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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

Vol. XII.]

TORONTO, MAY 28, 1892.

[No. 22.]

LIGHT AND SHADE.

THE picture here needs no explanation. At the top is a young man—fair, bright and hopeful, with life before him, and with the power of choice between good and evil, between light and darkness. The picture shows, on the one side, the different steps in a career which was the result of the former choice, and on the other side the steps following the latter choice. On the right hand, he develops into an earnest, upright young man, fits himself at college for his life work, chooses his profession, business or trade, and fearing God and possessing the respect of his fellowmen, walks on along life's pathway to an honourable and happy old age.

On the left hand, how different! Look at the first step; what a contrast between that face and the one under the mortar-board! Those eyes dare not look you straight in the face. And so he goes on his downward path, for it is so easy to go down hill when a start is made. Every one of those five pictures is worse and more degraded than the one before it; then comes old age—loveless, cheerless age, spent in shadows and the gloom of poverty and sin.

What is at the root of it all? Don't you see it is the Bible that is shedding the light, and the bottle that casts the dark shadow? And it is all in the starting, you see. They were in the same place at first. Be careful of your first step, boys.

A BOY'S DAY DREAM.

It was a bright, warm day in the early summer of 1781, and London was full to overflowing, when a boy about eleven years old, with long, dark hair hanging down his neck and a strange, dreamy, far-off kind of a look in his large, gray eyes, came slowly along one of the busiest streets of the great city, so wrapped up in his own thoughts that he hardly felt the bumps which he encountered in pressing his way through the hurrying throng around him. He must have been thinking of a hard struggle of some kind, for every now and then he darted out both his arms in front of him, to the no small danger of the eyes of the ribs of the passers-by. Suddenly he was brought to a standstill; and no wonder, for, in flourishing his hands about, he had thrust one of them right into the coat-pocket of a tall man who was just going past him.

"What, so young and so wicked?" cried the man, turning around and seizing him. "You little rascal; do you want to pick my pockets in broad daylight?"

"No, I don't want to pick your pockets," said the boy staring about him as if just awakened from a dream; "I thought I was swimming."

"Swimming," echoed the man with a broad laugh. "Well, I've heard a crowd of people called a sea of people, but I have heard of anybody swimming in it



LIGHT AND SHADE.

before. You are either telling me a lie or else you must be crazy."

"I'm not, indeed," protested the boy. "I was thinking of that man who swam across the Hellespont—Leander, you know—and it seemed to me as if I were swimming across it too."

"Oh ho," cried the stranger; "that's it, is it? You seem fond of reading, my friend?"

"I'd read all day long if I could," answered the boy earnestly, "but I've only got a few books, and I've read 'em all again and again."

"Well, I'll tell you what: I belong to a library, and, if you like, I'll give you a ticket of admission to it for six months, and then you can read as much as you

please. Here's my address, and you can come for the ticket as soon as you like;" and the stranger went briskly on his way, little thinking that he would live to see that boy become honoured by all England as one of her greatest poets, and would tell with pride and self-gratification to all his friends how he had once done a kindness to Samuel Taylor Coleridge. — *Harper's Young People.*

It was Richter who said: "I love God and little children." I think that those of us who can sincerely say those words of ourselves need fear no evil thing in this life. — *J. L. Norton.*

PRAYING FOR APPLES.

"I don't know, grandpa, I've prayed and prayed, and it don't seem to do much good. I've got almost discouraged. And Archie hung his head, and looked downcast enough indeed."

"I wouldn't," said grandpa. "I think apples are going to be plentiful this year."

"What if they are?" asked Archie in surprise.

"Why, I thought you like apples as well as any boy."

"So I do, grandpa, but what in the world have apples to do with a fellow's prayers? 'Tears like none of you can understand how hard it is for a boy to do right, you would not make a light of it if you did."

Grandpa was just about to laugh at Archie's aggrieved tone, but he turned and said to him: "Let me finish what I was going to tell you about apples, and then see if I don't understand more than you think I think apples are going to be plenty, because I just passed Mr. Miller's orchard, and he was out praying for a good crop."

"Not out in the orchard where every one could see him, surely."

"Yes, he was out in the orchard, and I don't think he cared who saw him. He is there yet, I presume, and if you want, you shall go and see him yourself."

Archie was too surprised to answer, but he took his grandpa's hand and went with him.

When they got there they could look over the high fence and see what was going on in the orchard. There was old Mr. Miller following the plow, and turning furrow after furrow of the green sod under, while the boys were hauling manure and spreading it in the furrow.

"I thought you said that Mr. Miller was—"

"Praying for apples? Exactly, he has not had a good crop off the old orchard for several years now, for the sod needed breaking up and the trees enriched by fertilizing. Don't you think that after he has done all he can to make the conditions right for fruit bearing he can go to God and finish his prayer, with the feeling that all now rests with the Lord of the harvest?"

"Finish his prayer?" echoed Archie, in amazement; "if that is finishing his prayer, then I guess I have never begun some of mine."

"May be so, may be so," answered grandpa softly, as though speaking to himself. And then he added: "It would be hard for Squire Miller to pray a good crop of apples on those trees unless he made the soil richer first, eh, Archie?"

"Forgive me, grandpa," answered Archie, "for what I said a minute ago about not understanding how it is for a boy. I was the only one who didn't understand that it was hard, and now you have shown me. I'm going to begin some of my prayers that I finished a long time ago. I'll quit playing with James Barnstone, and read my daisy passages more, and see if I can't get the soul for my resolution a little clearer."

The Driftwood Fire

We dragged the driftwood from the shore
The sea's wife, cruel gift up ast,
And piled it by the cottage door,
Rough hull, bent spar, and shattered mast—
Strange, mournful, half-told histories
Of ocean's endless mysteries.

Ah, me; how often I recall
The burning of our driftwood fire;
The mounting shadows on the wall
That with the growing flames aspire;
The flushing heat that thrilled us so,
The rosy embers' dreamy glow.

How fast the sparkles went and came!
Brave "soldiers" on their upward march;
How swift the fingers of the flame
Made crumbling tower and tottering arch,
And all the wonder hearts desire
Could find a picture in the fire.

What splendid visions rose and shone
For Will, of lands beyond the sea;
For Allen, gold mines of his own—
And love for Annie, fame for me;
For Midge, a prince, light-haired and tall,
And last, brown ashes for us all.

Ah! time and change must have their will,
And tears be wept, and farewells said—
The hearth is cold, the home is still,
Where happy children sang and played;
And never more can shine and glow
The driftwood fire of long ago.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, MAY 23, 1892.

A BEAUTIFUL FLOWER.

BY REV. W. TINDALL.

THE other day I saw a remarkable house plant I could not learn its name*. It is now about thirty-six inches high. About four o'clock in the afternoon it is covered with beautiful flowers of a delicate white. These flowers bloom all night and shed fragrance—particularly if you shake the stalk—that fills the room with an aroma that reminds you of the wild flowers of the woods when they first blossom in the spring.

The lady told me that about ten o'clock in the morning of the first day that they came out they began to wilt, as they do every day, and she thought they were dying, as in a short time they completely closed upon their petals, but when evening came, to her surprise and joy, they bloomed out in great lustre, and so have continued to the present.

Now this unique plant suggested to my mind the piety of a true Christian, which "vaunteth not itself," and shines not only in prosperity—for it is easy to be praising

*The name of the flower is Nicotina.—Ed.

God and singing when everything with us is sunshine and success—but when all is dark and gloomy around us; when the sunshine of worldly prosperity seems to have left us; when friends are few and the atmosphere is chilly, when the beautiful flowers of patience and trust bloom in a Christian life.

God has created many flowers on earth never to be seen and admired by human eye. The poet sings:

"Many a flower is born to blush unseen
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

This is not literally true, for there is no waste in the universe of God's works, for if neither human nor angel eyes behold and admire these creations of skill and wisdom, God delights in them, for the royal psalmist tells us that God rejoices in his works, but saints are his peculiar delight, especially those who are suffering in the darkness of adversity. Let no young disciple be discouraged by trials. The most precious of all graces, the grace of patience, cannot grow in the sunshine of prosperity. In the night of adversity and affliction it flourishes and its fragrance reaches to heaven.

WHAT ONE BOY DID.

BY LILY LATHBURY.

It is only a little more than twenty-five years ago that a passenger on the Grand Trunk Railroad, going through the baggage-car, noticed at one end of it a printing-press, a table covered with type, ink-bottles and pens, and a desk well strewn with papers. Before the desk was a boy of about fourteen years of age, busily engaged in correcting proof.

Somewhat surprised at this unusual appearance of things, he inquired of the lad concerning it, and was courteously told that it was the publishing office of *The Grand Trunk Herald*, a weekly paper, edited, set up, and written by himself and the employees of the road.

Placed with his bright face and gentle manly manners, the passenger bought a copy and returned to his seat in the train. As he opened the pages of *The Grand Trunk Weekly Herald*, he said to himself: "That boy will make something yet;" and looking for his name as the editor, found it to be Thomas Alva Edison!

As we know Mr. Edison, crowned with riches and honours as the greatest inventor of modern times, it hardly seems possible that he started in life as a newsboy on a railway and won his high position in the same way that every boy must win honour and riches—by diligence, courage, and perseverance.

Yet it is true. Before he was sixteen he had read Newton's "Principia," Hume's "History of England," and Gibbon's "History of Rome," in his leisure hours. When he began as a newsboy he used every moment so well that he soon had a monopoly of the business, and obtained the right to put up a printing-press in the baggage-car. One day he saved, at great peril to his own life, the little three-year-old son of the station-master, who had wandered out on the track as a train was nearing the station. The father, in gratitude, offered to help him learn telegraphy; and so eagerly did he avail himself of this new advantage, studying late at night in the railway-station, that in five months he had become a most expert operator, and was appointed to take charge of the telegraph office in Port Huron. After taking this position he still continued to study and improve, and began to make experiments.

His first invention was an automatic telegraph repeater, made in Indianapolis, when he was sixteen years old. At eighteen he wrote and printed a book on electricity, in Louisville. At twenty-one he was in Boston, where he fitted up a shop for experiments, and designed a number of inventions; but failing in his first effort at duplex transmission he was compelled—penniless and almost discouraged—to seek employment in New York.

Here his skill in removing the cause of failure in a telegraphic instrument used in Wall Street secured him a fine position.

He afterwards became superintendent of the Western Union Telegraph Company,

and opened a shop in Newark, where he worked night and day, experimenting.

In 1876 his health broke down, and he removed to Menlo Park, N.J., and thence to Orange, where he has since resided. From the former laboratory nearly all of his inventions—some four hundred—have issued. The most remarkable of them is the quadruple telegraph, by which two messages may be sent simultaneously in opposite directions from each end of the line. The automatic telegraph, transmitting one thousand words a minute, and the Edison system of lighting by incandescence, are also great inventions.

As Mr. Edison is only forty-three years old he will, no doubt, perfect many of the wonderful machines he is now working on with the same industry and perseverance that made him at twelve years old the best newsboy on the road.

"Succumb thou a man diligent in business?
He shall stand before kings."

WHAT AILED THE BELL.

It was the first school after a vacation. The children were playing in the yards. The teachers sat at their desks, waiting for the bell to strike to call the children to their different rooms. The hands of the clock pointed to a quarter before nine.

The bell was a sort of a gong fastened to the outside of the building; and the master of the school could ring it by touching a knob in the wall near his desk. It was now time to call the children into school. The master pulled the bell and waited. Still the merry shouts could be heard in the school yards. Very strange! The children were so engaged in play that they could not hear the bell, he thought. Then he pulled it more vigorously. Still the shouts and the laughter continued.

The master raised his window, clapped his hands, and pointed to the bell. The children rushed into line like little soldiers, and waited for the second signal. The teacher pulled and pulled, but there was no sound. Then he sent a boy to toll each line to file in; and he sent another boy for a carpenter to find out if the bell cord was broken.

What do you think the carpenter found? A little sparrow had built its nest inside the bell and prevented the hammer striking against the bell. The teachers told the children what the trouble was, and were asked if the nest should be taken out. There was a loud chorus of "No, sir."

Every day the four hundred children would gather in the yard and look up at the nest. When the little birds were able to fly to the trees in the yard, and no longer needed a nest, one of the boys climbed on a ladder and cleared away the straw and hay so that the sound of the bell might call the children from play.

RED TAPE.

If Dickens were alive he would find a singular story, now going the rounds, another comical illustration of that "Circumlocution Office" which was thoroughly up "in the art of perceiving how not to do it." The story is as follows:

A younger son of the Duke of Argyll wished to marry an untitled lady, and not unnaturally asked his father's consent to that step.

The duke replied that personally he had no objection to the match; but in view of the fact that his eldest son (the Marquis of Lorne) had espoused a daughter of the queen, he thought it right to take her majesty's pleasure on the subject before expressing his formal approval.

Her majesty, thus appealed to, observed that since the death of the Prince Consort she had been in the habit of consulting the Duke of Saxe-Coburg on all family affairs.

The matter was therefore referred to Duke Ernest, who replied that since the unification of Germany he had made it a rule to ask for the emperor's opinion on all important questions.

The case was now before the kaiser, who decided that, as a constitutional sovereign, he was bound to ascertain the views of his prime minister.

Happily for the now anxious pair of lovers, the Iron Chancellor had no wish to consult anybody, and decided that the marriage might take place.

HOW TO DECLINE A TREAT.

THE following conversation was heard between two collegians, who were discussing a class dinner:

"Of course," said one (with a consequential touch of self-complacency and patronage which students call "frsh," and which only length of days cure), "if a fellow hasn't wit enough to know when to stop, he'd better be careful at first. Some heads are built weak, you know."

"Careful in what?" interpolated I, and both laughed.

"Why, drinking, of course," said the first speaker. "A fellow has to take his seasoning sooner or later. Some can stand it. Some can not, at least for a while."

He was, as I have intimated, a freshman. His friend, a bearded senior, the only son of a rich man, slapped him good-humoredly on the shoulder:

"When I was your age, old fellow, my father said to me: 'If I had my life to live over, I would never take a glass of wine or smoke a cigar.' I answered: 'It would be foolish not to profit by what such a sensible man says.' I have never tasted wine or touched tobacco, and I am glad of it—gladder every day I live. I might have been 'built' with a strong head—and then, again, I might not."

"What do you say when you are offered a treat?"

"I say: 'No, thank you, I never take it.' Generally that settles the matter quietly."

"And if they poke fun at you?"

"I let them 'poke' and then stand ready to put them to bed when their heads give out."

There are—for the comfort of mothers be it said—many "fellows" strong enough to maintain this stand, and sensible enough to see that the risks are not worth taking. It is the fool who meddles with firearms, the coward who carries a loaded revolver.

MARTIN LUTHER.

LUTHER was a great lover of children, and was in some regards much of a child himself. Possessing to a large extent the happy faculty of childhood, he was able to throw off the burdens which bore heavily upon him, and with the forgetfulness of childhood to relieve himself of the intense strain of life and living by indulging himself in merry pranks and romps with the children of his household. As he emerged from the clouds and darkness of Romanism into the full, pure, beautiful sunlight of Christianity and Christliness, the child-like spirit in him developed and expanded. Very touching and charming pictures are those which portray the great reformer in his relations to childhood. It is beyond all doubt true that much that is brightest and best in home life and in child life to-day is due, under God, to the civil and religious liberty which came to the world of God, through his servant, Martin Luther. In America we have the fullest and freest exhibition of the principles for which Luther contended. Though they are not always called by his name, they are in fact and fruit Lutheran.

Without the Reformation of Luther but little progress could reasonably be predicted, and Germany, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Switzerland, and Great Britain would now in all probability be but little advanced in popular intelligence beyond their condition centuries ago; and even Catholic countries would be by no means as far advanced as they now are in material improvements if they had not been carried along irresistibly by the enlightening advancement of Protestant countries through their proximity and the intercourse of their people. Without the Reformation the United States, as such, would not exist, and the country would be no farther advanced in material progress and in intellectual and religious enlightenment than Mexico and the other countries of Central and South America. The entire American continent, North and South, would have been colonized by Roman Catholics; and as great American republic would have demonstrated to the world for more than a century that a "government of the people, by the people, and for the people"—if that people be sufficiently enlightened and irreconcilably maintained permanently without a pope, without an ecclesiastical hierarchy and without a king.—*Lutheran Observer.*

The White Dove.

BY MARY A. DENISON.

THE choir was full of children
Singing with heart and word,
With melody almost divine,
The praises of the Lord.
O sweet their ringing voices
Went up to the Father's ear,
And throngs of Easter angels
Drew near, their songs to hear.

But not to listen, only;
With heavenly zeal and love,
The angels sing the melodies
Of the great choirs above;
And blending with the children,
Their Easter anthems rise,
Until the rapturous harmonies
Roll out beyond the skies.

So heaven and earth were blended,
In those sweet jubilees,
The unheard voices throbbing
Through the eternities,
Yet with the children singing—
When, lo! far, far above
The listening congregation,
There flew a fair, white dove.

Down on the air it floated,
Its wings all silver-bright,
Now in the shadowed chancel,
Now on its pillared height,
As some soft breeze from heaven,
It stirred the listening air,
Like whispers after silence,
Like singing after prayer.

O Christ, thou loving Saviour,
Thine emblem was the bird!
As round and round it circled,
By the grand choral stirred,
Each heart swelled high with worship,
With joy and sweet surprise,
And Paradise to earth drew near,
And Earth to Paradise.

VOTE AS YOU PRAY.

BY MRS. ELLA ROCKWOOD.

"LET me see," mused Mr. Samuel Parker, one October evening, as he pushed his silver-rimmed spectacles back upon his forehead and laid down his newspaper. "Next Tuesday is election, ain't it?"

"I see," he continued, turning to his wife, who sat at a table near by with a pair of diminutive pantaloons into which she was putting the finishing stitches, "that our party, as usual, has got some good men on the ticket; sure to be elected, too."

"What do you mean by 'good men,' Samuel?" asked his wife without lifting her eyes from her work.

"Oh, men who have influence and power in the party, of course; men who will 'take' well during the campaign; popular, and so forth."

He wound up with the "and so forth" in a grandiloquent manner, as much as to say that there were any number of good qualities in the possession of these candidates for office, if he only cared to add them.

"But do you think they really have the welfare of the people at heart? Will they, if elected, use every means within their power to better the condition of the people; to enact such laws as will tend to do away with vice, crime, and other causes of poverty and want in the country at large? Or will they cater to the wishes of a few monied men and corporations, with an eye single to the golden profits resulting from such a course?"

"Well, I suppose there is a sight of that kind of business being done; yet I don't know but our party is as free from it as any of them. Any way, I shall be glad to see these candidates elected and shall do what I can to help them."

"How about the liquor question?" pursued the wife, as she threaded a fresh needle and selected a button from a tiny pile at her side. "Is your party sound on that subject?"

"Sound? Well, it has done all that has ever been done for temperance."

"And there is much to be desired still. You call it a temperance party, still its leaders are afraid to come out boldly and espouse the cause; but are always boasting of what they have, as a party, done for temperance, in the way of making laws, claiming as you have just said that they have done so and so for temperance. Yet

many of the men who come up for office and are elected by this same party are men who are identified in one way or another with the liquor traffic, and consequently their sympathies are really there instead of on the side of temperance reform."

"To tell the truth, I have felt for some time that something ought to be done to do away with this liquor drinking. It is the greatest curse of our country to-day, and I for one would be willing to do anything in my power to shut up every saloon in the land."

"Oh! no, you wouldn't," responded his wife with a smile. "You wouldn't be willing to leave your party and vote for one that on its very face proclaims to all that its business is to prohibit the sale of liquor, that the chief object of its leaders in aspiring to power in the Government is that the manufacture of intoxicating drinks may be stopped. The Prohibition Party says this, and it proposes to protect not only our commerce and manufactures, but our homes as well. And yet you, and thousands of other men, who, like you, say that they would be glad to see the last saloon closed, and would be willing to do anything in their power to that end, would not consent to leave the old party which has been their political home for so long and vote as they pray, for prohibition."

"That does well enough to talk, but everyone knows it would be only throwing votes away to cast them with the Prohibitionists. The party is all right, good principles, and all that, but it will never amount to anything, and what is the use of voting a ticket that will never get farther than third place, and then, too," he added, as a bright thought struck him, "what would be the use, anyway, for it wouldn't prohibit after all, and we would be worse off than before? Prohibition means no license; whiskey would be free as water, and the country deprived of one of its principal sources of revenue. Better not 'jump out of the frying-pan into the fire.'"

"See here, Samuel," pursued Mrs. Parker, as she folded up her work and laid it away, "supposing you were to see a man drowning. Would you calmly stand on the bank and say 'there's no use of my trying; I couldn't save him; it's too bad, but it would only be effort thrown away. I'm sorry he has got to drown, but I don't see how I can help it.' Or would you bravely throw off your coat, jump in and at least try to save him? It may be you wouldn't succeed, but you couldn't be sure of it until you had tried. It's just so with voting the Prohibition ticket. There are men enough in this land who feel as you do, that it would be all in vain, when if they would cast their vote on the side of right, the right would prevail and saloons with all their attendant evils be banished forever."

"Then you spoke about the revenue obtained from licensing the sale of liquor. Did you never think that with no saloons there would be no need of such a revenue? Our asylums, almshouses and penitentiaries are maintained at public expense, and taxes raised proportionately to pay the bill. Did it ever occur to you what would be the result if there were no saloons?"

"One of our political speakers in a speech recently gave statistics to show that seventy per cent. of the inmates of our insane asylums were brought there either directly or indirectly through drink; while we all know that were it not for drink our jails and prisons would be well-nigh empty, and our criminal courts lose half their business."

"Then think, too," she continued as her husband kept silence, steadfastly gazing into the fire where the slowly dying embers dropped one by one upon the hearth, "of the homes made desolate, of the little children worse than orphaned, wives who would be better off to be widowed; fathers, mothers, mourning over brave sons gone to a drunkard's grave. Think of the victims themselves, bound hand and foot by the rum habit contracted thoughtlessly, carelessly, in the licensed saloon. That habit so easily formed, yet rarely ever to be got rid of, and then only by the greatest struggle known to mankind; benumbing the most brilliant brain; blinding the finest talent as with a chain; blighting the fairest prospects; changing men into demons to wreak their fury upon helpless women and children. And shall you stand idly by and say, 'I cannot help them'?"

"Oh! man, with whom rests so great responsibility, who, as the law maker, decides what shall and what shall not be done in this fair land of ours, will not God require your hand account of these transactions? All speed the time, when, as man's acknowledged equal, woman shall have a voice in the affairs of the nation, when, as chief sufferer from the curse, she shall wield effective weapons for its overthrow."

She paused, half amazed at her own temerity in thus speaking her honest convictions. As her voice died away, the last decaying ember fell upon the hearth, sending out a fitful blue flame which flickered for a moment, then died away. A cricket in the corner chirped mournfully.

Mr. Parker sat lost in meditation. At last he spoke: "Julia, what you have said has turned my thoughts into new channels; and the convictions of years seem taking wings, leaving in my mind some new ideas as to what is my duty as a Christian to God and to my fellow-man. I have, as you know, since arriving at man's estate, voted with the party which seemed to me to be right on the political issues of the times, or at least most nearly right; and the years have strengthened my belief in its honesty of purpose to do for the welfare of the nation. I will confess, however, that lately some fears have arisen, that much of dishonesty and fraud were obtaining a foothold; and, too, I have not been satisfied with the manner in which the temperance cause has been treated."

"When the Prohibition Party was formed every one said it would be short lived, and I thought so, too, and that it was no use to vote with the certainty of defeat. But as you put it, it is a question of right or wrong; right to try, whether we succeed or not; wrong to withhold our help even though defeat were certain."

"I have always been a temperance man if not a Prohibitionist, and have often said I would be glad if there were not a saloon in the country, yet have never put forth an effort to close their doors. I have prayed for the Lord to destroy the liquor traffic, and all the while have not done one thing to bring it about. But, hereafter I think I will take your advice and vote as I pray; then I can more confidently look for success."

GOLDEN RULE ARITHMETIC.

"PHIL," whispered little Kenneth Brooks, "I've got a secret to tell you after school."

"Nice?" asked Phil.

"Yes," was the answer—"nice for me."

"Oh!" said Phil, and his eyebrows fell.

He followed Kenneth around behind the schoolhouse after school to hear the secret.

"My Uncle George," said Kenneth, "has given me a ticket to go and see the man that makes canary birds fire off pistols and all that. Ever see him?"

"No," said Phil, hopelessly.

"Well, its first-rate, and my ticket will take me in twice," said Kenneth, cutting a little caper of delight.

"Same thing both times?" asked Phil.

"No, sir-ee; new tricks every time. I say, Phil!" Kenneth continued, struck with the other's mournful look, "won't your Uncle George give you one?"

"I ain't got any Uncle George," said Phil.

"That's a fact. How about your mother, Phil?"

"Can't afford it," answered Phil, with his eyes on the ground.

Kenneth took his ticket out of his pocket and looked at it. It certainly promised to admit the bearer into Mozart Hall two afternoons. Then he looked at Phil, and a secret wish stole into his heart that he hadn't said anything about his ticket, but after a few moments' struggle, "Phil," he cried, "I wonder if the man wouldn't change this, and give me two tickets that would take you and me in one time?"

Phil's eyes grew bright, and a happy smile crept over his broad little face. "Do you think he would?" he asked eagerly.

"Let's try," said Kenneth; and the two little boys started off to the office window at the hall.

"But Kenneth," said Phil, stopping short, "it ain't fair for me to take your ticket."

"It is, though," answered his friend, stoutly, "cause I'll get more fun from going once with you than twice by myself."

This settled the matter, and Phil gave in. "So you want two tickets for one time?" said the agent.

"Yes, sir," said Kenneth, taking off his sailor hat—"one for me and one for Phil, you know."

"You do arithmetic by the Golden Rule down here, don't you?" asked the ticket man.

"No, sir; we use Ray's Practical," answered the boys; and they didn't know for a long time what that man meant by Golden Rule.

AN UNHAPPY DAY.

BY MAY F. M'KEAN.

"I'd rather you wouldn't go, Mabel."

"But I want to go!"

Mrs. Northrup sighed and went on with her sewing a few moments in silence.

"I do not like the company you will meet there," she said, patiently.

"What is the matter with them? They are all of them girls and young fellows, urged Mabel.

"And then you cannot dress as well as the others, I fear," added Mrs. Northrup.

"Oh, my dress will do. I'm the one to wear it, you know," said Mabel, ungraciously.

"Still, I do not think it best for you to go." And the weary little mother bent every energy on her needle again.

"You don't want me to have any pleasure at all!" cried Mabel, her voice rising to anger even when addressing this gentle mother, who had worked and sacrificed all her life to keep her three fatherless children in some degree of comfort.

"But I am going!" she added a second later, as she hastily left the room.

"It would serve her right to lock her in her room," said Harry, the elder brother.

"And I'd like to do it," added Frank.

"No, children. I do not think Mabel will really go. She never yet did anything directly against my wish, and she will think better of this. I am sure she will not go, and when she has thought it all over she will see why I did not wish it, and will be glad that I interposed."

So Mrs. Northrup comforted herself, but even while she did, Mabel was up in her room dressing for the picnic, and presently, with noiseless tread, she stole down and away from the house to meet the friends whom her mother did not approve.

But she did not enjoy the picnic. Her better judgment told her that her mother was right, and these were not fitting companions for her. But the worst of it all came about the middle of the afternoon. She was out rowing on the creek with a party of lively girls and boys who insisted upon rocking and tipping the boat, very much to her distaste.

They laughed at her fears, and rocked it but the more, until by an unlucky lurch it was capsized, and the entire party found themselves in no laughing mood as they struggled in the water.

Mabel was drawn from the water weak and trembling; so weak that she could not stand alone, and even a half hour later when she attempted to walk she fell back fainting.

It was a very pale and a very repentant girl who was presently carried into her own humble home. The boys forgot their vindictiveness and the mother all her grooved heartache in the effort to restore and comfort the wayward girl.

But presently they were rewarded, and when Mabel sat on the side of her mother's bed that night, she wound both her arms around that dear neck as she sobbed.

"I don't know how I could have said all the horrid things to you that I did this morning. I believe you do want me to have all the pleasure I can, but to have it in right ways and with right people. And if you'll forgive me, mamma, I'll try always to do as you wish after this."

The forgiveness was sealed with a kiss, and Mabel had learned her lesson so thoroughly that never again was she known to doubt her mother a dear love.

After all, that is the dearest, safest of loves, a love that would guard us and guide us always. Let us be true to it, grieving it never.



CATCHING BUFFALO.

CATCHING BUFFALO.

FIFTY years ago catching buffalo on the great western plains was a common thing. It was in this way the Indian obtained much of his food as well as his clothing. The skin, when dressed, made him a nice robe. In the cut you see their mode of catching these animals. In those days they were very numerous, but to-day the Indians have dwindled down in numbers, and the buffalo have become a great curiosity. The rifle of the white man has played havoc with them.

REVIEW EXERCISE.

1. What did Nebuchadnezzar do near the middle of his reign? He set up a great golden image near Babylon." 2. Who refused to worship it? "The three companions of Daniel." 3. What did they say to the king? (Repeat verses 17 and 18) 4. What was done to them? "They were cast into a burning fiery furnace." 5. What did the king soon see? (Repeat verse 25).

CATECHISM QUESTION.

13. What is entire sanctification? Entire sanctification is the state in which the heart is cleansed from all unrighteousness, in which God is loved with all our heart and mind and soul and strength, and our neighbour as ourselves. 1 Thess. 5: 23; Matt. 5: 48; 1 John 3: 3; Mark 12: 30, 31.

YOUNG VANDALS.

ALONG the borders of roadways in Germany and other European countries—in the rural districts, on the village streets, and even in the street parterres of the larger towns—handsome fruit trees are often found growing. They are all well cared for, and not only beautify the streets and afford shade, but yield a very considerable revenue both to abutting land-owners and to village corporations.

These street fruit trees are respected by boys and men. Boys do not think of taking the fruit from these trees any more than they do of taking any other property not their own, or, we may add, more than they think of trampling down the grass or plucking flowers—things which American boys do habitually.

Though occasionally a boy may be caught stealing fruit in Europe, he is regarded as a thief and nothing less than a thief.

In 1859 an enumeration of all the trees standing in the streets of an American town was made. There were then about twenty-six hundred street trees standing, of which the most were elms and maples, and there were 110 cherry trees.

This year another examination of the street trees was made, and it was found that the cherry trees had totally disappeared.

The foraging of boys made them a nuisance, the owners reported. The boys not only took all the fruit, but did it in such a way, breaking branches and causing uproar, that the owners of the trees cut them all down.

Private orchards have suffered frequently from the same cause. Boys and young men have intruded to help themselves to fruit, and rather than maintain a constant defensive warfare, the owners have cut down their trees.

It is a bad commentary on our institutions that in the freest of countries the boys should be the most lawless, and should have least regard for the rights of public and private property.

The movement to increase the beauty of our villages is making progress. One of the first things to be done to make it successful is to teach boys and men that wantonly to break a twig, to steal a flower or to disfigure a lawn, is an offence against the whole community.

CHURNING.

We have heard this remark from people who wished to express their dislike of some duty required of them: "I would rather churn before breakfast." Only those who have tried it know what a task that is. And young people who have gone through this ordeal by candle light with sleepy heads and sharp appetites know best of all how disagreeable it is. But what it would be with such a turn as that woman in the picture is using we can hardly imagine. "Churn?" says one of you ready to exclaim, "why I'd do any errand." Well, really, some experiments seem to be necessary. Instead of vessels like those with which we are familiar, these strange folks use a goat skin, or leather "bottle," as it is called in

Scripture. When the cream is poured in, the skin is hung up and vigorously shaken from side to side until the butter comes. If, as some wise men insist, slow churning—occupying from forty to sixty minutes makes the best butter, a goat skin churn with a lazy boy for a dasher would beat all the patent machines in the market. It is not likely, however, that there will be any immediate demand for butter produced in this way, so our young friends in the country may rest easy. If this sketch shall lead any to consider the great advantages of living in a gospel land its purpose will be accomplished. A residence of a few months in those countries where Christianity is not known would be an effectual remedy for those who are disposed to complain of the obligations which Christianity imposes. There is a blessing connected with every thing Jesus requires of us. Obedience will save us from a multitude of unknown evils.



CHURNING.

domestic supplies; for even when in Scotland the Queen gets her butter and cream and fruit from her own farm near Windsor.

The messenger arrives at Aberdeen three in the morning, where he finds a special train awaiting him to take him to Balmoral. He remains at Balmoral about twenty-four hours, and then takes back to town all the documents that have been signed.

Six messengers are perpetually employed in going backward and forward.

The Queen gets up at half-past seven. At eight she has prayers, and at half-past eight breakfast, after which she walks for an hour, and then works with her secretary until two o'clock. She has frequently been kept at work all day long, and often called up in the middle of the night.

Fathers and mothers, who this list may read, do not delay, but with the utmost speed, secure these stories, at the Book Room found, and read them to the children gathered round. How many "pleasant hours" may thus be spent. How much of charm to home enjoyment lent!

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LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE PSALMS AND DANIEL.

B.C. 580.] LESSON X. [June 5.

THE FIERY FURNACE.

Dan. 3: 13-25. Memory verses, 16-18.

GOLDEN TEXT.

When thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee.—Isa. 43: 2.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

God will deliver in the hour of temptation and trouble those who are faithful to him.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

1. THE GOLDEN IMAGE was erected on the plain of Bura, five miles from Babylon. It was 60 cubits (90 feet) high, and 6 cubits (9 feet) broad. This includes the pedestal. It was probably of wood or clay, and covered with plates of gold. Diodorus tells us of three golden images in the temple of Bel at Babylon worth, with their altars of gold, \$80,000,000. 11. THE INAUGURATION.—The officers and chief men from all parts of the empire were summoned to Babylon and compelled to bow down and worship before the golden image, on pain of being cast into the fiery furnace. When the music sounded, all bowed before the image except the three men who were with Daniel in our last lesson. *Shadrach, etc.*—See last lesson. *Said to the king*—When they were summoned to him for not worshipping the image. *If it be so*—If God sees this to be best. *Full of fury*—(1) because their conduct was in direct disobedience to his command (2) It interfered with his plans of unifying the empire. (3) It was against his religion. (4) It seemed a bad example to his subjects. *Fiery furnace*—Such as was used for smelting metals. A hole in the top into which the men were cast, and an opening in the side, through which they were seen, and came forth. *Bound with iron chains*—Jer. 40: 4.) *Coats*—A long robe. *Hosia*—Inner tunic. *Hats*—Rather, cloaks. These are mentioned because they were combustible, and yet were not burned. *Astonished*—Astonished. *The Son of God*—A son of God, a divine being, an angel (ver. 25).

Find in this lesson—

That God lets the faith of his children be tried.

That true religion will lead us to obey God, no matter what befalls us for it.

That God, in some way, will help and save those who trust in him.

That doing right when it is hard to do right, makes men believe in religion.