THE Earl of Aberdeen, the new Governor-General of Canada, on a recent occasion addressed a party of Dr. Barnardo's boys in the following terms:

Well, boys, you are going to Canada, and I congratulate you, not because of your leaving the Old Country, but because you are to go from the Old Country to Canada; Canada is the place in my opinion. That is no disparagement to other colonies, some of which I have visited as well as Canada, but I know if I had my choice, as an emigrant, I would select Canada.

Now I daresay you have heard a great deal about Canada being a grand country—and all that—and I do not think you will be disappointed. I suppose you will land at Quebec, and when you get to Quebec, and see the woods and scenery, and the handsome city, you will say, "Well, it is a fine country." But I am afraid after you have had a long and tedious railway journey, and when the novelty has worn off, and you begin to find work rather hard, some of you may begin to say, "Well, after all, I would not be sorry to be back in London."

Then is the time I want you to remember the words of advice which you have had from friends here, and to try and recall them. Remember then is the time for putting your shoulders to the wheel; then is the time for pluck and good English honest perseverance and bravery, nothing less than bravery to face what is disagreeable, and what makes one cast down.

Now there is more in this than may appear at first. Some of you may say, "I am only a London boy. If I want to get on, it does not matter very much to other people." But that is a mistake. You are part of a great movement, and a great cause. In the first place you will be, I trust, a credit to the Old Country. But then again to the new country—your new home. Just think of this, that everyone of you may help to build up that new country in the best sense, and promote what is right, and discourage what is wrong. Think what a dignity this will give to each one of you; that you may be helping to build up the fortunes and the credit and the usefulness of a new country! Then again you are going out from a Christian institution. These homes are founded on a religious basis. People will say, "These are Dr. Barnardo's boys, and we will see whether they are the sort of boys that should come from a Christian and a religious institution." Think what a responsibility there is there. Then remember that hard work will not hurt any one.

## THE THREE C'S.

Remember therefore these three "C'S"—"C" for the old country, that is your original country; another "C" for Canada the new country, the country you are to be a credit to; and third and biggest of all "C" for Christianity and what is Christianity but following Christ, the Master who went through the weariness and the toil and showed us what we were to do in the way of perseverance and following his example in difficulties. Now all these ladies and gentlemen here are wishing you well. They have come to give you what the Americans called "A good send-off!" Don't be put out if people say, "Oh, it is a pity they did not send you to the United States."

My strong advice to you all is, stick to the Union Jack and the British soil! They may say, "You go across the borders



LORD ABERDEEN.

of the United States and you will get more wages," but what is the good of more wages if you have to pay more for rent and food? Remember Canada is the best place for development. It has got a great future before it, and that is why I ask you all to help to make the thing a success by sticking to Canada. It is no use talking about good results unless we look to the right source to obtain those results. You have heard that something has been said about the boys not doing well. I was glad to hear the statements made just now by Dr. Barnardo in refutation of all that, but of course the more boys like you who go out, the more will these wrong ideas vanish. You will be the advertisement of the work Dr. Barnardo is doing so well, and as the proof of the pudding is in the eating of it, so when they find that these are genuine boys, who can do the work and who are sober, religious and industrious boys, they will say that "you are the boys we want." But I believe those idle stories are falling into discredit, and that people are saying, "Oh yes, we understand that the boys that are sent out here are well trained and tutored boys, and we welcome them." See, therefore, that nothing is done by you that will make the people regret the welcome they gave you. Well, we wish you Godspeed, and we do say with all our hearts "God bless you," and we cannot wish or say more.

## A Modern Prodigal,

BY

Mrs. Julia McNair Wright.

## CHAPTER XVII.

GREATER LOVE HATH NO MAN THAN THIS.

IT was after midnight when Achilles came home with the medicine for Patty, and the news that he had lost the old coat, and that his father was out of prison.

Letitia forgot the coat in the greater news. She had gone to the door to meet Achilles, and they stood without, he holding his horse by the bridle.

"How long has he been out?" asked Letitia.

"Over a week. Parkins in the drug store told me, and asked if he was up here?"

"It is strange that he has not come here yet," said Letitia.

"I just know he is drinking somewhere," groaned Achilles. "And when he has used up whatever he has, he'll come here to turn the home into a den, as he used to! But my mind is made up. Through that gate and over this door-sill he shall not pass! He had his chance, and chose to destroy and disgrace us all. I've had mine and I've chosen to build things up, and take care of you all. The family and the home are mine now, not his; and I'll defend them."

"I shall expect him every minute," said Letitia; "every step I hear, every man I see coming up the road, I will think is father coming home."

"Don't you be afraid or worry," said Achilles. "I'm a man now, twenty-one past, and I'll protect you all."