

Snowdrops.

GLEAMING, drifting, whirling, drifting,
Through the dark pine boughs one lay,
Far from home, a thousand tiny
Wind-swept snowflakes lost their way;
From such dainty froak and mirth,
Weary quite, they sank to earth.

Sad winds sighed there sunbeams tried their
Smiles the wee things to awake,
Till, one glad morn, see uplifted
In a flower, each wayward dare.
Fearless they again stormy skies
They're of an -w-lak - - - -
-Marion Howd Allen in Cottage Hearth.

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Pleasant Hours:

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

TORONTO, MARCH 17, 1888.

TEACH CHILDREN HOW TO USE MONEY.

Show the child early the use of money, its use in obtaining necessities, and in promoting works of benevolence. Train the child in the right direction as to the estimate of money, as to its use, and as to the objects on which it should be expended. In after-life he will have much to do with it. Teach him betimes to handle it aright. It is of much practical importance that young children should be accustomed themselves to have, to keep, and to use money. They should not only by precept be taught, but by experience trained, to know that it is wrong to throw it uselessly away, and to know the blessedness of giving for the good of those that need. There is more power than most of us are yet aware of in the practice of letting children have some pence of their own, to be laid out according to their own judgment, or given in charity on the impulse of their own will. Of course, there will be a continuous effort to imbue the child's mind with correct ideas, but there should not be direct interference with the freedom of his act. I would rather see an occasional mistake, which might afterwards be turned to good account, than make him a mere agent in executing my order. It is not his hand, but his

will, that is to be exercised, and influenced, and trained. It is but a little act, the miniature, as it were, of a good deed, but it derives its importance from being the act of a little man,—one who will soon be acting a man's part on the wide arena of the world. The infant is the germ of the man. The infant's habits, and likings, and actions are the rudder, already settling its direction, which will soon sweep into the strong stream of life.

OUR S. S. PAPERS.

THE children of Hope, on the Fraser River, are delighted to receive their beautiful Sunday school papers. They eagerly examine the fine pictures, and take pleasure in reading and hearing the many interesting little stories and incidents.

On account of the illness of a few of the children in the early winter, and the death of one of our dear little ones, together with the intense cold and more recent deep snows, we have not been able to assemble the entire school for some weeks, but so soon as practicable hope to resume before long. This dear little lamb, Maud Wardle, about four years old, has been taken from the earthly to the heavenly fold, there to dwell with Jesus the Good Shepherd. We miss that sweet little voice that led the singing in the absence of her mother the last Sunday she was at Sunday-school, ringing out so musically—

"Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand," etc.

and also her favourite piece,

"When he cometh, etc.,
To make up his jewels."

We did not then think that she was so soon to "shine in Christ's kingdom, a gem for his crown."

We cannot imagine any better or prettier papers for children than *Home and School*, *Pleasant Hours*, *Happy Days*, and *Sunbeam*, full of instruction, interest and charm. If the papers be read and the morals practised, they cannot fail to help cheer, brighten and Christianize households. —A Reader in British Columbia.

A METHODIST ELEPHANT.

DR. MANSELL tells of a rich East Indian, who came to camp-meeting last year with his elephant, and as he was a Methodist, of course, his elephant was a Methodist elephant. The preachers and the children took rides upon it, and felt much pleased to have it at the camp-meeting. Its master also owned several villages, but his possessions did not keep him from seeking the true riches, as was the case with the young man who came to the Saviour. Although a nominal Christian, he did not enjoy the peace which comes from a knowledge of pardoned sin, so he stood up before the great multitude, and asked them to pray for him. In a short time he received the assurance that he was accepted as a child of God, and that



A KAREN MOTHER AND CHILD.

gave him a happiness which all his riches failed to do. In a few months he died a martyr's death, and Hamanan went to heaven from a land of heathenism. Will we be less wise than this Hindu? Will we let our little wealth and cares keep our hearts from being chiefly interested in our soul's salvation?—M. E. D.

A KAREN MOTHER AND CHILD.

BURMAH is not inhabited by the Burmese only. Beyond the Burmese cities, among the beautiful mountains and in jungle villages, dwell tribes of people called Karens. They were subdued long ago by the Burmese, and they have always been oppressed and ill-treated by their conquerors. Their religion is different from that of the Burmese; they speak a different language, and wear a different dress. The light bamboo hut and plaited grass cradle and broad palm-leaf fan will be observed in the picture, also the pointed shoes and armlets of the mother. Much more than the proud Burmans, they have been willing to receive the Gospel of Christ, and many thousands of them are now followers of the Lord Jesus.

"ANY IN HEAVEN, TOO?"

LITTLE Mary was sitting with her Uncle George one afternoon. Uncle George had told her to keep quiet, as he had some accounts to look over; so Mary busied herself with a picture-book. For an hour all was still, then Mary heard her uncle say: "There I have quite a nice little sum laid up against a time of need." "What are you talking about, Uncle George?" asked Mary. "About my treasures, little girl, that I have laid up." "Up in heaven?" asked Mary, who had heard her father that morning read about laying up treasures in heaven. "Oh, no, Mary; my treasures are all

on earth—some in banks and some in other places," answered Uncle George. "But ain't you got any in heaven, too?" asked Mary. "Well, I don't believe I have," said Uncle George, thoughtfully. "But run away to your mother now, for I am going out." Uncle George went out, was gone a good while, but all the time he was thinking that, after all, perhaps he was not so well off if he had no treasures laid up in heaven, to be ready for him when he left this world and his money behind him. He was so impressed with the thought that he wisely determined to lay up treasures in heaven. He did so. Little Mary never knew until years after—when she also, with a clearer understanding of what it meant, began herself to lay up treasures in heaven—that it was her childish question that started Uncle George on a generous, active Christian life.—Zion's Herald.

I wish some strong, bright angel stood before you, just now, while you read, girls, to flash before you as no words of mine can, the power you possess to help or hinder the cause of temperance; to make you feel your responsibility, because you are girls, in this matter; to shudder at its weight and to never cease trying to fulfil it. . . . When the time comes that the young man who now shares his time in your company and the saloon, who jokes about temperance in your presence, and takes a glass now and then, is made to feel that these things cannot be if you are to be his companion at party, ride or church; that good society cannot tolerate those things in its members; in short, that this kind of man is unfashionable and unpopular, then alcohol will tremble on its throne, and the liquor traffic will hide its cancerous face.—Elizabeth Cleveland, in 1882.