

The Drunkard's Daughter.

BY GEORGE W. BUNYAN

OUT in the street, with naked feet.

I saw the hapless drunkard's daughter;
Her tattered shawl was thin and small;
She little knew—for no one taught her.

Her skin was fair; her auburn hair
Was blown about her pretty forehead;
Her sad, white face wore sorrow's trace
And want and woe that were not borrowed.

Heart-broken child, she seldom smiled,
Hope promised her no bright to-morrow;
Or if its light flashed on her night,
Then up came darker clouds of sorrow.

She softly said, "We have no bread,
No wood to keep the fire a-burning;"
The child was ill, the wind so chill
Her thin, cold blood to ice was turning.

That long night fled, and then the light
Of rosy day, in beauty shining,
Tipped dome and spire and roof with fire,
And shone on one beyond repining.

Asleep—alone—as cold as stone,
Where no kind-hearted parent sought her;
In winding sheet of snow and sleet,
Was found the lifeless drunkard's daughter.

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A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

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THE PHARISEES ANSWERED.

BY REV. CLAYTON WELLS, WATERLOO, IOWA.

"And the Pharisees said unto him."
MARK 2:24.

ONE very pleasing thing about the Lord Jesus when he was on earth was that he allowed all people to come to him and ask questions. He turned his preaching service into a Sunday-school class, and, as every good teacher does, allowed the scholars to ask questions. There was a party called Pharisees among the Jews, who were very fond of talking and putting themselves forward, so they might be seen and heard; and these often asked hard or fault-finding questions.

They were people who pretended to be very religious. But very much of what they did in the name of religion, was not done from love to God at all, but from love of praise. They wanted to have people think they were good, far more than they wanted really to be good. They professed to be very careful to do everything which was in the law, but what they cared most for was that people should give them great credit for keeping the law. When they fasted they would sprinkle ashes over their heads and faces and tear their clothes and go about looking as hungry and sorrowful as they could, so that they might appear unto men to fast.

When they prayed they would stand on the corners of the streets, and in public places, and make very long, loud prayers,

so they might be thought very devout. When they kept their Sabbath they made a great fuss about that, and had a great number of foolish rules which they said everybody must obey.

One was that no man should carry any burden on the Sabbath day; but if the same burden were carried by two then the Sabbath would not be broken.

A knot which could be untied with one hand might be untied, but if it required two hands, it was wicked to do it. So these were the sort of people who came and asked why the disciples of Jesus did not fast as they did. And Jesus answered, that fasting was nothing except as it was done in a proper spirit and time. When people were filled with happiness was no time for sadness, any more than an old worn-out garment was a good place for new cloth, which would not keep the old rotten cloth from tearing out again in a new place; or any more than an old wine-skin which had stretched all it could, was a good place for new wine, which needed a wine-skin which would give some and yet not burst.

Then they asked him why he allowed his disciples to pick ears of corn to eat on the Sabbath day, and he answered, that men should not be slaves to mere rules, and starve themselves when they needed food, but that even the Sabbath day was made to benefit and not to injure man. They asked another question by their actions. They watched him, to see if he would heal a man who had a withered hand on the Sabbath day. And he answered them this time by asking a question: "Is it lawful to do good on the Sabbath day, or to do evil?" They could say nothing, and so were answered. And then he showed them what he thought about it by telling the man to stretch out his little dried-up hand, when it became whole as the other.

In this strong opposition which Jesus here and everywhere makes to the Pharisees, I think we are to find two very useful lessons. 1st. We should never do any good and right action merely for the sake of being seen. Of course we should always do right; but we should do it because it is right and best; not so that we can get the credit for being what we are not. 2nd. We should not be too sure in our opinions of others. They may be much better or much worse than they seem to us. The people thought the Pharisees were very holy, but Jesus saw that they were full of pride and hypocrisy. We cannot see people's hearts, and so should think of them kindly. They may be better than we think they are.

LINCOLN'S MOTHER.

THOUGH President Lincoln's mother died when he was only ten years of age, yet she lived long enough to inspire him with a noble ambition, to train him to love truth and justice, and to reverence God and goodness. Years after, when men were looking to him as one who might become a national leader, he said,—

"All that I am, or hope to be, I owe to my mother."

The wife of a pioneer, she shared the privations and hardships of life in a wilderness. The struggle for existence familiarized her not only with the distaff and the spinning-wheel, but with the axe, the hoe, and the rifle. She helped her husband to clear and break up the soil, to kill wild turkeys, as well as deer and bears, whose flesh she cooked and whose skins she dressed and made into clothes.

When she married, her husband could neither read nor write, but she found time, to some as was her life, to teach both rudiments to him and her son. She was unusually intelligent and refined for a pioneer's wife. Her taste and love of beauty made her log-house an exceptional home in a wilderness, where the people were rugged and lived so far apart that they could hardly see the smoke from each other's cabins.

When Abraham Lincoln had gained the people's ear, men noticed that he scarcely made a speech or wrote a State paper in which there was not an illustration or a quotation from the Bible. "Abe Lincoln," his friends used to say, "is more

familiar with the Bible than most ministers."

He had been thoroughly instructed in it by his mother. It was the one book always found in the pioneer's cabin, and to it she, being a woman of deep religious feeling, turned for sympathy and refreshment. Out of it she taught her boy to spell and read, and with its poetry, histories and principles she so familiarized him that they always influenced his subsequent life.

She was fond of books, and read all she could beg or borrow from the pioneers far and near. Her boy early imbibed his mother's passion for books. Here and there could be found in the cabin Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," Weems' "Life of Washington," and Burns' poems. Young Abe read these over and over again, until he knew them as he knew the alphabet.

When his mother died, the son had already received a good education—he told the truth, he loved justice, he revered God, he respected goodness, he was fond of reading, he could swing the axe, shoot the rifle, and take more than a boy's part in subduing the wilderness and building up a home.

She selected the place for her burial. It was under a majestic sycamore, on the top of a forest-covered hill that stretched above her log-cabin home. No clergyman could be found to bury her, and the neighbours took part in the simple, solemn rite. Months after, a preacher, who had been written to, travelled hundreds of miles through the forest to preach a funeral sermon under the great sycamore.

The boy of ten years never forgot those sad, plain services, nor the mother whose memory they honoured. She ever remained to him—the incarnation of tenderness, love, self-sacrifice and devotion to duty. When he was President he honoured her training by the thought, "She placed me here!"

BEEF-TEA BETTER THAN WINE.

A YOUNG lad was knocked down by a team in a London street and taken to a large hospital. One morning the doctor examined him and said:

"Nurse, give him two glasses of port wine daily;" and, looking kindly at the lad, he said: "You will get on very well, my boy."

The young patient looked up and replied:

"Please, sir, don't order me the wine."

"Why not, my boy?"

"If you please, sir, I belong to a Band of Hope."

"Oh!" said he, "do you? Well, nurse, give him a pint of new milk in the morning, and as much beef-tea as he likes;" and, laughing cheerily, he said to the boy, "You will get on very well, my lad." And he got quite well without the wine.

BOATS THAT GNATS BUILD.

DID you ever hear of the wonderful boats that gnats build? They lay eggs in the water, and the eggs float until it is time for them to hatch. You can see these little egg-rafts on almost any pool in the summer.

The eggs are so heavy that one alone would sink. The cunning mother fastens them together, until they form a hollow boat. It will not upset, even if it is filled with water. The upper end of these eggs is pointed, and looks very much like a powder flask.

One egg is glued to another, pointed end up, until the boat is finished. And how many eggs do you think it takes? From two hundred and fifty to three hundred. When the young are hatched, they always come from the under side, leaving the empty boat afloat.

These eggs are very, very small. First they are white, then green, then a dark gray. They swim like little fishes, and hatch in two days. Then they change again to a kind of sheath. In another week, this sheath bursts open and lets out a winged mosquito. It is all ready for work. There are so many of them born in a summer, that were it not for the birds and larger insects, we should be "eaten-up alive."—Our Little Folks.

Portraits in the Stream.

BY THE REV. J. LAYCOCK.

ONWARD, like a river flowing,
Time is sweeping one and all;
To the ocean swiftly bearing
Wise and simple, great and small.

Up Time's river none are rowing,
None may pull against its stream;
All on earth are one way going—
Gliding down as in a dream.

What if signs are strangely wanting—
No reminders on its shores;
Teaching us how fast we're drifting
Even while resting on our oars?

Ever in its tell-tale mirror
We may see reflected there,
Tokens never yet in error,
Pointing out our certain where.

Childhood's stage, so gay and clever,
We have passed long years ago;
For our portraits in the river
Show forms stooping, crowned with snow.

And to-day we well remember
Visions all along the stream,
Even from April to December,
In its ever-varying gleam:

Portraits of our age and station,
Of our actions one and all;
Deeds of folly and vexation—
Vices great and virtues small;

Pictures taken in life's morning,
Early youth and manhood's prime,
By the camera all are scoring,
The old sunlit stream of time.

Pictures copied from life's river,
By an angel, for the sky,
To confront our souls forever
In God's galaxy on high.

TRUSTWORTHY.

BY BELLE V. CHISHOLM.

"HERE, Ellis," said Deacon Carey to a lad of fifteen, as he stepped from the morning train. "Here is a good round-trip ticket that will carry you to Springfield and back without costing you a cent. Take it, and run up and spend Sunday with your mother. It will save you a round two dollars, and that will buy you a new jacket, which, I dare say, you need."

The boy took the ticket from the outstretched hand, and looked it over with a glad smile lighting up his face.

"It is all right," continued the deacon, "and good until it is used, you see. I made my trip upon it, and the careless conductor failed to call for it either way. Keep it, and use it," he said, as the boy offered him the bit of pasteboard. "You are welcome to it, and your mother will be glad to see you, I am sure."

"But you have used this ticket already, Mr. Carey," urged Ellis.

"It's not my lookout if the conductor fails to attend to his duty. The ticket is my property yet, and I make a present of it to you," the deacon replied, a little impatiently.

Ellis Conway looked at the card in his hand, and thought of his poor, sick mother, and of all the delicacies the extra two dollars would buy for her comfort, and he was sorely tempted to take the next train to Springfield; but the next moment his better self had triumphed, and tearing the ticket into small bits, he deliberately cast them into the fire, saying as he did so: "The temptation is removed now. If I had used it, the railroad company would not have been much poorer, but I would, for I would have lost my self-respect, and I cannot afford to be on bad terms with myself."

Deacon Carey muttered something about over-righteousness, but a few months later, when in need of a trustworthy clerk, Ellis was the first one he invited to fill the vacancy. He explained to his partner "A boy who scorns to cheat a railroad company will be perfectly trustworthy among piles of money."

A STAR who is travelling the narrow way to heaven has no chance to cultivate the acquaintance and friendship of those who are in the broad way to hell.