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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

RALPH SMITH & CO.

Vol. XIII.]

TORONTO, OCTOBER 28, 1893.

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[No. 43.



STAG BEETLE, OR COLLOPTERA. - [SEE NEXT PAGE.]

Nothing But Leaves.

Nothing but leaves; yet many a slave
Has early filled a drunkard's grave,
And sadly owned the tempter's power,
And cursed the day and cursed the hour
When first he used tobacco.

Tobacco is a poison weed,
It was the devil who sowed the seed;
To raise a crop of gin and rum,
Dear friends, I think; most everyone
Commences with tobacco.

Nothing but leaves; yet something more
When we see the dreadful power
It has upon the sons of men
Who chew and smoke, and chew again,
The filthy weed—tobacco.

A slave to just a few poor leaves,
No matter whose dear heart it grieves—
Whoever is a slave like this
Can never find in endless bliss
A place for his tobacco.

In heaven tobacco has no place,
On earth it is a foe to grace;
And the devil who sowed the seed,
Will say: "Come home, slaves of the weed,
My harvest from tobacco."

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, OCTOBER 28, 1893.

A SERVICE IN A SALOON.

In the course of a recent sermon, Mr. D. L. Moody related an incident of his early ministry in Chicago. He said that a Boston merchant who had been spending a few days in Chicago called on him and said that as he was returning to Boston he wanted to interest Mr. Moody in a family of bright children whose acquaintance he had made during his visit. Their father was a saloon-keeper and an infidel. "Well," says Mr. Moody, "I promised to look the family up, and I did so. I found the father a pretty hard case. After talking with him for some time, I wanted him to come to church. He replied: 'Well, young man, if you think so much of the church, you can have a church here in my saloon, if you like.' 'Very well,' I said, 'when?' 'Oh,' said he, 'any time.' 'Next Sunday morning, will that do?' 'Yes.' 'Will you ask some of your friends to come?' 'Yes.' 'Very well, I will be here next Sunday morning at eleven o'clock'; and as I turned to go out, he said, 'Mind, young man, you are not going to do all the preaching, I propose to do some of it myself.' 'Well,' I said, 'let us have a fair understanding, so that there shall be no mistake. How much time do you want?' 'Oh, my share. Then my friends will want some of the talk.' 'Well,' I said, 'how much do you want?' 'Supposing you have forty-five minutes, you and your friends, and I fifteen, is that fair?' 'Yes, that's fair.' 'Well,' I said, 'I will take the last fifteen.' 'All right, I have no objection.' Well, the next Sun-

day morning I took a little orphan boy with me, that God had taught to pray, and when I got there I found nobody there, so I said to the wife, 'How is this?' I thought that he had got sick of his bargain; but she told me that so many people had come that there was no room for them there, and they had gone to his friend's room. I went there, and found two rooms full of people. "There were atheists and deists, and infidels and sceptics—about the hardest looking crowd that I ever saw. I got in at eleven o'clock, and as soon as I got in they began to ask questions. I said I did not come to answer questions, but to preach. 'You have the first forty-five minutes,' I said, 'now go on.' Well, some believed there was such a man as Jesus Christ; others believed there was not, some believed that there was a God of nature, and no two of them could agree, and they almost got into a quarrel before the forty-five minutes were over. I kept still and heard them all through, and when the forty-five minutes were up, I said, 'It is my turn now, but before I begin to preach I should like to pray.' So I went down on my knees, and one old infidel says, 'Here, young man, the Bible says that there must be two agreed about that.' "After I got through the prayer, I asked this young boy to pray, and I wish you could have heard him, how he prayed to God to convert this wicked man for talking against his Saviour. And after the prayer was over one man went out of one door and another man went out of another door. And the old infidel saloon-keeper came up and put his hand on my shoulder, and said, while the tears trickled down his cheeks, 'You can have my children come to your Sabbath-School.' Some months after the eldest son came to me at the noon-day prayer-meeting, and said, 'I wish, Mr. Moody, you would pray for my lost soul.' I prayed for him, and he became a child of God, but it took months to do it."—*The Christian Herald*.

STAG BEETLE OR COLEOPTERA.

The largest British beetle is that known as the Stag beetle, or Coleoptera, which is sometimes two inches or more in length. It is of a black or dark-brown colour, and lives in the trunks of trees by day, and flies about at night. Our illustration shows one of these giant beetles. No wonder that pussy looks terrified at her unexpected encounter with this queer looking beetle. "Is it an enemy or friend," pussy is wondering, and so she timidly puts out her paw. These Stag beetles are very strong and can pinch the finger pretty hard, though they will not do so unless provoked. Pussy had better be careful, therefore, or she will have her paw squeezed more tightly than is pleasant in the Stag beetle's manner of handshaking.

SHALLOW DISHES.

Most people know what it is to have a dish so shallow that anything when poured into it soon runs over and is spilled. There are human vessels of similar character. They can hold nothing. They slop over, if there is enough in them to slop; if not, they drizzle over. They take everybody into confidence, and talk about themselves till they have told everything they know. A few hours spent in their company, and you have learned the story of their sins and their sorrows, their friends and their enemies, their ups and their downs, their outs and their ins, so they have nothing more to communicate.

Shallow people not only tell their own secrets, but yours, if you are so foolish as to trust them with them. They catch everything and pass it on. They may not be malicious, but they are silly and imprudent, and their talk is a perpetual gush and drizzle, disclosing things which are of no possible consequence to those that hear them, but which only serve to do injury and create distrust.

There is one excellent thing about a clam—he knows enough to shut his mouth. If some shallow people would take lessons from the clam, and keep their mouths shut, who knows but if the outlet were dammed up, their shallow minds might increase in depth, and they might finally know something for themselves, which they had not told to everybody else. "A fool uttereth all his mind, but a wise man keepeth it back till afterwards." Who wants to be a fool?

GET IN SOMEWHERE.

BY DR. PENTECOST.

FIND your place in some Christian Church as soon as possible. Do not delay; but go at once to some godly minister and tell him that you are on the Lord's side, and want to get into rank with his people. I once heard a little child who had recently been converted. She was one day talking to her grandfather, who was questioning her about her new faith, and no doubt giving her some very good advice. Finally she said, "Grandpa, are you a Christian?" "Yes, my dear, I hope I am." "What church do you belong to, grandpapa?" "Oh, I belong to the Church of Christ." "But what is that? Are you a member of the same church that mamma and I are—the Episcopal church?" "No, my dear, I am not an Episcopalian." "Are you a Presbyterian, then?" "No, I am not a Presbyterian." "Are you a Baptist, then?" "No." "Are you a Methodist?" "No, dear; I do not belong to any of the churches; I just belong to Christ."

After a pause in which the little one was thinking it all over, she turned her face up to her grandfather's and said, "Well, grandpa, if I were you I would try to get in somewhere."

Now, I think the little Christian was right, and the old one was wrong. I know there are many who, from various reasons, stand apart from organized relations to the church of God. No church is perfect. No doubt we might all find things in the churches to which we are allied which we could wish might be changed; and certainly we see things in other bodies which we do not approve; but at the same time I would say, that it is better to be in than out. Imperfect as the outward church is, nevertheless it is the church of God, and among its members are to be found the true people of God, and within her organization are found the ordinances of God. I repeat the little girl's advice, "Get in somewhere."

THE OCEAN'S FLOOR.

AFTER four years of sounding, dredging, etc., the expedition sent out under the auspices of the British Government for the purpose of mapping the floor of the ocean has published its report and unfolded its map to the curious gaze of the "land lubbers." They show that the Atlantic, if drained would be a vast plain with a mountain range near the middle running parallel with our coast. Another range intersects this first, almost at right angles, and crosses from Newfoundland to Ireland.

The Atlantic, according to these soundings and maps, is divided into three great basins, but they are no longer set down as "unfathomed depths." The tops of most of these sea mountains are about two miles below the surface, and the deepest of the basins are two miles and a half deeper. According to Reclus the tops of these mountains are as white as though they were lying in the region of perpetual snow. The cause of this is that countless numbers of a species of pure white shell literally cover what would otherwise be jagged surfaces.

There is a queer old legend which comes down to us from the time of Solon and Plato, according to which, in the early ages of the world a continent extended from the west coast of Africa far out towards what is now South America. These recent scientific deep-sea soundings cast much light upon this old tradition. According to this report they found an "elevated plateau, the shape and extent of which corresponds to the site of the lost Atlantis almost exactly."

A SMOKY LOT.

ONE of the greatest difficulties that women have to encounter in training their children is the bad examples set by good men. It is easy to warn children not to follow in the steps of a gutter drunkard, but when they quote a wine-drinking minister it is much more difficult. A writer in the *Reformed Church Messenger* tells a story that will illustrate this: "A pious mother who, with her husband, had repeatedly cautioned their two sons

(respectively ten and twelve years of age) not to smoke, and promised to punish them in case they disobeyed, one day detected the smell of cigar smoke upon the boys upon their entering the home.

"They were at once charged with disobedience, and after some parleying, confessed that they had gone into an out-of-the-way place and gratified their desire.

"When the punishment was about to be inflicted, they pleaded in justification of their course that their Sunday-school teacher smoked. 'No difference,' replied the mother, 'the habit is an evil one, and if indulged in, will injure your health; lead to extravagance, and perhaps, after awhile, to the use of intoxicating drinks.' 'But, mother, our Sunday-school superintendent smokes!' The mother persisting in her determination to punish the children, was confronted with what was expected to be a full justification of their conduct. 'Why mother, our minister smokes!' What was to be done under trying circumstances? Justice had to be satisfied, and the lads were punished for following the example of their spiritual advisers, their Sunday-school teacher, their Sunday-school superintendent, and, to crown all, their own pastor! Comment is unnecessary, though it may be added that smoking has become so universal, that in many cities the amount spent for tobacco in its various forms would pay the salaries of all the ministers, and all church expenses, and leave a respectable sum for missions at home and abroad."

Good for that mother.

SHOULD CHRISTIANS USE TOBACCO.

The testimony of Jerry McAuley, the converted convict, river thief, prize fighter, drunkard, etc., who afterwards became the superintendent of the Water St. Mission, New York, on the use of tobacco by Christians, is as follows: "I resolved to give up tobacco. And here let me say a word about tobacco. I consider it a great stumbling-block in any Christian's life; but when a man has had an appetite for liquor, and is trying to keep from drinking, the use of tobacco is positively fatal. It will surely bring him back to his cups. If I had given it up when I gave up rum, I believe I should have had none of those fearful falls which I have described. I was led at last by the grace of God, to do the clean thing—to give up every sinful habit, and from that time Jesus has kept me." Before this he fell into sin a number of times.

THE CRY OF THE GREAT-EARED OWL.

WHEN Mr. Wilson, the naturalist, was hunting for birds along the shores of Ohio and in the deep forests of Indiana he was often roused from sleep just before daylight by loud and startling cries of "Waugh ho! Waugh ho!" At other times in the night a sound resembling the half-suppressed screams of a person suffocating or half throttled, disturbed his slumber. These cries came from the great-eared owl, or eagle owl. Do you wonder that he spoke of it as a "ghostly watchman" by no means entertaining "to a lonely benighted traveller in the midst of an Indian wilderness?"—*S. S. Classmate*.

THE MISSIONARY CHILD.

ONE Sabbath, on an island in the Indian Ocean, a missionary was studying a sermon to preach in the language of the people. A boy, half clad, came in and said:

"May I do something for Jesus?"

"And what can you do?" asked the missionary.

Blushing and stammering, as if afraid to say anything, he replied: "I will be always there; I will do it loud—please let me ring the bell!"

While he was a boy he rang the bell which invited people to church; and when he had become a man he preached to his people the same news that he had commenced calling the people to hear when he rang the Sabbath bell.

Boys, begin when you are young to call the people by bell, or mouth, or tract, or by inviting children to a Sabbath-school; and as you grow up you will be trained servants and soldiers to serve Christ where he shall call you.

'Tis the First One that Counts.

BY S. JENNIE SMITH.

Beware of the first drink of liquor, my lad,
As that will lead on to the rest;
Turn away ere beginning a habit so bad,
For that way is surest and best.
Don't fancy you're strong, and can stop at the first,

That one to a hundred amounts.
Refuse even a sip of this glass so accursed—
'Tis always the first drink that counts.

Beware of the very first smoke, my boy;
The cigar or the cigarette vile
Will multiply tenfold your health to destroy,
Your flesh and your blood to defile.
Then reject at the start this poisonous weed;
Remember your liberty's lost,
If once you allow this foe to succeed;
And here, too, the first step will cost.

Avoid the first act of deceit, my dear;
When once you have turned from the truth,
Retracing your steps is not easy, I fear—
'Tis impossible almost, forsooth.
Beware of beginning with falsehood to deal;
That set good intention surmounts,
And by it your weakness you clearly reveal,
For 'tis always the first lie that counts.

Look out for the very first theft, my love,
Though it seem but a trifle so small,
Yet when judged by our Father who reigneth above,
It's reckoned a terrible fall.
Dishonesty grows till it brings forth the deed
Which sorrow and ruin amounts;
Then beware when you're planting the very first seed,
For that is the moment that counts.

Avoid the beginning of anything wrong;
Fight bravely to conquer the first;
And that of itself is sufficiently strong
To quickly lead on to the worst.
For don't you see, darling, without number one,
There never could be two and three,
Or a still higher number? For sin not begun
Can claim no existence, you see.

A CHILD'S ORY FROM CHINA.

THE following letter from China, tells its own touching story:

TSUNHUA, CHINA.

My Honorable Friends,—I give you my best bow. I am a stupid little Chinese girl. Some days I am so naughty, my grandma says I shall probably be a monkey after I die! This scares me and gives me a big pain in my heart. I am sure I was born on an unlucky day. They tell me my mother cried a great many tears because I was a girl, and my grandma and father were very cross and angry.

I go into the temple and pray the old god to make me over into a boy. Alas! It is of no use. Sometimes I pray the god to help me to be good, so I can be a boy after I die, but I cannot see that he helps me any. I still have my naughty days.

They name me Ling Te, which means "Lead along a brother." But when another baby came she was a girl, too. I heard my father say, "We are too poor to keep another girl." Mother said, "I have had such a hard time I wish I had died when I was a baby; the poor little thing had better die." She cried a great many tears. Father took the baby away and I never saw her.

After a few years, a little brother did come, and that was indeed a joyful day! I stood by and watched them tie the clothes around his little arms and legs. Day after day he laid upon the brick bed, looking toward heaven, making the back of his head so flat and nice. I brushed away the flies, and thought how proud we should all be to have him grow up and be a mandarin and wear a button on his hat, and ride a big, black, shiny mule! Of course we shall find a wife for him, and then we shall have a slave, at last, of our own. I say, however, in my heart's centre, "I will be real good to her."

Soon after this grandma brought bandages nine feet long, and I heard her say to my mother, "You must bind Ling Te's feet." Mother said, "Oh, I dread it, for she will fuss and cry and keep us awake nights." "You must surely do it," said grandma, in her stern way. "Why, how do you expect to get a mother-in-law for her if her feet are not bound?"

This scared me, for I have heard some girls say it is terrible to have a mother-in-

law. I ran away. I had to come home at night. Grandma was angry and said, "If you run away again I will send the foreign devils after you; they will dig out your eyes and your heart, and take off your skin, and take you off to America, and after you die you will be a donkey for them to ride." This scared me, of course, and she began to turn my toes under and wind the long bandages around my feet.

Tighter and tighter she drew them, and when I could not bear it and began to struggle and scream and kick, she called my father and mother to hold me. I could not sleep that night for the pain. I can never tell how my feet ached; after a few days they were so sore and lame I could not walk. Once my mother said, real soft and sweet, "Poor child," and that seemed to make me feel a little better.

Now my feet are dead and do not ache so bad, and I can walk on my heels pretty well.

I used to see my grandma stitching on some fine clothes, and I said: "Grandma, who are those clothes for?"

"For me."
"Why do you make them so fine?"
"Because they are my grave clothes."
"Why! Are you going to die?"
"Yes."
"Very soon?"
"Who knows? Don't talk about it."
"Why do you put in so much cotton?"
"Because the grave is so cold." When she told me how cold folks are when they die, her old face looked so bad I could not look at her, and it made me shiver. I hope I shall not die.

One day I heard my father say, "My venerable mother is getting feeble. I must sell a donkey and buy her a coffin. I know she will feel better if she sees it all ready for her!"

The next day our little black donkey was gone, but a fine big coffin came, and was placed in the hall. When they lifted up the heavy cover I looked inside. It was painted black, and looked big enough for all of us! We looked in it a long time and said this and that, but grandma only looked once and then hobbled away. I ran after her and said: "Why, grandma, don't you like your coffin?"

She did not answer me. I heard her say: "Oh, Buddha! Oh, Buddha! it looks so black and lonesome! How can I lie there all alone?" I saw it made her afraid to think of being put in the coffin.

During the sixth moon, Wen Shan, one of our neighbor's girls, came back from the Peking school. She looked so queer to us! They had taken the bandages from her feet and she walked like a boy, and her feet were nearly as big as a boy's. I laughed at her because she had followed the foreign devils and had a girl's head and a boy's feet; but often my poor feet ached so I wished in my heart that I had a boy's feet, too.

At first we all made sport of Wen Shan because she had been off to the Mission school, but she was so gentle and kind we got ashamed to make her feel bad. One day I said, "Why don't you get angry and revile, like you used to do?"

"Because Jesus said, 'Love your enemies.'"
"Jesus? Who is Jesus? Is he your teacher?"

Then she told me a beautiful story about her Jesus. I did not believe it, but I liked to hear it all the same. We all liked to look at her doll and the pretty things that came from America, in a box, for the school. No one in our village ever saw such pretty things. Everybody went to see her home after she trimmed it up with the bright picture cards. She called them "Christmas cards." She says Christmas is Jesus' birthday, and the nicest day in all the year. We girls wish we could have Christmas in our village! She says the verses on the cards are Bible verses, and the Bible, she says, is the book the true God has given us to help us to be good and please him, so we can go to heaven when we die.

When I told grandma, she said, "Ask Wen Shan to bring her Bible book over here and read to me, and I want to hear about her Jesus God, too."

When Wen Shan came I could see that grandma loved to hear her talk about Jesus. Wen Shan seems to love her Jesus, but we are afraid of our gods, and sometimes I think her God must be nicer than ours.

"Do you think there is a heaven for me,

too?" said grandma, and her voice shook so it made me feel very queer in my heart.

"Yes, surely there is."
"But I am nothing but a poor, stupid old woman, and I am afraid he won't want me in his fine mansions," said grandma.

After this I noticed that grandma did not burn any more incense to the gods, and sometimes it seemed to me she was talking with someone I could not see.

When the cold weather came she began to cough and grow weak, and one day I heard them say: "She cannot live long." My mother bathed her and put on her fine clothes, and the priests came from the temple and beat their drums and gongs to scare away the devils that watch for the dying. Poor old grandma opened her eyes and looked so scared I could not look at her!

Mother put the brass pin in her hand and she shut her fingers around it tight.

All at once she said: "Send Ling Te to that Jesus school." Then she went off to sleep. About midnight she opened her eyes and smiled so glad! But she did not seem to see us.

"Oh, look! look!" "The door is open."
"Oh, how beautiful!" "Yes, it is my mansion!" "So big!" "There is room for all of us—I'll go first and wait for you."

Then she folded her hands and went to sleep, and they put her in the black coffin and fastened down the cover with pegs.

I found the old brass pin on the floor; I was so sorry for grandma, until I remembered she said the gate was open, so I thought she would not need to rap.

After the funeral mother talked a great deal to me about going to the Jesus school. One day, when my father could not hear, she said: "I want to know more about Jesus. I can never read his Bible book, but you can go, my daughter, and learn, and then you can tell me."

I was very anxious to go, for the cold weather made my feet sore, and I cried every time I changed the bandages. At last my father said: "Oh well; she is nothing but a girl—let her go. I shall save rice by it." So one day I started out on the little white donkey for the Jesus school. My heart felt big and shaky, but I was glad to go.

But when my father talked to the teacher about leaving me her face grew very sad and she said, "I cannot take her; my school is full! I have already turned away seven girls to-day."

Now I am thinking all the time about those happy girls inside, while I am shut outside. I often see a hungry look on my mother's face, and she says to me, "Oh, my daughter; I did hope I was going to know about Jesus."

I don't know how to pray to Jesus—I wish I did—but every night I say, "Please, Jesus, ask your friends in America that have money, to send some over here to China—enough to make a place for the stupid child, for, oh, dear Jesus, it makes me feel so bad to be shut out."

From the small, stupid child,

WANG LING TE.

FIVE REASONS AGAINST USING TOBACCO.

BY E. P. T.

1. CHEWING, snuffing, or smoking is uncleanly. Those who are not wholly besotted confess it. "I love my pipe, but I despise myself for using it," said a man of influence. Your breath smells bad, your clothes, books, and apartments are offensive. Smokers and chewers are almost invariably spitters, and so are repulsive to all persons of cleanly habits.

2. The habit is injurious, tending to "insanity, paralysis, and cancerous affections," as an eminent surgeon shows by official statistics. One of the ablest Connecticut pastors gave up the ministry, and went to Vineland, N. J. He confessed that he could not give up tobacco. His nerves were shattered. He had no will-power left. He was warned by a physician that he must stop or die of paralysis. He had no power to stop, and in a few months expired, body and mind wrecked. Besides the narcotic effects of the poison, there is a large amount of creosote in the fumes, such as eats through the pipe of a furnace or kills the nerve of a tooth. It stupefies and poisons. It renders the voice husky. Tobacco creates a thirst for alcoholic drink. Its influence on youth and on those of sedentary habits is particularly destructive.

3. It is a costly indulgence. Government statistics have shown that three hundred and fifty millions of dollars are wasted on this vice in a year, far more than what is spent for bread! Yet every loafer, tramp, and beggar must have the poison, though he lacks the food. Millions of money have also been lost by the fires kindled by smokers, whose burning matches and flying sparks have caused fearful conflagrations and numerous fatal burnings. That the abomination of street smoking is allowed is a marvel of modern civilization.

4. It is a sin against conscience. You know it to be useless, harmful to yourself and others, and so a sin. You know that God enjoins cleanliness of body as well as purity of heart. He forbids the wicked waste of money. He forbids you to inflict a physical taint on your unborn offspring by indulgences, the immediate evils of which you may escape. Your conscience says don't do it.

5. The example is bad. I have known of a smoker who threatened to horsewhip his boy if he dared to touch tobacco. Many of those who are loudest in condemning tobacco are slaves to it, sometimes helpless. But the grace of God, which commands us to cleanse ourselves, "from all filthiness of the flesh," and to give our bodies to Christ, "a sweet-smelling sacrifice," is able to extinguish the deadly appetite. For your sake and for the sake of others whom you influence, ask God's help to abandon a habit which is uncleanly, injurious, costly, insulting to conscience, and which is harmful to others. The writer of these lines was once a smoker, but for twenty years has been happy in the freedom wherewith Christ hath made him free. Will you not enjoy this freedom?

THE LARGEST FLOWER IN THE WORLD.

In the farthest southeastern island of the Philippine group Mindanao, upon one of its mountains, Parag, in the neighbourhood of the highest peak in the island, the volcano Apo, a party of explorers found recently, at the height of 2,500 feet above the sea level, a colossal flower.

The discoverer, Dr. Alexander Schadenberg, could scarcely believe his eyes when he saw amid the low growing bushes, the immense buds of this flower, like gigantic brown cabbage heads. But he was still more astonished when he found a specimen in full bloom, a five petaled flower nearly a yard in diameter—as large as a carriage wheel in fact. This enormous blossom was borne on a sort of vine creeping on the ground. It was known by the natives who accompanied Dr. Schadenberg, who called it "bo-o."

The party had no scale by which the weight of the flower could be ascertained, but they improvised a swing scale, using their boxes and specimens as weights. Weighing these when opportunity served, it was found that a single flower weighed over twenty-two pounds.

It was impossible to transport the fresh flower, so the travellers photographed it and dried a number of its leaves by the heat of a fire. Dr. Schadenberg then sent the photographs and dried specimens to the Royal Botanical Gardens at Breslau, where the learned director immediately recognized it as a species of Rafflesia, a plant formerly discovered in Sumatra, and named after the English governor, Sir Stamford Raffles. The flower was accordingly named Rafflesia Schadenbergia.

"A LANTERN UNTO MY FEET."

A GENTLEMAN was walking one dark night along a road in the slate country. He carried with him a lighted lantern, but thought he knew the road so well that he need not use it; so he kept it under his cloak. The wind was high and blustering, and a sudden gust blew his cloak aside, and the light of the lantern flashed upon the road before him. Very mercifully it showed him that he was walking straight to the edge of a slate quarry. A few steps more, and he would have been hurled down and dashed to pieces in the pit below. He began to retrace his steps, and turned back till he came to the high road, keeping his lantern shining upon the ground.

"Thy word," says the Psalmist, "is a lantern unto my feet, and a light unto my paths;" but, alas! how many there are who possess a Bible, but do not read it, or reading, do not obey it.



THE TIGER.

THE TIGER.

IN no other country are tigers so numerous, so large, and so bloodthirsty as in India and the adjacent islands. The average height of this beast is from three to four feet, and his average length from six to nine feet, though tigers are sometimes found fifteen feet in length from the head to the tip of the tail. The tiger is a magnificent looking animal, and so strong and fierce that the elephant alone is able to withstand him; but, though relentless when he is attacked, he is nevertheless a cowardly animal, and retreats on the approach of a foe, unless wounded or provoked. He is found both in the mountains and in the plains of India. When the hot season approaches he seeks the neighbourhood of streams, where he can be concealed in the thickets of long grass or brushwood.

An Indian officer, learning on one occasion that a path to a spring had been monopolized by tigers, resolved upon their destruction. He therefore caused a support to be placed in the branches of a tree that hung just above the path, and, taking his station there with his gun, succeeded in killing several of the savage creatures.

In one of the beautiful valleys of India, two thousand feet above the sea, tigers as well as wild elephants abound. Over the mountain pass which leads to this valley a road has been made. There are a few dwellings along the route, but this low mountain range is for the most part the habitat of wild beasts, and tigers sometimes come down to the streams by the roadside to drink. In passing over this mountain range after nightfall the natives of the country always carry torches. The roar of the tiger is terrific. It is said that on the approach of a tiger monkeys betake themselves for safety to the nearest tree. They are then out of the reach of the tiger, but not beyond his influence, for the monster, as if understanding his power, immediately begins to roar with all his strength of lungs, and at the awful sound the little creatures are seized with trembling, until, losing their hold, they tumble from their perches upon the ground, and are quickly snapped up by the expectant animal.

A man-eating tiger is the scourge of the neighbourhood, and through his depredations whole villages are sometimes deserted, the inhabitants fleeing in dread of their lives. The tiger throws himself upon his victim with a bound, springing a distance of fifteen or twenty feet.

That a creature so savage as to be alike a terror to man and beast should be hunted is but natural. Tiger hunting in India is a favourite and most exciting diversion; in this sport elephants in great numbers are often employed. On entering a jungle the presence of a tiger is soon made known by the conduct of the elephants, who are able to scent the enemy from a considerable distance, and who give expression to their displeasure by a peculiar sound called "trumpeting." A tiger, when made aware of the presence of a foe, will often lie quite still, hidden by long grass, and then spring with a deafening roar upon his pursuers.

So terrible is this sound that the elephants will sometimes retreat, but they speedily recover their coolness and courage and return to the attack. The tiger will sometimes spring upon the elephant, and the huge creature, shaking himself free from his enemy, rushes upon him, and not infrequently fastens him to the ground with his tusks.

THE FRIGATE-BIRD.

I SEE a small, blue point in the heaven. Happy and serene region, which has rested in peace far above the hurricane! In that blue point, and at an elevation of ten thousand feet, royally floats a little bird with enormous pens. A gull? No; its wings are black. An eagle? No; the bird is too small.

It is the little ocean-eagle, first and chief of the winged race, the daring navigator who never furls his sails, the lord of the tempest, the scorner of all peril—the man-of-war or frigate bird.

We have reached the culminating point of the series commenced by the wingless bird. Here we have a bird which is virtually nothing more than wings: scarcely any body,—barely as large as that of the domestic cock,—while his prodigious pinions are fifteen feet in span. The storm bursts; he mounts to lofty heights, where he finds tranquility. The poetic metaphor, untrue when applied to any other bird, is no exaggeration when applied to him; literally, he sleeps upon the storm.

When he chooses to oar his way seriously, all distance vanishes; he breakfasts at the Senegal; he dines in America.



W. H. WITHROW, Secretary for Canada.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPICS.

NOVEMBER 5, 1893.

Junior Epworth League.

RISEN WITH CHRIST.—Col. 3. 1; Rom. 6. 11; Eph. 2. 5, 6; 5. 27; Gal. 2. 20; 1 John 5. 11; 1 Peter 1. 3, 4.

Junior E. I. of C. E.

WHAT IS HEAVEN LIKE?—Rev. 7. 9-17; 1 Cor. 2. 9.

SUGGESTIONS FOR CONDUCTING JUNIOR LEAGUE MEETINGS.

A written programme, as a guide, may be given the leader of each meeting; for example:—

1. Opening Song.
2. Prayer for blessing on meeting.
3. Recite the Pledge in concert.
4. Reading of Bible lesson (in concert or alternate).
5. The Topic, opened by the Leader.
6. Prayers, Words or Verses by all.
7. Singing.
8. Talk by Pastor or Superintendent.
9. Reception of New Members.
10. Song.
11. Roll-call, and "Roll of Honour." *
12. Benediction.

THE *Western Christian Advocate* gives these good hints for Epworth group meetings: 1. Advertise them thoroughly. Every chapter officer and every pastor must aid in this. 2. Be sure to begin in time. Tardy preparations are the fruitful cause of "fizzles." 3. Let the chapter attend in a body and sit together, wearing their badges and displaying their banner. 4. Call the roll of the chapters, and let each president respond by giving the number present from his chapter as members or visitors. 5. Have plenty of ushers who know how to welcome those who come and seat them rightly. 6. Provide chairs in front for all the representative officers. If any of these are absent, leave their chairs vacant. 7. Gather a large orchestra and chorus, and have the music well worked up. Leave none of this to be extempore. 8. Have a League paper prepared by some bright young lady or gentleman, giving plenty of local and personal news, and let it be read publicly. 9. Always have reports rendered of what has been done *ad interim*. They should be short and to the point. 10. There should always be opportunity to take the League pledge, to declare for Christ, and to join the church.

* The "Roll of Honour" is a list of those members who show a perfect attendance at Church (morning service), Sunday school and Junior League for a quarter.

OUR YOUNG LIVES

MAY be old in rich experience of the Saviour's love.

May be mature in that wisdom which confounds the colleges because it comes independently of all earthly sources.

May induce older lives to regain some of their former freshness by surrounding them with Christian brightness and good cheer.

May grow steadily through the years, until in our old age we shall be only white-locked youth, waiting for the transfiguration of death and its perpetuity yonder.

Apple-blossoms, gently swaying
On the branches overhead,
Are but harbingers of fruitage
That shall dangle there instead,
When the sun and cloud together
Through the summer days have led.

Youthful premonitions linger
Round the heart divinely blessed,
Of a life more richly laden
Than the boldest could have guessed,
With a fruitage of God's gathering,
When in autumn colours dressed.

Be it mine to face the future,
Knowing that my larger life
Must evolve from this within me,
God-instructed, full-grown, rife,
Waiting for the harvest gladness,
That shall crown the earthly strife.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE EPISTLES.

A. D. 57.] LESSON VI. [Nov. 5.

THE RESURRECTION.

1 Cor. 15. 12-26.] [Memory verses, 20-23.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.—1 Cor. 15. 57.

OUTLINE.

1. Christ's Resurrection, v. 12-20.
2. Our resurrection, v. 21-26.

EXPLANATIONS.

"If Christ be preached"—Paul means, certainly nobody will deny that we, the apostles, have preached Christ, and certainly none of us have preached him without asserting that he rose from the dead. "Our preaching vain"—Our whole doctrine is useless, nugatory, and false. "Your faith also is vain"—This means that if Christ is not risen there is an absurdity in holding to the Gospel, with all its professions and promises, all it had done, and all it proposed to effect. "False witnesses"—Persons who have testified what is false concerning God. "Your faith is vain"—Is frustrated. "Of all men most miserable"—Because (1) we have consented to forego the present life in order to win the future; because (2) all our high hopes of eternal life are doomed to disappointment. "The first fruits"—The promise of the general resurrection, as the first fruits promised the harvest. This epistle was written about the time of the passover; the day after the passover Sabbath was the day in which the Jews offered the first fruits of their harvest at the temple. It was also the day of our Lord's resurrection. "Every man in his own order"—That is, in his company or grouping. First, "Christ," who rose from the dead by his own power; second, "they that are Christ's." "The end"—The consummation of God's plan of redemption. Death is the last enemy that shall be destroyed.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Where does this lesson show—

1. That Christ's resurrection was an essential part of his work of redemption?
2. That the early Christians looked for their reward not in this world but in the world to come?
3. That there is coming an eternal period when God shall be "all in all?"

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What did some among the Corinthians say? "That there was no resurrection from the dead." 2. What follows if there be no resurrection of the dead? "Then is Christ not risen." 3. What follows if Christ be not risen? "Our faith is vain; we are yet in our sins." 4. What blessed truth does Paul repeat and emphasize? "Now is Christ risen from the dead." 5. What is the Golden Text? "Thanks be to God," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUMMARY.—The resurrection of the body.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

Did the Redeemer give his life for all men? 1 Tim. 2. 6.—Who gave himself a ransom for all.

What was the course of our Saviour's history as Mediator?

First, he humbled himself; and then he was exalted to glory.

WHAT DRINK DOES.

It clogs the brain.
It overworks the heart.
It checks the action of the lungs.
It inflames and hardens the liver.
It causes fatty degeneration of the kidneys.

It arrests digestion by inflaming the mucous membrane of the throat and stomach.

It creates an appetite which is only increased by being gratified.

It destroys the nerve force and paralyzes the energy.

It diseases to the third and fourth generation, by the laws of heredity.

It not only ruins the mental and physical faculties, but wrecks the moral powers.

This is what it does for man, as an individual. Now what effect has it on society, business, politics and religion.

It blasts homes.

It degrades father and son.

It blights wife-love and mother-pride.

It chains womanhood in the hell of chastity.

It blocks factory wheels.

It closes mines and mills.

It furnishes "no market" for all sorts of produce.

It delays sales of bread, cloth, shoes, lumber, furniture, groceries and fuel.

It causes strikes, fills jails, and piles cost on county, state and nation.

It corrupts politics and politicians.

It creeps into the ballot-box and destroys free suffrage.

It places men in office who dare not oppose the traffic.

It hinders honest legislation and brews laws which are a stench in the nostrils of every patriot.

And, first, last, and above all, it damns men eternally, giving them no hope in life or in death.

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