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# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK



COASTING IN NORWAY.

## A LITTLE SACRIFICE.

BY C. T. W.

In a grand palace lived the dearest mother in the world. At least, I am sure all her children thought so, and they were many.

The domains of the palace stretched far and wide, including lofty snow-capped mountains, and green little hills; large rivers, and silver-tongued brooks; great gray rocks, and tiny smooth pebbles.

There were many others beside this dear old mother, whom we will call Mother National, and her daughters, living in the grand palace, and, in fact, all over the vast domain. And if you will believe it, a large share of them did not like Mother National and her daughters at all. In fact, many hated her; "But," said she to the daughters, "we must do right, and please God, and if we help to get hurtful and evil things out of the palace, perhaps even the haters will love us after awhile."

So they came all together every year, and planned where they should go, and what evil each should try to lessen through the next year. And while they were talk-matters over, some prayed for them, and blessed them, and some giped and jeered, and the haters hated harder than ever, and

said all manner of hateful things; but it made no difference to the daughters, who prayed together, clasped hands, and with little white badges, worn that all might know whose daughters they were, went east, west, north and south again, to begin once more their earnest work.

The greatest evil in the palace was slavery. Many and strong were the slaveholders and their chains, and though the slaves, worn with their toils, often struggled to free themselves, their captors only drew the chains tighter, and laughed at the poor, wretched victims, and meanwhile set traps for the feet of bright, unwary boys, and made them also slaves.

This evil the daughters were fighting with might and main, teaching the children to look out for the traps, and trying to break the chains of the slaves, and that is the reason the wicked slaveholders hated them.

Many were the ways devised by Mother National to help conquer this evil. One year several daughters met together, and in the heart of the palace domains planted a little tree. Carefully they watched and tended it till it began to grow rapidly, and to bud and blossom. Then the blossoms and leaves began to fall, and the breezes to waft them far and wide.

As fast as they fell came others to take

their places, and as they floated on the breeze they brought a pure, sweet influence to all who stood in their path. Whoever picked up one of these leaves or blossoms might find on it an uplifting message written, and many were the feet turned aside from dangerous places, by following one of these fluttering leaves.

Other daughters kept lovely flower beds, and sent the rich blossoms into prisons and hospitals, where were slaves who had been hurt, or, in desperation at their wrongs, had hurt others.

Still others visited these slaves with help and encouragement, while some of the sisters gathered the children about them, and told them how to avoid all the snares that might be set, and taught them from God's word.

Many, many ways these helpful daughters had of working, and many were the bright dollars it took to send them about on their errands of mercy, so large were the palace domains.

One day came to them all a letter from Mother National "Dear children," it said, "you are giving much, can you give a little

more? The family purse is thin, and the demands upon it large, and some of the money has been lost by the carelessness of a trusted messenger. What shall we do? I will go without new gloves for the present, leaving the money that would have paid for them in the purse; what will my daughters be willing to do?"

Well, how do you think those daughters answered? Did they say, "Oh, dear! I can't do any more!" No, indeed! One laughed as she wrote back, "Here, mother, is the price of a new bonnet. I can trim over the old one."

Another said, "I'll give a new dress, which I don't need as badly as I thought I did."

One gave up butter for a week, and another sugar. The sister who tended one branch of the great tree, sold a choice blossom just ready to blow away, and sent the money for that to the family purse.

And so, by little and little, the Self-Denial Fund grew, and even the small children helped, until the purse grew plump again, and Mother National was happy.

## "WHITE AS SNOW"

The snow is noiselessly falling  
In whitened flakes from the sky,  
Draping the earth with a mantle  
Of purity from on high;  
Covering the leafless branches  
Of the trees with a garb of white,  
Transforming them into beauty,  
And objects of real delight.

I think as the crystal snow-flakes  
Make the earth a vision fair,  
Of the wondrous passage quoted  
By the ancient seer Isaiah:  
"Although your sins be as scarlet"—  
I have sinned, all this I know;  
"Must I always bear its impress?"  
"They shall be as white as snow."

Can it be? My eyes glance outward,  
And as far as I can see,  
Only glimpses of rare whiteness,  
As an answer come to me;  
I look upward—I see clearly—  
Christ the sinless Saviour dies,  
Pleads his blood for my redemption,  
Gives himself, my sacrifice.

Though the years have long since vanished  
Since the Master spoke to men,  
I can hear the echo ringing  
Down the centuries again:  
"Although your sins be as scarlet;"  
Oh, that all the world might know  
The fulfillment of the promise:  
"They shall be as white as snow!"

—Ella A. Small.



"Bird's Nest."

BY M. F. B.

Now cunningly fashioned of twigs and moss,  
This little nest I'm writing about;  
But none the less cunningly built and planned,  
As if with the skill of a master hand,  
Perfect within and without.

'Tis made of timber and iron and stone;  
Was never birdling with tender bill  
Could carry such weight from brown earth to  
tree,  
Or slender branches bear it steadily,  
Work he with heartiest will.

And as for my birdlings, they're bipeds true,  
With eyes as bright and voices as sweet  
As any you've heard on a summer day  
Caroling the merriest roundelay  
From a swaying, leafy seat.

But they have no feathers, these birds, I  
know,  
Though they'll sometime, I doubt not, have  
wings,  
For in their pure hearts there is music true,  
And the soul rejoices with happiness new,  
As the bird does when it sings.

For this pretty nest is a cozy home,  
And the birdlings are people (you've  
guessed);  
Each day with its glorious dawning revives  
The harmonious sweetness of their two young  
lives,  
And you surely know the rest.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, DECEMBER 2, 1893.

WHERE HE FOUND HIS VOICE.

INTO one of our mountain towns there came last summer that blessed thing—a revival of religion. If you have seen sweet showers come after a long drought, and all the sere and wilted things lift up their leaves and rejoice, you have a picture in your mind of what this revival did for us.

Among those to whom church membership was not a new thing, was a young business man, who had been accustomed to speak of himself lightly as "a silent partner in the concern;" that is he couldn't lead in prayer, he said, nor teach in Sunday-school, and as for addressing a meeting of any kind—Oh dear no! During this time of revival our young man was walking down street one afternoon when a sound from the open window of the village tavern made him pause; somebody was singing a hymn in there—somebody, indeed, for there were several men's voices.

He had heard many curious sounds from that place, but none like this; and as the sweet influence breathing through the old town had quickened his spiritual pulses, too, the solemn words and tender tune drew him right in through the door.

"Ah," said one of the singers, as the hymn closed, "now we can have a prayer.

We were wishing for a church member, sir, to pray for our souls. All we knew how to do was to sing a little." To pray for their souls! It was a bar-keeper and two of his companions, whose hearts had been touched by the Holy Spirit to seek salvation. They never doubted but that this church member would pray for them.

And he did pray with and for them. Whether he halted and stammered and mixed his metaphors he does not know, nor do they; but day after day he met with them, he read the Bible and prayed and they sang hymns. Some day—that long, bright, eternal day—they will worship together where all service is praise, for seeking, they found the Saviour; asking, to their salvation was given; knocking, the door of the kingdom was opened to take them all in.—*Congregationalist*.

A PILLOW OF THORNS.

BY ERNEST GILMORE.

MRS. WARREN awoke one morning, after a disturbed night's rest, with the thought that a heavy day's work awaited her one pair of hands.

"I hardly know where to begin, John," she confessed to her husband, as she hurriedly dressed herself. "I have some capping that must be done, and the ironing is not near finished, and there's no denying that the baby is very troublesome—can't wonder that he is, though, dear little thing!" She added, as she bent over the cradle where the baby lay sleeping; "he's cutting teeth."

"You must keep Katy out of school to help you; she is twelve years old, and surely ought to be able to save you a great many steps."

"Oh, I couldn't think of keeping her out of school just now; she'd get behind in her classes! She can help me before school, and at noon—yes, and after school, and perhaps I can get through the day all right, although I do feel a severe headache coming on."

After breakfast Mr. Warren hurried to the store, kissing his wife first, however, and saying: "I am very sorry for you, dear;" then looking at Katy, who sat at the window with her History, he added pleasantly: "Come, Katy, child, put up your book and help mother; willing little hands can do much work."

But the trouble with Katy just then was that her hands were not willing. As the door closed after her father, she said, without rising from her chair: "You don't need me very much, do you, mamma? I haven't learned my history lesson, and we recite it the first hour."

"Why didn't you learn it last evening? You had a long, quiet evening, with nothing else to do."

"Yes, I know I did; but I had an interesting library book to finish, and after that it was too late."

"Another time you must learn your lessons first before you amuse yourself with story-books. You can study your lesson now; I will get along without you," Mrs. Warren said.

Noon came. There was a nice dinner upon the table. Upon the bars the smoothly-ironed clothes hung, and on the kitchen table there was a row of glass-jars, filled with delicious hot fruit. But it was a very flushed and wearied face that looked over the coffee-urn. It was only half-past twelve when the family finished their dinner, and Mrs. Warren said: "Katy, dear, you have half-an-hour before school; suppose you tie on a big apron and help me to get some of these dishes out of the way."

"Oh, dear! I don't see how I can, mamma; I missed my practice-hour this morning, and you know I have to take my music-lesson to-morrow. But I'll let it go if you say so," Katy said, fretfully.

"Go and practise." That was all Katy's tired mother said, as she gathered up the many dishes preparatory to removing them to the hot kitchen. Katy's conscience troubled her some as she practised her scales in the pleasant parlour. Two or three times, in place of the musical notes, she saw a tired mother's face; but she did not close her instruction-book and go to that mother's relief, but only struck the notes more vehemently. It was four o'clock when Katy returned from school. Looking into the little sitting-room, she found the baby asleep in his cradle, and her mother, with bandaged head, upon the couch.

"All quiet along the Potomac?" Katy questioned, as she bent to kiss her mother's hot cheek.

"Quiet just now, but the baby's nap is nearly out, and I dread his awakening. My head is much worse. I think you'll have to get tea to-night, dear; I don't think I possibly can."

"All right, mamma; but it is not near time yet, and can I go over to the slope after wild clematis? The girls are waiting at the gate, and we'll not be gone long."

"You can go if you'll be here at five, promptly."

"Yes, ma'am, I'll be here." Katy answered, as she danced from the room, unmindful of her mother's pain.

The door closed after her with a bang, which woke the baby, and he began crying. It was some moments before Mrs. Warren's dizzy head would allow her to get up and lift the screaming child from his cradle. She put him on the floor and gave him a box of playthings, which he threw all over the room, even into the dining-room beyond. Mrs. Warren did not seem to care where he threw his toys, as long as he was amused. She lay down again and held her throbbing head, watching the clock as the hands crept closer to five, hoping that thoughtless little Katy would keep her promise. The clock struck one—two—three—four—five. Oh, how the little hammer beat her weary head! But notwithstanding her pain, she arose, built the fire, prepared the supper, a pain in her heart worse than that in her head. "Can it be that my little Katy does not love her mother?" she thought.

"I'm so sorry, mamma. I meant to come sooner, but I was having such a nice time," began Katy, apologetically, but her father stopped her.

"Where have you been, Katy?" he said. "Your mother all alone with the work and the baby! Look at her tired, red face—" But the reprof stopped just here, for the tired, red face suddenly grew ashen white, and Katy's weary mother was unconscious.

Months have been passed since then, but Katy's heart is still sore. Her mother is a patient invalid, and may never again walk a step. Every night as Katy's head falls upon the pillow, she looks about her room's pretty belongings, her dear mother's love and taste breathing through them all, and thinks of what that gray-haired doctor said months ago, looking pityingly at her mother, and at thoughtless little Katy: "Mother has had to work too hard this hot, close day; I suppose you help her all you can."

"Ah, but that's the trouble. I didn't help mother all I could."

Poor Katy! Poor mother!—*Temperance Advocate*.

AN EXPENSIVE BADGE.

A YOUNG man in a London omnibus noticed the blue ribbon Total Abstinence badge on a fellow passenger's coat, and asked him in a bantering tone how much he got for wearing it.

"That I cannot exactly say," replied the other, "but it costs me about twenty thousand pounds a year."

The wearer of the badge was Frederick Charrington, son of a rich brewer and the intended successor of his father's business. He had been convinced of the evil of the ale and beer trade, and refused to continue in it, though it would have brought him an income of £20,000 a year.

He preferred a life of Christian philanthropy to a career of money-making; and his activity soon made him known through the kingdom as a most successful temperance evangelist. His work, organized in the tent meeting on Mile End Road, has grown steadily for twenty years, and now fills "the largest mission hall in the world."—*Selected*.

THE LAKE DWELLERS.

IN Switzerland, one winter when it was very cold, the rivers were frozen and the lakes were very shallow. The people who lived on the border of one of the lakes determined to make their gardens larger, by running their side walls out into the lake, and building a wall across to shut out the lake. Then they were going to fill in the space thus enclosed with mud taken from the lake bed. When they commenced

to dredge they came upon a quantity of spiles, and ivory and stone and bronze tools. Investigations proved that above this lake and, indeed, above others in Switzerland, had once risen the homes of a people who lived in dwellings built high above the water on spiles or logs driven into the bed of the lake. One lake having been drained, two settlements were found in it, one at each end. The part of the eastern settlement which used to stand above the water had been destroyed by fire, and the charred remains could still be seen. Nobody had ever dreamed of the existence of such peoples. They are now known as the "Lake Dwellers."

December.

SOME fellows go blowing for Springtime,  
And some will hurrah for the Fall;  
Some think there's nothing like marbles,  
And some that there's nothing like ball;  
But if you want regular rackets,  
With more fun than ever was guessed,  
With coasting, and skating and sliding,  
And everything just at its best—  
The jolly old month of December  
Is worth any two of the rest.

FOR then there is ice on the river,  
And then there is snow on the hill,  
And the days are so short and so shining,  
And the nights are so white and so still;  
And then at the end there is Christmas,  
Of which I've no cause for complaint,  
When your stockings get filled by your  
mother,

Or some other sort of a saint;  
Now, if is anything better,  
I'd just like to know—but there ain't.

TOBACCO-USING RUINS THE VOICE.

MANY a fine speaker or singer has sacrificed his greatest charm upon the shrine of this somniferous god. Hundreds of preachers have left their charges and gone abroad for their health, supposing they had ruined their vocal organs by their energetic exhortations and earnest appeals on behalf of piety, when the sole cause was their own reprehensible indulgence in cigars or "fine cut."

A BRAVE BOY.

AMONG many illustrations of this sterling quality of real nobleness is that of the celebrated Adam Clarke, the commentator on the Bible. When a lad he was put to work in a linen factory in Ireland. One day while thus engaged, a piece of cloth was wanted to be sent out, which proved to be short of the quantity required. The master, however, had an idea that it might be made the proper length by stretching. He thereupon unrolled it, and taking hold of one end himself, he gave Adam the other end and said, "Pull, Adam, pull." "I cannot, sir." "Why?" asked the master. "Because it is wrong, sir," was the brave lad's reply.

Hearing this the master declared he would not do for a cloth manufacturer and sent him off home. The result was he became the friend of the Duke of Lupeu, and ultimately one of the most learned commentators on the Bible England has ever had.—*Selected*.

BOY-CHARACTER.

IT is the greatest delusion in the world for a boy to get the idea that his life is of no consequence, and that the character of it will not be noticed. A manly, truthful boy will shine like a star in any community. A boy may possess as much of noble character as a man. He may so speak and so live the truth that there will be no discount on his word. And there are such noble Christian boys! and wider and deeper than they are apt to think is their influence. They are the king boys among their fellows, having an immense influence for good, loved and respected because of the simple fact of living the truth.

Dear boys, do be truthful. Keep your word as absolutely sacred. Keep your appointments at the house of God. Be known for your fidelity to the interests of the church and Sabbath-school. Be true in every friendship. Help others to be and do good.—*Child's Paper*.

The Best Drinking Place.

BY MARY L. WYATT.

On a pleasant day in the early fall  
A stranger rode into the town,  
And stopping his horse in the public square  
Glanced this way and that with a frown,  
For the place that he sought he could not  
find  
(Saloons had been banished that year),  
So he called to a lad who passed that way,  
And said to him: "Sonny, come here.

"Here's a nickel for you to show the way  
To the best drinking-place you know."  
"All right!" he answered—a quick-witted  
youth,  
"Just turn up that street, sir, and go  
Till you come to another upon your right,  
Then turn into that, and keep on  
Till you come to another, turn right again,  
And you'll see it quite plainly," said John.

So, thanking the lad, the stranger rode off,  
And John gave a hop, skip, and a jump,  
For back came the stranger, within a trice,  
Brought up—at the old town pump!  
"Here you are, sir!" said John, with a  
smile,  
"The best 'drinking-place' to be found,  
Take a good drink, sir, it's free, and you're  
welcome, too!  
It's good for your health, I'll be bound!"

He took the glass in a good-natured way,  
And drank of the water clear,  
Then said: "Tis an excellent drink, I'm  
sure—  
The best I've had for a year."  
So saying, he tossed the lad a coin:  
"The lesson is worth that to me;  
Keep on playing your temperance joke—  
'Twill make the world better," said he.

A LITTLE WAY DOWN STREET.

BY ROBERT BURDETTE.

My boy, you came in rather late last  
night, and this morning, when your mother  
asked where you were, you said, "Down  
street." Then when she wanted to know  
whereabouts down street, you said, "Oh,  
just a little ways."

Now, I don't think you intended to lie to  
your mother. As a rule you are a truthful  
boy, and your mother can believe you.  
But I wonder if you know how far down  
street you were last night? You were  
right when you said you were "down  
street." Whenever a boy comes home late  
at night and is afraid or ashamed to tell  
just where he has been and what he has  
been doing, I know as well as he does, and  
his mother knows, and everybody who  
knows anything about it, says that he has  
been down street. And more than that,  
my boy, I know that he has been a long  
way down street. A long, long way.

Have you a map of your route last even-  
ing? No! Well, never mind; you know  
you were down street, and we can make a  
map in a minute or two. Sit down here,  
and we'll see how far a boy travels when he  
leaves home after supper, and goes down  
street a little way, and doesn't get back  
until ten o'clock or later.

Here is your home, this bright little spot  
like a star on the map. The sweetest,  
purest, safest place this side of heaven;  
the home where, from father to baby, they  
love you better than all the rest of the  
people in all the big, wide world. Now,  
when you start from here and go down  
street, somehow the street always has a  
down-grade from home when you sneak  
out at night. See how far you get from  
respectability and self-respect when you  
reach this corner, "just a little way  
down," where you loafed—eh? Well, call  
it loitered if you prefer it—where you  
loitered last night. Here are the fellows  
with whom you loitered. You had to meet  
them here because you can never meet  
them in your home, for two reasons. In  
the first place your father wouldn't permit  
one of them to come into his house, and in  
the second place, you would be ashamed to  
invite them there whether your father for-  
bade it or not. Sweet gang for your  
father's son to loiter with, isn't it? It is a  
long ways from your respectable home,  
from your mother's friends and your  
father's guests to this corner down street,  
isn't it.

Then—look at the map, my boy—see  
how far it is from manliness and decency.  
Two ladies hurried past this corner, friends  
of your mother, possibly they had been  
spending the evening at your home.  
Thank heaven they could not see you as

you slunk back into the dark doorway,  
feeling like the sneak that you were; and  
as they passed by one of the loafers with  
whom you were loitering shouted an insult-  
ing remark after them. Your cheeks  
burned in the dark at that.

See, too, how far you were from purity.  
Some of the boys told some stories; do  
you think that you could repeat them to  
your sister? Don't you wish this morning  
that you could forget them forever? Don't  
you know that your mind will never be as  
pure and innocent as it was before you  
went just a little way "down the street"  
last night? While you were listening to  
these stories, punctuated by profanity, the  
dear ones at home gathered in the sitting  
room, your father opened the Bible and  
read. They knelt at the family altar and  
commended themselves to the keeping of  
the Heavenly Father, and tenderly remem-  
bered the boy who was "just a little way  
down the street." Then the lights went  
out one by one, the house was still,  
and only the loving mother waited anx-  
iously and sleeplessly for the boy who was  
down street. It was more than ten million  
miles away from the sweet old chapter  
that your father read, down to the stories  
that you heard, my boy. And what a  
steep grade, all the way down!

And it was a long way from the truth.  
When you evaded your mother's question  
and said you were only "a little way down  
street" the lie in your false heart looked  
guiltily out of your eyes as it rose to your  
cowardly lips.

Just see where you were; you, ordinarily  
a brave, manly, truthful boy, turned into a  
liar and coward? You would fight, I know,  
if any boy called you such names; but just  
tell yourself the truth; don't lie to your-  
self. Were you not ashamed to tell your  
mother where you were? Yes, Well,  
doesn't that make you a sneak? And  
weren't you afraid to tell your father?  
Yes, well, what does that make you? And  
did you tell the honest truth when your  
mother asked where you were? No, Well,  
what are you then? And let me tell you  
that the "half truth" and "half lie" you  
told your mother is like all half-breeds, it  
has all the worst traits of the vilest race  
and none of the virtues of the best.

"But," you say, "a boy doesn't have to go  
with toughs and riff-raff when he goes down  
street; there are some mighty nice boys go  
down street at night." My boy, I know it;  
there are some "mighty nice boys" go out  
of nights, but they are not so nice when  
they come back. You can't select your  
company on the street. The corner is free  
to everybody. There is no exclusiveness  
in street company. There is no safe "cor-  
ner" for you after night except the chim-  
ney corner. And when you leave that and  
spend your evening on the street, and can  
give no account of your doings on your  
return, beyond the bald statement that  
were "just down the street a little ways,"  
we know with pain and sorrow that our  
boy has locked up in his mind and heart  
shameful, guilty things that he dare not tell  
in his home. Keep off the street after  
night, my boy.

THE FALLS OF NIAGARA RAN  
DRY.

THOSE who have seen this tremendous  
cataract will consider that it is an absurd  
fable to talk of the Falls running dry, and  
only worthy to be recorded in Baron  
Munchausen's wonderful adventures. Still,  
strange and incredible as it may appear,  
the truth in this case is stranger than  
fiction.

Such an event actually occurred about  
forty-five years since and there is not the  
faintest trace of a tradition that it ever  
occurred before, and most certainly it never  
happened since. I have frequently heard  
the particulars from the late bishop of  
Niagara, and also from his brother-in-law  
Mr. Thomas C. Street. Indeed, some  
years since Bishop Fuller gave an account  
of the wonderful phenomenon over his own  
name in a Hamilton paper, from which the  
greater part of the following statement is  
taken. It occurred on the morning of the  
31st of March, 1848. Mr. Thomas C.  
Street lived at that time in the beautiful  
homestead over the islands, to which he  
and his sisters and friends had access by a  
suspension bridge he had erected. There  
was a mill at the edge of the rapids that  
belonged to the Street family. On the

morning in question his miller knocked at  
his bedroom door about five o'clock in the  
morning and told him to get up quickly, as  
there was no water in the mill-race nor in  
the great river outside. He said he was  
startled at the intelligence, and hurried  
out as soon as he could dress himself.  
There before him he saw the river channel,  
on whose banks he had been born thirty-  
four years previous, almost entirely dry.

After a hurried breakfast, Mr. Street  
and his youngest sister went down about  
three-quarters of a mile to the precipice  
itself, over which there was so little water  
running that, having provided himself  
with a strong pole, they started from  
Table Rock and walked near the edge of  
the precipice about one-third of the way  
toward Goat Island on the American shore.

On a mass of rock where human foot  
never before trod, Miss Street having tied  
her handkerchief on the end of the pole,  
they set it up firmly among the rocks.

Mr. Street said that he turned his view  
toward the river below the Falls and saw  
the water so shallow that immense jagged  
rocks stood up in such a frightful and  
picturesque manner that he shuddered  
when he thought of having frequently  
passed over them in the little steamer  
*Maid of the Mist*.

He then returned home and drove along  
the Canada shore about half a mile above  
Goat Island.

Various relics of the war of 1812, flung  
into the river after the battle of Lundy's  
Lane, rusty muskets, bayonets, etc., were  
found among the rocks that were laid bare.

Dr. Fuller did not get there until after  
the breaking down of the ice dam; but he  
found every one in the neighbourhood  
greatly excited at the wonderful event.

Mr. Street's theory to account for the  
recession of the waters was this: That  
the winds had been blowing down Lake  
Erie, which is only about eighty feet deep,  
and had been rushing a great deal of water  
from it over the Falls, then, suddenly  
changing, the wind blew violently up the  
river to the western portion of the lake.  
At this juncture, the ice on Lake Erie,  
which had been broken up by these high  
winds, got jammed in the river between  
Buffalo and the Canada side and formed a  
dam which kept back the waters of Lake  
Erie a whole day.

"YIELD NOT TO TEMPTATION."

BY ALBERT LIGGETT.

"I SAY, Willie," said Jack Young,  
"there's to be a fight at the shed behind  
the 'Red Lion,' to-night at seven o'clock.  
Mr. Marston, the landlord, told me this  
morning that I could see it if I helped old  
Bob to carry out the pewters. Will you  
come with me and help me?"

"I dare not," said Willie. "My father  
would be very angry if he knew I was to  
visit such places, and Mr. Clark, our Band  
of Hope Superintendent, would be very  
distressed to know that one of his boys  
had turned a helper in the horrible drink  
trade."

"So you're one of that lot, are you, and  
can't see an evening's enjoyment for no-  
thing? I'll tell you what I'll do if you'll  
come. You can get half of what I get from  
them. I shall get about three shillings.  
There will be the squire, Mr. House, the  
baker, and many others present."

"What time did you say the fight  
started?"

"Seven!" exclaimed Jack.

"Why, that is the time I am to go to  
father's club at Dorminster, and if I forget  
that, father will be fined, and I shall have  
to pay it, besides getting a good beating."

"How much will you have to pay?"  
said Jack.

"Sixpence."

"Why, you can pay that for him, and  
have some pocket-money besides!" an-  
swered Jack.

"But he would scold me, and when I  
offer to pay the money he will ask me  
where I got the money from."

"Tell him you found it," said Jack.

"No, I should not tell him a lie! But  
suppose you get nothing, then what should  
I do?" exclaimed Willie.

"But I am sure to get something, be-  
sides a glass or two."

"What, Jack! would you drink a glass  
of beer?"

"I don't see that it hurts me."

"Do you know, Jack, that it is drink

chiefly that helps to fill up all our prisons,  
lunatic asylums, etc."

"Don't talk to me about that," said  
Jack.

Just then the church bell struck the  
quarter-to-seven o'clock.

"I must be going now. Good-bye!"  
said Willie. Willie then ran home.

"Well, he is a stupid. I'd better be off,  
too, or I shall be late," said Jack.

Just as he was entering Marston's gate,  
old Bob ran up to him, telling him to open  
the shed door, as the gentlemen were just  
coming across the bridge. The door was  
opened, the visitors seated, the fight  
started, the first part fought, when Mr.  
Marston ordered Jack to get the liquor.

After he had brought it, he was ordered to  
get more, more, more, till all the company  
were intoxicated. As Jack was coming out  
of the shed, P. C. 21 saw what was going  
on, went to the town police station, brought  
constables, and arrested all but Mr. Mar-  
ston, who escaped during the struggle,  
closely followed by one of the constables.  
When Mr. Marston found the policeman was  
gaining on him, he threw himself into the  
river close by. The next day all but Mr.  
Marston, whose dead body was found the  
following morning, were brought before the  
town magistrate, the men sent to various  
periods of imprisonment, and Jack for a  
short time, besides a good birching.

Time flew on, and Jack has just come  
out of prison, and as he was passing  
through the village he met Willie. When  
they met, Jack patted Willie on the back,  
saying:

"Well, what you told me about drink is  
right. There's old Marston gone and  
drowned himself. I hate the drink! This  
very minute I will go with you to Mr.  
Clark's house and sign the pledge.—*The  
Scottish League Journal*.

HOW A POOR BOY SUCCEEDED.

Boys sometimes think they cannot afford  
to be manly and faithful to the little things.  
A story is told of a boy of the right stamp,  
and what came of his faithfulness.

A few years ago a large drug firm in  
New York city advertised for a boy. Next  
day the store was thronged with applicants,  
among them a queer-looking little fellow,  
accompanied by a woman who proved to be  
his aunt, in lieu of faithless parents, by  
whom he had been abandoned. Looking  
at this waif, the advertiser said: "Can't  
take him; places all full; besides he is too  
small."

"I know he is small," said the woman,  
"but he is willing and faithful."

There was a twinkle in the boy's eyes  
which made the merchant look again. A  
partner of the firm volunteered the remark  
that he "did not see what they wanted  
with such a boy—he wasn't bigger than a  
pint of cider." But after consultation the  
boy was set to work.

A few days later a call was made on the  
boys in the store for some one to stay all  
night. The prompt response of the little  
fellow contrasted well with the reluctance  
of others. In the middle of the night the  
merchant looked in to see if all was right  
in the store, and presently discovered his  
youthful protegee busy scissoring labels.

"What are you doing?" said he. "I  
did not tell you to work nights."

"I know you did not tell me so, but I  
thought I might as well be doing some-  
thing." In the morning the cashier got  
orders to "double that boy's wages, for he  
is willing."

Only a few weeks elapsed before a show  
of wild beasts passed through the streets,  
and very naturally all hands in the store  
rushed to witness the spectacle. A thief  
saw his opportunity, and entered at the  
rear door to seize something, but in a  
twinkling found himself clutched by the  
diminutive clerk aforesaid, and, after a  
struggle, was captured. Not only was a  
robbery prevented, but valuable articles  
taken from other stores were recovered.  
When asked why he stayed behind to  
watch when all others quit their work, he  
replied:

"You told me never to leave the store  
when others were absent, and I thought I'd  
stay."

Orders were immediately given, once  
more: "Double that boy's wages; he is  
willing and faithful."

To-day that boy is a member of the firm.  
—*Presbyterian Banner*.



PROCESSION OF SAINT MIODJIN, AT TOKIO, JAPAN.

## SAINT MIODJIN.

BY THE REV. GEORGE COCHRAN.

THE annual festival in honour of Saint Miodjin, the patron saint of Tokio, the capital city of Japan, is celebrated on the 15th day of the 3rd month. This saint was an ancient hero named *Heishinno Masanado*, and was deified as *Kanda Miodjin*. The temple erected to his worship stands on a hill near the old Confucian College, in the centre of the city, and is visited by pilgrims and travellers from various parts of the Empire.

A leading feature of this festival is the procession, shown in our picture. Many distinguished persons were once in the habit of being present, as well as thousands of citizens and country folk. The great stands and area of the Temple grounds are crowded with spectators, all in the gayest of holiday attire—bright scarfs and coloured ornaments flashing in the sun. Young and old of all ranks and classes mingle together, every countenance lighted up with the simple joy of wonderful good nature. The utmost courtesy and order prevails all day long throughout the crowd. The bobbing heads of little children, with bright eyes and merry prattle, carried on the backs of parents and nurses, adds much to the interest of the scene. The elder children have free course through the multitude, charmed with the sights that in wondrous variety, weird, grotesque, and comical, abound on every side. The Japanese take the greatest delight in ministering to the pleasure of their children. The music of flutes, guitars, and singing girls, mingled with the roll of drums, together with the posturing of dancers; the antics of acting monkeys, acrobats, and story tellers, give life and movement to the scene; while candy stalls and toy shops, apparently without end, are objects of ceaseless attraction to both young and old.

But we must not forget the procession. One part of it, not shown in the picture, is the car of Saint Miodjin—a clumsy, ponderous vehicle, drawn by hundreds of the faithful, who have harnessed them-

selves to it by means of straw ropes, and with groans and noises the most hideous, are bawling their very best. Just behind, as seen in the picture, is a large banner laced to a pole fastened to a frame, and carried by devotees. This banner consists of a web of white cotton cloth several yards long, covered with sacred legends written in Chinese characters. A similar banner, only much larger, is seen a little to the left, fastened to a permanent mast in front of the great stand. Just behind, borne on a platform, is a hideous colossal head of the demon over whom the saint triumphed in his conflict with the evil powers. The people gaze with horror on the gigantic horns and fierce countenance of this monster, and point out to one another its bloody eyes, its scarlet skin, and horrible jaws. To increase the effect of this spectacle, the priests of the temple strike their gongs, blow their trumpets, and make a terrible noise. A little further back some are carrying an enormous axe, edge upwards, with which the victorious Miodjin cut off the monster's head.

All this is dark superstition and gross idolatry. The people who for ages celebrated these festivals in honour of heroes and saints, knew nothing of the one Saviour, and of the only living and true God. But, we are glad to say, this is no longer the case. Last summer, in a beautiful park just behind the temple of Miodjin, the missionaries of our Church, assisted by Christian friends, held a camp meeting, and thousands heard the Gospel and listened to the music of Christian hymns and prayer to God, in the name of Jesus. All round about, the missionaries have established preaching stations, and the light of divine truth is dissipating the darkness of heathen error and idolatry. Let us pray that the time may soon come when the idols shall be utterly abolished, and their unholy festivals shall cease; when the Christian Sabbath and spiritual worship shall purify and brighten the life of the people, and Japan shall be "a crown of glory in the hand of the Lord, and a royal diadem in the hand of our God."

one else can receive your heavenly inheritance. "Who are kept"—The inheritance is reserved for you; you are preserved for it. "Ye are in heaviness"—Better, "Ye were grieved." "More precious than of gold"—By the action of fire, gold is separated from alloy, and is proved to be gold by enduring the action of the fire. So genuine faith is tested by trials and temptation. "The end of your faith"—The issue or reward of your faith. "The prophets have inquired and searched"—They knew in a general way about the coming of Jesus Christ, but much never known by them was made plain to the early Christians, and has been taught to us. "Angels desire to look into"—"Stoop down to."

## PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Where in this lesson are we taught that—

1. In the severest trials, the Christian may be happy?
2. Under the most powerful temptations, the Christian is kept by the power of God?
3. For each Christian, an inheritance is reserved in heaven?

## THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Of what future blessing have Christians a lively hope? "An inheritance incorruptible." 2. Where is this inheritance? "Reserved in heaven for us." 3. What hope have we of getting it? "We are kept by the power of God for it." 4. To whom does this inheritance belong? "To all who with full heart believe in Jesus." 5. What is the Golden Text? "Giving thanks unto the Father," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The second coming of Christ.

## CATECHISM QUESTION.

Was this humiliation unto death necessary? Yes; to fulfil the purpose of God, which was declared in the prediction of Scripture. Luke 24. 46.—And he said unto them, Thus it is written, that the Christ should suffer.

The Lord's best blessings are often things we need but do not want.

## LESSON NOTES.

## FOURTH QUARTER.

## STUDIES IN THE EPISTLES.

A. D. 65.] LESSON XI. Dec. 10.

THE HEAVENLY INHERITANCE.

1 Peter 1. 1-12. Memory verses, 3-5.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

Giving thanks unto the Father, which hath made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light.—Col. 1. 12.

## OUTLINE.

1. The Inheritance of Faith, v. 1-5.
2. The Trial of Faith, v. 6-8.
3. The End of Faith, v. 9-12.

## PLACE.

This epistle was probably written from the city of Babylon.

## EXPLANATIONS.

"To the strangers scattered throughout"—Better, "to the elected aliens of the Dispersion;" that is, to the Christians who are foreign-born Jews. Most of those to whom this epistle was addressed had been converted by Paul's ministry. "Elect"—This word, meaning "chosen ones," was a name applied to the members of the Christian Church. The Revised Version places it where it properly belongs, immediately after the name of our Lord in the first line, "to the elect who are sojourners." Election in scriptural sense, is, "God's doing anything that our merit or power has no part in."—*Wesley*. "Sprinkling of the blood"—This is an allusion to the Hebrew ritual. (See Hebrews 12. 34.) A daily sprinkling is here alluded to. "A lively hope"—A living hope. It has life in itself; it gives life, and it looks for life as its object. "An inheritance"—Eternal life belongs to the children of God. "Incorruptible"—Not having within the germs of death. "Undeiled"—Unsusceptible to stain. "Reserved in heaven"—Secured from alienation. No one else can receive your heavenly inheritance. "Who are kept"—The inheritance is reserved for you; you are preserved for it. "Ye are in heaviness"—Better, "Ye were grieved." "More precious than of gold"—By the action of fire, gold is separated from alloy, and is proved to be gold by enduring the action of the fire. So genuine faith is tested by trials and temptation. "The end of your faith"—The issue or reward of your faith. "The prophets have inquired and searched"—They knew in a general way about the coming of Jesus Christ, but much never known by them was made plain to the early Christians, and has been taught to us. "Angels desire to look into"—"Stoop down to."

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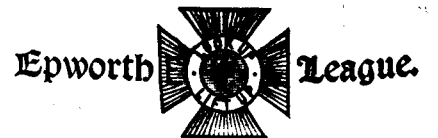
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W. H. WITHROW, Secretary for Canada.

## PRAYER-MEETING TOPICS.

DECEMBER 10, 1893.

## Junior Epworth League.

OUR HEAVENLY HOPE.—1 John 3. 3; Titus 2. 13; Heb. 3. 6; Col. 1. 27; Rom. 5. 4, 5; Heb. 6. 11-19; 1 Thess. 4. 13, 14.

## Junior E. L. of O. E.

HOW SHOULD WE SHOW OUR LOVE FOR JESUS?—John 14. 21-24; 1 Pet. 1. 8.

## WHAT IT COST.

A METHODICAL man died in Berlin recently at the age of seventy-three. When eighteen years old he began keeping a record which he continued for fifty-two years, which is the best commentary we have seen on the life of a mere worldling. His life was not consecrated to a high ideal. The book shows that in fifty-two years this "natural man" had smoked 628,715 cigars, of which he had received 43,694 as presents, while for the remaining 585,021 he had paid about \$10,433. In fifty-two years, according to his book-keeping, he had drunk 28,786 glasses of beer and 36,096 glasses of spirits, for all of which he spent \$5,340. The diary closes with these words: "I have tried all things, I have seen many, I have accomplished nothing." A stronger sermon could not be preached than to put this testimony against that of the first missionary, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day."

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