

"I'll Take What Father Takes."

BY W. HOYLE.

"Twas in the flowery month of June,
The sun was in the west,
When a merry, bilious company
Met at a public feast.

Around the rooms rich banners spread,
And garlands fresh and gay,
Friend greeted friend right joyously,
Upon that festal day.

The board was filled with choicest fare,
The guests sat down to dine,
Some called for "bitter," some for
"stout,"
And some for rosy wine.

Among this joyous company
A modest youth appeared,
Scarce sixteen summers had he seen,
No specious snare he feared

An empty glass before the youth
Soon drew the waiter near,
"What will you take, sir?" he inquired,
"Stout, bitter, mild or clear?"

"We've rich supplies of foreign port,
We've first-class wines and cakes,"
The youth, with guileless look, replied,
"I'll take what father takes."

Swift as an arrow went the words
Into his father's ears,
And soon a conflict deep and strong,
Awoke terrific fears.

The father looked upon his son;
Then gazed upon the wine;
"O God," he thought, "were he to taste,
Who could the end divine?"

"Have I not seen the strongest fall?
The fairest led astray?
And shall I on my only son
Bestow a curse this day?"

"O God, forbid! Here, waiter, bring
Bright water unto me;
My son will take what father takes—
My drink shall water be."

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

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SOME PSALMS THE JUNIORS SHOULD KNOW.

"The world God made and the heart God loves."—Psalm 24.

The Book of Psalms is one of the most precious parts of the Bible. These holy hymns of praise to God have come singing down the ages for three thousand years. They have gladdened the hearts of God's people in prosperity and sustained them in adversity. Lipped by the pallid lips of the dying, they have comforted their souls as they have passed through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and felt that God was with them, that his rod and staff they comforted them.

This twenty-fourth Psalm speaks of God's lordship in the world, and of his children as citizens of his spiritual kingdom. It was one of the Psalms which was chanted in the temple service. One part of the great chorus sang: "Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and the King

of Glory shall come in." Then another part responded: "Who is this King of Glory?" and at last all united in an outburst of praise. "The Lord of Hosts, he is the King of Glory."

The Psalm asks, "Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? Who shall go up to his holy place?—his holy temple here on earth? And who shall enter into his holler temple in the skies?" The Psalmist answers, "He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart, who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully. He shall receive the blessing from the Lord, and righteousness from the God of his salvation."

Let us learn by heart the great Psalms which form the topics for the month of October. They will enrich our souls with thoughts of God, and often be a shield and a safeguard against evil. Our Saviour was very fond of quoting from the Psalms, and when tempted by Satan was able to resist him by saying, "It is written." So also may we lift up the Word of God as a banner to be displayed because of the truth and as a buckler against our foes.

A STRANGE GIRL'S MISSION.

BY INEZ TURNER.

"What a strange girl Madge Manning is, anyway," said Agnes Grey to a group of school-girls. "She chooses such queer companions lately, while she never has time to join us any more. Now, what attraction can she find in that long, round-shouldered, peaked-faced Janet Adams?"

"Contrast, I guess," answered one of the girls. "Madge is so quick at her lessons, and dresses so neatly, while Janet is slow and stupid, and wears such funny, ill-fitting clothes."

"Well, I cannot understand her any more," said Agnes, "she seems to have deserted us altogether."

"I have been wondering about her lately, too," added Mable Elliott. "The idea of Madge Manning making a chum of that homely Mary Myers who does the sweeping and dusting in our school-room! And, girls, I have seen Madge even take a broom, and help her with the sweeping. At the Endeavour meetings lately, she sits with those girls, and sings from the same hymn-book with them, and sometimes she hands them her own Bible."

"Well," said Agnes, "I have always liked Madge, but if she wants those girls for her friends, she must not expect us to have anything more to do with her."

"I do not believe she cares whether we do or not," said Mable, "but just to settle the matter," she added, "I move we appoint a committee to wait on her ladyship to ascertain if it is her desire to withdraw from our circle, to join one more suitable to her taste; and that we hold a meeting on this school-ground, under this tree, one week from to-day, to hear the report of the aforementioned committee."

"Quite a speech, Mable," said Violet Green. "I'll second that motion, and now, who will be on the committee?"

"Wait, girls; we must put the motion first, for my brother Tim would say that is just like girls, they never do anything in a business-like way. So all in favour of the motion hold up the right hand. Every one is in favour, so the motion is carried. Now, Violet," added Agnes, "you may go on appointing the committee."

"Well," said Violet. "I move that Agnes alone be on the committee, for it is a rather delicate matter, and you know 'too many cooks spoil the broth,' and besides, Agnes has more tact than the rest of us. She knows just what to say, and when she has said enough."

"Why, of course," added all of the girls, "Agnes must be the one to act."

"Yes," said Mable, "the rest of us would be sure to say something we ought not to, so no objections, Agnes—but there's the bell—remember, girls, a week from to-day." And the girls all hastened to the school-room.

That afternoon, and the days following, none of the little attentions Madge paid to the poorer girls of the school escaped their notice. In the meantime, Agnes found a favourable opportunity to deliver to Madge what she called a neat little speech, and afterwards repeating it to the girls, received their approval and admiration.

When the appointed day finally arrived, just one-half hour before it was time to call school, Agnes and her companions were seated in a circle, under the tree, waiting for Madge.

"She said she would come," remarked Agnes, "and Madge always does what she says she will. I believe I'm almost sorry we said anything to her about it."

"Well, she cannot expect us to be her friends, when she makes companions of those girls," said Mable.

"Of course not," added Violet, "if Madge goes with such a common class of girls much longer, she will become just like them herself. But here she comes now, so we'll hear what she can say for herself."

"Good afternoon, Madge, you see we are waiting for you," called several of the girls together.

"Now, Madge," said another, "we want to know why you scarcely ever join us in our fun, or in any of our rambles, any more; and even at school you leave us to be with those queer, unlovable girls, like Janet Adams and Mary Myers."

Madge sat down quietly on the grass, facing the girls. A tear trembled on her eyelid a moment, then rolled down her cheek. She dashed it away, and with a quivering voice commenced to speak. "Girls," she said, "Agnes told me about the meeting you had last week, and that you think I have deserted you to make chums of those queer, unlovable girls, as you call them, so I'll tell you all about it."

"Perhaps you didn't know, girls, that sometimes at home, when everything seems to go wrong, I get in a very unpleasant mood, and am cross with everyone. One day when I was in one of these moods, I happened to think how unlovable I must be, and how dreadful it would be if I were always so disagreeable that no one could care for me, and then I wondered if there were any girls around here for whom no one cared or showed any love."

"I thought of all of you, but for only a moment, for you all have so many to love and care for you. Then I thought of Janet Adams. None of the school-girls liked her, and none of the Endeavour members paid any attention to her, and even our teacher never seemed so thoughtful about her as she did about us. But then Janet was queer and awkward, and dressed funny, and never knew her lessons. I thought she could not help knowing none of us liked her, for we never took any pains to conceal our dislike, but she could not blame us, for she was so different from us. And then I thought of the other girls we did not like, and of our reasons for disliking them, and tried to think if I knew of anyone who really did care for them."

"Then, the next day at school, when I saw Janet sitting there alone struggling with her algebra, I wondered how she would feel if I were to go and put my arm around her, and ask her where the trouble was, and if I could help her. Without thinking twice, I suited the action to the word, and, girls, I cannot describe to you the hopeful, glad expression which spread over Janet's face, nor how happy I felt to think I had done one little act to make some one else's life a little more pleasant. I thought of the 'Inasmuch' verse, and wondered how I could ever have been so selfish as to keep all the love my friends had given me, stowed away and hidden, when here were girls right around me who were hungering and thirsting for it."

"Girls, there is not much I can do for my Master, but now, I am trying to give him my love, and the best way I can find is to give it to all the unlovable people I know."

"Now, girls, you know my story, and may deal with me as you will, but I must go, for there comes Mary Myers, and mamma said I might ask her to go home with me for tea."

When Madge left, the girls sat there a moment not knowing what to say.

Finally Mable broke the silence with "Girls, I feel just like a criminal."

"Well, there comes Janet," said Agnes, "and I'm going to show her that Madge is not the only girl who has love to give away."

"And I am too," "And I," repeated the others.

And after not many days, those queer girls had so much love showered on them, they ceased to be unlovable, and from the light shining in the countenances of Madge and her followers, their paths must have become as the shining light "which shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

Beaton, Ont.

ROB'S MORNING PRAYER.

"At night I always do, before going to bed, I don't suppose I've missed once since I can remember, unless it was when I was too sleepy to remember what to say."

"But why at night any more than in the morning?" asked Rob's Aunt Alice.

"Why—why—that's the time you say your prayers, at night," replied Rob, in astonishment.

"But I don't understand," said she.

"Why is night the time any more than in the morning?"

Rob pondered over it a minute, and then answered, "Why, I suppose it's because when you're asleep you can't take good care of yourself."

"And so you believe in asking God to do only what you cannot do for yourself?" queried his aunt.

"Yes, I guess that's it," replied Rob.

"Well, then," went on Aunt Alice, "I suppose there is nothing that you need to have done for you in the day-time, but that you or some one else about the house can do for you?"

"I guess not," answered Rob.

"Well, let's see about that," replied Aunt Alice. "I think it is just a little bit cowardly to pray only at night, when you are afraid of the dark, and afraid that something might happen to you when your eyes are shut, and not to pray in the morning, when the daylight comes, and the long, beautiful day stretches out before you. Now, let's begin with the very simplest thing you have to do. Can you breathe without the help of God?"

"Why, of course I can," answered Rob, throwing back his shoulders and taking in a long breath of fresh morning air.

"Let's go back to Genesis and see about that," said Aunt Alice. Then she opened her Bible and read to wondering Rob the account of the creation of the first man. "And God breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul." Do you think since then that man has become independent of God, and can breathe without his help, or without breathing his air?" she asked.

"His air!" exclaimed Rob.

"Why, yes," answered Aunt Alice. "Who else makes the air if God does not? Who mixes the right proportion of oxygen and hydrogen together and purifies it after our lungs have poisoned it with carbon?"

"Why, God, I suppose," Rob answered. "Then, you see, you cannot do the very first thing that is necessary to keep you alive without the help of God, and still you think you can take care of yourself, and do not need to pray in the morning. Now, how about your breakfast?"

"Why, papa buys the food, and Bridget cooks it, and mamma tells her how and what to cook."

"Yes, I know, but who provides it that your papa may buy it?"

"Why, the baker," answered Rob, looking surprised that his Aunt Alice didn't know that.

"Yes, but who furnishes flour for the baker?"

"Why, the miller, of course."

"Yes, but where does the miller get his wheat to grind?"

"Of the farmer."

"And who gives it to the farmer?"

"It grows."

"But what makes it grow—the rain, the soil? These are all furnished by God. So God is back of every loaf of bread that comes into the house, yet you think it isn't worth while to ask him in the morning to 'give us this day our daily bread.'"

"I won't say another word, Aunt Alice," said Rob, breaking down. "I am going to commence to-morrow morning before I come down from my room."

"Why not commence this morning?" asked Aunt Alice. "It isn't too late."

"Sure enough," said Rob, and down he dropped by the side of his bed upon his knees.

A GOOD SKYE TERRIER.

Ulysses is the name of Marshall Pierce's Skye terrier, and Marshall thinks he is a wonderful dog. One day Marshall took Ulysses for a sail on the lake near his home. While they were out a storm came up, the little boat was struck by a big wave and upset. Marshall is a good swimmer, but he was a long way from land, and besides he was so chilled by the cold water that he was afraid to try to swim to the shore.

The boat floated bottom-side up, and he climbed on it and decided to wait until he could be picked up by some one.

Ulysses clambered up beside him, but after a little time the dog sprang into the water and swam ashore. He ran up to Marshall's home and by his barking made the family understand that something had happened.

Marshall's father and brother started at once for the boat landing. It had grown dark by this time and nothing could be seen on the lake, but they heard a voice that they recognized. A boat was soon gotten ready, and the two men rowed in the direction of the sounds.

They found Marshall clinging to the boat, nearly frozen. Ulysses stood on the shore barking and capering with delight when he saw his young master brought in.