

TO-DAY.

DON'T tell me of to-morrow,
Give me the boy who'll say
That, when a good deed's to be done
"Let's do the deed to-day."
We may all command the present,
If we act and never wait,
But repentance is the phantom
Of a past that comes too late.

Don't tell me of to-morrow,
There is much to do to-day
That can never be accomplished
If we throw the hours away.
Every moment has its duty,
Who the future can't tell,
Then why put off till to-morrow
What to-day can do as well!

Don't tell me of to-morrow,
If we look up in the past,
How much we have let to do
We cannot do at last,
To-day! it is the only time
For all on this frail earth,
It takes an age to form a life,
A moment gives it birth.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS:

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

TORONTO, JULY 26, 1884.

HELP FOR POOR SCHOOLS.

WE have pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of \$10 from James Hord Esq., London, to send Sunday-school papers to some poor Indian schools; also \$2 from "A Friend," Colong, to help schools needing assistance.

All such sums are put in a special fund by means of which we send back numbers of the papers at one-fourth of the cost price. For this sum of \$12 we can thus send \$48 worth of S. S. papers as good as new. We will be glad to receive other contributions to this fund. Address Rev. W. H. Withrow, Methodist Publishing House, Toronto.

An Indian Missionary writes as follows: I can't carry on our school without our beautiful papers. The Indian people, old and young, prize them so much; they are delighted to receive them every Sabbath; it is all the literature they most of them can have access to, and it does them good.

THANKS for the S. S. papers for poor schools from Crivson's Corners School.

MORNING PRAYER.

THERE is a sweetness, a beauty, and a charm associated with the morning which is in appearance like a fragment of heaven let down to the bosom of our earth.

When the beauteous stars are fading from the calm azure sky, and the glorious king of day comes forth in his majesty to crown the mountain's brow with glory, and the morning zephyrs soft as the passage of an angel's wing unite in praise to nature's king, how delightful, more than we can express. The birds sing a welcome to rising morn, and all nature joins in praise to the universal king.

How appropriate, then, is private prayer in the morning when the spirit is calm and thought is clear. Is it not of the utmost importance that we should offer our earnest prayer to the Father of our spirits the first thing in the morning asking specially for His blessing during the day. If spiritual life comes to the soul in answer to prayer, does the light of Christian experience shine in the heart that neglects private prayer in the morning as it would if that duty were faithfully performed? Will some favoured Christian who lives in the fragrant atmosphere of entire sanctification please answer the question?

We believe private prayer to be scriptural, and especially a duty of the morning. "Enter into thy closet," etc. And if private prayer be scriptural, it is certainly a Christian duty, which, if we neglect, we cannot reasonably expect to grow in grace, which should be the chief object of our daily life. We make it a point every morning to partake of breakfast as a necessity to physical nourishment, and shall we as professing Christians refuse to become the recipients of spiritual refreshment through the neglect of private prayer?

Our heavenly Father extends a kindly invitation to private prayer, and, as those who profess Christ-likeness, are we prepared to assume the responsibility of rejecting the precious invitation of the glorious Trinity in unity by refusing to kneel in prayer before leaving our place of retirement during the night? We think it not safe to leave our room in the morning before committing ourself in prayer to the safe keeping of Him who is able to save to the very uttermost. If we use private prayer in the evening as a luck of protection for the night, is it not of equal importance in the morning as a safeguard during the day? Physical health is prized in general, and the pure atmosphere of the morning is sought for in its promotion, and private prayer is just as essential to spiritual health as pure air is to the physical. If a devoted Christian sister who is kind and loving have a brother who may not pray for himself, can she leave her room in the morning without kneeling in prayer to her heavenly Father that He may breathe upon him the spirit of prayer and save him by His grace?

I wish that some sweet angel of kindness would prompt those whom we sincerely love as professing Christians not to neglect this very important and heaven-assigned duty.



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LEFT BEHIND.

Would you rejoice in the assurance of Divine favor, repose in the secret of the Lord's presence, breathe the pure atmosphere of spiritual prosperity, shine as a way-mark to the kingdom of immortal, and live forever a companion of the most glorious beings in the universe? Then walk the shining path of morning prayer, radiant with the sunlight of heaven, which leads the redeemed spirit into eternal association with the angels and the glorious Trinity in unity.

If we neglect morning prayer, how can we expect to run the even tenor of our course in the enjoyment of spiritual prosperity? It is the best offering of the heart to the Lord. Why, then, withhold from our heavenly Father that in which He so much delights?

It is certainly a privilege beyond human estimate to lay up treasure in heaven, and prayer is the means by which it is daily increased, and by its faithful use we may become millionaires in glory.

If we would drink from life's sweetest stream in our association with the Church militant and sing forever in the Church triumphant, our affections through the influence of fervent prayer must be spiritualized by the sanctifying power of the Holy Spirit.

PHILOS.

Good luck is good sense and good courage with industry, inspired by noble impulses, guided by intelligence and forethought. Bad luck is laziness, stupidity, carelessness, recklessness. It is but another name for the penalty for bad management.

LEFT BEHIND.

Poor Carlo is in a sad predicament. Amid the confusion and bustle on the wharf when the steamer was leaving, while his master was looking after the big box and the little box and the hand-box and the bundle, without which, they say, ladies never travel, the poor dog got left behind. How wistfully he looks after the retreating vessel, on which his kind mistress' face grows fainter and fainter every minute. You can almost hear him whine. I hope some one will take good care of him till he can be restored to his owner.

A NEW USE FOR A BARREL.

HUNT up on your map the Straits of Magellan; look at the mountains hanging over; imagine the point of rock that leans the farthest out, and think of a barrel hung by a heavy chain swinging there. That is a post-office! The postmaster doesn't stay up there to deliver the mails, and no postman unlocks it; in fact, it has no key. Yet it is a grand old post-office. Ships coming along that way stop and fish out packages of precious letters that have been dropped therein, see if they can find any that want to travel their way, and, if so, they take them on; in their place they leave a package which wants to go in another direction, and some day a ship comes along, studies the direction of that package, says, "Ah, I can take that," and away she sails. And the barrel swings, doing its duty day by day without being watched, sending joy to many hearts.—*Ex.*