

Grandma.

When grandma puts her glasses on
And looks at me—just so
If I have done a naughty thing
She's sure, somehow, to know,
How is it she can always tell
So very, very, very well?

She says to me: "Yes, little one,
"Tis written in your eye!"
And if I look the other way,
And turn and seem to try
To hunt for something on the floor,
She's sure to know it all the more.

If I should put the glasses on,
And look in grandma's eyes,
Do you suppose that I should be
So very, very wise?
Now, what if I should find it true
That grandma had been naughty, too?

But, ah! what am I thinking of?
To dream that grandma could
Be anything in all her life,
But sweet and kind and good!
I'd better try myself to be
So good that when she looks at me
With eyes so loving all the day
I'll never want to turn away.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, JUNE 19, 1897.

JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

JUNE 27, 1897.

Israelites returning from captivity.—Neh. 2, 9.

A BRAVE MAN.

There have been many men who have justly earned the title of belonging to God's nobility. Their names were not enshrined among those who were esteemed as great and noble, but their deeds will be rehearsed when the names of so-called heroes have been forgotten. To this class Nehemiah rightly belonged. Deeds make men brave. Longfellow says:

"Lives of great men remind us,
We may make our lives sublime."

HIS POSITION.

He was cupbearer to the king. An honourable position to which only some could attain. He was an exile from his own land, but though he was exalted above many of his fellows, he still loved his own country. He was a true patriot, and hearing of the sufferings of those who abode in their own land, his heart was troubled, and the anguish which he felt was seen in his countenance. The king saw this, and insisted to know the cause of his sorrowful appearance. Nehemiah, being a servant of more than ordinary worth, the king esteemed him very highly, and was concerned respecting him. Those who have others in their employ should care for their employees.

NEHEMIAH A MAN OF PRAYER.

When he heard of his brethren's sufferings, he commended them to God in prayer. He did not act as some have done, by saying, "I am all right enough. It is no business of mine to care for others." Such is the spirit of selfishness which is contrary to the teachings of Christianity. We are to care for others. So Nehemiah prayed for divine direction. Thus he acted in all the per-

plexities to which he was subjected, during his difficult course in conducting the people to Jerusalem and rebuilding the walls of the Holy City.

ACTION WAS REQUIRED.

He presented his case to the monarch and all that he requested was granted. Men and horses were sent to accompany him. Orders were issued for the representatives of royalty to aid him all in their power to accomplish his patriotic purposes. Nehemiah might have remained in quiet in the palace, but instead of this he exposed himself to many dangers, for he and his friends had to use both sword and trowel in the work they undertook. His position as cupbearer to the king enabled him to acquire wealth, but he spent a princely fortune while engaged at Jerusalem. Think of it! For years more than 150 Jews, besides strangers, were fed at his table. His patriotism cost him more than simply praying.

TRUE MANHOOD.

Many will say, "Be ye warned, be ye filled," and there they stop. Do not you be like them. According to your means, remember the poor. Aid those in distress. Remember true religion means doing good as well as being good. In all things be persons of prayer and strong faith; and then, like Nehemiah, you will say, "The God of heaven he will prosper us."

FREAKS OF THE MISSOURI.

In the May St. Nicholas, Frank H. Spearman has a paper entitled, "A Shifting Boundary," which is particularly timely just at present, as it tells of the way the Missouri River has of suddenly changing its boundaries. Mr. Spearman says:

Of course you've heard of the curious freaks of the Missouri River—the "Big Muddy"; how the sudden, treacherous mountain waters roll down in mighty floods from Montana and Wyoming, ricochet from side to side of the broad valley they have eaten deep into the soft prairies, and pour headlong into the Mississippi near St. Louis; how, night and day, winter and summer, the twisting torrent shifts its channel, cuts its banks, undermines railroads, astonishes the muskrats, keeps the fish studying guide-posts, worries the bridge guards, and sets the farmers crazy. For, just think of it; the Nebraska farmer whose land stretches along the river goes to bed thinking he will cut his broad acres of golden wheat in the morning; but, lo! in the night that madcap river has entered his waving fields, and like snow they have melted away. Grain, fences, trees, buildings, land—are gone! And a great, sullen, yellow flood boils and eddies where his harvest smiled yesterday.

Next week, very likely, the reckless stream will make his neighbour across the river a present of a hundred or more acres, just because he doesn't need them. Of course it was natural for a man who lost his land that way to look longingly across the river, and think, after a while, that the newly made land over there belonged to him; and many a wearisome lawsuit has been begun to recover title to "made" land which lies, maybe, exactly where the lost farm lay, but on the other side of the river. Perhaps there is some equity in such a claim; but the trouble is, that sort of thing is going on all the time, and the courts said they couldn't keep track of such pranks; that lands acquired by accretion—mark that word—should belong to the farmer who owned the river-bank where they were thrown up; that if the river took your farm, you would have to fish it out of the stream you lost it in; at least, you needn't ask the courts to give you another for it.

A LITTLE MORNING GLORY.

BY ELIZABETH P. ALLAN.

In the shadow of a noble old spruce four merry girls had stretched their tennis net, and, though the quick chase of flying balls sent them far afield into the sunshine, it did not seem to melt their enthusiasm in the least. Even small Eva, not much taller than the net, ran to pick up stray balls until her long hair dropped out of curl, and her face was like a scarlet poppy.

Many a passer-by turned the head and sent pleased smiles through the high iron railings at the pretty game. But one little passenger stopped outright, and poked her turned-up nose through the bars, with an evident desire to see all there was to be seen.

Nobody paid any attention to the little stranger, not even the picker-up of balls, though they were almost the same size. But among the four players was one

whose eye was quick with sympathy. She presently spied the dirty little face pressed against the railing.

"Run, Eva," she said, "and ask that little one to come and sit in the shade with you."

"Why, Grace, will your mother like that?" questioned one of the others.

"My mother? Well, I think so. My mother seems to think it is her fault, somehow, that all children are not as comfortable as hers."

By this time Eva had, with much difficulty, coaxed her visitor in, and Grace established both children on the shaded grass.

"There, chicks," she said, "don't budge now. My! Eva, your face is too red for anything; you mustn't run another step."

The game went on, but Grace had lost her interest in it.

"Let's rest awhile," she said. "I want to see about this small girl."

The stranger was found to be very ragged and very dirty, and Grace was much taken up about it.

"If you will let me put you in the bath-tub," she said to the child, "I will give you a clean dress." The little one shook her head.

"Eva," said the older sister, "run and get that pink gingham that mother said we could give away; the one that is too tight in the neck for you."

The sight of the pink gingham overcame the child's dislike to a bath, and by sundown the little visitor was shining with her warm bath and with delight in her new garments. True, the tennis game was not finished, but the girls found that a little sister of the poor was far more interesting than tennis.

"Now, 'Morning-Glory,'" said Grace, giving her a little piece of comb for the pink gingham pocket, "if you will keep your hair smooth for a week, I'll give you a pink ribbon for it."

"What made you call her that, Grace?" asked one of them.

"For one thing—she looked so fresh and sweet; and, then, I remember once mother's making me notice how morning-glories would not do any good unless they could climb up, and she said it was so with God's human creatures; if we could help them to climb upward they would be more sure to find him. Being clean is one of the first climbs upward. Don't you think so?"

Grace's visitors went home in the twilight; three silent girls, busy asking themselves whether they had ever helped any little morning-glories to climb up toward God.

A DIVER'S YARNS.

Mr. Herbert Russell relates a number of interesting facts which he had from a man who had been a diver for thirty years.

There was not much use, he said, in trying to do anything with any sunken ship or cargo that lay more than twenty fathoms deep, for beyond that the pressure of the water could not be borne over ten minutes at a time.

The amount of light under water depends very much upon the state of the atmosphere. On a clear, bright day, the sunshine will penetrate, in a sort of greenish twilight, to far greater depths than the diver is ever likely to go, revealing the surrounding objects in greatly magnified proportions. But when the weather above is dull and overcast, it begins to get dusk at a couple of fathoms beneath the surface; at six fathoms it is as gloomy as a foggy November day; and beyond that the shades of darkness increase fathom after fathom until it is like the blackness of a starless night. It is but seldom, however, that a diver working during the daytime, at any depth short of a hundred feet, is unable to discern the outline of the wreck he is engaged upon.

The costume of the diver consists of a tight-fitting waterproof suit, a pair of shoes with heavy leaden soles to enable him to keep a steady footing, and the headpiece or helmet. This is a metal casing fitting over the head, and strapped down upon the shoulders, into which air is pumped through a long tube connected with the boat from which the diver makes his descent.

When the diver is equipped, and ready to make the descent, he ties a small rope round his chest, called a life-line. This is used for hauling him up again, and for purposes of communicating. On arriving at the bottom of the sea one smart pull at the line is a sign to those in the boat above that he has alighted in safety. Two pulls signifies that he has discovered the wreck, and wants slings or ropes to be lowered that he may attach them to articles of her cargo. Three tugs at the rope is a signal for larger and more powerful slings, and four pulls means a demand for the "dogs" to be sent down, these being

instruments used for the prizing out of weighty objects. Five pulls implies that the diver wishes to be hauled to the surface, and six pulls that he is foul of a rock and cannot clear himself.

The usual mode of descent is by going down a short flight of steps over the vessel's side, and thence sinking slowly to the bottom. The buoyancy of the water renders a man as light as a feather as soon as he gets beneath the surface. My diver friend told me that frequently, while groping about the decks of a submerged wreck, he has stumbled and fallen through some yawning hatch to the bottom of her hold, and come down as softly as a piece of fluff alighting upon a Turkey carpet.

BRAVE MARGARET CARGILL.

Margaret Cargill was a lovely and cultured Scottish girl, who, early in life, had the faith and the courage to leave home and friends, and, with the noble young man to whom she had pledged her troth, set forth to face all the horrors and dangers of cannibalism in the South Pacific Islands.

Mr. and Mrs. Cargill sailed from England in October, 1832. Their first field of labour was Tonga, where they had many thrilling experiences. But it was when Mr. Cargill was appointed to Fiji that the true test of their devotion came. At that time the Fijians were among the most savage and debased of men. Not many weeks before, news had come of a fearful feast on one of these islands during which two hundred men and one hundred women had been slaughtered, cooked, and eaten.

Yet this noble, heroic young woman said, when she heard of the call, "Well, David, I did not expect it to be so; but the Lord knows what is good for us. If it be his will for us to go to Fiji, I am content."

After a perilous trip their little schooner came in sight of their destination, the island of Lakemba. So great was the peril they ran from the hostile natives that the captain dared not take the vessel near to the shore. Seeing the captain's hesitation, Mr. Cargill said, "Send us ashore in your boat. We will go and see the island chief."

As the little boat neared the beach two hundred natives, mostly men, armed with spears, clubs, and arrows, stood on the shore. They were nearly nude, and their gleaming bodies were smeared with paint. They gazed with astonishment on the missionaries, but gave no sign of assailing them. Then one of the savages spoke through an interpreter. "The king is waiting in a house near by," he said. "He wants to know who you are and what you want."

The missionaries went at once to the king's fortified house. God gave them the very words to speak that went straight to the king's heart. Learning that their errand was one of love and peace, he at once bade them welcome. He staked off a piece of land and made preparation to build them a house. That night they slept in the king's own canoe, sheltered by the royal boathouse on the beach.

To follow this brave and noble young woman in her labours among the degraded savages of Fiji would take a volume. Her work lay especially among the women and children of Lakemba. They soon said of her, "She is a lady of a loving spirit, therefore we love her." Ah, what will not love do!

Within a month after landing she and her husband had won their first converts. Other missionaries then came to their help, and soon there were over five hundred converts on the islands.

But the faithful and devoted Margaret Cargill was called from labour to reward ere she had seen much more than the first-fruits of the subsequent glorious harvest. On June 2, 1840, when only thirty-one years of age, her sweet spirit took its flight.

When he saw the end was near, her husband, choked with sobs, bent over her and asked, "Are you really going to leave me, Margaret?"

Her reply was, "Yes, David, because Jesus bids me come."

One of the Fiji chiefs, viewing her dead body, said, "There lies a lady who was never angry with us, and who always smiled when we entered her house."

A promise made should be kept, no matter how hard it may be to keep it. "I entirely forgot my promise," one says, as if forgetting it were much less a sin than deliberately breaking it. We have no right to forget any promise we make to another. If we cannot trust our memory we should make note of our promises and engagements on paper, and then keep them scrupulously on the very minute.—Dr. Miller.