

Your Gifts.

By EMMA C. DOWD.

If you have the gift of seeing, ever look for beauty in all your friends is plain not your duty.

If you have the gift of hearing, list to what is met; Shut your ears to everything that is not good and sweet.

If you have the gift of talking, use but pleasant words; Let your speech be glad and cheery as the songs of birds.

—Youth's Companion.

OUR PERIODICALS:

Table listing various periodicals such as Christian Guardian, Methodist Magazine, and others with their respective prices.

WILLIAM BRIGGS, Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto.

Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK. Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, AUGUST 19, 1889.

HE STOPPED THE TRAIN.

Train No. 30 on the Indianapolis and Vincennes Road, in charge of Conductor F. W. Russel, of Indianapolis, was tearing slow toward Indianapolis at the rate of fifty miles an hour.

Then it was that a Dorsey saw there was something red between the rails, and he threw on emergency brakes and opened the sand-box.

About eight hundred yards distant, was a house and toward it Frank started with the baby, to meet a man running toward him like an insane person.

MINING A MILE UNDER THE SEA.

The entrance to the shaft is in the side of the cliff, and by the time three perpendicular ladders have been hoisted down one is on a level with the sea.

noise, they say, was most perceptible, and the roaring, when the Atlantic was one of his wider moods, was the horror of the workers.

THE STREET-ARAB'S TRUST.

The following pathetic story is told by John B. Gough. A street boy in London who had had both legs broken by a dray passing over him.

"Bobby, did you never hear about Jesus?" "No, I never heard of him." "Bobby, I went to mission-school once, and they told me that Jesus would take you to heaven when you died, and you'd never hunger any more, and no more pain, if you axed him."

"Bobby, hold up your hand, and he'll know what you want when he passes by." They got the hand up; it dropped, they tried to hold it, it slowly fell back.

STORY OF A PARROT.

Bayard Taylor relates the following about a parrot once owned by a lady in Chicago. When the great fire was raging, an owner said that she could rescue nothing except what she instantly took in her hands.

When the great fire was raging, an owner said that she could rescue nothing except what she instantly took in her hands. There were two objects equally dear, the parrot and the old family Bible, and she could take but one.

When the parrot first uttered its protest for some time, then, to the amazement of all present, it said very emphatically, "You talk too much!"

A Suggestion.—"What is the way is the name of those things with wings on their heads?" asked Mr. Bopps, who could not think of the word "cherub" to save him.

"Miles!" suggested Mrs. Bopps, in all innocence.

The Birds in Church.

By E. S. DENZIE.

God's happy children of the air On leafy boughs are swaying, While beings full with forms divine Are in the churches praying.

Cathedral grand with vaulted skies The songs of birds are filling; The wide extended plains of heaven Are with their rapture thrilling.

They chant the anthems of their God, And worship him with singing; Who listens to their songs can hear The chimes of heaven-strings.

In divers notes of sweetest tone Their lays to us come stealing; They seem to draw us to the skies, While in our pews we kneel.

We bow before the Lord in prayer, Our love to him expressing; The prayer is said, we rise, and, lo! We see a slight distressing.

From bough to bough, from tree to tree, The birds, no longer sitting, All broken and crushed and cold and dead, On ladders' hats are sitting.

Their songs without now never heard, The minstrels dead or dying; Within the sinners, vain with pride, Their God to praise are trying.

They sing aloud their hymns of praise, And think that God is hearing; While on their shapeseas hats in truth Five million birds they're wearing.

And now no chirping music will On airy wings is swelling, The voiceless birds to church have gone To find an alien dwelling.

Moethinks could all these lifeless birds Our hearts with song be filling, A plaintive voice to us would say, "Why don't you stop this killing?"

An answer bold in haste is made, "What cares a bird for living?" Just this, dear friend, to live the life That God to it is giving.

No fearful voice, no whispered song, Can end without his knowing; Spare them, the birds whose songs do set The world to music going.

A BOY OF TO-DAY

By Julia MacNair Wright.

Author of "The House on the Bluff," etc.

CHAPTER IX.

WHAT THE HAND FINETH TO DO-DO.

When "the minister" heard that Heman had forestalled his threatened summons and had come home, he quickly called him to take tea with him.

When the minister heard that Heman had forestalled his threatened summons and had come home, he quickly called him to take tea with him. He wished to know the innocent frankness and reverence of the country boy had suffered harm in his wanderings.

"Your going," my boy, he said, "was a wrong move; you ran a tremendous risk of moral ruin; when we have made a mistake in life, we should stick to it, good we can fix it, and I think decent, simplicity, purity, integrity, honesty will always shine fairer to you, as you contrast it with the show."

"Yes," said Heman, slowly; "but you see—I do know a good deal about horses."

kindness of heaven. He has a great fault, nurtured by the straits of his early life. He sets far too high a value on money on the possession of property.

"Now, Heman, you have had a lesson early, follow safe, honest, open ways of making a living, and you'll have to do wisely. It leads you into wider paths, follow them, only be sure it is his leading. If he keeps you in 'the simple round, the common task, fulfill it with diligence, and you'll get to God, under the sight of the eyes than the wandering of the desire." Now, that's advice, and a little private sermon. Tell me what you propose to do since you are a man.

"Uncle Ritas and I mean to start on building a shop right away. We've money enough for lumber, doors, windows, and nails, and that's all. We'll sell the kitchen with one door going into the kitchen so we can get some heat that way. I'm going to get every bit of day's work I can, and work at the shop when I've nothing else to do. I'll have work in the orchard, wood-lots and corn-fields pretty soon."

"Lawyer Brace will want a boy to light his office fire and keep the office clean this winter after the first of November. You'll have to go to school two places, and on Saturday work you have time for beside, and go to school during the week. We shall have a very excellent teacher here, from November on."

"Heman did not like study. He had taken a miserable dislike to it, and in the thought that "he was done going to school." Uncle Ritas was largely to blame for this. However, Heman's little journey into the world had taught him some things that he had never learned in school, and in proportion to one's ignorance it is hard to make a living; the man who knows something well is the man wanted.

"Book-keeping" had a pleasant business-like sound. Yes, he would like to know how to keep books; history he had always liked well, and as for grammar he never cared for further knowledge of its mysteries. It was useful to assent to the minister's proposals; Heman felt that he and Uncle Ritas had been making a mistake in "the show," and he behaved them to rehabilitate themselves.

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