

Fairly Umbrellas.

Said wet east wind, calling loud to rain,
Come down, little drops, to the April
flowers.
And over the grass and the sleeping
grain,
And into the street they swept in
showers.
They tapped at each door and called,
"Come up!"
For the bleak cold wind and the snow
are gone;
Arbutus is lifting her perfumed cup
And the grass is carpeting all the
lawn."
But the fairies that lived in the quiet
wood,
All wore their new spring bonnets that
day,
So they raised their umbrellas as quick
as they could,
And under the trees went trooping
away.
And the people said when they saw them
there,
The fairy umbrellas out in the rain,
"Oh! spring has come, so sweet and so
fair,
For there are those odd little toad-
steals again!"

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 13, 1897.

JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

SEPTEMBER 26, 1897.

A cause for praise.—Psalm 96. 7-13.

DESERVES PRAISE.

Religion is reasonable. Every parent expects his child to be thankful for parental kindness. Every master looks to his servant for the respect due to his station. Has not God a right to expect his creatures to praise him. See what he has done for them? The heavens declare his glory. Every particle of matter, every fowl of the air, and all the fishes of the sea proclaim his handiwork, and set forth reason for praise.

UNIVERSALITY OF THE COMMAND.

Verse 7. Not merely as individuals, but as tribes and nations, and whatever divisions or classes of men there may be in the world, all should render the praise due to his name. God is not unreasonable. He knows what is his due. He has a right to expect the praise which we can render. He is not a hard task-master, hence there is no cause to complain and say we cannot comply with the requirements which he makes at our hands.

THE SPIRIT OF WORSHIP.

Verse 9. Worship is not to be given in a careless manner, as though we did not care whether we performed an act of worship or not. If we go into the presence of those in authority over us, we would not presume to do so in any but the most reverential manner possible. There must be clean hands, sincere hearts, humility of soul, in all our worship, or our worship will be mere mockery. It will be the form merely, rather than from the heart.

OUR DUTY.

Verse 10. Soldiers always praise their commanders. Citizens are always jubilant in their commendations of their own city. Shall we not extol the name of our God? If the Gospel is to us the power of God unto salvation, surely it will be the same to the heathen. The arms of love that compass me, would all mankind embrace.

EXTENDED PRAISE.

Verses 11, 12. The Psalmist calls for the heavens to rejoice and the fields to be joyful. So all Christians desire that there shall be a unanimity of praise ascribed to the God whom we adore. We will do the same, and will use every means in our power to increase the volume of praise.

A COPPER CENT AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

BY E. L. VINCENT.

It is a good thing to be contented with what we have! I do not know of any feeling which makes one more uncomfortable than envy. Almost as long ago as I can remember, about the time when I began to go to school, one of the older boys in some way came into possession of a copper cent. Perhaps some who read this never owned one of these coins, for they are very rarely seen nowadays, and it may be that they were just as rare at the time of which I am speaking. You can imagine how proud the boy was who had this cent. Its large and shining face had a charm for him that can hardly be described.

One day the boy brought his coin to school and took great delight in showing it to the other pupils. Few of us were permitted to hold the precious thing in our hands. It was enough for us if we could look at it as it lay in the hand of the owner. There was one boy, however, in whom the possessor of the penny had sufficient confidence to intrust to his keeping for a moment the valuable coin. For some time he held it in his palm, gazing upon it with longing eyes. We all stood at the time on the top of a high bank. Below us a little way off was a large forest. After looking at the coin for some time, the boy who had borrowed it turned suddenly and threw it with all his might away into the wood below us, and then whirled and ran at the top of his speed.

We all watched the penny as it sailed away through the trees, to see where it would fall, and then did our best to find it, but in vain. The coin was lost forever.

Most of us felt very sorry for our comrade. It seemed to us such a mean thing to do. Just because the penny was not his, and he could not get one in any way that he knew of, he felt like robbing the boy who did own it; and that little thing was the cause of an ill-feeling between those boys which will probably last all through their lives.

The saddest part of this little story is, that this act proved what would be the ruling passion of the envious boy's life. He grew up to be one of the most selfish men I ever knew. His whole life was spent in getting money and doing no good with it, not even for himself; and so far as helping the world is concerned, no one could ever point to a single generous deed he ever did.

In his Word, God says that "envy is rottenness in the bones." How strong this language is! We can only understand it by thinking how weak and useless is a bone thus affected. It cannot endure anything, being easily broken, and the source of constant pain and sorrow.

The habit of adapting one's self to our surroundings helps greatly to keep envy from gaining power in our hearts. It will be helpful to read all the Bible says about envy.

Try it.

SAMBO'S LIFTED HAND.

They were out on the raging ocean, at the mercy of the wind and waves, Sambo and Baby Helen, the little white child who always smiled on him. Sambo was half lying in the bottom of the boat trying to protect Baby Helen and keep her from being washed away.

It was just daylight, and the people on shore were looking for the island that had always been between them and the rising sun. The house and trees had been washed away in the night and they could not see it. They saw the boat, though, bobbing helplessly about, but it seemed empty to them, and they turned away and said kind things of the family who had lived on the island and who had been drowned, for they did not

think any one could be saved in such a storm, and in the night too.

And the little boat kept on bobbing and rolling. It had been going toward shore, but suddenly the wind changed and began to carry it out to sea.

Sambo's hands and arms were getting stiff and cold, but he was afraid to move, for Baby Helen was asleep. Soon she waked, and he could see that they were getting farther and farther away from land.

What could he do? There were no oars in the boat, for it had broken loose too soon, and Baby Helen was beginning to cry with the cold. He tried to shield her still more with his coat, and then, raising one hand high above his head, he called aloud

"Sambo done all he know how to save dis baby yere, please do the res, good Lord. Nebber mind 'bout Sambo, he don't count; but save dis blessed baby, Lord!"

And one of those watching on shore saw Sambo's hand as it was raised and knew that there was something alive in the boat.

It did not take long to get others to go with him to the rescue. Sambo and Baby Helen were cold and stiff and wet when they found them, but there were kind hearts on shore who took them where they were warmed and fed.

"Mighty good thing you put up that hand to attract our notice," said one of the men to Sambo, "else we'd never known you were here. I can't see why you were not swamped anyhow."

"Lor," said Sambo, "I warn't tryin' to 'tract your notice. You see I kinder feared de good Lord wouldn't hear my voice way down in the boat, so I jest hilt up my hand so's he could see and know I wanted him."

"Well," said the sailor, "you attracted the Lord's notice and he attracted ours. That's one way he has of doing things."

PEACHSTONES.

Peachstones are discarded by the hundreds of thousands in the great peach-canning factories, to say nothing of the many that are left from the peaches we are all eating every day. What do you suppose becomes of them all? Have you ever thought anything about them, except that they are not good to eat? They have a use, however; several, indeed. For example:

Bushels and bushels of them are sold to fruit-growers, who plant them to grow young peach-trees, that are in turn set out for peach orchards. From the oil of the kernel that is found inside of the stone a powerful drug, prussic acid, is distilled. It is a poison if taken even in a very small quantity, but it is a valuable and useful drug for all laboratory purposes. A third use of the peach-pits is to dry them and use them for fuel, for which purpose they are excellent.

HOW THEY CARRY MONEY.

One of the queerest sights is to see how different immigrants carry their money.

Most English immigrants carry their coin in a small case, attached to a chain, which they keep in a pocket and they would a watch.

Irishmen always have a little canvas bag, in which notes and coin are crammed together. Irish girls, on the other hand, generally have their money sewed on the inside of their dresses.

Germans carry their money in a belt round their waists, and the belt is usually an elaborate and costly affair, no matter how poor the immigrant may be.

The French mostly carry a small brass tube, in which they can place forty or fifty twenty-franc pieces, which can be removed very rapidly one at a time.

There are few Italians who do not carry a large tin tube, in which they keep paper money or silver coins; and this tube is hung round their necks by a small chain or cord.

Swedes and Norwegians are sure to have an immense pocketbook that has generally been used by their fathers and grandfathers before them and which has it enough leather to make a pair of boots.

The Slavonians and Hungarians carry their money in their long boots, together with a knife, fork, and spoon.—Our Sunday afternoon.

Prof. Liversidge, of the Sydney (Australia) university has made chemical experiments which, he says, show that there are over 100,000,000 tons of gold dissolved in the ocean water of the world, if the rate of one grain per ton, which he found on the Australian coast, holds everywhere.

PETER COOPER.

Peter Cooper was a poor boy, and had very poor health. He had but little chance to get an education. He went to school only one year in his whole life, and in that year had to stay at home many days.

His father was a hatter, and at eight years of age young Peter spent his time in helping to earn a living. "In pulling hair from the skins of rabbits, which his father killed to make the hat pulp."

When he was about seventeen years of age he went to the great city of New York to see what he could do there. For some time he found nothing to do, but kept walking the streets in daytime, trying to find employment.

At length he met a carriage-maker, who took him as an apprentice for five years, giving him his board and two dollars per month.

We can see from this that he could have but few of the comforts or even necessities of life. But in the midst of toil and privation he was heard to say, "If I ever get money enough I will build a place where the poor girls and boys of this great city of New York may get an education free." He was prosperous, and lived to accumulate enough to build an institute, which bears his name, Cooper Institute. Who can estimate the great amount of good it is doing yearly for the poor, who but for him must live in ignorance?

MAUD'S MANNERS.

BY SALLY CAMPBELL.

"Now, Maud Anna Belinda," said Elsie, "I want you to sit up straight and lis'n to me. I have something to say to you."

It was hardly worth while to ask Maud Anna Belinda to sit up straight, for she was already sitting up very straight indeed, with her hands hanging down stiffly at her sides, and her eyes staring right out in front of her.

"I've got some good advice to give you," Elsie went on, "for your manners. There's coman' manners and there's home-folks manners. Some people have very fine coman' manners, but their home-folks manners are horrid. They make all their smiles in company, and just have frowns and pouts and frets for the family, which, you know, is very unfair, and not nice at all. Some people don't divide theirs up; they just have manners that are just the same all the time. And this is a much better way, especially if they are of a pleasant kind.

"Come people get their manners at Paris, and some people's mothers tell them to them when they are young. But, my dear Maud Anna Belinda, if you want yours to be good and lovely through and through, you must have a good and lovely heart that's full of kindness and best wishes to everybody. Those are the sort they have in heaven, and heaven's a better place to get them from than Paris, I guess, or anywhere else.

"So now I'm done. And I will give you a kiss to remember it by."

If Maud Anna Belinda did not need Elsie's advice, that is not saying that some of us may not.

BITS OF FUN.

Father—Charley, if you are good today, you may unpack the trunks; if you are not, you'll have to unpack them!

A woman feels surest that smoking is hurting her husband's health right after she has had her lace curtains cleaned.

Dilettante (very pressing)—"I should like so much to write for your newspaper. One side of the paper has to be blank, hasn't it?" Editor—"No; both!"

First Westerner—"Pete is down with lung trouble again." Second Westerner—"What's the matter with his lungs?" First Westerner—"He's got a bullet in one of 'em."

Mr. Jorkins announced that he had found "a good bargain in men's shoes," and his wife satirically responded that his luck was better than hers had ever been.

"Why do you sign your name J. John B. B. Bronson?" asked Hawkins. "Because it is my name," said Bronson. "I was christened by a minister who stuttered."

"Budlong is travelling under an assumed name."

"What on earth is she doing that for?"

"She's been married and has assumed her husband's name. They are away on their honeymoon."