

The Temperance Girl.

BY H. M. NOYES.

A JOLLY temp'rance girl am I,
With honest heart and true;
Striving to do, with all my might,
Whate'er I find to do.

No wine or brandy e'er I'll put
In pudding, sauce, or pie;
Ah, no, indeed! that's 'gainst my rule,
For a temp'rance girl am I.

No whiskey pickles will I taste,
Nor set before a guest;
But in the temp'rance cause I'll work,
And do my very best!

No brandy peaches or home-made wine
Shall on my table find a place;
Tho' the Queen should with me dine,
I would not thus our cause disgrace.

For am I not a temp'rance girl,
Pledged honest heart and hand?
Yes! I'll fight for right with all my might!
For God and home and native land.

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WILLIAM BRIGGS,

Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto.

C. W. COATES,
3 Bleury Street,
Montreal.S. F. HURSTIS,
Wesleyan Book Room,
Halifax, N.S.

Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 23, 1893.

A TALK ABOUT HEAVEN.

II.

WHENCE came this innumerable multitude of the redeemed which St. John saw in a holy vision? "These are they," said the elder, "which came out of great tribulation," up from the sorrows of time, up from the shadows of earth into the joys of eternity, into the light of God. "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them into living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." Blessed words! how full of consolation to the world-weary and the sorrowing, to the hearts that ache with anguish, to the eyes that fail with wakefulness and tears. Soon, if they seek a meanness for that holy place, they may join that white-robed multitude on high. Then their last sigh shall be heaved, the last tear shall have fallen, the last sorrow shall have passed forever more away. They, too, may wear the fadeless crown and sing the everlasting song, and wave the palm of victory over death and the grave at last.

How came these redeemed ones to this holy, happy place? They "washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." They had no fitness by nature for those holy joys, any more than any of us. They were the children of wrath even as others—of like passions with ourselves. They were impure and unholy till they were cleansed by the blood of Christ.

Once they were mourners here below,
And poured out cries and tears;

They wrestled hard as we do now,
With sins and doubts and fears.

I asked them whence their victory came,
They, with united breath,
Ascribed their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.

And some we know are with that blessed throng. Some with whom we have sung the praises of God on earth now sing his praise before the throne. Some whose feet have walked with ours life's weary ways, now walk the golden streets on high. They faded away before our eyes, racked with pain, wasted by disease, conquered by death. But now they are alive forever more. The tie that binds our souls to theirs becomes the stronger as death smites at it in vain. They are not lost, but only gone before.

If we would join that blessed company, we too, like them, must be cleansed from the guilt and pollution of sin by a loving trust in him who taketh away the sins of the world. If we would sing the song of Moses and the Lamb on high, we must learn to sing it here. If we would walk in white with Christ hereafter, we must walk in white with him on earth.

Nor may we forget the solemn thought that, for those who come not to Christ for the cleansing of their souls, there is another place and other company. There, too, is a great multitude, clad not in the robes of righteousness, but in the crimson livery of guilt. They wear no crowns of gold, but crowns of living fire, of burning memories, of stinging thoughts. Instead of the un fading joys of eternal life, theirs is the bitter doom of everlasting death. Let all who read these words avert that awful fate by hastening to the fount of cleansing, and wash their robes and make them white in the blood of the Lamb. Let our conversation be in heaven, whence also we look for the coming of the Lord Jesus. Let our treasure and our hearts be there, and let us live in a constant preparation for an instant summons to its glorious yet solemn scenes. Let us strengthen our souls in all holy desires and purposes by the contemplation of its hallowed joys.

Off, in its hours of holy thought,
To the human soul is given
The power to pierce through the veil of
sense
To the blissful scenes of heaven.

Then very near seem the pearly gates,
And sweetly the harpings fall;
And the soul is restless to soar away,
And longs for the angel's call.

Not long and dark will the passage be,
That leads to those realms of bliss,
But the "welcome" be heard in a brighter
world
Ere the "farewell" is hushed in this.

BOOK NOTICES.

By Sheer Pluck: *A Tale of the Ashantee War.* By G. A. Henty. London: Blackie & Sons. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 352, with eight full-page illustrations.

The history of the Dark Continent is one of the strangest in the records of the world. The seat of one of the world's earliest civilizations, it is also the scene of its last and most wide-spread barbarisms. It is also the scene of the most illustrious triumphs of the gospel of Christ and of missionary heroism. Additional interest is given to this book, for Canadian readers, from the fact that Sir Garnet Wolseley, commander of our own Canadian north-west expedition was a prominent figure in the Ashantee War and capture of Coomassie. Parts of the book, however, are of an extremely painful character from the vivid description of the siege of the Christian mission of Abeokuta, and the reckless valour and ruthless slaughter of the Dahoman amazons.

The Bravest of the Brave: With Peterborough in Spain. By G. A. Henty. London: Blackie & Sons. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 352, with eight full-page illustrations.

The Duke of Wellington, Sir John Moore, Sir Charles Napier, and many other gallant British soldiers have given imperable interest in the minds of English readers to the Peninsula of Spain. The present narrative takes one further back,

to the days of the great Marlborough. Lord Peterborough, himself, was not a very lovely character. In the words of Mr. Henty: "He was one of the most striking instances in history of genius and talent thrown away. By the want of fixed principle, he quarreled in turn with every party and almost every individual with whom he came into contact. He was haughty and arrogant, hasty and imperious. He denied his God, quarreled with his king and rendered himself utterly obnoxious to every party in the state. The stern rule of such a soldier gave ample opportunity for the development of strength of character and, in the narrative of the humble hero of the story, virtue has its due reward."

St. George for England: A Tale of Cressy and Poitiers. By G. A. Henty. London: Blackie & Sons. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 352, with eight full-page illustrations.

At no period in her history did England stand so high in the eyes of Europe as during the reign of the chivalrous King Edward III., and his still more chivalrous son, the Black Prince. Mr. Henty translates from the stirring pages of Froissart into modern English speech the thrilling tale of the battles Cressy and Poitiers, the capture of Calais and revolt of the Jaquerie—a sort of fourteenth century anticipation of the French Revolution. A graphic account is given of that strange plague the Black Death, which swept over a large part of Asia and Europe. "In no country," says Mr. Henty, "which the dread foe had invaded had less than two-thirds of the population been slain, in some nine-tenths had perished." In Germany 1,200,000 died in a single year. In England three Archbishops of Canterbury and an innumerable number of lesser rank were carried off by the pestilence in the same time. This story will give the boys and girls a more vivid conception of the England, and especially the France, of 600 years ago.

NEWMARKET JUNIOR LEAGUE.

We have about seventy members now, and our boys and girls are willing workers; they are saving their money just now for the purpose of supporting a cot in the Sick Children's Hospital, Toronto, next year. I think a great deal of this success is due to the interest taken in it by the parents, they have helped in every way they could. We meet on Sunday afternoon after Sunday school and have an average attendance of forty-three. Our officers are: Superintendent, Miss Keith; President, Ernest Hughes; Vice-Presidents, Howard Cane, Hiram Willson, Olive Miles, Annie McDonald; Secretary, Lottie Chubbie; Treasurer, Charlie Hughes. We have the honour of being the first junior society in North York, we hope to have others before long, and I pray God's blessing on the work here and elsewhere.

SARAH KEITH,

Superintendent of Junior Work
for North York.

DESTROYED THROUGH TOBACCO.

An agent of an insurance company says: "One half of our our losses comes from the spark of the pipe and cigar." One young man threw away his cigar in one of the cities and with it he threw away three millions of dollars worth of the property of others that blazed up from that spark.

Harper's splendid printing establishment years ago was destroyed by a plumber, who having lighted his pipe, threw the match away and it fell into a pot of camphene. The whole building was in flames. Five blocks went down. Two thousand employees thrown out of work and more than a million dollars worth of property destroyed. But I am speaking of higher values to-day. Better destroy a whole city of stores than destroy one man.

Oh my young friends, if you will excuse the idiom, I will say, stop before you begin. Here is a serfdom which has a shackle that it is almost impossible to break. Gigantic intellects that could overcome other bad habits, have been flung by this and kept down.

Some one was seeking to persuade a man from the habit. The reply was: "Ask me to do anything under the canopy of heaven but this."

"This I can't and won't give up though

it takes seven years off my life."—*Christian Harvester.*

Many persons have been burned to death by the fires occasioned by the use of tobacco. In a western hotel a man fell asleep while smoking. The fire from his cigar burned him to death and consumed an entire village of six hundred houses. Tobacco costs us annually about \$500,000,000. Probably in this country about forty thousand people die annually from the use of tobacco. Gen. Grant died of cancer in the throat caused by smoking. Better burn your house and lay your home in ashes than waste the same value on cigars and tobacco with which to pollute and destroy body and soul and lead others to ruin.

Many beg, lie and steal to obtain tobacco. This habit leads its victims into the worst company and into the worst places, bar rooms, brothels, gambling hells, etc. Tobacco is a powerful ally of the rum fiend. It produces ignorance, poverty, disease, suicide and drunkenness with all its resulting vice and infamy. Tramps, paupers, drunks and criminals usually use tobacco. This habit paralyzes the conscience and so chains the soul in its idolatrous slavery to tobacco idol. Multitudes will be forever destroyed through tobacco.

Is it not time that Christians renounce and denounce this loathsome form of intemperance, and that governments prohibit by law the whole tobacco business?

We are glad to learn that Germany, Switzerland, Vermont and New Jersey have commenced to legislate against the tobacco nuisance. Who will help to cast out this unclean devil?

WHITTIER AS A LETTER-WRITER.

BY ANNIE FIELDS.

A HOMEY native wit pointed Whittier's familiar correspondence. Writing in 1849, while revising his volume for publication, he speaks of one of his poems as "that rascally old ballad 'Kathleen,'" and adds that it "wants something, though it is already too long." He adds: "The weather this morning is cold enough for an Esquimaux purgatory—terrible. What did the old Pilgrims mean by coming here?"

With the years his friendship with his publisher became more intimate. In writing him he often indulged his humor for fun and banter: "Bachelor as I am, I congratulate thee on thy escape from single (miserable!) blessedness. It is the very wisest thing thee ever did. Were I authorat, I would see to it that every young man over twenty-five and every young woman over twenty was married without delay. Perhaps, on second thought, it might be well to keep one old maid and one old bachelor in each town, by way of warning, just as the Spartans did their drunken helots."

Discussing the question of some of his "bad rhymes," and what to do about them, he wrote once: "I heartily thank thee for thy suggestions. Let me have more of them. I had a hearty laugh at thy hint of the 'carnal bearing' of one of my lines. It is now simply 'carnal.' I might have made some other needful changes had I not been suffering with headache all day."

Occasionally the fire which burned in him would flame out, as when he writes in 1851: "So your Union-binders have really caught a 'nigger' at last! A very pretty and refreshing sight it must have been to Sabbath-going Christians yesterday—that chained court-house of yours. And Bunker Hill monument looking down upon all! But the matter is two sad for irony. God forgive the miserable politicians who gambled for office with dice loaded with human hearts!"

From time to time, also, we find him expressing his literary opinions, eagerly and simply as friend may talk with friend, and without aspiring to literary judgment. "Thoreau's 'Walden' is capital reading, but very wicked and heathenish. The practical moral of it seems to be that if a man is willing to sink himself into a wood-chuck, he can live as cheaply as that quadruped; but, after all, for me, I prefer walking on two legs."

It would be unjust to Whittier to quote this talk on paper as his final opinion upon Thoreau, for he afterwards read everything he wrote, and was a warm appreciator of his work.