

Old Eye Makes a Speech.

BY E. CARWELL.

I was made to be eaten,
And not to be drank;
To be thrashed in a barr,
Not soaked in a tank;
I come as a blessing,
When put through the mill;
As a blight and a curse,
When run through a still;
Make me up into loaves,
And your children are fed;
But if into drink,
I will starve them instead;
In bread I'm a servant,
The eater shall rule;
In drink I am master,
The drinker a fool.
Then remember the warning:
My strength I'll employ
If eaten, to strengthen;
If drank, to destroy.
—Pittsburg Christian Advocate.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 25, 1899.

THE TEMPLE OF CHILDSOUL.

A certain good King built a number of very beautiful and costly temples for himself, called Mansouls. Some of them, smaller than the others, were called Childsouls. He loved to dwell in these temples, and always did so when they were kept pure and fit for his presence. But there were enemies who sought to defile and destroy his beautiful temples, the boys and girls, and men and women. One of these enemies, named Alcohol, was a fierce, fiery imp, who was determined to desecrate and destroy as many of these beautiful temples as he could. Knowing that he could not gain entrance as he was, he disguised himself as a fairy named Wine, who had a beautiful, sparkling complexion, and mild, inoffensive manners. Once in, the doors were soon unbarred, and he was master of the place.

He first called all his vile, wicked companions, Hatred, Vulgarity, Gluttony, Passion, and Folly, to come in, and they made the beautiful temple of Mansoul so foul and offensive that they compelled the King to leave. Then he proceeded to strip the outside of its beauty. He made the foundations (the legs) to bend and totter. He disfigured the front (the face) with horrid red blotches. He dimmed the windows (the eyes) with the dust and stains of foolishness and prejudice, and made the whole structure so ugly and unlike itself that those who saw it were disgusted, and the good King mourned that the temple had not closed its doors against such an enemy.

Meanwhile the enemy, Alcohol, was not satisfied with what he had done. He said, "I must burn this temple down." So he kindled fires in the refectory (stomach) and on the altar (heart) and in the dome (brain), and kept them burning until the beautiful temple was consumed in flames (delirium) and the King was robbed of one of his holy temples—a human body.

But all this need not have happened had the King's command been obeyed. There were three keys with which the temple should have been kept locked—"Touch not, taste not, handle not, the unclean thing."—Christian Endeavour World.

THE GREEDY BOTTLE.

A poor, undersized boy, named Tim, sitting by a bottle as long in, said: "I wonder if there can be a pair of shoes in it?" His mother had mended his clothes, but said his shoes were so bad he must go barefoot. Then he took a brick and broke the bottle, but there were no shoes in it, and he was frightened, for it was his father's bottle. Tim sat down again and sobbed so loud that he did not hear a step behind him, until a voice said:

"Well! what's all this?" He sprang up in great alarm; it was his father.

"Who broke my bottle?" he said.

"I did," said Tim, catching his breath, half in terror and half between his sobs.

"Why did you?"

Tim looked up. The voice did not sound as he had expected. The truth was, his father had been touched at the sight of the forlorn figure, so very small and so sorrowful, which had bent over the broken bottle.

"Why," he said, "I was looking for a pair of new shoes; I want a pair of new shoes awful bad—all the other chaps wear shoes."

"How came you to think you'd find shoes in the bottle?" the father asked.

"Why, mother said so, I asked her for some new shoes, and she said they had gone in the black bottle, and that lots of other things had gone into it, too—coats and hats, and bread and meat, and things; and I thought that if I broke it, I'd find 'em all, and there ain't a thing in it! I'm real sorry I broke your bottle, father. I'll never do it again."

"No, I guess you won't," he said, laying a hand on the rough little head as he went away, leaving Tim overcome with astonishment that his father had not been angry with him. Two days after he handed Tim a parcel, telling him to open it.

"New shoes! New shoes!" he shouted. "Oh, father, did you get a new bottle, and were they in it?"

"No, my boy, there ain't going to be a new bottle. Your mother was right—the things all went into the bottle, but you see getting them out is no easy matter; so, God helping me, I am going to keep them out after this."—Arkansas Methodist.

SWALLOWING A FARM.

This paragraph has been floating around in the papers. We do not know who wrote it, but it contains much for young men to think about: "My homeless friend with the chromatic nose, while you are stirring up the sugar in a ten-cent glass of gin, let me give you a fact to wash down with it. You may say you have longed for years for the free, independent life of a farmer, but you have never been able to get enough money to buy a farm. But there is where you are mistaken. For some years you have been drinking a good improved farm at the rate of one hundred square feet at a gulp. If you doubt this statement figure it out for yourself. An acre of land contains 43,560 feet. Estimating, for convenience, the land at \$43.56 an acre, you will see that it brings the land to just one mill per square foot. Now pour down the fiery dose and imagine you are swallowing a strawberry patch. Call in five of your friends and have them help you gulp down that five-hundred-foot garden. Get on a prolonged spree some day and see how long it will take to swallow a pasture land to feed a cow. Put down that glass of gin; there is dirt in it—three hundred feet of good, rich dirt, worth \$43.56 per acre."

A TIPSY BABY.

BY LEWIS ALBERT BANKS.

There is a man in Brooklyn who keeps a boarding-house. There is nothing very strange about that, because there are lots of people in Brooklyn who keep boarding-houses; but there are very few people in Brooklyn who would sleep well nights if they opened their house to the kind of boarders this man takes in. It is a boarding-house for wild animals. Circus people and theatrical troupes that have snakes or animals that they are not using for the time in their shows hire him to take care of them and board them for so much a week.

About six months ago a baby elephant was brought over from Burmah and made a summer tour, extending into the late autumn, with a travelling show. Then it was sent to the Brooklyn boarding-house to spend the winter. The elephant took a bad cold, and the landlord dosed him with whiskey and quinine from a demijohn. The elephant did not like the liquor at first, but he soon acquired the habit, and the other night, feeling thirsty, he knocked the head off the demijohn, which had been left in his

quarters, and sucked out all there was left.

There was not enough to make him dead drunk, but just enough to make him feel big, and want to break something and have a great time. In his hilarity he overturned a glass-covered case in which a twenty-foot python was lying asleep. The big snake was angry when he waked up, and, with a vicious sparkle in his little eyes, he went for that tipsy elephant and coiled himself around its body.

As the coils grew tense about the elephant it trumpeted in agony, and struggled to shake the python off; but the snake had neither mercy nor fear.

The boarding-house keeper was awakened by the noise and rushed into the room, club in hand. He saw the peril of the elephant, and when the snake raised its head angrily at his intrusion, he hit it a savage blow. The coils loosened and the python fell to the floor. The elephant gasped and fell likewise. Its ribs had been crushed in, and in half an hour it was dead. The snake was put back into its box, but an hour later it was dead also.

The empty demijohn in the corner told the cause of the tragedy.

Alas! how many tragedies come from the demijohn! Boys and girls think they can play with it, and take a glass of beer or wine now and then without danger, but it soon gets to be master, and their ruin follows.

There never was a wiser appeal than that of Solomon, in his book of Proverbs, when he says: "Look not upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his colour in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder."

ANOTHER SHOT AT THE CIGARETTE.

A prominent railroad man is the latest to throw down the gauge of battle to the cigarette. He is a general freight agent on a large railroad, and employs many young men as clerks. He has announced that, in the future, he will not employ any young men who are addicted to the cigarette habit, and, further than this, he expresses his intention of getting rid of all cigarette fiends now working in his department. He gives the following as his reasons for this decision: "Among the 200 in my service, thirty-two are cigarette fiends. Eighty-five per cent. of the mistakes occurring in the office are traceable to the thirty-two smokers. They fall behind with their work, and when transferred to other desks, which men who do not smoke handle easily, they immediately get along just as badly, showing that it is not the amount of work, but the inability or indolence of the performer. The smokers average 'two days off' from work per month, while the non-smokers average only one-half of a day in the same time. The natural conclusion is that the thirty-two young men are holding positions deserved by better men."—Michigan School Moderator.

THE DATE LINE.

A mapmaker asks The Sun if the Date Line, or the imaginary line drawn to mark the change in the calendar day required of circumnavigators of the globe, follows the 180th meridian. He adds that he has been unable to find the Date Line on any map.

The Date Line does not follow the 180th or any other meridian for its entire course, but takes a somewhat devious route through the Pacific. It is strange that it is shown on so very few maps of the world. The reasons why a crooked course was given to it and why it was placed in the Pacific are interesting and easily understood.

Suppose the Date Line had been run through our country on the meridian of Chicago. In that case, when it was Monday in New York, Cleveland and Indianapolis, it would be Tuesday all the way from Chicago to San Francisco and out on the Pacific. Of course that would be a serious business inconvenience. It is evident that the Date Line should not pass through any continents. It is practically a necessity that such a line had to be fixed somewhere, but it obviously had to run through an ocean.

It should not pass through the Atlantic Ocean, because, in that case, when it was Monday in London, Paris and Hamburg, it would be Tuesday in the United States; and this would be inconvenient in regions that have such enormous interests in common and are so closely united by telegraphs and cables. The best place for the Date Line was in the Pacific Ocean. If we follow the line through the Pacific we shall observe that the ideas above expressed have had due weight in marking its course.

Passing through the middle of Behring

Strait the line suddenly turns to the south-west till it reaches 170 degrees east longitude. In this way Behring Island and the entire Aleutian chain, all a part of North America, are kept on the American side of the line. When it is Monday in New York it is also Monday in Attu, our most western American possession.

Then the line sweeps eastward again and follows the 180th meridian far south till it reaches the neighbourhood of the Fiji Islands. As this group and other islands round about belong to Great Britain, and are closely united in business relations with New Zealand and Australia, the line takes a wide sweep to the east so as to give them all the same calendar day. It then returns to the 180th meridian, which it follows to the Antarctic.—New York Sun.

The Nation's Call.

BY EMMA PLAYTER SEABURY.

"Wanted," a half of a million more
Of boys, as brave as boys can be;
To fight our battles from shore to shore,
To fight our battles upon the sea,
Boys who will start at the bugle's call,
Who are never afraid to face a foe,
Strong and manly, and true withal,
Who stand for a principle where they go.

"Wanted," a half a million or so,
To lift the ensign up for the right,
Unfurling, and tossing it to and fro,
Against the hosts of evil to fight,
Legion and regiment, square on square,
Proud, invincible, never a break,
Stern, defiant, and tall, and fair,
Daring to die for the truth's own sake.

The nation calls, and her need is dire,
For half a million of boys to come,
With bayonets drawn, and souls on fire,
To fight and vanquish the fiend of Rum,
The boys are falling along the line,
Thick and fast, and the trampled sod
Reeks with the blood of its victims
splashed,
And the nation's call is the call of God.

"Wanted," a million, or two or three,
Of boys who never will tell a lie,
Whose souls are pure, and who dare to be
Opposed to wrong, and opposing die,
Temptation attacks with her serried
steel,

The fortress wavers, and we must hold;
"Wanted," a million boys to feel
That right is a better thing than gold.

"Wanted," a million to bear our arms,
Not for the pearls of the western seas,
Not for the horrors of war's alarms,
Not for the slaves of the Antilles,
But patriots, who are staunch, true men,
Who will stand by the armies that do
not roam,
To fight life's battles over again,
The dauntless armies that stay at
home.

"Wanted," a million of boys to stand
By the slaves of passion who plead
and pray,
The slaves of appetite need a hand,
And the slaves of poverty, every day.
The bravest of patriots ever known,
Have fought their battles in twos and
threes,
With right and duty, or stood alone;
And God gives victory unto these.
—Union Signal.

FOR THE LOVE THAT IS IN IT.

A poor Arab, travelling in the desert, came to a spring of pure water, and filled his leather cup to carry it to the caliph. He had to go a long way before he could present it to his sovereign. The caliph received the gift with pleasure, and pouring some of the water into a cup drank it, thanking the Arab and rewarding him. The courtiers around pressed forward, eager to taste of the wonderful water, but the caliph forbade them to touch a single drop. When the poor Arab had departed with a joyful heart, the caliph told his courtiers why he had forbidden them to taste the water. In the long journey it had become impure and distasteful in the leathern bottle. It was an offering of love, and as such the caliph had received it with pleasure. But he knew that if any other should taste the water, he would have shown his disgust, and thus the poor man's feelings would have been wounded.

Does not this beautifully illustrate the spirit with which Christ receives the gifts and services of those who love him? The gifts may be worthless, and the services may avail nothing; but for the love that prompts them, he accepts them with real gladness and richly rewards them.