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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XVII.]

TORONTO, MARCH 13, 1897.

No. 11.

Sparkling and Bright.

Sparkling and bright, in its liquid light,
Is the water in our glasses;
'Twill give us health, 'twill give you
wealth,
Ye lads and rosy lasses!

Chorus—

Oh, then, resign your ruby wine,
Each smiling son and daughter,
There's nothing so good for the youth-
ful blood,
Or as sweet as the sparkling water.

Better than gold is the water cold,
From the crystal fountain flowing;
A calm delight, both day and night,
To happy homes bestowing.

Sorrow has fled from hearts that bled
Of the weeping wife and mother,
cup.

Son, husband, daughter, mother,
They have given up the poison'd

FATHER MATHEW.

Father Theobald Mathew, known as "The Apostle of Temperance," was born in Tipperary, Ireland, October 10th, 1790. Educated for the Roman Catholic priesthood, he was ordained at Dublin in 1814. From Dublin he went to Kilkenny and Cork, making the latter place his permanent home. It was while he was at Cork that he began his great work in the cause of temperance. Seeing that half-way measures would not serve, he instituted total abstinence societies, and went about the country urging people to join them.

His success was marvelous. In nine months he enrolled no less than one hundred and fifty thousand names. This was only the beginning of his efforts to save his fellowmen from the curse of drink. From the year 1838 until his death, he gave most of his time and strength to the cause of total abstinence. He had not merely an eloquence which won him the rapt attention of great crowds, but possessed a moral influence over those who listened to him which it seemed impossible for them to resist. In Ireland he was looked upon as a saint, and people of all religious names regarded him with veneration. Nor were his labours restricted to Ireland. He visited England at different times, and always with the greatest success. He spent two years (1849-1851) in this country, and was of great service to temperance workers here. So faithful and unselfish was he, that he became heavily involved in debt; though Queen Victoria somewhat relieved this by giving him a pension of fifteen hundred dollars a year. He died in 1856, worn out with toils and cares. Few lives have been more useful.

It is probable that he was the means of the rescue of millions from intemperance and its evil consequences. Let us give him the honour due him, though we may not like the fact that he was in the priesthood of the Roman Catholic Church.

"TURNED OUT RIGHT FOR ONCE."

BY JESSIE E. WRIGHT.

"Arthur was so smart
He couldn't keep it in—
He said that drinkin' beer
Was a tremenjous sin."

"Come on, fellows, and leave that
preachin' cad alone! He makes me
sick!"

"Arthur's no cad—he's stronger'n you
for his age," put in one boy, rather
weakly.

"So you've got it, too, have you?
Let's leave 'em, fellows! Here's a nice
skiff; we'll go up to Crow's Island, and
I've got a little keg of beer, and we'll
have a regular blow-out!"

"It'll make us drunk, won't it?" said
one boy, horrified at the daring of the
proposal.

"Oh, you little dunce! Have some
pluck! I'm treatin' 'cause I got that
place with old Horton. Art, there, is
mad and jealous 'cause he didn't get it.
Come on, I say!" and Joe Cooper walked
with a roll and a swagger to the flat-
bottomed boat he called a "skiff," the
other boys jumped in, and they rowed
down the stream, watched gloomily by
Arthur.

Arthur did feel sort of mad and jeal-
ous. Several boys had applied for the
office-boy's place with Mr. Horton. Joe
Cooper was the largest boy and he was
chosen.

"All bosh, those everlastin' stories
about an employer looking at a boy's
finger-nails, and watching him pick up

Ain't gona' to be bossed by nobody!"
asserted Joe, and he began to sing a
rowdy song. Mr. Horton's family were
having a picnic on Crow's Island in
honour of Robbie Horton's seventh
birthday, and they were much an-
noyed when some rough boys landed
at the cove.

When the singing began Mr. Horton
walked down to put a stop to it. He
stepped around the bank and saw his
office-boy elect holding a cigar in one
hand, a tin cup of beer in the other, and
shouting at the top of his voice.

"Well," thought Mr. Horton, "is that
what I hired! Just because he was larger!
Ought to have taken that Arthur, I
guess."

Joe stopped singing as a thought of
Arthur crossed his mind.

"That little preachin' Arthur Ball—

WHO IS THE CRIMINAL?

A ragged, shivering little boy was
brought before a magistrate for stealing
a loaf of bread from a grocer's window.
The grocer himself was the informer.
The judge was about to pass sentence
on the little wretch, when a kind lawyer
offered the following considerations in
mitigation of his offence:

"The child," he said, "was the eldest
of a miserable group; their father lies
low in a drunkard's grave. This morn-
ing, when the act was committed, the
mother lay drunk on the floor, and her
children were crying around her for
bread. The elder boy, unable to bear
such misery any longer, rushed from the
hovel, resolved to obey that paramount
law of nature which teaches us the prin-
ciple of self-preservation, even in dis-
regard to the law of the land.

He seized the penny loaf from the
grocer's window, and returning to
that wretched home, spread the
unexpected morsel before his
hungry brothers, and bade them
'eat and live.' He did not eat
himself. No. Consciousness of
the crime, and fear of detection,
furnished a more engrossing feel-
ing than that of hunger. The
last morsel was scarcely swal-
lowed before the officer of justice
entered the door. The little thief
was pointed out by the grocer,
and he was conducted before the
public tribunal.

"In the midst of such misery as
this," said the kind-hearted
lawyer, "with the motive of this
little criminal before us, there is
something to soften the heart of
man, though I deny not that the
act is a penal offence. But the
tale is by no means told. This
little circle, now utterly fallen
and forlorn, is the wreck of a
family once prosperous, temperate,
frugal, industrious, and happy.
The father, strange as it may ap-
pear, was once a professor of reli-
gion. The very first drop of
that accursed tincture of destruc-
tion which conducted him through
the path of corruption to the
grave, was handed him by this
very grocer, who now pursues the
starving child of his former vic-
tim for stealing a penny loaf.
The farm became encumbered,
the community turned its back
upon the miserable victim of in-
temperance—the church expelled
him from its communion—the wife
sought refuge in the same tremen-
dous remedy for all distract-
ing care, an oblivion of her do-
mestic misery. Home became a
hell whose only outlet was the
grave.

"All this aggregate of human
wretchedness," said the lawyer,
"was produced by this very
grocer. He has murdered the
father—he has brutalized the
mother—he has beggared the chil-
dren—he has taken possession of

the farm—and now prosecutes the child
for stealing a loaf to keep his brothers
from starving!

"But—all this is lawful and right—that
is, it is according to law. He has stood
upon his license. The theft of a penny
loaf by a starving boy, where his father
laid down the last farthing for rum, is
a penal offence!"—Aton.

A certain boy, who had been taught
the nature of strong drink, and who had
promised ever to shun it, was sent to a
school the master of which was not a
teetotaler. One day the master, being
in a friendly mood, offered the boy a
glass of wine, which he declined.
Wishing to see how far he could be
tempted, he urged the boy to drink the
wine, and finally promised him the gift
of a watch if he would only drink. The
boy declined, saying, "Please don't
tempt me; if I keep a teetotaler I can
some day buy a watch of my own; but if
I drink and take your watch I may later
on have to pawn it to get bread." That
answer taught the schoolmaster a lesson
which he never forgot.



FATHER MATHEW.

a pin, and smelling tobacco on him,"
growled Arthur as he kicked stones into
the river. "There's that Joe Cooper—
ain't a boy don't know what he is!
Swears, and cheats at marbles, and talks
dirty, and smokes, and here he is start-
ing off with beer on a regular spree!
No use bein' good. I might just as well
gone along and had a racket too—might
just as well learn to smoke and be nasty
like the whole kit and caboodle of 'em!
I'd like to, so there, if it wouldn't make
mother so almighty tired! Well—don't
suppose I'll stay a boy all my life"—
and he walked on down the stream,
keeping the boat in sight. He could
hear the boys in the boat and recognized
an occasional oath from Joe, who was
trying to show off, and was acting much
worse than usual. They reached the
cove Joe had indicated and leaped out
on the bit of beach.

"Now for the beer and we'll all have a
smoke!"

"I think there's a picnic on the island,"
said one boy.

"Who cares! we got a right here!
We'll raise Cain and drive 'em out!

settin' up in morals and manners agin
me! 'Tain't virtue gits the cake! Just
wasn't he ravin' this morning when that
old fool of a Horton took me!" Joe
noticed that one of the smaller boys was
as white as a sheet, and following his
glance, he saw Mr. Horton standing look-
ing at him.

"Allow me to inform you that you
need not come to my office to-morrow,"
said Mr. Horton freezingly. "You boy
there, empty that beer into the river!
Every one of you get into that boat!—
Now go!"

Without a word the boys climbed into
the boat and started.

On the other bank Arthur came out to
view the scene.

Mr. Horton saw him.

"Is that you, Arthur Ball?"

"Yes, sir."

"Come to my office to-morrow at nine,"
and Mr. Horton went back up the path,
while Arthur said, "I do row! Turned
out right for once! Virtue rewarded
—but such virtue, Arthur Ball—you a-
wishing you were in that very crowd—
I'm clear ashamed of you!"

The Price of a Drink.

The price of a drink—if you want to know
What some are willing to pay for it, go
Through that wretched tenement over
there,

Five cents a glass; oh, if that were all.
The sacrifice would, indeed, be small:
But the money's worth is the least amount

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK
Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, MARCH 13, 1897.

TEMPERANCE NUMBER.

"SO RUN THAT YE MAY OBTAIN."

There has been a great rage, as you
have been aware, for walking, running,
or footing it in any way.

This was all very well in its way.
Walking is not a bad thing for the
health at any time.

There is one journey, however, which
we all have to make on foot. That is
the journey to heaven, where we all want
to go.

Furthermore, as he has this long walk
to take—for heaven is not very near to
most of us—he will try to fit himself for
it: to go into training, and to keep in
training, so that he may not break down
on the way.

How does the pedestrian manage to
run so as to obtain his fame and his
money? In the first place he works
hard and sticks to his work.

but he keeps on, and the fatigue passes
away.

Secondly, he not only keeps to his
work, but he avoids everything else that
can interfere with it.

Thirdly, he does not stagger round the
ring with a Saratoga trunk on his back.

Lastly, he has a director. He does
not call him by that name—he calls him
a trainer; but it comes to the same thing.

Now, in all things the pedestrian sets us
a good example; in the earnestness which
inspires him, and the means he takes to
insure success.

Imitate him in these in the great jour-
ney before you, in which so much more
than fame and money is involved. In
the first place, keep to your work; let
every waking moment be a step toward
heaven.

This is nothing but common prudence;
use it, and your transit to the kingdom of
heaven shall be both rapid and sure.

THE MOCKER.

A TEMPERANCE HOMILY FOR BOYS
AND GIRLS.

BY MARK OBERYL.

A very wise man who lived a long
time ago declared that "wine was a
mocker." A mocker promises something
he cannot give.

Wine is a mocker—
1. By promising strength, but bringing
weakness.

For many years good people believed
that alcohol was really a strengthening
agent. Strong men took it to maintain
their strength.

We are wiser now. Doctors have
studied wine, and have proved that it
does not really make us strong at all.

The greatest athletes are abstainers.
They know that there is no strength in
wine. Whether walked 5,000 miles in 24 1/2
hours, or whether they were in the
Arctic, they were able to resist the
temptation of wine.

hundred days without alcohol. In one
of the great Arctic expeditions the man
who plucked the Union Jack nearest to
the North Pole was Adam Ayles.

One day last winter two men met in
the street on a cold, frosty day. They
stopped to talk just outside a public-
house, and one said to the other—

"Come in and have a drop of some-
thing to keep the cold out."
"I don't mind if I do," said the other,
"it's very sharp this morning."

So they went inside and drank some
hot spirits. As they drank, a beautiful
warm feeling spread all over their bodies,
and as they passed out one said to the
other—

"There's nothing like a drop of brandy
to keep the cold out."

But all the time they were being
mocked, because in a few minutes they
were colder than ever. You have all
heard of Dr. Nansen, who has just come
back in the Fram from the Arctic Sea.

III. Wine mocks us when it professes
to be a stimulant; it is really a narcotic.

Thousands of people take wine be-
cause they believe it to be a stimulant.
They are deceived. It is not a stimulant
at all.

Take an illustration from the clock in
your dining-room. You know it has a
pendulum. If there were no pendulum,
the wheels of your clock would fly round
so fast that you could hardly see them.

Let me close this little homily for Tem-
perance Sunday by quoting the words of
a very wise man:

Who hath woe?
Who hath sorrow.

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.

WHY SHE LIKED THE COUNTRY.

BY EDWARD CARSWELL.

"You taking dinner to your papa, too?"
asked little Susie, as she stood on the
large, flat stone that covered the spring,
from beneath which came the clear, cool
water through a crevice in a large rock.

"Yes," said Annie, who rinsed out a
stone jug with water from the spring.
"he's at work in the field."
"What you doing?"
"I am washing out this jug so it won't
taste of the nasty old beer."

quarrel, and so did their fathers and
mothers. And there wasn't any garden
or grass or flowers; just the street to
play in, and it was always full of carts
and horses and crowds of people, so you
couldn't play.

Significant and statesman-like are the
words of Mr. Gladstone on the seeming (?)
difficulty about the revenue: "Gentle-
men,—You need not give yourselves any
trouble about the revenue. The ques-
tion of revenue must never stand in the
way of needed reforms.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

MARCH 21, 1897.

Paul's sister's son.—Acts 23. 16-18.

PAUL IN JEOPARDY.

The apostle was now before the coun-
cil, where every means had been adopted
to convict him, as a violator of the law,
but every scheme of his enemies failed.

THE RAGE OF THE JEWS.

Not having secured a conviction, they
formed a scheme to murder him. Their
conduct proved their cowardice. As
they could not prove him to be guilty of
crime, they resolved upon lynch-law,
that they might thus get rid of him.

THE PLOT DISCOVERED.

"Be sure your sin will find you out."
Schemes, however deeply they may be
laid, will be discovered; plots, however
ingeniously contrived, will be found out.

PAUL'S CONDUCT.

Paul knew by revelation that he was
to go to Rome, but this did not prevent
him using prudent means to save his
own life. His relative having told him
what he knew of the intentions of his
accusers, Paul immediately laid the mat-
ter before the civil authorities, and soon
Paul was rescued.

Tis True as Truth.

My boys, come listen while I teach
A lesson true as truth,
A lesson that you all should learn
By heart in early youth.
'Tis this, there's naught upon the earth
That hapless home can cheer,
Where but five cents is spent for bread
To fifty spent for beer.

The wife and mother, though she be
As patient as the best,
Wears on her face a look that tells
Of nights unknown to rest.
The children shiver off with cold,
And tremble off with fear,
Where but five cents is spent for bread
To fifty spent for beer.

The holidays bring but fresh grief,
Fresh want, and added care,
And while, around it, happy songs
And laughter fill the air,
The sound of curses, sighs, and sobs,
Is all that one can hear,
Where but five cents is spent for bread
To fifty spent for beer.

And boys, I beg you, let my words
On fruitful soil be sown,
So when you've left your boyhood's days,
And are to manhood grown,
No one can speak of homes you've made
As places poor and drear,
Where but five cents is spent for bread
To fifty spent for beer.

ON "TAKING SIDES."

BY REV. SAMUEL GREGORY.

"He that is not with me is against me."—Matt. 12. 30.

Some writers of books were one evening talking together. Charles Lamb sat there, talking with the others. They spoke about great men of past days, who had gone into the World of Spirits. They were imagining what would be the effect upon them, if departed great men suddenly appeared in that room. And Charles Lamb said: "If Shakespeare came among us we should all stand, but if Christ were suddenly to show himself we should all kneel!"

You understand that Christ is not like any other. He is our Lord. It is the duty of everybody to kneel to him. The greatest day of your life is the day when you resolve to serve the Lord Jesus Christ.

THE FIERY CROSS.

You know that in the Highlands of Scotland they used to send out a challenge called, "The Fiery Cross." If war came about, the leading chief took a wooden cross, scorched it black in the fire, dipped it in the blood of a sheep and the cross was then passed from chieftain to chieftain, or from man to man. It was a call which all must obey. No one could stay quiet, and take no part in the peril. The chief who sent that cross, meant that no one could be neutral. It was his way of saying: "He that is not with me is against me."

WHICH KING?

There are situations in which you cannot merely look on. When this country was torn to pieces between the two houses of York and Lancaster, it was a case in which everybody had to take one side or the other through the twelve battles it involved. "Which king?" was the question that had to be settled and done with, and so men wore the white rose or the red rose, and drew their swords for the side they had chosen. Now the more you think the more certain you will feel, that you must make up your mind whether good or evil is to reign in our lives. One or the other must have chief power, and the power to which you surrender will so increase that in years to come you will be nobler or more sinful than you are now. The question is "Which king?" If you say, I am not decided, that is really (for the time) a decision against Christ. "He that is not with him is against him."

A CALL TO TAKE SIDES.

When I think of these words, "He that is not with me is against me," I can see Jesus looking sad and gentle, and as if he were asking everybody to take sides with him. That is the meaning of the words. They are an appeal to you to "take sides with Christ."

APPEAL TO GENEROSITY.

Christ makes an appeal to your generosity. If you had seen Jesus so gentle, so unselfish, so restless to do good to everybody—if you had seen him reviled and scorned, and fainting under the cross on the way to Calvary—there is not one of you who would not have wished to step out of the crowd and go to his side. One man did so—a countryman passing by, near the heavy cross of Jesus on his

shoulders. They "compelled him," but your hearts would have made you volunteer to take his side when he was despised and forsaken.

Nothing is finer than the feeling heart, which prompts you to go to the side of the weak and help them at your own cost.

A SCENE IN A CIRCUS.

By saying that Jesus appeals to your generosity, I do not mean that he wants help for himself, but for his cause.

You have read of terrible gladiatorial shows in Ancient Rome. It was horrible to set men and women to destroy each other, or to be torn by wild beasts. Still more terrible was it for men and women to sit on the stone gallery, and delight in such cruel sights. Nothing, however, could shock the degraded people or stop the butchery.

It so haunted the mind of a young Christian of those days, that he could think of nothing else. It filled his heart with pity and with shame. One day when the slaughter was going on and the theatre full of people revelled in the spectacle, this youth, named Telemachus, suddenly leaped into the arena, and in the name of Jesus cried out for the proceedings to stop. In the excitement they killed him, but he had done his work. He had given himself away for a great thing. It was as if Jesus had come once more to give his life a ransom for many. The sacrifice was accepted. The gladiatorial shows came to an end. That was how a generous heart in a terrible way took sides with Christ.

A BOY'S LETTER.

Now sin is making more misery than the Roman arena ever saw. Thousands of people are looking on. Some are delighting in the spectacle. Others are sad but inactive. Others just mind their own business, without any sadness at all. Others are leaping into the arena in the name of Jesus and taking his side.

A boy wrote a letter, carried it to me and said: "Read that, I can't say it." He sat while I read, how for two or three years he had been longing to give his life to Christ. He felt so deeply about it, that he shed tears while I talked to him. I said: "What do you mean? Do you want to be a minister, or a missionary, or something like that?" "Oh, to be saved. I don't want to be anything but what I am—I just want to love God, and have his help to keep me from sin and do good."

I am sure the generosity of your hearts must often have prompted you in the same way. You feel that you ought to take sides with Christ, and that it is mean not to do so. Give way to what is in your heart, and take his side. It is as though Jesus were looking at you with grate, sad reproach, and saying: "He that is not with me is against me."

AN APPEAL TO COURAGE.

I have spoken of generosity, because it is a feeling in every young heart. And another feeling is there, too—courage. Jesus appeals to your courage.

TWO SOLDIER BOYS.

There is a picture in one of our picture exhibitions which I saw people laugh at, because they mistook it for a comic picture, but it nearly made me cry. It was a picture of a battle-field. Two boys were crossing a wide space at peril of their lives. One beat a drum and the other blew his fife, and they carried themselves with more pride than ever the Duke of Wellington showed. The little fellows were excited with the rage of the battle, and were left alone, and so all their spirit rose. They defied danger, and in sheer bravado blew and beat out their music as they crossed the dangerous spot. I did not laugh, but turned away and carried the boys in my brain all day. If you saw that picture you would feel that you would like to be there. You admire courage, and feel pins and needles in your cheeks when you see it.

If Christ looked at those two boys, he would say: "These are the boys I want!" And if such boys could be brought to see how noble and great a leader Christ is, they would say: "We want nothing better than to spend our lives, doing and daring for his sake."

THE ORDER OF KNIGHTHOOD.

In the best days of chivalry, when a youth was admitted into the noblest orders of knighthood, he spent a night-vigil of prayer beside his arms. When morning came, he was clothed in white, and kneeled at the table of the Lord. The consecrated sword was presented to him, and he vowed to be true to his Captain, Christ. Then, clad in armour, he rode forth ready alike for duty or for death. The type of highest courage was the Christian knight. It is so still. There is nothing so noble or so strong as the spirit who gave his life to God,

and goes on his way as a good soldier of Jesus Christ.

A FEEL OF COURAGE.

The bravest things in the world are done in taking sides with Christ. I know a boy, who mixed up with some irreligious companions. They were learning a business together. They made mockery of religion. For a time the boy concealed the fact, that he was pledged to Christ. Then he thought he would tell his companions, and be on a proper footing. He trembled to do it, because ridicule is often more feared than gunpowder. But one day he said out: "I ought to tell you why I cannot join in many things. I am determined to be a Christian, and I am trying to be one." He expected a great explosion of laughter. But all were abashed. I don't say that no one made jokes at his expense, but they felt he had done a brave thing, and they admired him. Except now and then, it seemed to be an understanding over after, that no one should treat him other than with respect. And he had no sooner made his decision known, than a fine lad of the company who was all but a Christian, at once joined him. It's a brave thing to take the step of Christian decision.

A REASON WHY.

"He that is not with me is against me." If you thought you were against Christ it would startle you. But suppose you are the eldest boy of your home. The younger ones think much of you, and are proud of you. You never attempt to lead them to be Christians. If you were a Christian, the younger brothers would almost be Christians out of admiration of you. But without meaning to do so, you are standing in their way. Christ wants them to love him, and you see you are against Christ. For the sake of your friends, as well as for your own sake, make up your mind. Be earnest and fixed.

Look at what we read of "Arthur"—in Tom Brown—for he was a real boy. Look at what we read of Canon Liddon's boyhood, and of the influence he exercised over his boy-friends! Look at what good you might do!

JOINING THE LINE.

I remember a fire at a quiet place in Gloucestershire, where no engine could be had. People of all sorts—ladies among them—were full of eagerness to help. They made a line to the stream, stood there in a long row, and handed buckets of water along as fast as they could. No one wanted to stand and watch, everybody wanted to be in the line of helpers.

So, Christian people join together in all sorts of helpful ways, to try and save people from sin. Join the line. It is the noblest and most honourable of all things. It is worthy of what is most generous and courageous in your hearts.

Christ is calling you to take sides with him—that is what he means by saying: "He that is not with me is against me!" He is always calling, and one after another comes out and says to Christ: "Here am I! Take me!" Will you, and you—and all of you do likewise?

ON THE DERBYSHIRE MOORS.

Let me tell of how two boys once talked this matter over. They were school-fellows, and in a half-holiday were walking in a valley in Derbyshire.

It was a beautiful day, and they lay on a great rock and looked across the heather and grey stones, and talked on about many things. At last one of the boys suddenly called the name of the other, and began to tell how he himself had been led to give his heart to God. He wanted his companion to do the same, and invited him to go next evening to a little meeting of six or eight school-friends, who were meeting to pray and to help one another.

The boy that was thus suddenly addressed was quick at jest and ridicule, but he bowed his head like a broken flower. The moment that his mother had prayed for was come. He felt as if Christ had spoken to him, and said: "Follow me!" so he said to his companion: "I will join you!" He did so, and began a course of Christian life which went on ever after. Those boys were about twelve years old, when they thus talked together of that great purpose, and shook hands over that solemn promise.

They show not only that you may begin while quite young to be thoughtful and true disciples of Christ; but that as soon as you begin, there is work close by, which you may do among your companions.

Electric buttons on trolley cars, so that one can warn the conductor to stop without shouting at or poking him with an umbrella, have been introduced in Brooklyn.

The Landlord and the Boy.

"Will you walk into my bar-room?" said a landlord to a boy; "Tis the coolest, jolliest kind of room that ever you did spy. The way into my bar-room is past a handsome screen, And I have many things to show which you have never seen."
"Oh! no, no!" said the bright-eyed boy, "to ask me is in vain, For who goes in your jolly room can ne'er come out unstained."

"I am sure you must be dreary, and I can give you joy; Will you have a jolly time to-night?" said the landlord to the boy, "There are pretty pictures hung around, at the games you've a chance to win, And if you'd like to rest awhile, I'll gladly show you in."
"Oh! no, no!" said the bright-eyed boy, "for I've often heard the tune, They never like to work again who rest in your saloon."

Said the cunning landlord to the boy, "Dear boy, what can I do To prove the warm affection I've always felt for you? I have within my bar-room good store of all, I think, I'm sure you're very welcome, will you please to take a drink?"
"Oh! no, no!" said the bright-eyed boy, "kind sir, that cannot be; I've heard what's in your bar-room, and I do not wish to see."

"Noble boy!" said the landlord, "you're witty and you're wise, How handsome is your gay moustache, how brilliant are your eyes! I have a little glass of wine upon my bar-room shelf, If you'll step in one moment you shall have it all yourself."
"I thank you, gentle sir," he said, "for what you've said to me, And bidding you good-evening now, I'll come some night and see."

The landlord turned him round about and went into his den, For well he knew the silly boy would soon be back again, So he "set up a little job" with the men in his saloon, And had his musicians all play a lively tune, "Come hither and be happy, boy," are some of the words they said, "You can't be hurt by drinking wine which is so bright and red."

And sure enough, in a little while this silly, careless boy, Hearing those witty, flattering words, came slowly walking by, With a low step he lingered near, then through the screen he went, Thinking only of the splendid times and the landlord's good intent, Thinking only of the sparkling wine, poor foolish boy! at last The terrible demon—Alcohol—held him secure and fast.

A slave of the drink he continued to be, until in death he fell; "No drunkard shall God's kingdom see," what a sad fate to tell, And now, my dear young friends, who have this story heard, To flattering words and tempting wines, remember "No" is the word; Keep away from saloons and gambling dens; they give no lasting joy; And learn a lesson from this tale of the landlord and the boy.

THAT DEAR NAME!

A Christian sugar merchant, living in Swatow, was called on business to Shanghai. The cities are not far apart, but the languages spoken in each of them are so entirely different that a native of either cannot understand a word of the other's tongue. When the man returned he called to pay his respects to the Christian missionary. "Is the church in Shanghai doing well?" and "Did you see any Christians?" asked the lady.

"Well, teacheress," said the merchant, "after I had finished my business I looked around and discovered a building which I thought was a Christian church. I opened the door and found that it was all still, and only one man sitting there. When he saw me he shook hands and seemed glad to see me, and began to talk in the Shanghai language. I could understand nothing he said except the name of Jaso (Jesus). When he said that I knew he was a Christian, so I answered him in the Swatow language, and when he heard me say 'Jaso,' he knew that I was a Christian. So we sat down and talked together for an hour, and the only word we knew was 'Jaso,' but we had a beautiful time together, for that was all we needed."—Condensed from Miss Field.



CANADA'S GIN MILL.

Mr. Bongough in the above picture has given a graphic sketch of the result of the drink traffic in Canada. A bright, clever, self-confident young man enters the gin-mill on one side, and in a few months, or a few years at the most, is transformed into the ragged ruffian whom we see issuing from the other side. The blotted liquor traffic in the front, the cause of three-fourths of the crime and poverty of the land, is gathering by the bushel the golden profits of this nefarious business. The worst of it is that this God-dishonouring traffic is done under the protection of law—by authority of Parliament—and every elector must share the responsibility unless he, by vote and voice and every possible effort, seeks to destroy this traffic in the bodies and the souls of men.

Miss Jennie H. Hanson, in the Halifax Wesleyan, has the following stirring poem on Canada's gin-mill:

SOMEBODY'S DARLINGS.

Into the door of the billiard saloons
With their mirth and glitter so gay;
Tempted by brightness, laughter and games,

Somebody's darlings are going to-day.
Somebody's darlings, once young and pure,

Wearing yet on their noble faces,
Soon to be gone to return no more,
The lingering light of their boyhood graces.

They go again and again to the saloon,
They tarry often and late,
They avoid their mothers and all dear ones,

Who are anxious and grieved for their sake.
Somebody's darlings, once free and strong,

Wearing now on their altered faces
A downcast look as they hurry along,
And other effects which intemperance traces.

Next to the bar of the licensed tavern,
Where men forfeit all for rum;
Their manhood, their wealth, their happy homes,

Somebody's darlings, in throngs they come.

Somebody's darlings, now bound by the fetter
Of intemperance and habit and sin,
Yet filled with desire to strive to do better
If someone would help them to win.

Fathers and mothers and Christians all,
Time qui k'ly passe, it cannot wait;
There are weak ones sinking, heed quickly the call,

Somebody's darlings save, ere it be too late.

Somebody is watching and praying for them,
Yearning to hold them again to their heart,

And still they sink in sin and shame,
And the sad heart breaks from the pain it imparts.

Back from the darkest paths of sin,
Bring these lost ones with precious souls:

They were tempted mayhap, as we ne'er have been,

And possessed not the grace which restrains, controls.

Work and plead and pray for them,
Ere they too fill a drunkard's grave.

God commands that we toil and labour for him,

These lost ones to rescue and save.

KEEP A CLEAN MOUTH, BOYS.

A distinguished author says: "I resolved when I was a child never to use a word I could not pronounce before my mother." He kept his resolution, and became a pure-minded, noble, honoured gentleman. His rule and example are worthy of imitation.

Boys readily learn a class of low, vulgar expressions, which are never heard in respectable circles. The utmost care of the parents will scarcely prevent it. Of course, no one thinks of girls being so much exposed to this peril. We cannot imagine a decent girl using words she would not utter before her father and mother.

Such vulgarity is thought by some boys to be "smart," "the next thing to swearing," and "not so wicked;" but it is a habit which leads to profanity,

and fills the mind with evil thoughts. It vulgarizes and degrades the soul, and prepares the way for many of the gross and fearful sins which now corrupt society.—The Christian.

THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC SHARK.

It looks like a very foolish pastime for Miss Canada to be engaged in throwing \$50,000,000 per year into the liquor traffic shark's mouth; but the reality is just as senseless as the scene pictured in this illustration. And the wasting of this \$50,000,000 does not include the vast sum of money required to take care of and board the large army of paupers; does not include the heavy expenses incurred trying the men who commit crime under the influence of liquor—the whole burden of which has to be borne by the taxpayers.

We have to spend in whiskey \$191 in order to create a market for every \$1 worth of grain used in its manufacture. A barrel of beer retails at \$23.80; but the



THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC SHARK.

amount of Canadian grain used in the manufacture of this barrel of beer does not exceed in value \$1.70. To give employment to one man for one year in the distillery business, we must buy liquors the retail value of which is \$108,000.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE ACTS AND EPISTLES.

LESSON XII.—MARCH 21.

CHRISTIAN SELF-RESTRAINT.

1 Cor. 9. 19-27. Memory verses, 25-27.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Every man that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things.—1 Cor. 9. 25.

OUTLINE.

1. For the Gospel's Sake, v. 19-23.
2. Temperate in All Things, v. 24-27.
Time and Place.—This epistle was written about Easter, A.D. 57, from Ephesus to the church at Corinth.

HOME READINGS.

M. Christian self-restraint.—1 Cor. 9. 19-27.
Tu. Caution.—2 Peter 3. 11-18.
W. Denying ungodliness.—Titus 2. 6-15.
Th. Spiritual, not carnal.—Rom. 8. 5-14.
F. Putting off and putting on.—Col. 3. 1-11.
S. Renewed in the Spirit.—Eph. 4. 20-32.
Su. Walking wisely.—Eph. 5. 6-21.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. For the Gospel's Sake, v. 19-23.
From whom was Paul, free?
To whom has he made himself a servant?
What was his motive in so doing?
How did he seek to gain the Jews?
How the legalist. How those without law?
What are here meant by "the weak"?
How did Paul appeal to such?
How did he come to different men?
What is here meant?
In so doing did Paul give up any principles?
What duty is declared in Rom. 15. 1?
What motive of his life does Paul state in verse 23?
How is the same principle stated in 2 Tim. 2. 10?
In what respect are those who use strong drink "weak"?
How can we benefit such by our example?
Shall we not abstain also for our own sake?
What danger is there in the use of intoxicating drinks?
What motive do you find in these verses for not using them?
2. Temperate in All Things, v. 24-27.
To what is the Christian life compared in verse 24?
What does the apostle say of himself in Phil. 3. 14?
In what respect is the Christian race better than the worldly race? Verse 24.
How should we run this race? Heb. 12. 1.
To what is the Christian life compared in verse 25?
What does the word "temperate" here mean?

Our Bands of Hope and Junior Leagues can lend inspiration to the Prohibition campaign by singing with heart and voice—

Vote, Vote, Vote, the Boys are Marching.

Tune—Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, etc.

There's a movement strong and grand,
Spreading over all the land,
Giving hope of peace and gladness to the world;

'Tis a battle for the right,
And our boys are in the fight,
And our flag of Prohibition is unfurled

Chorus—

Vote, vote, vote, the boys are marching
Cheer up, comrades, never yield;
We are ready for the fray;
And we'll surely win the day,
And we'll drive the league of liquor from the field.

Shall our birthright be denied?
Shall we see our laws defied
By a league of liquor dealers who demand,

In the tone of bitter hate,
That within our nation great
No laws that check their hellish trade must stand?

No, the edict has gone forth,
From the west, the east, the north,
From the valleys to the highest mountain domes;

With our fortunes and our lives,
We'll protect our sons and wives,
And defend the sacred altars of our homes?

—Forward.

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