

Thanksgiving.

BY SUSAN COULIBER.

The beautiful summer is cold and dead,
She has passed away like the rest
The other fair summers long since fled
From the woods and the meadow-crest:
The blossoms of spring were white and
sweet
But they paled and shrank from the
touch of the heat.
The fields are shining yellow and dun,
Where the autumn gathered its tale of
grain;
We thank thee, Lord, for the blessed
sun.
We thank thee for the rain
Our beautiful summer is passed and fled,
We are older grown and gray,
The spring is gone from the youthful
tread,
The laugh from the lips once gay;
The childish hope in the child's eyes
is darkened by many a sad surprise;
But the promise stands sure as then
it stood.
We can smile in loss as we smiled in
gain,
And we thank thee, Lord of the year,
for the good,
And we bless thee for the pain.

OUR PERIODICALS:

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.	Yearly	Sub'n
Christian Guardian, weekly.	...	\$1 00
Methodist Magazine and Review, 90 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 6 copies.	0 60	
6 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 24	
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than ten copies.	0 15	
10 copies and upwards.	0 12	
Claypy 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 05	
Berean Intermediate Quarterly (quarterly).	0 05	
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, S. F. HUSTON,
2176 St. Catherine St., Wesleyan Book Room,
Montreal, Halifax, N.S.

Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 26, 1898.

JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

DECEMBER 4, 1898.

THE COMING OF THE MESSIAH.

PROMISED TO ADAM.

"And I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed; it shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel."—Gen. 3. 15.

Like a bright star shining amid the darkness, so through the long ages the promise of the Messiah shone in the sky till at last the Star of Bethlehem led where the Young Child lay. He was indeed the bright and morning star. No sooner had Adam's sin "brought death into the world, and all our woe, till one greater Man restore us," than the promise was given that Satan's head should be bruised, that his kingdom should be destroyed. For four thousand years that promise sustained the hearts of God's people, the patriarchs and the prophets, who saw his day afar off, and were glad.

To our first parents—driven from the sinless bowers of Paradise, their joys of Eden shattered, the trailing of the Serpent around and over all, their first-born son the murderer of his brother, and all the hapless ruin of the fall around them—came this blessed promise to rescue their souls from utter despair, to sustain their hearts as they fared forth from the gates of Eden, guarded evermore by the flaming swords of cherubim, into the wilderness world. And God was still with them. He did not forsake them, but gave this blessed promise which grew brighter and brighter as the ages passed, till at last it was fulfilled in the coming of his Son, Jesus of Nazareth, born of the Virgin Mary, to restore our lost and ruined race to highest Christian manhood.

EVERGREEN SCHOOLS.

We reprint this article from Onward, as we are anxious that it should reach all our schools.

We hope that our schools will try more than ever to keep open all the winter. We know that, in some cases, on account of bad roads and the great distance to be travelled, this is difficult; but where-ever the week-day school is kept open for five days in the week, we think it ought not to be impossible to have the Sunday-school open on one day of the week.

A very considerable number of our Sunday-schools, unfortunately, close in the winter, thus the school becomes scattered, and it is often difficult to re-organize in the spring and takes a long time to get into running order. We think it most disastrous to the best interests of the schools that these interruptions should occur.

In many cases it has been found that the introduction of the Sunday-school papers has been sufficient to keep the schools open in the winter, where, without them, they would have been closed. But if it be found absolutely impossible to keep the school open regularly, the next best thing—and not a bad thing either—would be to still take the papers, and, as is done in many places, distribute them to the families at the regular weekly or fortnightly service, as the case may be. These papers will all have the lessons; and fathers and mothers, at the home fireside, can have a Sunday-school of their own children, and thus keep up the good and godly habit of the regular study of the Word of God.

This is done with great success in some scattered neighbourhoods where it is not found practicable to have a school at all, and certainly can be accomplished, with best results, in very many places where the schools have to be suspended during the winter. But by all means make an effort to keep it open, notwithstanding rain and snow storms; and if the younger children and those residing at a great distance cannot come, send them their papers. Let them feel that they are not forgotten, and urge them to keep up the memorizing of the golden texts and the memory verses; and also urge the parents to hear them recite these verses, and answer the questions given in the papers. The parents will thus themselves become more interested in the school and the welfare of their children, and may be induced to take a greater interest in the school itself, and become themselves adult scholars—as they ought to be.

A BROTHER OF GIRLS.

BY JULIA H. JOHNSTON.

The old-time significance of the edelweils is familiar to most, but it is worth while at any time to recall it, and some may not know it. The edelweils, that pale flower found with the greatest difficulty among the snows of Alpine heights, was only to be worn by youths and men of pure, true hearts, and noble, stainless lives. In the olden days, the highest compliment one could have was to receive a gift of this snowflower of the heights. It meant so much. Well might any one covet the honour of wearing the edelweils, and seek to do it worthily. As one had to climb high to get it, so one had to aim high, in his life, to wear it.

"He is fit to be a brother of girls," is a description that has come down to us, which is as significant as that other, "He is worthy to wear the edelweils." Here is an ambition worthy of any boy.

To attain that good comradeship which is a most beautiful and helpful thing between boys and girls, a boy should be indeed true-hearted, pure-hearted, gentle and manly, and should show it by the fine courtesy and consideration which is so winsome, and so entirely worthy of a strong character.

The energetic, growing boy sometimes thinks girls tiresome, and even—yes, he occasionally says it, "too silly." They are easily scared, he remarks, and can't take care of themselves, and need no end of petting and fussing generally. A fellow has to keep himself in and hold himself down, and it is "no fun," says this boy, to attend upon his sisters and their friends.

But, my dear young sir, you are growing up, remember, and there is something to be thought of besides fun, although the right sort is excellent and even indispensable in its place. What sort of a man do you wish and intend to be?

You will not manufacture your manhood out of whole cloth in a week or two after you attain your proud majority and cast your first vote. You are making it now, piece by piece. If you had no higher ambition than to be well-mannered, it would be worth while to practice upon your sisters in the school

of home and in the circle just outside of it, with its daily study and social interchange. Granted, for a moment, that girls are sometimes tiresome, or that some of them are is not that all the more reason for their having good brothers, who will help them to be braver, more self-reliant and strong?

The boy who is fit to be a brother of girls has a magnificent scorn of everything low and mean. Language that he would not use in the presence of his sister and her companions, he will not use at all. Rough, careless, slouching, selfish ways he will never cultivate, but will curb and cure them, if betrayed into them, and this, first of all, because they are wrong in themselves.

The brother of girls will guard against the sarcastic, irritating, contemptuous (and contemptible) sort of teasing which harrows up a girl's soul. If it is required of a good woman that the "law of kindness should be in her tongue," why should it not be demanded also of the boy and of the man he is to be? There is plenty of room for sharpening of wits in allowable raillery and pleasantry that has no sting in it.

One of the tenderest titles given our Lord is that of "The Elder Brother," and to many a favoured girl this has a deep and sweet significance. Well may any boy seek a kind brotherliness like the Master's, which will make him a tower of strength to weaker ones, and the good comrade and helper of all.—Interior.

A company of men were in the Arctic regions at Christmas time, and they could not help thinking of their families at home, and longing to be with them. But they knew it would not do to be homesick, for it would unfit them for their work, so they chose the best possible cure for it—they made other people happy. The little Eskimo children around them had never even heard of a Christmas tree, and the men of the ship's company went to work to make one. "Make one? Why, trees grow!" Certainly, but they do not grow in the Arctic lands, for these explorers were far north of the tree line. But they took bones of the whale, walrus, and other animals, and tied them together so as to make a trunk with branches. That was the tree. A Christmas without candy would seem strange to you, but instead of candy they made balls of whale fat, or blubber, of which the Eskimo children are as fond as you are of chocolate drops or peanut brittle. They hung these on the tree, and prepared some little presents of buttons and beads, and that was all. But it was enough for a delightful time for the little Eskimos, and their pleasure made the men so happy that they forgot their loneliness and homesickness.—Christian Herald.

SLANG FROM THE DAYS OF OLD ROME.

Miss E. F. Andrews writes an article on "Some Vagabond Words," for St. Nicholas. Miss Andrews says:

"Passing through a vacant lot the other day, where some boys were having a game of ball, I heard one of them who had got a rap on the knuckles from a 'foul' exclaim, 'Jiminy, that hurts!' and then, after rubbing his fingers a moment, he went back to his place on the field, little dreaming that he had just uttered a solemn invocation to the old Roman demigods Castor and Pollux. For our vulgar 'jiminy' is but a corruption of the Latin 'gemini,' twins, a name applied to Castor and Pollux, the twin sons of Jupiter and Leda. These hero gods were the patrons of games and festivals of all kinds, and the especial friends of travellers; hence, when an old Roman exclaimed, 'O Gemini!' it was a devout appeal to the gods for help or protection, very much the same as when a knight of old called on his patron saint.

Sir Walter Raleigh, a man of courage and honour, was once insulted by a hot-headed youth, who challenged him, and, on his refusal, spat upon him in public. The knight, taking out his handkerchief, made this reply: "Young man, if I could as easily wipe your blood from my conscience as I can this injury from my face, I would this moment take away your life." The youth was so struck with a strong sense of his misbehaviour, that he fell upon his knees, and begged forgiveness.

To be cheerful in the face of misfortune is to show the highest type of courage. The Christian may rest assured that he will be able to do this, for the promises of heaven are pledged to him in his day of need.

WHERE IS MY BOY?

There are heart-songs so intensely and universally human and true that they will always have their occasion and their sympathetic ministry. One of these is the well-known hymn, "Where is my wandering boy to-night?" The following is condensed from a chapter of autobiography in The Union Gospel News:

A young civil engineer of Western Kentucky, who assisted his father in his business of railroad prospecting and surveying, had contracted intemperate habits. His work from place to place threw him into the society of loose men, much more than his father seemed to be aware of, and being a generous, convivial fellow, he paid for his popularity by copying their indulgences.

His dangerous appetite and his occasional fits of dissipation were so shrewdly concealed that his parents were kept in ignorance of them for two years—until he was twenty years old. They were worthy people and constant church-goers, the father being choir-leader and the mother a fine soprano singer.

Once, while the young man was employed on a section of road forty miles from home, it became necessary to "lie over" from Thursday noon till Monday. His father would be detained till Saturday, reaching home in time for the choir-rehearsal, but the son returned at once and went to a liquor-saloon to commence a three days' "spree."

The saloon-keeper understood his case too well and kept him hidden in his own apartments. When his father returned, expecting to find the boy at home, a surprise awaited him. Trouble began when the question, "Where's Harry?" informed the startled mother that he was missing.

For the Sunday evening service she was to sing a solo, and by special request—because she sang it so well—her selection was to be the hymn: "Where is my wandering boy?"

It seemed to her impossible to perform her promise under the circumstances; and when, on Sunday morning, a policeman found Harry, the certainty was no more comforting than the suspense had been; but she was advised that he would be "all right to-morrow morning," and that she had better not see him until he "sobered up."

She controlled her grief as well as she could, took her part that day in the choir as usual, and made no change for the evening.

Toward night Harry began to come to himself. His father had hired a man to stay with him and see to his recovery, and when he learned that his mother had been told of his plight the information cut him to the heart and helped to sober him.

When the bells rang he announced his determination to go to church. He knew nothing of the evening programme. He was still in his working clothes, but no reasoning could dissuade him, and his attendant, after making him as presentable as possible, went with him to the service.

Entering early by a side door, they found seats in a secluded corner, but not far from the pulpit and the organ. The house filled, and after the usual succession of prayer, anthem and sermon the time for the solo came. It was probably the first time in that church that a mother had ever sung out of her own soul's distress:

"Oh, where is my wand'ring boy to-night,
The child of my love and care?"

What faith sustained her, when every word must have been a cruel stab? The great audience caught the feeling of the song, but there was one heart as near to breaking as her own. That he was present she had no knowledge. She had sung the last stanza,

"Go for my wandering boy to-night,
Go search for him where you will,
But bring him to me with all his blight,
And tell him I love him still."
"Oh, where is my wandering boy?"

when a young man in a woollen shirt and corduroy trousers and jacket made his way to the choir stairs with outstretched arms, and, sobbing like a child, exclaimed:

"Here I am, mother!"
The mother hastened down the steps and folded him in her arms. The astonished organist, quick to take in the meaning of the scene, pulled out all his stops and played "Old Hundred"—"Praise God from whom all blessings flow." The congregation, with their hundreds of voices, joined in the great doxology, while the father, the pastor and the friends of the returned prodigal stood by him with moist eyes and welcoming hands.

The wayward boy ended his wanderings then and there. That moment was a consecration and the beginning of a life of sobriety and Christian usefulness.