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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

Vol. XIII.]

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 18, 1893.

[No. 46.]

CHRISTIAN MARTYRS.

BY THE EDITOR.

DURING the early Christian centuries the enthusiasm for martyrdom prevailed, at times, almost like an epidemic. It was one of the most remarkable features of the ages of persecution. Notwithstanding the tortures to which they were exposed, the fiercer the tempest of heathen rage the higher and brighter burned the zeal of the Christian heroes. Age after age summoned the soldiers of Christ to the conflict whose highest reward was death. They bound persecution as a wreath about their brows, and exulted in the "glorious infamy" of suffering for their Lord. The brand of shame became the badge of highest honour. Besides the joys of heaven they won imperishable fame on earth; and the memory of a humble slave was often hailed with a glory surpassing that of Curtius or Horatius. The meanest hind was ennobled by the doom of martyrdom to the loftiest peerage of the skies. His consecration of suffering was elevated to a sacrament, and called the baptism of fire or of blood.

Burning to obtain the prize, the impetuous candidates for death often pressed with eager haste to seize the palm of victory and the martyr's crown. They trod with joy the fiery path to glory, and went as gladly to the stake as to a marriage feast. "Their fetters," says Eusebius, "seemed like the golden ornaments of a bride." They desired martyrdom more ardently than men afterward sought a bishopric. They exulted amid the keenest pangs that they were counted worthy to suffer for their divine Master. "The tyrants were armed," says St. Chrysostom, "and the martyrs naked; yet they that were naked got the victory, and they that carried arms were vanquished." Strong in the assurance of immortality, they bade defiance to the sword.

Though weak in body they seemed clothed with vicarious strength, and confident that though "counted as sheep for the slaughter," naught could separate them from the love of Christ. Wrapped in their fiery vesture and shroud of flame, they yet exulted in their glorious victory. While the leaden hail fell on the mangled frame, and the eyes filmed with the shadows of death, the spirit was enbraved by the vision of the opening heaven, and above the roar of the mob fell sweetly on the inner sense the assurance of eternal life. The names of the "great army of martyrs," though forgotten by men, are written in the Book of Life. "The Lord knoweth them that are his."

There is a record traced on high,
That shall endure eternally;
The angel standing by God's throne
Treasures there each word and groan;
And not the martyr's speech alone,
But every wound is there depicted,
With every circumstance of pain—
The crimson stream, the gash inflicted—
And not a drop is shed in vain.

This spirit of martyrdom was a new prin-

ciple in society. It had no classical counterpart. Socrates and Seneca suffered with fortitude, but not with faith. The loftiest pagan philosophy faded into insignificance before the sublimity of Christian hope. This looked beyond the shadows of time and the sordid cares of earth to the grandeur of the Infinite and the Eternal. The

us, rack us, condemn us, grind us to powder," exclaims the intrepid Christian Apologist; "our numbers increase in proportion as you mow us down." The earth was drunk with the blood of the saints, but still they multiplied and grew, gloriously illustrating the perennial truth—"The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church."



CHRISTIAN MARTYRS.

heroic deaths of the believers exhibited a spiritual power mightier than the primal instincts of nature, the love of wife or child, or even of life itself. Like a solemn voice falling on the dull ear of mankind, these holy examples urged the inquiry, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" And that voice awakened an echo in full many a heart. The martyrs made more converts by their deaths than in their lives. "Kill

HIS FIRST OFFENCE.

On the usually frank and noble face of the boy there was a furtive, sinister expression. He replied in monosyllables to the remarks that were addressed to him, ate his breakfast with little or no appetite, and kept his eyes fixed doggedly on his plate as if fearful of encouraging the gaze of other members of the family. Yet through this real or assumed timidity a close observer might have discovered a

fixed purpose, an inflexible determination. What was the unrighteous resolve that possessed the soul of this well-raised, carefully trained, but evidently demoralized boy?

We shall see.

No sooner had he left the table than he went upstairs to his own room, then removed his shoes, slipped softly across the corridor to his father's apartment, opened a drawer in the bureau, took something from it, and slipped it into his pocket.

Then carefully retracing his way to his own room he put on his shoes, went down the back stairs on tiptoe, and a few minutes later climbed the ladder leading to the hayloft in the barn.

Pausing at the top of the ladder to look about him, and being apparently satisfied that he had not been watched or followed, he climbed stealthily across the hay until he reached a remote corner whose dim recesses were faintly illumed by the light from a window at the opposite end of the loft.

Pale with agitation, but with no faltering in the resolution written in his fiery eye and compressed lips, he took from his pocket a small glass object, fastened it against the wooden wall by means of pins stuck in above and below, and listened once more.

All was still.

Then without a quiver of remorse for the desperate deed he had resolved to omit, this 16-year-old boy took from his pocket his father's razor, stood in front of the small glass object he had fastened up against the wall, and perpetrated his first shave.—Chicago Tribune.

CUBEB CIGARETTES.

BY ORIE M. GROVER, M.D.

CUBEB is a drug, and no drug should be taken into the system by healthy persons, and cannot be without injury. Medicine is to cure disease and if a person is well they need no drug, and if sick should be very careful to take the right one.

Cubeb is sometimes prescribed as a relief to bronchial troubles, but are not, as a rule, curative. When smoked, they are subject to many of the objections made against tobacco. The minute particles of carbon are there the same as in tobacco smoke, and lodge in the mucous surfaces and produce the same irritation. Then there are the gases and other deleterious substances that result from chemical changes in burning, which are more or less poisonous.

Smoking, in itself, is not a physiological process. No animal, either human or brute, draws the breath through the mouth naturally. The nose is the breathing organ and the mouth breathing is injurious and largely to blame for much of the prevalent catarrh. I doubt cubeb smoking antidoting the desire for tobacco. In fact, many of the so-called cubeb cigarettes are mixed with tobacco and are manufactured for the purpose of creating the tobacco habit, while claiming to be harmless, which I have shown cannot be.

The lungs need all the oxygen they can

get in the air drawn into them, and if the boys will apply their own knowledge of physiology and chemistry, they will see that drawing the breath through fire destroys or prevents much of the oxygen entering the lungs, and charges the air with carbon, which is the very thing the lungs are trying to get rid of in the form of carbonic acid gas.

Then the heat dries, sears and destroys the delicacy of the mucous surfaces and produces cough, bronchial catarrh, ulceration and often consumption—indirectly many times, but the prime cause nevertheless.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

Rev. W. M. WITHROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 18, 1893.

WHAT SUSTAINS THE MOON.

THE EARTH KEEPS IT FROM FLYING AWAY.

We have read how the coffin of Mohammed was poised without support in the mosque of the faithful, from which all unbelievers were so rigidly excluded; no material support was necessary to sustain the remains of the prophet, the body itself seemed ever on the point of following the departed spirit to the realms of bliss. A perennial miracle was indeed necessary to sustain the reverend sarcophagus in space.

The infidel, no doubt, is somewhat sceptical about this marvellous phenomenon, and now, as ever the truth is stranger than fiction. Far over our heads there is a vast globe, larger and heavier than millions of sarcophagi; no material support is rendered to that globe, yet there it is sustained from day to day, from year to year, from century to century.

What is it that prevents the moon falling? That is the question which now lies before us. It is assuredly the case that the earth continually attracts the moon. The effect of the attraction is not, however, shown in actually drawing the moon closer to the earth, for this, as we have seen, does not happen, but the attraction of the earth keeps the moon from going further away from the earth than it would otherwise do. Suppose, for instance, that the attraction of the earth were suspended, the moon would no longer follow its orbit, but would start off in a straight line in continuation of the direction in which it was moving at the moment when the earth's action was intercepted.

What Newton did was to show, from the circumstances of the moon's distance and movement, that it was attracted by the earth with a force of the same description as that by which the same globe attracted the apple, the difference being that the intensity of the force becomes weaker the greater the distance of the attracted body from the earth. In fact, the attraction of the earth on a ton of matter at the distance of the moon would be withstood by an exertion not greater than that which would suffice to sustain about three quarters of a pound at the surface of the earth.

GERMAN HOME LIFE.

REV. DR. STEVENS gives in the *Methodist* this glimpse of a charming feature of German life, which Americans may well study:—

A good German home is the best in the world. I say this peremptorily. German mothers are thoroughly maternal and extremely affectionate; German fathers are generally forbearing and moderate, and singularly inclined to "domestication;" German children generally grow up, as by instinct, with an admirable mixture of filial reverence and affection. The Germans love large families; the more children the better, according to their philosophy of life; and they generally have abundance of them. They despise the French and American misanthropy in this respect, and justly point to it as a proof of demoralization, unknown in their own better land. In their home life they seem continually but unconsciously to be contriving agreeable surprises for each other, and this good feeling overflows the boundaries of home and reaches all the intimacies of their lives—their kindred, their neighbours, their pastors, and their schoolmasters.

No people make more pleasure out of *fete* days, birthdays, wedding anniversaries, etc. For a German not to know the birthdays and wedding anniversaries of all his intimate friends, and not to commemorate them by some token of affection, however slight (for the value is nothing compared to the sentiment) is a barbarism, a sacrilege. In large families these commemorations reaching from the grandparent to the yearling baby, and extending out to all dear friends, keep up, of course, an almost continuous exercise of kindly attentions and forethought; and the Germans have quite universally a peculiar tact of clothing these beautiful little things with dramatic surprises, so as to render the "mauer" infinitely more precious than the "matter." The lowliest village schoolmaster's birthday is known to all his rustic flock, and his cottage on that day is a shrine of pilgrimage to all the little feet of the hamlet; flowers, books, cheeses, loaves of bread, embroidered slippers, chickens, geese, even young pigs, are showered upon him; he is decked with bouquets, and his humble home garlanded within and without; he is addressed in original doggerel, and serenaded with music and dancing. And thus also, fares the village pastor. And all these things are done so heartily, so joyously, as to be evidently spontaneous, never ceremonious, as much a joy to the donors as to the recipients. Add to these domestic occasions the public festive days of the Church and the State, and you can imagine that German life has holidays enough. Christmas and similar days are occasions of incredible festivities throughout Germany. Santa Claus has no better dominion.

A DOG'S HEROISM.

(From an incident given in the "Hospital Review.")

BY CAMILLA B. SANDERSON.

MEN and women as well as boys and girls are always eager for a story of brave endurance or heroic effort, especially the latter, and no matter how ancient the tale, if it be well told, soft eyes will brighten, tender hearts will throb with admiration, and manly bosoms heave with noble emotions. Affectionate or courageous devotion to friend or to principle, on the part of either man or beast, finds its meed of praise in the interest and sympathy of those who see the act or hear the story, and low indeed in the scale of humanity must be the man whose soul is thrilled by no responsive feeling.

The incident I am about to relate is one vouched for by an able-bodied, big-hearted policeman in the city of Pittsburg, whose special duty was to stand at the corner of two prominent streets and keep people from being run over at the crossing of the cable roads. This good-natured representative of municipal authority, and intelligent observer of things sub-lunar, tells many a story of the curious adventures of which he has been an eye-witness while attending to duty. But into the telling of none of them does he throw such a whole-souled interest as into that of an encounter between two dogs.

A big Newfoundland, with curly black

coat, soft, almost human eyes, and great banner-like tail, was trotting peaceably along, amiably enjoying all the sights and sounds of the crowded thoroughfare. All at once a low-born cur began snapping at him, and snarling with all the venom of which ill-bred dogs are commonly possessed. Three or four others, equally ill-favoured, bore down upon the scene, anticipating a glorious time in this brave fight of five to one. Our curly-coated friend took no notice till obliged to defend himself. Then the way in which he proceeded to punish their impudence, and to "shake the nonsense" out of them was edifying to behold. Off they went in various directions, yelping or howling, in proportion to the punishment administered; all but the leader, who had been sent sprawling into the middle of the street, where he lay in abject helplessness, awaiting the return of his victorious foe.

Ponto came on with a ferocious growl, for his canine blood "was up," and was about to give the cowardly brute a further shaking, when down the hill, with clanging bell, came a cable car at full speed. It was nobody's special duty to warn dogs of approaching danger, so the car was almost upon them before the policeman's stentorian "get out" was heard. The Newfoundland saw his danger and sprang aside, but his vanquished enemy was so overcome by terror that he neither heard nor saw what was coming. There he lay, with eyes rolling from side to side, and paws curled inward in a very agony of fear. Another moment and the merciless wheels would have crushed him to death, but Ponto looking back and seeing the situation, sprang upon the track, seized the pitiful cur in his great jaws, and snatched him, still whining and begging for mercy, from the awful fate that awaited him. Laying him down at the side of the road, and apparently forgetting all about the late fierce battle, he wagged his tail in evident satisfaction, and trotted on his way as if nothing had happened, all unconscious that for deeds far less brave and noble, men have won medals of silver, and worn the laurel-wreath of fame.

Ponto was only a dog, but who will deny that in his canine soul dwelt the principles of truest heroism. He was only a dog, but may we not blush to feel that we have scarcely reached his standard of magnanimity.

THE DELIGHTS OF BOYHOOD.

I'd like to be a boy again without a woe or care, with freckles scattered on my face and hayseeds in my hair; I'd like to rise at four o'clock and do a hundred chores, and saw the wood and feed the hogs and lock the stable doors; and herd the hens and watch the bees and take the mules to drink, and teach the turkeys how to swim so that they wouldn't sink; and milk about a hundred cows and bring in wood to burn, and stand out in the sun all day and churn, and churn, and churn; and wear my brother's cast-off clothes and walk four miles to school, and get a licking every day for breaking some old rule; and then get home again at night and do the chores once more, and milk the cows and feed the hogs and curry mules galore; and then crawl wearily upstairs to seek my little bed, and hear dad say, "That worthless boy! He isn't worth his bread!" I'd like to be a boy again; a boy has so much fun; his life is just a round of mirth from rise to set of sun; I guess there's nothing pleasanter than closing stable doors, and herding hens and chasing bees, and doing evening chores.—*Washington Evening News.*

GIVING FROM POVERTY.

THE native Christians of a Karen village in Burmah made their contribution to send the Gospel to a heathen tribe farther north. The crops of these poor Karens had been destroyed by an incursion of rats; but they brought five dollars missionary money to the mission station. "It is too much," said the missionary; "you can't afford to give it. You are almost starving." The reply was, "It is God's money. It has been given for this mission. You must take it. We can eat rats, but these people cannot do without the Gospel." The money was taken, the missionary was sent, and many were saved.

The One Who is Missed.

BY LILLIAN GRAY.

THREE beautiful children kneel at night
By the mother's side to pray;
But ever she misses, with aching heart,
The one who has gone away.

And if you ask her which of these
Is the darling, she cannot say;
But of all her children the dearest one
Is the one that went away.

Gay ringing voices fill the house,
And thrill her with joy and pride;
But none of them all has tones so sweet
As the little one who died.

And which are the loveliest who can tell?
These eyes—blue, brown, and gray;
But none have the look of the violet eyes
Of the one who went away!

Here's Alice, graceful and pure and fair,
Brave Charlie and gentle May;
But the sweetest, loveliest one of all
Was the one who went away.

These rest at night in the mother's care,
Close sheltered from harm and cold;
But the safest of all is the little one
In the Saviour's guarded fold.

SUPPOSE.

BY AMOS E. WELLS.

SUPPOSE you had a great, big, strong soldier, well armed, who marched by your side all the time, ready to fight all your battles, and keep every one from harming you. Wouldn't you feel safe?

Suppose you had the wisest man in all the world, whose gray head contained all the wisdom of every book in the world, to sit down by your side and tell you anything you wanted to know, and advise you in all your difficulties, telling you just what course would bring you out all right. Wouldn't you feel safe?

Suppose you had the most beautiful and most loving woman in all the world to take care of you—some woman who never got sick, and never died, and never went away, and was always just the same loving and tender and beautiful one, to watch over you and comfort you as long as you lived. Wouldn't you feel safe?

Suppose you had the most sensible friend in all the world to help you do your work—the man of all men who knew best just what to do and how to do it; the man of the most skilful hands and best trained mind and warmest, most sympathetic heart; and suppose he was entirely devoted to you, and liked nothing better than to help you. Wouldn't you feel safe?

Open your eyes, children, and you will see just such a strong and wise and loving and useful friend close beside you. It is the dear Jesus, who is just as ready there as if your hands could touch him. He will never leave you, because he has promised to stay with you, and protect you, and help you, and teach you, and love you all your lives. Don't you feel safe?—*Golden Rule.*

HELPS TO HEALTH.

AN eminent physician has said that if the following three movements are executed vigorously every day for twenty minutes the effect in a year's time will be very apparent. Before going down to breakfast open wide the window and for ten minutes go through the following exercises: First, stand perfectly straight, with heels together, and inflate the lungs with pure morning air, drawing in the breath while fifteen is being counted and expelling it in the same way; repeat this eight or ten times. Then bring the arms forward at full length with the palms together, and then throw them vigorously back, trying to touch the backs; at first it will seem impossible, but after a few days' practice it can be done.

Do this from twenty-five to fifty times. Then raise the arms above the head to the utmost, with the palms outward; and then lean slowly forward, keeping the knees perfectly straight and try to touch the ground with the fingers. This, too, requires practice at first, but can be done after awhile. Then raise the arms gradually to the first position and repeat the movement twenty-five to fifty times. At night go through the same movements. This simple little exercise, if persisted in, will prove to be of incalculable benefit.—*New York World.*

Stop and Think.

BY E. B. BEXFORD.

My boy, when they ask you to drink,
Stop and think.
Just think of the danger ahead;
Of the hearts that in sorrow have bled
O'er hopes that were drowned in the bowl!
Filled with death for the body and soul.

When you hear a man asking for drink,
Stop and think.
The draught that he drinks will destroy
High hopes and ambitions, my boy:
And the man who a leader might be
Is a slave that no man's hand can free.

Oh, this terrible demon of drink!
Stop and think
Of the graves where its victims are laid,
Of the ruin and woe it has made,
Of the wives and mothers who pray
For the curse to be taken away.

Yes! when you are tempted to drink,
Stop and think
Of the danger that lurks in the bowl,
Of the death it brings to the soul,
The harvest of sin and of woe,
And spurn back the tempter with "No!"

THE YOUNG CRUSADERS OFF IN A DORY.

BY REV. E. A. RAND.

"Come, boys," said Dick, the President of the Landville Boys' Temperance Society, "we have worked hard to get our hall fixed up. Let us officers treat ourselves to a vacation, and go off in my father's dory to Pumpkin Island. We shall come back all the more fierce for the work."

Fierce!

That was Dick's big way of talking. The other officers were John Seymour, secretary and treasurer, and Burt Dixon, the door-keeper. As there was no money to burden any treasurer with anxiety, it was thought that it would add nothing to the cares of the secretary to make him treasurer also. The "hall" was Burt's barn-chamber, and Burt kept the door. As the only members of the society out of office were the Beaseley twins, and both were now sick, the door-keeper's duties were proving very light.

The boys, in organizing as a society, hardly knew what to do, but they were honest in their desire to do something, and as an expression of their sincerity, John Seymour had chalked his challenge upon the barn wall, "Stand by your colours, and don't run from them!" It gave the society new courage every time the motto was contemplated.

To increase their courage, a small flag, made out of a five-cent white handkerchief, had been attached to a pole above the barn. Burt's sister had embroidered in blue, the letters "Y.C." upon the flag. This was considered to be a bold proclamation to the world of the Young Crusaders' intention.

As the president and secretary were rowing toward Pumpkin Island, Burt Dixon in state occupying the stern of the dory, the boys discussed the prospects and wants of the club.

"She has a good look-out," said Dick. He always spoke of the club as a female.

"Yes," said Burt, "but it needs some more timber." He always spoke of the club as a thing.

"Timber?" inquired John.

"Yes—members," explained Burt. "Now, if our Jim was at home, he would join us. He's only sixteen, and we could call him young, I know."

It was unanimously voted that any one sixteen years old was still young.

"Where is your brother Jim?" asked John.

"You know he went off in a schooner. We expect him every day, though. They say the schooner is due now. We should be strong with him, now I tell you!" declared Burt. "He would tackle everybody."

"Well," said the president, "we have run up our flag and told the world we were on hand. We have got that motto too on the wall. That shows we mean business."

"Yes," said John, "but you have got to stand by her colours somewhere else than under the barn roof. Pretty easy to take a stand here."

"Oh; oh, yes!" assented the president; "but you know we have to begin at home, and—~~and~~—"

"Home isn't the barn," remarked John.

Here the conversation was interrupted by the cry, "Ship ahoy!"

"Look out there!" said Burt. "You'll run that schooner down, fellers! Hear that man!"

The boys at the oars shipped them, and looking up saw an old-fashioned coaster. A man in a red shirt was leaning over the rail.

"Aye, aye!" responded the president, in behalf of the society.

"Where ye bound?" asked Red Shirt.

"Pumpkin Island!" shrieked Burt.

"Want to ax ye some questions about this port. I'm a stranger in these parts. Won't ye come aboard?"

"Oh, thank you!" said the delighted president, responding for the society.

The three young Crusaders received a fine welcome to the cabin of the coaster, and after the boys had given the skipper the information desired, he said: "Hold on! I want to give you a treat for your trouble."

"Oh, thank you," said the president, who was famous for an unfeeling appetite.

When the treat was brought forward, it proved to be a big sheet of gingerbread and a bottle of ale. The latter was tapped promptly, and the former was passed at once and taken.

Would the ale be as acceptable as the gingerbread?

The president looked uneasy.

"Here, sonny," said the skipper, tendering the president a small glass. "Now, I despise one of them small glasses. Give me a big craft! I s'pose a small glass would be better for you young chaps, and no hurt in that."

Dick blushing, stammering, took his glass and raised it to his lips. Burt, above whose barn roof floated the magnificent society flag, took and lifted his glass.

"N-no, I thank you, sir," said John to the skipper.

"Now, take a sip!" said the astonished skipper. "Twill make a man of ye!"

"Well, sir, a good many sips would make a fool of me, and one may lead to too many."

"Oh, take it," urged the schooner's mate who was in the cabin.

"I belong to a temperance society, and must stand by it," said John, thinking of his motto on the barn wall.

"Ahem-m-m!" said somebody in a berth near by.

"Thank you," was Burt's remark now, "I don't think I can take this."

"And I thank you, but I can't," said the president.

The boys rose to depart. The surprised skipper was soon left alone. He then went to the berth from which that "ahem" had proceeded.

"Say, boy, you take this! It will be good for your sickness," urged the skipper.

"It will get you well."

"No, I thank you."

"What! you got the temperance fever? You took it yesterday. Twill get you well, I say again."

"I can get well without it, sir."

"Humph!" said the disgusted skipper. Three days after this the Young Crusaders were holding a meeting. The Beaseley twins were still sick, but the other members of the society were on hand.

EDIBLE NUTS.

NUTS are true seeds, and differ from fruits in having hard shells without any soft or pulpy inclosure. From the earliest times nuts, especially acorns and chestnuts, have been used for food, and at the present time in southern Europe chestnuts from a large part of the food of the labouring classes, who, besides eating them raw and roasted, make puddings of them and points for pastry. The chestnut is the most farinaceous and the least oily of all the nuts, and therefore it is the most easy of digestion; but it requires roasting or boiling to burst the starch cells and make it digestible. The chestnuts of southern Europe are far superior in size and perfection to those that grow in colder climates. Though little used on our tables, they make delicious desserts.

The walnut is a native of Persia, and its fruit is used in its green state as a pickle. This nut is very oily, and on the Continent its oil, when fresh, is used in cooking as a substitute for olive oil. In Switzerland the poor people use the pulp after the oil is extracted for bread. Our chief use of walnuts and hickory nuts in cooking is in adding them to cake.

Acorns from remote antiquity have been used for food for both man and animals. The ancient Britons lived largely upon acorns. "So," says Galen, "did the Arcadians." They were prepared in many shapes, boiled and roasted, dried and ground, and made into bread. At present they are chiefly used for fattening hogs, deer, and poultry, though in Norway and Sweden they are boiled and mixed with corn meal to make bread.

Hazel nuts and filberts are the fruit of the same tree, the former in its wild, the latter in its cultivated, state. These nuts are quite free from oil. Fresh roasted peanuts are very agreeable in their flavour and quite nutritive. When eaten at table as a part of the meal, and thoroughly masticated, they are very wholesome. All nuts should be eaten with salt.

The coconut is a product of one of the palms, and grows abundantly in all tropical regions. The kernel in its fresh state is very nutritive, and when grated makes excellent cakes or fritters. The milk of the coconut forms a delicious beverage in its native country; a large nut, when fresh, will give half a pint of milk. When it is very young the pulp is so soft that it may be eaten with a spoon, and the shell is so thin and transparent that it may be used as a lantern. The oil obtained by pressure from the kernel is used for burning in lamps and for making fine soap. There is no part of the tree but is employed for some useful purpose, though with respect to fruit the coconut is one of the least productive of the palm tribe. One tree in a good soil produces about one hundred coconuts annually.

Sweet almonds are nutritive, but difficult of digestion. When blanched, fried brown in butter and salted, they make a very welcome addition to the dinner table. Bitter almonds are poisonous to all kinds of animals. When they are chewed a chemical change is effected by which prussic acid is formed.

Brazil nuts are the fruit of *Bertholletia excelsa*, the only species of this genus, one of the most majestic trees in the Brazilian forests. It attains a height of one hundred and fifty feet, and a diameter of three or four feet at the base. It is found on the banks of the Amazon, in Central America and several of the South American States. The nuts are incased in a shell from four to six inches in diameter, which is extremely hard. Each shell contains about twenty nuts, packed so closely that, once having got them out of the shell, they cannot all be put back again. So great is the weight of this fruit that at the period of its fall the native, when about to enter the forest, cover their heads and shoulders with a strong buckler of wood. The time for gathering these nuts is in winter. They form the subsistence of the Indians, who gather them and celebrate the event with harvest home rejoicings.

The nutritive qualities of all edible nuts depend on the vegetable albumen and caseine which they contain. Eaten with other food, as at the conclusion of a meal, they are wholesome and agreeable, and might, on account of the oil they contain, well supply the place of pastry. On the same account they are more suitable for winter than for summer food.

APRON STRINGS.

"I PROMISED my mother I would be home at six o'clock."

"But what harm will an hour more do?"

"It will make my mother worry, and I shall break my word."

"Do you think I'd be tied to a woman's apron-strings?"

"My mother does not wear aprons," said the first speaker, with a laugh, "except in the kitchen sometimes, and I don't know that I ever noticed any strings."

"You know what I mean. Can't you stop and see the game finished?"

"I could stay, but I will not. I made a promise to my mother, and I am going to keep it."

"Good boy," said a hoarse voice just at the back of the two boys.

They turned to see an old man poorly clad and very feeble.

"Abraham Lincoln once told a young man," the stranger resumed, "to cut the acquaintances of every person who talked slightly of his mother's apron strings, and it is a very safe thing to do, as I know from experience. It was just such talk that brought me to ruin and disgrace, for I was ashamed not to do as other boys did, and when they made fun of mother I laughed too—God forgive me! There came a time when it was too late"—and now there were tears in the old eyes—

"when I would gladly have been made a prisoner, tied by these same apron strings, in a dark room, with bread and water for my fare. Always keep your engagement with your mother. Never disappoint her if you can possibly help it, and when advised to cut loose from her apron strings, cut the adviser, and take a tighter clutch of the apron-strings. This will bring joy and life to your mother, the best friend you have in the world, and will ensure you a noble future, for it is impossible for a good son to be a bad man."

It was an excellent sign that both boys listened attentively, and both said "Thank you" at the conclusion of the stranger's lecture, and they left the ball grounds together, silent and thoughtful. At last the apron-string critic remarked, with a deep-drawn sigh:

"That old man had made me goose-flesh all over."

"Oh, Dick," said his companion, "just think what lovely mothers we have both got!"

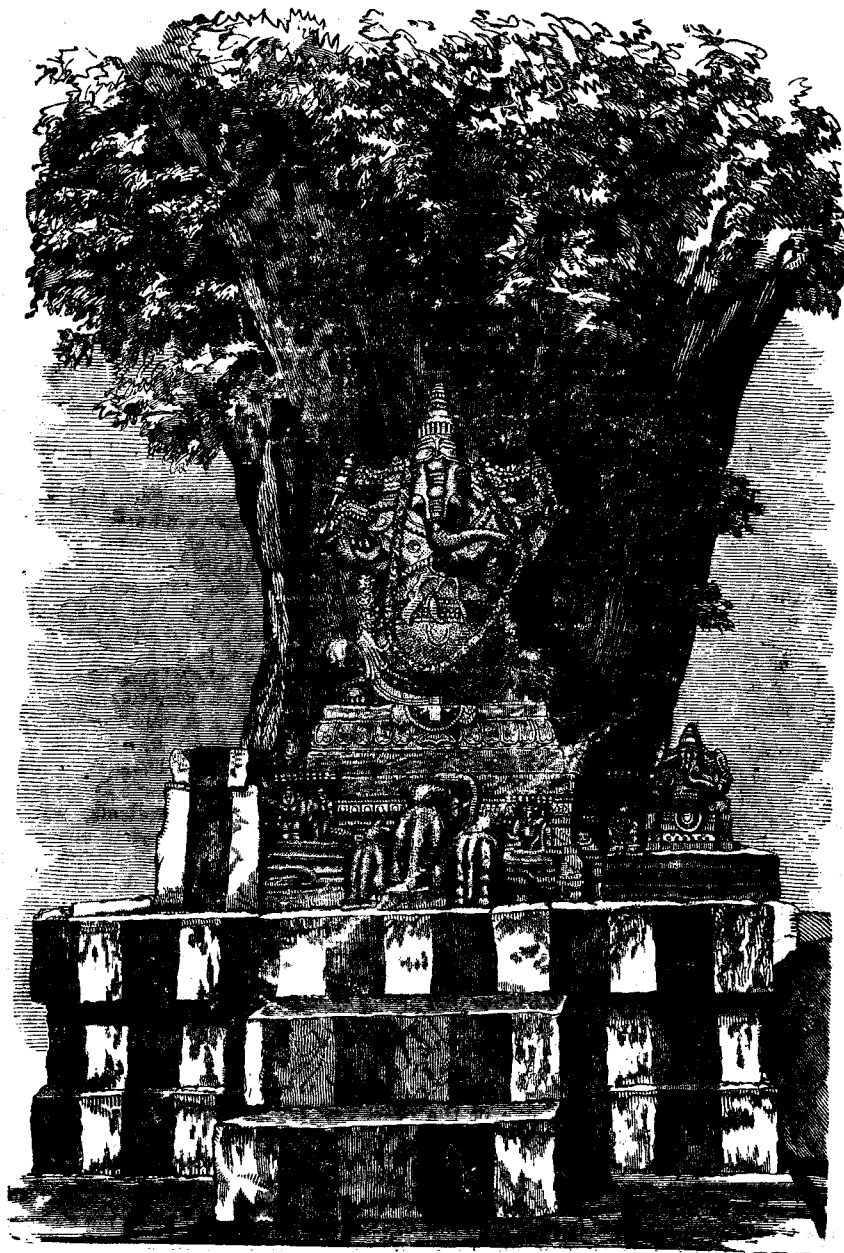
"Yes; and if anything were to happen to them, and we hadn't done right! You'll never hear apron strings out of my mouth again."—*Harper's Young People.*

THE WINE-GLASS.

Who hath woe? Who hath sorrow?
Who hath contentions? Who
hath wounds without cause?
Who hath redness of eyes?
They that tarry long at the
wine! They that go to
seek mixed wine! Look
not thou upon the
wine when it is red,
when it giveth its
colour in the
cup;
when it
moveth itself
aright.
At
the last
it biteth like a
serpent and stingeth like an adder.

STEEL WATCH-CHAINS.

THE small steel chain which winds round the fusee of a watch is about eight inches in length, and contains upward of 500 links riveted together. It is not thicker than a horse-hair, and the separate links can but just be perceived with the naked eye. Modern invention has as yet discovered no substitute equal to this chain in slenderness, strength and flexibility. Most of these watch-chains are manufactured at Christchurch, in Hants. The links are punched out by girls, from plates of steel; and very young girls pick up the links and rivet one to the other. Watch-chain manufacture has been the staple of Christchurch for nearly a century, in fact, ever since pocket watches began to be generally carried.



GANESA, THE GOD OF WISDOM.

GANESA, THE GOD OF WISDOM.

ONE of the most popular of the many idols worshipped by the Hindus is that of Ganesa, the god of wisdom. It is partly in the shape of a man and partly in the shape of an elephant. The children in the schools are taught to worship it, and it is adored by all who wish to become acquainted with Hindu learning and so-called wisdom. The images of this god are found not only in the temples and schools, and at the corners of the streets in the cities, but under trees on country roadsides.

But multitudes of the Hindus are now learning that the beginning of all true wisdom is the fear and worship of Jehovah, the only living and true God, and many are the changes for the better which are now taking place in idolatrous India. A few of them are thus stated by the Lucknow *Witness*:

"Should Carey and Thomas visit to-day the scene of their life-labours, it would seem to them a stranger land than when, in 1793, they first touched its shores. Then a letter twelve months old from England was new; now steam has brought London within thirty days of Calcutta, and the telegraph has reduced the distance to minutes. Then clumsy boats, the ox-cart, the palanquin, and the pony, were the only aids to travel; now the railroads of India carry annually more than sixteen million passengers. Her sacred Ganges is ploughed by Government steamers, while twelve thousand miles of wire carry messages for her people. Then the whole interior was sealed, and its roads almost impassable; now it is all open and surveyors are everywhere. Then no native thought of learning English; now it is hardly a barrier to a professor going among the educated classes there that he speaks English only, while in the counting-houses of every large city may be found hundreds who read the language readily.

"Then it was with difficulty that children could be hired to attend Christian schools; now staunch Hindus contribute to the support of these schools. Then, if natives could be induced to take Christian

books as a gift the missionary rejoiced in his success; books are now sold. Then the education of women was looked upon with terror or utter contempt; to-day the education of the girls of India receives more attention than did that of the boys thirty years ago. In Calcutta eight hundred women are regularly taught in their zenanas by the ladies of the Woman's Union Missionary Society; and many a young Brahmin secretly imparts to his wife daily what he learns at the schools.

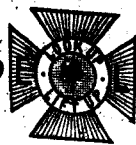
"Then the dozen or fifty fathers-in-law of a Kulin Brahmin quarrelled for the honour of supporting him; now he can be compelled to support his wives. It is not fifty years since the high-caste widow of India coveted the funeral pile; now, though at very long intervals we hear of attempts at suttee, its condemnation is almost universal, while the most intelligent look back upon it as we do upon the human sacrifices of the Druids. It is not sixty years since an order was issued by the Indian Government that 'missionaries must not preach to natives, nor allow native converts to do so; now the officers of the Government vie with each other in praise of the work done by missions.'

JUVENILE LOGIO.

WILLIE and his ma are returning from church in the Sunday car.

"Is it wrong to work on Sunday, ma?"
 Ma—"Yes, my dear."
 Willie—"Is the conductor a bad man?"
 Ma—"No, dear."
 Willie—"But he is working on the Sabbath day, and that is bad, isn't it?"
 Ma—"No, my dear; you see that he is running the car so that we can get to church, and that is doing good."
 Willie—"Does doing something that is wrong get right when it is done for a good cause? Would it be right for me to steal some money and give it to the missionaries?"
 Ma—"Dear me, Willie, you ask too many questions!"

Epworth League.



W. H. WITROW, Secretary for Canada.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPICS.

NOVEMBER 26, 1893.

Junior Epworth League.

MAKING HOME BRIGHT AND BEAUTIFUL.—Luke 10. 5; John 14. 23; 1 John 2. 24; Eph. 4. 2; Col. 3. 13; Rom. 12. 9, 10; Gal. 5. 14.

Junior E. L. of C. E.

FOR WHAT ARE YOU THANKFUL?—Eph. 5. 18-20; Col. 3. 15-17.

DEPARTMENT OF FINANCE—POCKET.

THE treasurer shall take a collection at each general meeting of the League. The amount should be announced and recorded by the secretary with the minutes of the meeting. The treasurer will make a report at the business meeting of the cabinet.

Every Junior Epworth League will become self-supporting if the Juniors are trained in making, saving, and giving money. Thousands of Methodist children have never yet heard Wesley's rule, "Make all you can, save all you can, give all you can."

Here is a grand opportunity to teach the children about our benevolent causes. "A penny from every Junior," when the benevolent collection is taken, would swell the total not a little if observed throughout the whole Church. Systematic giving is showing itself in a general increase of support to all causes throughout our connection. Begin with the Juniors; then we shall soon have intelligent

The business-like conduct of all the affairs of the Junior Epworth League will contribute largely to the future welfare of the Epworth League.

"Let the business matters of the Junior Epworth League be attended to in a strictly business-like way, and let the League learn to be self-supporting." We do not know what future financier may be among the boys of the League. Among our most wealthy and influential laymen may be found those who in boyhood were poor.

Present the benevolences of the Church to the Juniors. One Junior League collected, by "Willing Worker Cards," forty dollars as an offering to missions.

When a call comes from a church that has suffered the loss of all through fire, tell the boys and girls the story, and get them to vote a dollar's help. A collection taken at each meeting will pay all expenses, with something to spare for benevolences and charities.

Take a collection once a week in the League, either in this department or during the devotional hour. Let the offerings be voluntary and go toward the expenses of the League. "Let the League learn to be self-supporting."—*Constitution.*

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE EPISTLES.

A.D. 61-63.] **LESSON IX.** [Nov. 26.]

THE CHRISTIAN HOME.

Col. 3. 12-25.] [Memory verses, 23-25.]

GOLDEN TEXT.

I will walk within my house with a perfect heart.—Psalm 101. 2

OUTLINE.

1. Church Life, v. 12-17.
2. Home Life, 18-25.

EXPLANATIONS.

"Elect"—Chosen. Not, however, to the exclusion of others. The sentence should read: "Put on therefore as God's chosen, holy, beloved ones." "Bowels of mercies"—Or, as we would say, "hearts of mercy." "Forbearing . . . forgiving"—The first word relates to present offences, the second to past offences. "Above all"—Around all, as a factness.—A perfect girdle, keeping together all other virtues. "Peace of God"—Peace—Literally, "sit as umpire." "Rule"—one body.—Fellow-members, related to each other. "The word of Christ"—Gospel history and precepts. To get the best sense of this verse, imagine a period after "richly." Read the rest thus: "In all wisdom teach

ing and admonishing one another; in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing with grace," etc. "Do all in the name of the Lord"—Making Christ's pleasure our chief motive in life. "Submit . . . love"—The submissive spirit commanded on one side, and the self-sacrificing love required on the other, are essentially the same. "Servants"—In Paul's time most servants were slaves. "Eye service"—Acting well as long as well watched. "Singleness of heart"—Having but one purpose all the time.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Where does this lesson teach—

1. That God's chosen ones should have hearts of tenderness?
2. That, like a belt, love binds together the graces with which a Christian should be clothed?
3. That in the wildest whirl of life, the Christian should be calm in the peace of God?
4. That, "whatsoever we do," our lives should be repetitions of Christ's?
5. That whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Name some traits of character which God's chosen ones should have? "Mercy, kindness, meekness, long-suffering"
2. With what girdle should these graces be bound together? "Charity, which is the bond of perfectness."
3. In whose name should we do every deed and speak every word? "In the name of the Lord Jesus."
4. What principles of holy living does Paul lay down for wives, husbands, parents, children, and servants? "Love, sincerity, heartiness."
5. What resolution should we all make? Golden Text: "I will walk within my house," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The divine government.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

What do we learn from this?

We learn that temptation is not itself sin; and also that our Saviour will help us when we are tempted.

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