

An Officer in Red.

BY MRS M F MITTS.

An officer in red!
His name is overhead.
A host by him is led
Give him room.

A brown bee is the drummer
For this is table new corner,
The herald of the summer—
Boom! boom!

Each grass-blade holds a lance
As the shining ranks advance
And a flag by happy chance
Floats aloft—

A winged and wondrous thing,
With many a velvet ring
For its embellishing,
On the satin soft.

This army is bedight
Like form of fairy knight;
The costume left and right
Rich and new.

Some flaunt a crimson feather
At the sparkling summer weather;
And red and white together
Hold review.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, JULY 23, 1892.

A WORD ABOUT NEW ZEALAND MISSIONS.

BY THE REV. J. CALVERT.

THINGS are coming to our shores of volcanic eruptions, burning lava, and seas of ashes in New Zealand, and we are beginning to think, perhaps, that this is a country angry within herself, and belching out her animosities in fire and burnings. True it is, she has acted somewhat angrily of late, and our sympathies are drawn out towards the sufferers through the late "eruption." No doubt but the Canadian heart will express its sympathies as heartily and faithfully as any other portion of the globe. But do not let us suppose for a moment that these things are general in New Zealand. This is a particular and singular case, and, if I mistake not, is without a parallel either in the history of the island or in Maori tradition which dates back more than ten centuries.

New Zealand has another aspect, other features, the result of other forces, which demand our observation and consideration, standing out as a light in the present darkness, and as a hope in the present distress.

We have elsewhere stated that New Zealand was "professedly religious." She is more than that. The "root of the matter" may be found within her, and many of her Christians are worthy of the admiration of the world. The Maori has laid down his knife and tomahawk and has taken up the paddle and the fishing line, the ham-

mer or the plough. A spirit of liberality has been engendered among them, and the writer remembers hearing from the lips of one of New Zealand's early Christian hermits, that on one occasion, while walking along the road very desolate, thinking of the £50 deficiency he was compelled to report in some branch of his circuit finances, when he met A—C—, a converted Maori, who enquired as to the cause of his sorrow, and on receiving Mr. B—'s reply handed over the money at once. And there are in New Zealand to-day hundreds manifesting the same piety and equal liberality for the cause of God and the work they hold so dear. But missionary work cannot be confined to efforts put forth among the aborigines. The opposition of the Maori—or of any other savage—is not and can never be such a hindrance to the progress of truth as the scepticism of unregenerate Europeans. We are glad to state that the work is prospering among this latter class. Well do we remember the revival of 1861, when from the Sunday school, from the pew, and from almost all ranks of society, souls were "born again," and the seed, cast no doubt by the early missionary fathers, bore fruit to the honour and glory of God. The missionaries in New Zealand are encouraged in their work. God is blessing them. The pleasure of the Lord is prospering in their hands, and they are rejoicing.

We might point to the political and commercial enterprises of the island, and see in them something—yea, even a great deal—of the teachings of the early fathers, but we have said enough. Is it not sufficient to know that on the right and on the left, on the north and on the south, among the white and native population alike, evidences of grace are found, conversions are frequent, and "Forward" is the universal motto.

When they first their work began,
Small and feeble was their day;
Now the word doth swiftly run,
Now it wins its widening way:
More and more it spreads and grows,
Ever mighty to prevail,
Sin's strongholds it now o'erthrows,
Shakes the trembling gates of hell.

Jesus, mighty to redeem,
He alone the work hath wrought;
Worthy is the work of him,
Him who spake a world from nought.

THE CANNIBALS OF FIJI.

BY SOPHIA S. SMITH.

SUSIE—What have you been reading about, Nettie?

NETTIE—Something terrible about people eating one another.

SUSIE—They must have been cannibals, and certainly did not live in our or any other Christian country.

NETTIE—They were cannibals of the very worst sort, and lived on the little island of Bau, the capital of the Fiji Islands.

SUSIE—I should not like to go to such a place.

NETTIE—That was fifty years ago, and no one else cared to go there except to fight the cannibals, and if anyone was caught he was soon roasted and eaten. They were delighted to have strangers come to their shores, for they were then provided with a good meal.

SUSIE—That was dreadful. But do these people still eat human beings?

NETTIE—No; through the influence of Christian missionaries, who dared to go among them, they have been won over to Christianity and become kind and gentle.

SUSIE—This is a wonderful change for such savages. But I wonder they did not kill and eat the missionaries.

NETTIE—It does seem that they were miraculously preserved. They were given a home on the top of the hill above the town, and while they often saw the ovens heated to cook the captives taken in war, they were not molested, but left to pursue their work.

SUSIE—They must have been brave men and had great faith to take them among such ferocious creatures.

NETTIE—They did have both courage and faith, and God has greatly blessed both; and to-day there is no safer place to go to than Bau, though it has been said that more human beings have been killed

and eaten there than anywhere in Fiji. Such is the power of religion.

SUSIE—Well, if the Gospel can save such people, we ought not to be discouraged, but work and pray, believing that God can save all heathen people.

BEFORE YOU ARE FIFTEEN.

Did any of you boys under fifteen ever think about those children crying "Hosanna" in the Temple? The word "children" is in the masculine—and that means boys. It would be very interesting for you to learn about the Jewish boys and what was required of them. When Christ was a boy he was found in the Temple, and now that he is grown up, he finds boys in the temple; these boys are praising him, and praying to him.

The meaning of the word Hosanna, which they shouted or chanted, is, Save us, we beseech thee; save us, we beseech thee, Son of David. The Jewish boys were proud of David, their second king, and learned that David's son was promised to sit on David's throne.

Jesus listened to them, and said such a beautiful thing about them; he called their prayer and praise "perfected praise." Praise glorifies God, and how this perfected praise must have glorified him!

Boys whom Christ died for and redeemed, you can give the Father "perfected praise."

Did you ever see a boy who gave such praise? What kind of a boy was he?

Is he that boy smoking a cigarette?

Is it the boy reading a dime novel or the low illustrated paper?

Is it the boy who deceives his mother and disobeys his father?

Last night this story was told me of a boy of thirteen. He had been expelled from school for one week, then for one month; the next punishment would be that he would never be allowed to return to the school. His father said to him, "John, if you are finally expelled, I shall put you on board a navy ship."

"You can't do that," he replied, "for I will run away and you can't get the chance."

Around the corner he met a boy the next day, and told him that he had frightened the Governor a good deal worse than the Governor had frightened him.

I wonder, if that boy goes to Sunday-school, I will tell you the kind of a boy that would be likely to be in the Temple, listening to Christ as he taught, and praising the Son of David—but you know yourself—the brave boy, the manly boy, the pure boy, the truthful boy, the boy who obeys his parents, as Christ, the Boy, obeyed his parents.

Such a boy is needed in the Temple, in the school, in the home, the church, in every kind of business, in every spot in God's world.

God needs him. He needs him to work with. The boy who praises Christ, must love him, and obey him, and work for his kingdom to come.

The work begins with himself, and then reaches out until it touches, with a helping touch, everybody next to him. Watching over himself, asking and getting help from God (as St. Paul did), and learning every good thing he can, in every way he can. The boy Christ needs to help his kingdom come is: a boy who loves the truth and hates a lie; who hates deceit in the smallest matter; who loves to look his father and mother square in the face; who can try to say "no" in a brave, blunt fashion, every time temptation comes (God helping him); who can get down on his knees and tell his Heavenly Father that he is sorry when he sins, and take his forgiveness, and try harder next time (for who of us liveth and sinneth not?); who can be willing to begin low down and go up step by step; who can be willing to obey his superiors whether he understands the reason or not; who can be willing to save some of his money and to give some to others; who can be willing to take trouble to keep himself neat; who can keep his lips clean from words that would make his mother ashamed, and his heart from thoughts he who would not tell her, who can be upright in every business transaction; who can—oh, what can he not be, through the strength of this Christ who delighted in the praises of the boys?

FOR THE BOYS.

Dr. LUDLOW, in the *Sunday-School Times*, says: "A portrait painter once told me that the picture of a child younger than twelve would not be apt to look like him as he became a man; but that one taken after that age would show the settled outline of features which even the wrinkles of old age would not crowd out. Your physician will tell you that about that same time the body too gets into shape. If you are to be spindle-shanked or dumpy, the stretch or the squat will have begun to grow on you." A great writer who has had much to do in educating boys, says: "The latter life of a man is much more like what he was at school than what he was at college."

A Swedish boy, a tough little knot, fell out of the window, and was severely hurt; but with clenched lips he held back the cry of pain. The king, Gustavus Adolphus, who saw him fall, prophesied that the boy would make a man for an emergency. And so he did; for he became the famous General Bauer.

A woman fell off a dock in Italy. She was fat and frightened. No one of a crowd of men dared jump in after her; but a boy struck the water almost as soon as she, and managed to keep her up until stronger hands got hold of her. Everybody said the boy was very daring, very kind, very quick, but also very reckless, for he might have been drowned. That boy was Garibaldi; and if you will read his life, you will find that these were just his traits all through—that he was so alert that nobody could tell when he would make an attack with his red-shirted soldiers; so indiscreet sometimes as to make his fellow-patriots wish he was in Guinea, but also so brave and magnanimous that all the world, except tyrants, loved to hear and talk about him.

A boy used to crush the flowers to get their colour, and painted the white side of his father's cottage in the Tyrol with all sorts of pictures, which the mountaineers gaped at as wonderful. This was the great artist Titian.

An old painter watched a little fellow, who amused himself making drawings on his pots and brushes, case and stool, and said: "That boy will beat me one day." So he did, for he was Michael Angelo.

A German boy was reading a blood-and-thunder novel. Right in the midst of it he said to himself, "Now this will never do. I get too much excited over it. I can't study so well after it. So here goes!" and he flung the book into the river. He was Fichte, the great German philosopher.

There was a New England boy who built himself a booth down at the rear of his father's farm, in a swamp, where neither the boys nor the cows would disturb him. There he read heavy books like Locke's "On the Human Understanding," wrote compositions, watched the balancing of the clouds, revelled in the crash and flash of the storm, and tried to feel the nearness of God who made all things. He was Jonathan Edwards.

WHITEWASHED BABIES.

A MISSIONARY stationed at one of the South Sea Islands determined to give his residence a coat of whitewash. To obtain this in the absence of lime, coral was reduced to powder by burning. The natives watched the process of burning with interest, believing that the coral was being cooked for them to eat. Next morning they beheld the missionary's cottage glittering in the rising sun, white as snow. They danced, they sung, they screamed with joy. The whole island was in commotion. Whitewash became the rage. Happy was the coquette who could enhance her charms by a dab of the white brush. Contentions arose. One party urged their superior rank; another obtained possession of the brush, and valiantly held it against all comers; a third tried to upset the tub to obtain some of the precious cosmetic. To quiet the hubbub more whitewash was made, and in a week not a hut, a domestic utensil, a war-club, or a garment, but was as white as snow; not an inhabitant but had a skin painted with grotesque figures; not a pig that was not whitened; and mothers might be seen in every direction capering joyously, and yelling with delight at the superior beauty of their whitewashed babies.—*Gospel in all Lands.*