

flashlight of what it is to get under drap.

Well, this Tom roared and swore and threatened and cried and begged and prayed for just one drink. He wasn't pleased...

Suddenly the fellow got quiet, deadly quiet, he went about with a face as white as the mist over the snow-hills, and eyes glowing like evil fires.

"Captain Scott," says he, "I'd like to speak with you in your cabin."

"Don't shut yourself up with that tigor, captain," growled the mate, "and I like; but the old captain never looked like that way; he just nodded to Tom, walked on before him, and shut the cabin door."

"Now, Captain Scott," says he, "you've got to give me some brandy out of that locker, or I'll shoot you like a dog. Oh, yes; I know they would tear me to pieces if I did, but that wouldn't be any worse than the tar that's going on inside of me now; and I'd 'a had one more drink anyway. I been workin' all night for what 'pears like eternity, to tie open the lock of the pistol-rack, last night I gave way, and now you've got to give way. Quick, man! If you raise your hand to me, I'll let go."

But captain want raisin' no finger, much less hand, he was leanin' careless-like 'gainst his locker with arms folded.

"You might as well save yourself that waster, Tom," says he, "you know well enough there are a dozen men standin' outside that door this minute, and at the first shot they would bust open and throw you to the sharks, you fool, get on you got your drink. And if it wasn't for Tom, he went on, growl awful solemn-like, "if I knew I was to bleed for it this minute, I'd do like a man, keep my word to your poor father."

"This here dodge had failed then. Tom broke down and coud now like a man, not like a baby. God bless 'em! but whined like a whipped cur. He turned the black muzzle round. "It's come to this, then," says he, "I can't stand any longer. I'm going to shoot myself and end this hell."

"Now, maybe if you had been lookin' Jess, you would have seen out captain with white under his brown skin, but he never started. Very well, Tom, says he: "good-bye, my lad. I've done my best for you; I'd go on down it to the end, if you'd let me, but you won't. It'll come hard on your poor father, to tell him we heaved you over to the sharks, but not so hard, I'm thinkin' as to watch you die by inches. Good-bye, Tom. Would you shake hands and forgive me for all my hard treatment? I meant it for the best."

The old sailor had dropped his knife and the unfinished brig, and the tears were running down his seamed face, at his own story. Bert was crying outright. But old Hiram reached out and drew the boy within the curve of his long arm.

"Clark up, mate," he said. "There's land ahead in the story now. That poor fellow couldn't stand out 'gainst such love and kindness as that, he fought on his own side after that, with God and his captain. It was an awful fight, no tongue can tell what agonies he bore up under; but he came through, and when the Nilly Bly was crushed to splinters in an ice-pack, and her crew had to crawl over the ice to safety, all this practice in fightin' himself and the devil came handy; so at when they all was took in by the Queen, poor starved critter, they said if it hadn't a' been for Hiram's cheerin' and helpin', they would never a' got to the end of such a journey."

"Hiram!" exclaimed the startled boy. "There now!" said the old man, looking

sheepish. "I done told on myself. Never mind, too; keep the story till you see some good it can do; then you may tell it with a loud voice to that dear old daddy livin' to praise God for that story, and did you a' know, and I mean to do it in person from this minute, up you go. Well, the goal won't be finished to-day, I say I cannot do much, so you needn't wait."

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, JANUARY 13, 1894.

A THRILLING SCENE.

WHILE the temperance crusade was sweeping through the State of Ohio, the Woman's Christian Temperance League in the town of Styker held weekly meetings for prayer and address on the subject of temperance. The first of these meetings was rendered memorable by a scene which those present will not soon forget.

"Here is the cause of my sorrow! Here are the tears—yes, the very life-blood of a drunkard. Look at it, rumseller! Here is the poison dealt out by you to the once-loved husband of my youth; but now behold the remains of what was once a noble and honored man. Love, truth, even manhood itself has fled. Now behold him! And here is the cause."

She stopped for a moment, her wretched husband cowering before her, and no thing being heard but the sobs of the audience; then turning her pale anguish-stricken face toward heaven, she exclaimed with tearful emphasis:

"How long, O Lord, shall intemperance reign, blighting our dearest earthly hopes and draining our very life's blood!" Then turning her face to the audience she continued, "Can you wonder that I raise my voice against this terrible evil? Sisters, will you help me?" Cries of "Yes, Yes!" came from almost every lady in the house. She sat down pale and exhausted. The meeting concluded, but impressions were made that will not soon fade from the

minds of those present, who went away more determined than ever to fight against strong drink, the foe of human peace.—The P.

PREACHING TO THE YOUNG

The pastor who fails to feed the lambs fails to fulfil a very important part of his commission from the Great Shepherd, and has little occasion to complain that the lambs are not eager to come for the fodder that is intended and adapted only for the sheep.

With thorough preparation, earnestness and freedom in delivery, copious illustrations without falling into "anecdoteage," it will be found that the adults are quite as much interested in and profited by this as by any part of the service, while the children will need little persuasion to attend church, if it is understood that the pastor never fails to have a little sermon for them. This method is found to be far better than an occasional discourse for the children, for that brings them to the house of God only occasionally.

On this subject we offer the following suggestions:

- 1. Carefully avoid baby talk.
2. Use few if any endearing phrases, such as "dear children."
3. It is important to avoid excess of story telling.
4. Do not let the illustrations drown the theme.
5. It is important to preach to the young people every Sunday, that the children may be encouraged to come regularly.
6. It is well to follow up this work by inviting one or two classes at a time to an evening meeting with the pastor.
7. If, together with the foregoing suggestions, the pastor will visit the home of each child in the congregation at least once a year, he will find his own heart kept young, and he will be able to draw the children into the church.

FRIENDS

WREX Abdallah had reached a good old age he called his ten sons to his side and told them that he had acquired a fortune by industry and economy, and would give them a hundred gold pieces each before his death so that they might begin business for themselves. It happened, however, that soon after he lost a portion of his property and had only 900 gold pieces left. So he gave 100 to each of his nine sons. When his youngest son, whom he loved most of all, asked what was to be his share, he replied:

"My son, I promised to give each of thy brothers 100 gold pieces. I have fifty left. Thirty I will reserve for my funeral expenses, and twenty will be thy portion. I possess in addition, ten friends, whom I give to thee as companions for the loss of the eighty gold pieces; and they are worth more than all the gold and silver."

The man died in a few days, and the nine sons took their money, and without a thought of their youngest brother, followed each his own fancy. But the youngest son, although his portion was the least, resolved to heed his father's words, and held fast to the ten friends of his father, and said to them:

"My father asked me to keep you, his friends, in honour. Before I leave this place to seek my fortunes elsewhere, will you share with me a farewell meal?"

The ten friends accepted his invitation with pleasure, and enjoyed the repast; and when the moment of parting arrived one of them rose and spoke:

"My friends, it seems to me, of all the sons of our dear friend that has gone, the youngest alone is mindful of his father's friendship for us. Let us, then, be true friends to him, and provide for him a generous sum that he may begin business here."

The proposal was received with applause. The youth was proud of their gifts of friendship, and soon became a prosperous merchant, who never forgot that faithful friends were more valuable than gold or silver, and who left an honoured name to his descendants.

Impromptu Verse by Phillips Brooks.

The following bit of nonsense verse is a part of one of Bishop Brooks' "Letters from India, printed in the September Century.

Oh! this beautiful island of Ceylon, With the coconut trees on the shore, It is shaped like a pear with the peel on, And Kandy lies at the core.

And Kandy is sweet (you ask Gertie!) Even when it is spelt with a k. And the people are cheerful and dirty, And dress in a comical way.

Here comes a particular dandy, With two ear rings and full of a stout. He's considered the swell of all Kandy, And the rest of him's covered with dirt.

And here comes the belle of the city, With rings on her delicate toes, And eyes that are painted and pretty, And a jewel that shakes in her nose.

And the dear little girls and their brothers, And the babies so jolly and fat, Astride on the hips of their mothers, And as black as a gentleman's hat.

And the queer little heaps of old women, And the shaven Buddhistical priests, And the lake which the wretched people swim in, And the waggons with six yoke beasts.

The tongue they mostly talk is Tamil, Which sounds you can hardly tell how; It is half like the scream of a camel, And half like the grunt of a sow.

NOT QUITE RIGHT.

BY GRACE WEISER DAVIS.

In our children's meetings at Ocean Grove, N. J., one day I asked a boy if he had given his heart to God, and he replied, "Not quite, I don't feel quite right." He came forward, and after praying for some time said with brightened face and joyful tone of voice, "Now I feel right."

To me he was a type of so many I meet of all ages over this land; they want to be Christians, and are trying to be, but are "not quite right." The Lord can make all such quite right if they will let him. Shall I tell you how? I will, by telling you another story of Ocean Grove.

As many of you know, we had a great storm there this summer, which did considerable damage, blowing tents down, tearing up the board walk, and washing away portions of different bathing pavilions and the Ocean Grove Fishing Pier. At Mr. Lillagore's pavilion many of the waiters slept in a portion that was swept away. They, of course, were aroused as soon as their slumber was disturbed, and removed their trunks and effects to a place of safety. While they were talking and waiting to see what next would take place, and feeling very nervous over their escape, their attention was directed to a little girl, four years of age, the daughter of one of them. She sat perched on a high table about 3 a. m., swinging her feet to keep time to the music, and was singing:

"A little talk with Jesus Makes it right, all right; A little talk with Jesus Makes it right, all right. In trials of every kind, Praise God, I always find A little talk with Jesus Makes it right, all right."

They listened and were comforted. Let me say to the little and big people, that therein lies the secret of getting right, all right; and then to keep all right the other part of the secret may be found in the verse, changed a little, as we sing at:

"A constant talk with Jesus Keeps us all right, all right. A constant talk with Jesus Keeps us right, all right. In trials of every kind, Praise God, I always find A constant talk with Jesus Keeps us right, all right."

May we all be made quite right and kept all right!

Dr. GRYLLE says of some ships going to Africa that "heaven goes in the cabin and hell in the ship's hold." How true will it take us to convert the heathen in this way!