

Stay thy Hand.

STAY—stay thy hand, lift not the cup
Of rosy, glittering wine;
Though clear its depth, there lurks beneath
A curse for thee and thine.

Ye say it has the power to drown
Thoughts of life's sternest ill—
To bring forgetfulness of woes,—
And conscience's voice to still;
Believe it not—Oh! never seek
Oblivion in the bowl,—
A draught will only deeper fix
Thy agony of soul.

Ye say it stirs the sluggish blood,
And bids it quicker flow;
Ye say 'tis pleasant on the lip,
And bright its ruby glow.
Have ye not seen the flashing light
That from the wine cup came,
Lead on the tempted, trusting one,
To misery and shame?

Then taste not, touch not,—dare ye thus
Your glorious birthright stain;
Would ye—descendants of the free,
Clank the inebriate's chain?
No! by the memory of the brave
Who sleep beneath the sod,—
Shake off the curse—and give your pledge
To virtue and to God.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 4, 1893.

A BOY'S RELIGION.

If a boy is a lover of the Lord Christ, though he can't lead a prayer meeting, or be a church officer, or a preacher, he can be a godly boy, in a boy's way and in a boy's place. He need not cease to be a boy because he is a Christian. He ought to run, jump, climb and yell like a real boy. But in it all he ought to be free from vulgarity and profanity. He ought to eschew tobacco in every form, and have a horror of intoxicating drinks. He ought to be peaceable, gentle, merciful, generous. He ought to take the part of small boys against larger ones. He ought to discourage fighting. He ought to refuse to be a party to mischief, to persecution and deceit. And, above all things, he ought, now and then, to show his colours. He need not always be interrupting a game to say he is a Christian, but he ought not to be ashamed to say that he refuses to do something because he fears God or is a Christian. He ought to take no part in the ridicule of sacred things, but meet the ridicule of others with a bold statement that for things of God he feels the deepest reverence.

THAT LOST BOY.

BY REV. JOHN C. GODDARD.

Four years ago The Courant published an account of a boy lost on the mountains of Salisbury, but found after four days' search still alive. The story was copied all over the country. Requests for additional information, as well as for verification of the original statements, have been made. It is probable that Emil Bonhotel was more extensively advertised than ever a three-year-old before him, not excepting those other strays, "Little Breeches," and the "Babes in the Wood." The author of this article has had constant knowledge of little Emil ever since his extraordinary experience, and was called upon to baptize the lad two years ago, when his parents thought he was liable to die in the night. But Emil is preserved for some other fate than pneumonia or starvation, and is to day a robust little lad, still the object of much interest, and known to all as "The Lost Boy."

To rehearse the main facts in the case, the boy wandered from his home on the morning of Memorial day, 1889, and was utterly lost sight of for four days. He was dressed in a single garment, and, during most of that interval, a chilling rain fell, such that strong men shivered in it while searching for him. One of the mysteries connected with the case, and there are several, is this: What ever kept a boy of tender age, clad in a simple blouse, from dying of exposure in that cold storm? Was it that he who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, tempered it also to the thinly-clad child?

The last seen of Emil had been near the barn at ten o'clock in the morning. His brothers were away from the house in one direction, his parents in another, on their business of charcoal-making. Each party supposed the boy was with the other, so that alarm was not made until evening. The entire family spent the night with lanterns. Two miles from home a pool in the road had been crossed by a child's bare feet. There was a pathos about those little mud tracks that no language can describe. Men turned their eyes away, and saw all things as through a glass darkly. That was all there was of the boy's trail. Nobody had seen him, heard him, nor discovered any evidence of him. Early the next day, the village of Salisbury was aroused, and fifty men entered upon the search.

By the third day fully two hundred men were enlisted. The road was lined with waggons that had brought them from surrounding villages. Long lines of men, ten feet apart, were formed, and the entire mountain tract was diligently gone over. By this time the whole community was in an agony of suspense. No mother, who heard that fierce night wind, and fancied the terror of that wandering boy, objected to her husband's absence. The belief was general that the lad had been drowned, had stumbled, perhaps, into some of the mountain lakes in the darkness, and had closed his story among the pickerel and perch. None had any hope of finding the boy alive. Mr. Bonhotel sat long and immovably by the spot where the little tracks were eloquent. The mother walked the cabin floor in uncontrollable agitation, sleepless, tireless, empty-armed.

The morning of the fourth day broke upon an undiscouraged army. The feeling was strong that, with the sun upon the mountains for the first time, the boy, or the remains of the boy, would be discovered. On this day, Martin Harris, who has since died, and Samuel Rossiter, under the direction of the former, began an independent search in a new direction. Harris reasoned it out in the night that the searchers were astray, because of attaching too much importance to the footprints. He argued that the boy might have retraced his steps, or have done some side-tracking. Assuming that the searchers had demonstrated the absence of the boy from a given territory, he applied the principle of exclusion, and determined where the child must be, by virtue of where he was not. In the face, then, of the prevailing theories, he resolved to explore unsuspected territory. Harris was a woodsman, a charcoal buyer, and familiar with every foot of the mountain. With a light buck-board waggon, he and Rossiter began to examine carefully the wood roads on the east side of Bear Mountain. This mountain is the highest land

in Connecticut, 2,354 feet, a rough cobble, surmounted by a monument of native rock. Harris drove, and Rossiter made the side-sallies on foot every few rods. The morning search was fruitless. About one o'clock, in a neck-breaking spot, the horse stopped, and Rossiter was directed to explore the bed of a stream. He was nearly crazed with excitement as he detected something moving through the brush ahead of him. Was it a fox's tail, a strayed calf, a mountain cat? With legs giving way beneath him, he followed the moving figure. It was the boy! I once asked Rossiter how he felt at that moment. He made two replies. One was, that all the feelings he had ever had seemed to sweep through him at once. The other remark was to the effect that money could not have induced him to exchange places that moment with any living man.

The boy at last! His garment was torn and bedraggled. His little fingers were sucked to a point. His bare legs bore the print of thorns. What supported life during those dreary days and nights? Mrs. Bonhotel told me that she found traces of bark in his mouth. May-apples are not unknown, though uncommon there. The boy told the doctor (by signs, that is) that he ate leaves. Rossiter had difficulty in approaching the boy. Emil ran from him, and only on the assurance that he would be taken to his father, did the little man capitulate. Wrapping him in his own shirt, and laying him in an old charcoal-basket, Rossiter, with Harris, drove to the Bonhotel house.

The shout was raised en route, and from man to man, over miles of territory, the news was passed, "The boy is found!" It was an electric shock to the entire brigade. Men charged upon the road from all the two-and-thirty points of the compass. The man with a bullet in his leg was not the last to report. The eagerness to see the boy was tempered by an uncontrollable desire to see that mother's face. It was a face illumined. Holding her little son in her arms, she rocked him, kissed him, prayed over him. She is a devout woman; the family are from the Channel Islands, Guernsey, if I remember aright, and belong to the French Protestant class. Some months ago, in conducting the funeral of their infant child, I remarked how eagerly she hung upon the passages of the French Testament that were read. Unable to read herself, it is possible she may have remembered hearing a certain chapter in Luke, recounting the recovery of the lost sheep, the lost coin, the lost son.

The father was four miles from home, when the shout of discovery reached him. The first waggon was put at his disposal, every team and runner on the road acknowledged his right of way. The crowd at the door parted before him, and the hungry arms were filled. With broken English and with broken voice he could only exclaim, "My leetle boy is found! My leetle boy is found!" "What do you think Bonhotel did to me?" said Mr. Harris once to the writer, with a curious and apologetic air. "He kissed me!"

The relief experienced by finding the boy was such that a public meeting was spontaneously held in the Salisbury town hall. The hall was packed. The Te Deum was sung, and prayer was offered, after which the experience of the searching party was given. The hero of the occasion was Samuel Rossiter, who was introduced as "the Stanley of Salisbury," and told in his own way the story of "How I found the living son." Rossiter was followed by others, who had varied experiences, some falling into the lake, others having been up to the waist in swamp, all fagged to the point of exhaustion. But the father, simple-hearted old man, dazed by the week's extremities, dazed again by the unaccustomed audience, charmed all by his un-studied, child-like, soul-moving replies to the questions of the chairman. A generous collection was taken for Emil, which is now in the savings bank, and amid cheers and tears the meeting dissolved.

Emil has a rare affection for his mother, and is restless when away from her side. It is needless to say that she feels toward her other children, compared with Emil, as the shepherd is said to feel toward the ninety and nine though they went not astray.

We sometimes philosophize in Salisbury over that sudden, generous, self-sacrificing, and intense interest developed spon-

taneously in an entire community over an unknown boy. Whatever the explanation, it was a revelation to us of unsuspected depths in human nature. For one moment we saw men upon a mountain top, and they were refigured before us. And let me reverently add that none in all that company, who saw the restoration of the child to his home, could fail thereby of understanding better the nature of God; for in the heart of a divine Father there thrills upon occasion the same exquisite happiness: "This my son was dead and is alive again; he was lost, and is found."

THE SAFE LINE.

SUPPOSING there were two lines of ships sailing every week between this country and Europe, and that the ships of the one line always went safe, never lost a life, while the ships of the other lost passengers every trip; common sense would teach me that if I wanted to get to London, I could only have a good hope of getting there by taking a ship of the former line.

I knew two gentlemen who stood once on the steamboat wharf at New York, for one of them was taking his berth in a transatlantic ship to return home.

"Be advised by me," said the other, "do not go in that ship; the boats of that company are not so good, and they are often unfortunate; go by the C— line."

"No," said the other, "I am anxious to save time, and this boat will take me nearer home."

He went in her; and that boat struck on a rock, and except one man, who afterwards died insane, every one on board perished. My friend reached a heavenly, but he never saw his earthly home.

Now there are two lines of boats that sail upon the sea of life. There is the total-abstinence boat, i. e., where strong drink as a beverage is never used; there is the non-abstinence boat, or rather a whole fleet of various kinds of boats, i. e., where drink is used, from the little drop in moderation to the drinking that ends in shame and misery and crime. The first boat never lost a life—that is to say, never one of becoming a drunkard; but the second boat has carried hundreds and thousands every year to endless wreck and ruin. Best plan, therefore, for the removal of the terrible evil of drunkenness from our shores is the plan that is so safe—the plan of total abstinence. "Touch not, taste not, handle not," is the motto.

If I had a thousand boys and girls gathered together in a large hall, suppose I were to speak to them thus: "Never you mind these teetotallers, they are all silly old wives. When you grow up to be men and women, take your glass—in moderation, of course, but take your glass. Never take too much, but be men and women, not babies." And suppose that company of boys and girls when they grew older, followed that advice. What then? I could give a guarantee that out of that thousand there would be ten confirmed drunkards, at least. Ten drunken fathers or mothers, ten miserable homes. Ten, did I say? aye, there might be a hundred! But suppose there should be only one, and suppose that I could go in among that crowd of happy faces and single out one, and then say to all the rest, "This bright little day be a drunkard," would they not all shudder? and the little fellow or the little maiden would turn red in the face and angry, and say, "I will never be a drunkard!" But where do drunkards all come from? Just from such little boys and girls. And that is because they choose the boat in which the drink is. Now would it not be a grand thing for those thousand children to say, "We don't wish to have a hundred drunkards among us, we don't wish to have ten, we don't wish to run the risk of having even one, and so we will agree to put the drink away from us altogether? We will take our passages for life on board the ships of the Safe Line."

Old Gentleman (putting a few questions)—"Now, boys—ah—can any of you tell me what commandment Adam broke when he took the forbidden fruit?" Small Scholar (like a shot)—"Please, sir there worn't no commandments then, sir."