

Satan's Wants.

JOHNSON the drunkard is lying to-day,
With traces of sin on his face; [play.
He'll be missed at the club, at the bar, at the
Wanted—a boy for his place.

Simmons the gambler was killed in a fight,
He died without pardon or grace;
Some one must train for his burden and blight,
Wanted—A boy for his place.

The scoffer, the convict, the idler, the thief,
Are lost; and without any noise,
Make it known, that there come to my
instant relief
Some thousand or more of the boys.

Boys from the fireside, boys from the farm,
Boys from the home and the school,
Come, leave your misgivings, there can be no
harm
Where "drink and be merry" 's the rule.

Wanted for every lost servant of mine,
Some one to live without grace,
Some one to die without pardon divine,—
Will you be the boy for the place?

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 9, 1895.

I. H. N.

BY BERTHA GERNEAUX DAVIS.

"You aren't going to try to arrange that cupboard yourself, are you, mamma? You look tired. Close the doors, and let's forget its existence."

Mrs. Jordan smiled; the suggestion was so like Bettie.

"No, dear, it ought to be done at once. I can't bear to have such a disorderly corner about the house. I'm sure I don't know when Susan will be back, and I don't much care. She never does anything thoroughly."

"Then let me do it, mamma." Bettie spoke more cheerfully than she felt. She had mapped out a different plan for these Saturday morning hours.

"You dear child! It would be such a relief, but I don't like to put it on your shoulders."

"Oh, nonsense!" laughed Bettie. "My shoulders are stronger than you think, mamma. What do you suppose all my physical culture lessons have been good for?"

So Mrs. Jordan was cajoled out of the room, and Bettie, perched on the baby's high chair, attacked the upper shelves. It was a pleasant sight to Aunt Lydia, sitting by the fireplace, under whose deft fingers a little sock was taking form and shape. Her needles never slackened, even while her eyes were fixed on the slender, girlish figure. How unselfish Bettie was growing! What was the reason? Was the little silver cross, with its three suggestive letters, in the secret?

As the work progressed, Aunt Lydia felt a slight uneasiness. Would Bettie prove faithful, she wondered, when she reached

the lowest shelf? You see, the day before Aunt Lydia had gone to this same shelf in search of some article, and had come across a box away at the further end. In the one swift glance she gave it as she raised the cover she had a glimpse of Tom's top, some battered tissue-paper flowers, tangled embroidery silks, and sundry old gloves and ribbons; while there were indications of equally interesting developments beneath. Evidently, Susan had made it a sort of dumping-ground for "odds and ends." And now Aunt Lydia wondered if this might not prove too much for Bettie's good resolutions.

"Behold!" said the unconscious Bettie at this juncture, with a flourish that imperilled her standing on the high chair. "The top shelves are in a state of precision that it would do your heart good to see." And then she descended to give Aunt Lydia a great hug, and prepare for an attack on the lower shelves. "Do you know," she went on confidentially, "I have turned over a new leaf? I detest work of this kind, but I make myself do it. It's a 'discipline for the mind,' as Miss Brownlee says about algebra. No, that isn't my motive, either," and the round face grew suddenly serious. "I made up my mind that I must improve or I should feel as if I were dishonouring that." And Bettie touched the little silver cross.

A minute later Mrs. Jordan put her head in at the door.

"Can you leave that awhile, dear, and take this letter to the post-office? It ought to go on the next mail."

"Of course I can," said Bettie, promptly; "and glad of the chance. I'll be ready in just two minutes."

Left alone in the dining-room, Aunt Lydia laid down her knitting and vanished up the stairs. She was back in her place, however, and knitting as placidly as ever, when Bettie returned with her girlish face glowing from exercise and contact with the crisp, frosty air.

"It's delicious outdoors, auntie. I was tempted not to come back till time for luncheon." And Bettie shook her fist menacingly at the unfinished work. "But, then, I'm nearly through. Only two more shelves to do, and they're easy." Evidently she was in blissful ignorance of the miscellaneous collection in that neat-looking pasteboard box.

Aunt Lydia watched her pretty niece when the last shelf was cleared and the discovery made. Bettie always sang over her work; and she was in the midst of "God, make my life a little light," when a sudden impulse led her to open that whitened sepulchre. The song ceased abruptly. Another minute and the cover was replaced—the box pushed back to the end of the shelf. Bettie's voice piped up again; but it was constrained now, and not so clear as before.

"All through, dear?" said Mrs. Jordan, entering just as Bettie was closing the cupboard doors. "Yes, I see you are. How beautifully you have arranged everything! What would we ever do without our helpful Bessy, Aunt Lydia? You don't know what a relief it is, Bettie, to know that everything is in order here." And, with a kiss that brought the blood to Bettie's cheeks, her mother left the room.

Early in the afternoon Ethel Manderson called. "Put on your things, can't you, Bettie? Mamma wants you to go sleigh-riding with us."

Of course, Bettie flew to her room for her warmest wrappings; and the result was a long, blissful ride through city and country roads, to the music of jingling sleigh-bells.

It was not till evening that she thought again of the slighted box. She felt uncomfortable when she joined the group around the fireplace in the library.

"Let's have anagrams," suggested Tom, running for the box of letters. "You give me a word, Bet, and I'll give you one."

"Well," but Bettie's voice was somewhat reluctant. She was bright and quick, however, and guessed her words too easily for Tom's satisfaction.

"Say now," he protested; "you guess them too fast. I haven't made out the one you gave me yet. Here's another word for you, though. It isn't very long, but it puzzled me the other day."

Tom shook the letters vigorously in his two hands, and delivered them over to Bettie.

"That isn't hard," she announced almost immediately. "It's 'daughter.'"

"Well, now, aren't you smart?" And Tom looked disgusted. "You can wait awhile for the next one. I shan't bother with you till I guess my own."

"That suits me," said Bettie. "I'm going downstairs, anyway. There's something I want to do there."

No one but Aunt Lydia suspected what the business was, and she did not guess the cause of the sudden decision.

It was that last anagram so unconsciously given by Brother Tom. Bettie's conscience was in a sensitive state that evening, which made it an easy transition from the word in her hand to the thought of the daughter she claimed to be—the "King's Daughter;" and her resolution was taken. That detestable box should be cleared before she slept that night.

It wasn't pleasant to sit there all alone in the dining-room, assorting that heterogeneous collection, for Bettie was a sociable little body. But the coals glowed brightly in the open grate, as if they wanted to cheer her; and, as her fingers flew over the distasteful work, a warm feeling crept into her heart.

There were other compensations, too. Long-lost treasures, it seemed, had found their way to Susan's dumping-ground. "If here isn't my best paint-brush!" And Bettie's eyes shone as she drew it out by its long handle; "and, actually, my tube of yellow ochre!"

"What in the world is this?" she said, as she found a neat little tissue-paper package, and opened it wonderingly. "If it isn't Aunt Lydia's lovely pink pin-cushion! And here's a paper pinned to it." So there was; and on it were just three words, "For faithful Bettie." Well, well! What a wonderful woman Aunt Lydia was, anyway! How did she know anything about the box, when even Bettie had been ignorant of its existence? How confident she must have been that Bettie would not shirk, or she would never have placed there that dear little reward for her to find. Aunt Lydia must have been disappointed in her! The thought made Bettie's fingers fly faster than ever, till the work was finished. Somehow, she did not want to throw her strong, young arms around Aunt Lydia until her conscience was quite, quite cleared.

It was a light, quick step that came behind the big armchair a few minutes later.

"Who's a darling?" whispered Bettie, to cover her embarrassment; "and who gave her horrid niece her very prettiest and pinkest pin cushion?"

"Who's a dear little King's Daughter?" asked Aunt Lydia.

"What are you two talking about?" said Tom. "Giving conundrums? Come over here, Bet. I've got a new word for you—a regular puzzler!"—*Christian Register*.

HOW A ROCK WAS SPLIT.

A SINGULAR natural phenomenon is reported by the Boston *Transcript* as having occurred among the Berkshire hills. An observer noticed some time ago a tiny leaflet sprouting from the top of a gigantic granite boulder, not far from the place where he was staying. Curious to ascertain how it could find life in the stone, he examined it more closely and found that it came through a minute crevice, and had its root in the soil below. He was greatly interested in the strong growth, and at every subsequent visit to the neighbourhood has gone to examine its progress. He went to see it this summer, and, to his amazement, found that the huge granite boulder was burst into three great fragments. The leaflet had become a noble birch-tree with abundant foliage. The young plant had found a way for itself through the crevice in the boulder to reach the sunlight, and then there had been a contest of strength between the living plant and the adamant granite going on silently day and night until the dead stone yielded, and as with a giant's crowbar it had been forced asunder. It is so with hearts that seem as hard as rock. The love of a woman or a child has often found a rift in the heart of

a fierce, implacable man, whom severity could never subdue, and the gentle, living force has broken him down and humanized him. It is that force—the force of a living Saviour—that gives Christianity the power it exerts in prisons, in heathen lands, and in all the habitations of cruelty and iniquity.

DISCOVERIES BY ACCIDENT.

THE *Well-Spring* tells of several valuable discoveries that have been made, and valuable inventions suggested, by the veriest accidents.

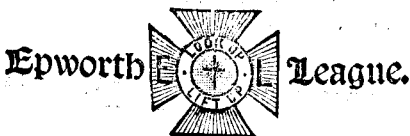
An alchemist, while seeking to discover a mixture of earths that would make the most durable crucibles, one day found that he had made porcelain.

The power of lenses, as applied to the telescope, was discovered by a watchmaker's apprentice. While holding spectacle-glasses between his thumb and finger, he was startled at the suddenly enlarged appearance of a neighbouring church-spire.

The shop of a Dublin tobacconist, by the name of Lundyfoot, was destroyed by fire. While he was gazing dolefully at the smouldering ruins, he noticed that his poorer neighbours were gathering the stuff from the canisters. He tested the stuff for himself, and discovered that the fire had largely improved its pungency and aroma. It was a hint worth profiting by. He secured another shop, built a lot of ovens, subjected the snuff to a heating process, gave the brand a peculiar name, and in a few years became rich through an accident which he at first thought had completely ruined him.

The process of whitening sugar was discovered in a curious way. A hen that had gone through a clay puddle went with her muddy feet into a sugar house. She left her tracks on a pile of sugar. It was noticed that wherever her tracks were, the sugar was whitened. Experiments were instituted, and the result was that white clay came to be used in refining sugar.

The origin of blue-tinted paper came about by a mere slip of the hand. The wife of William East, an English paper-maker, accidentally let a blue-bag fall into one of the vats of pulp.



JUNIOR LEAGUE.
PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

November 17, 1895.

SPEAK THE TRUTH.—Exodus 20. 16.

When a person appears in court as a witness, he swears that he will "speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." In this lesson, falsehood speaking is strictly prohibited. The good Book declares that "all liars shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone." (Revelation 21. 8.) We would suppose, that when such denunciations are uttered against falsehood speaking that every one would speak the truth, especially when it is well known that persons whose veracity is suspected never stand high in public estimation. Even when they do speak the truth persons are afraid to believe them lest they should be deceived.

Every form of falsehood should be avoided, such as misrepresentation, exaggeration, equivocation, using deceit by word or sign, telling a part of the truth, indulging in hypocritical flatteries, circulating slanderous and malicious reports, making insinuations, imputing evil designs, or saying anything which is injurious to the reputation of those respecting whom we are speaking. Such conduct is not only reprehensible when it is pursued against our bosom companions and relatives, but "against our neighbour." This term does not merely apply to those who reside near us, but to everybody who is "bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh." Let our Juniors remember that we are to speak the truth in our hearts. Let them beware of "white lies" as some talk about.

Two hundred and twenty-seven Bombay opium drunkards have signed and sent a petition to England asking that the sale of opium be stopped.