

Shun the Cider.

BY NETTIE A. PERHAM.

I wouldn't touch the cider,
Oh, no, I'd let it be,
It is the safest way, boys,
As you will clearly see.
For if you stand for temperance,
And never taste the stuff,
It surely cannot harm you,
That fact is plain enough.

I wouldn't sip the cider,
Although it may be sweet,
Nor suck it through a straw, boys,
When with your mates you meet;
For soon, before you know it,
It may be sour instead;
There have been cider drunkards,
About them I have read.

And if you start with cider,
You'll soon be taking beer,
Then something even stronger,
Till friends for you will fear;
So better be abstainers,
The temperance pledge now sign,
And never, never dally
With cider, beer, and wine.

OUR PERIODICALS:

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.

Christian Guardian, weekly.....	Yearly \$1 09
Methodist Magazine and Review, 96 pp., monthly illustrated.....	2 00
Christian Guardian and Methodist Magazine and Review.....	2 75
Magazine and Review, Guardian and Onward together.....	3 25
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly.....	1 00
Sunday-School Banner, 65 pp., 8vo., monthly.....	0 60
Onward, 8 pp., 4to., weekly, under 5 copies.....	0 60
5 copies and over.....	0 50
Pleasant Hours, 4 pp., 4to., weekly, single copies.....	0 30
Less than 20 copies.....	0 25
Over 20 copies.....	0 21
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than ten copies.....	0 15
10 copies and upwards.....	0 12
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than ten copies.....	0 15
10 copies and upwards.....	0 12
Dew Drops, weekly (2 cents per quarter).....	0 07
Berean Senior Quarterly (quarterly).....	0 20
Berean Leaf, monthly.....	0 65
Berean Intermediate Quarterly (quarterly).....	0 65
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 24c. a dozen; \$2 per 100; per quarter, 6c. a dozen; 50c. per 100.	

THE ABOVE PRICES INCLUDE POSTAGE.

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto.

C. W. COATES, 2176 St. Catherine St., Montreal.
S. F. HUERTIS, Wesleyan Book Room, Halifax, N.S.

Pleasant Hours:

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

TORONTO, JULY 15, 1899.

JUBILEE VOLUME OF THE METHODIST MAGAZINE AND REVIEW.

The July number begins the fiftieth volume of our Connexional Monthly. It will have splendidly illustrated articles on two of Canada's great industries, Agriculture and Lumbering; also an article on the growth of Methodism in the Dominion. This volume will have several articles on the progress of Methodism and missions in Canada and throughout the world during this wonderful century, showing the ground for gratitude and obligation for thanksgiving and thanks-living as we enter the twentieth century with all its boundless possibilities.

The June number, containing the beginning of two stirring serials—one illustrated—of "John Wesley and his Times," will be given free with this Jubilee volume. You cannot afford to do without it. Please send your subscription of \$1.00 for seven numbers, and help this Magazine and Review to make another long stride forward. William Briggs, Publisher; W. H. Withrow, Editor.

THE REFINER.

A little bit of gold was once lying hid in the earth. It had lain hid so long that it thought it should never be used, and it said to itself:

"Why do I lie idle here? Why am I not picked up, that men may see me shine?"

One day a man dug it up, looked at it, and said:

"There is some gold in this lump; but I cannot use it as it is; I must take it to the refiner."

When the refiner got it he threw it into a melting-pot, and heated his fire to melt the gold. As soon as the little piece of gold felt the heat of the fire, it began to tremble, and cried:

"I wish that I had lain quiet in the earth."

But the fire grew hotter and hotter, and at last the gold melted, and left the earthy part of the lump by itself.

"Now," said the gold, "my troubles are over; now I shall shine."

But its troubles were not over yet. The man took it once more and began to hammer it into shape.

"Ah," said the gold, "what a trouble it is to be gold; if I had been dross or common earth, I should not have been put to all this pain."

"That is true," replied the man; "if you had been dross, you would not have had all this pain, but you would not have become what you are now—a beautiful gold ring."

The piece of gold is the human heart. The dross or common earth means its faults and weaknesses. God is the refiner who sends trials and troubles to make us good and strong and take away our defects.

Pain is one of the trials. If we bear it patiently, God will make us better by it. He will make us brave and gentle. Next time you have pain, say to yourself:

"My Father is taking away my faults; I must be patient."

THE BOY WITH A KODAK.

John and his sister Flora were sitting on the grass in the front yard, playing jackstones. It seemed impossible for

and stepping over the fence he walked quickly away.

"Queer chap, isn't he?" said John, looking after him uneasily.

A few days afterward, when they were playing in the yard, they saw the tall boy again crossing the street; but this time he had some cards in his hands.

"Here, sis," said he, holding one toward Flora. She took it curiously and gazed at it in blank amazement. Then her face flamed with shame and mortification.

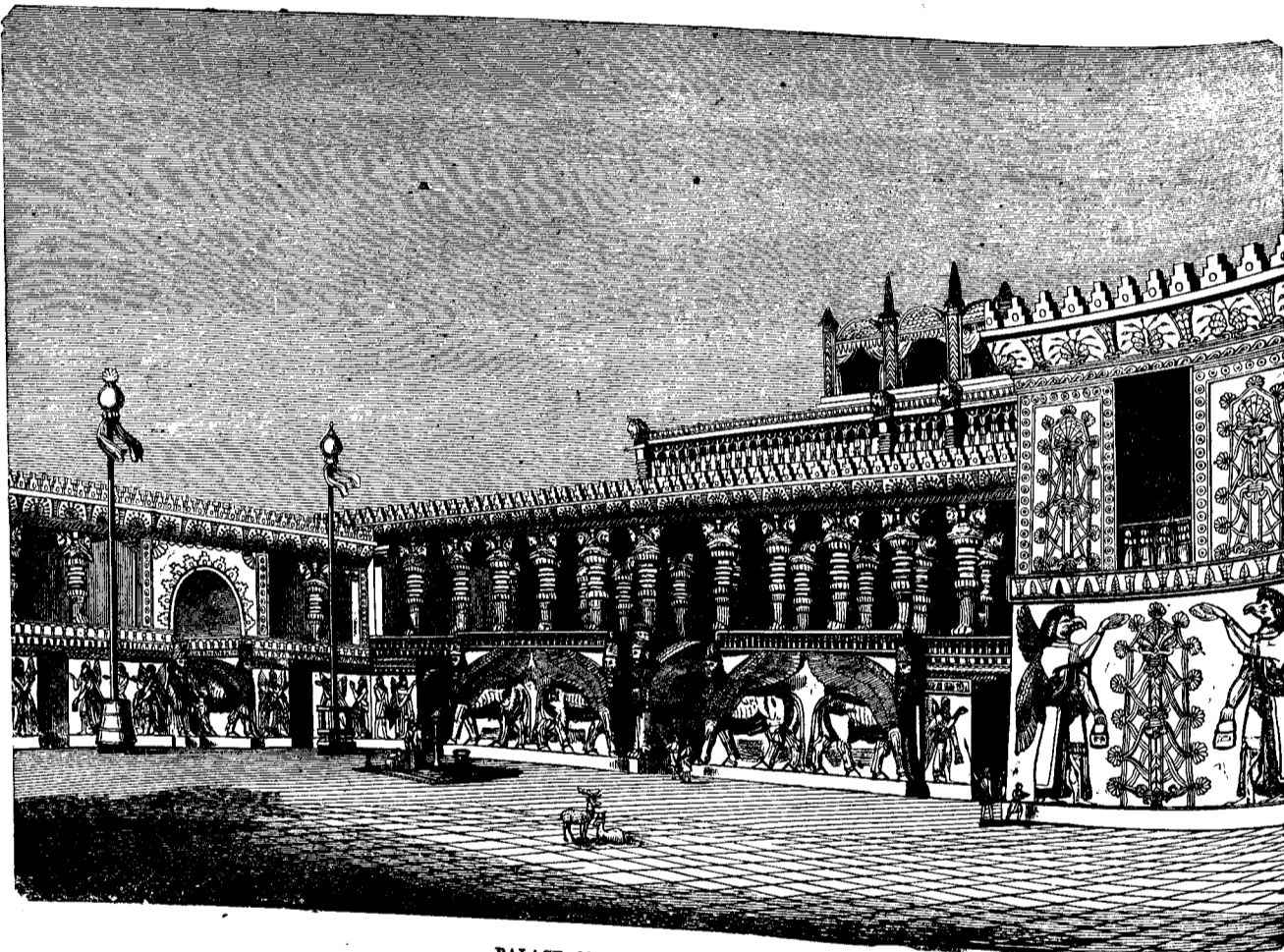
There she was, photographed, her clenched fist raised, and in the act of striking her brother, while on her face was a most unbecoming expression of rage and revenge. Never before had she seen herself in a passion. Her mirror always reflected her face when in a complacent mood, and at such times it was not uncomely. She had no idea it could become thus transformed.

John stood silently looking at it over her shoulder. The tall boy then handed the other card to John.

He would have laughed outright if it had not been a photograph of himself. The deep frown and the distorted features were anything but pleasant to look upon. He felt deeply chagrined and mortified, as he looked at the card.

"You see, I took you the other day when you were fighting," explained the boy, leaning against the fence.

"You fight a great deal, don't you? I have tried several times to take you from my window across the street, but



PALACE OF SARGON—RESTORED.

these two children to play together for any length of time without having what their big sister named their "difference." Across the street stood a large hotel, always well-filled during the summer months with city people who came to enjoy the sweet country air, and tan themselves on the lakes.

John looked up and saw a tall boy coming across the street. In his hand he carried a curious-looking box. He coolly stepped over the low iron fence that surrounded the yard, and seated himself on the grass a few feet from them. He did not seem inclined to talk, so the game went on as if he had not been there. Flora was tossing the jackstones when John exclaimed:

"There! That's a miss."
"Well, it wasn't but a little one," said Flora, holding it away from his outstretched hand.

"A miss is a miss, big or little," said John, getting very much in earnest. "Come, hand it over. It's my turn."

But Flora only shook her head defiantly, and put her hand behind her.

"You're a cheat—that's what you are!" exclaimed John, angrily.

At this Flora raised her hand and struck her brother on the arm. He resented it by making an ugly grimace at her.

Snap, snap, went the box in the stranger boy's hand. Both turned in surprise.

"What makes that thing do that? What is it, anyhow?" John demanded.
"I'll tell you later," said the tall boy,

I did not succeed. Kodaks are getting to be quite common playthings nowadays. We shall have to tidy up our manners, for there's no knowing when we are going to be photographed. I have a stack of pictures of people who don't dream that I have photographed them in all their moods and tenses. It's a fine way to study human nature. You may keep those pictures," and, so saying, he walked away.

John and Flora looked at each other in shamefaced silence. One could not exult over the other. The defeat was for both of them.

"Say, Flora," said John, at length, "let's not fight any more."
"I won't if you won't," answered Flora.

Ever after that day, when they felt that they were getting angry, the remembrance of a picture which their sister had tacked up in each room caused them to change their tactics instantly.—Advance.

Berlin is said to be the most quiet city in Europe. Railway engines are not allowed to blow their whistles within the city limits. There is no loud bawling of hucksters, and a man whose wagon gearing is loose and rattling is subject to a fine. The courts have a large discretion as to fines for noise-making. Strangest of all, piano-playing is regulated in Berlin. Before a certain hour in the day and after a certain hour in the night, the piano must be silent in that musical city.

A BOY OF TO-DAY

BY

Julia MacNair Wright.

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

CHAPTER V.

HE PUTS HIS SHOULDER TO THE WHEEL.

The potato-field, where it was Heman's fortune to plant potatoes on that March Saturday, lay next the road. Spring had set in very early. The field lay sloping a little to the south; a thick line of low-growing tamaracks sheltered it from the north winds, and the Sinnets always boasted of having the finest and earliest potatoes in the township. Heman considered himself an adept at potato planting. At the side of the field the basket stood with the cut slices.

Hung by a strap about Heman's neck was a tin pail for the pieces to plant in two rows. Hoe in hand he marched down a furrow, planting at set distances and covering as he planted; then back in the same track, planting the ridge on the other side of the furrow, and so reached the basket for a new supply. We might imagine a scientific boy, a student boy, as cheering himself on in such work by considering the wonders of potato growth, how a potato is not a root, but a thick underground stem, a food storehouse for the plant, and by

diligent cultivation becoming much the more a food store-house for man; he might have considered how it grew from eyes, which are simply buds, capable of throwing out stalk and roots, or from the seeds of the pretty but despised flower; he might have thought how the medicinal tomato, the injurious tobacco, and the dangerous nightshade, are all first-cousins of the potato, and so on indefinitely. Heman thought nothing of the kind, yet did not lack for cheer; he liked to hear the call of the first robins, to mark the crafty manners of the crows, to see the fresh promise of the grass, and notice the rosettes of mullein growing along the fence corners.

When Heman looked down the earth kept him in good fellowship; there were snail-shells turned out by the recent ploughing; he wondered if he could find an arrow-head to present to the school-master, and he observed the quantities of angle-worms, and meditated when he could go a-fishing. If he looked upward there were broad blue skies to fill his heart with exultation; spring was in the air, and to-day low in the north-west lay a pile of black clouds like gigantic castles, clouds which D'rexy called wind-clouds, and "Rias" weather breeders.

Some schoolmates passed along the road and stopped to interview him.

"Say, Heman, come, go fishin'! Theirs lots of bull-pout in the creek now, an' perch! Timmy caught nine-teen shiners last night. Come on. It'll be warm 'nuff to wade, mebbey."