

The Way that Jesus Grew.

BY ELEANOR A. HUNTER.

"And Jesus increased in wisdom and stature and in favour with God and man."

WE marked one summer's morn'g
Their height upon the wall;
First Grace, then little Alice,
Next Hal, who stood so tall.
"We've all grown," said Hal, proudly,
His brown eyes bright and clear;
"If we keep on, I wonder
How tall we'll be next year."

Said little Alice gently—
Her eyes were soft and blue—
"I hope that we'll be growing
The way that Jesus grew."
It chanced at prayers that morning
This verse was hers to say:
"Jesus increased in wisdom
And stature day by day,

With God and man in favour,
Dear Lord, the lesson teach,
Thy meekness of behaviour,
The wisdom of thy speech;
How as a child thou lived'st,
Unselfish, gentle, true:
Till all earth's little children
Shall grow as Jesus grew.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

Rev. W. H. WITHROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 14, 1889.

REMEMBER

THE

S. S. AID COLLECTION

ON

REVIEW SUNDAY,

SEPTEMBER 29TH.

This collection, it will be remembered, is ordered by the General Conference to be taken up in each and every Sunday-school in the Methodist Church; and the Review Sunday, in September, is recommended as the best time for taking it up. This fund is increasing in usefulness, and does a very large amount of good. Almost all the schools comply with the Discipline in taking it up. In a few cases, however, it is neglected. It is very desirable that every school should fall into line. Even schools so poor as to need help themselves

are required to comply with the Discipline in this respect, to be entitled to receive aid from the fund. Superintendents of Circuits and Superintendents of Schools will kindly see that—in every case—the collection is taken up.

It should, when taken up, be given in charge of the Superintendent of the Circuit, to be forwarded to the District Financial Secretaries, who shall transmit the same to the Conference Sunday School Secretary, who shall, in turn, remit to Warring Kennedy, Esq., Toronto, the Lay Treasurer of the fund.

The claims on this fund are increasing faster than the fund. We need a large increase this year to even partially meet the many applications made. Over four hundred new schools have been started in the last three years by means of this fund. No fund of this comparatively small amount is doing more good.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

A minister in New Brunswick writes: "The blessings derived from your valuable papers will not be fully known until we meet on the other shore."

A missionary in British Columbia writes: "I cannot begin to tell you how much good is being done by the Sunday-school papers you have sent us. Both young and old receive them gladly, and read them with much profit. They now find their way into nearly every Protestant home on this mission, which is over three hundred miles in length; and there are many families who would have no religious reading were it not for the grant from the Sunday-school Aid Fund."

Another missionary in British Columbia writes: "The Sunday-school papers come as weekly messengers of peace and love into many places where there is no regular religious service, and into many homes where Christ is not known. It is a great encouragement to those who wish to work for God in teaching the children the way of life, to receive a grant of papers."

Another missionary in Newfoundland writes: "Just now it is utterly impossible to get a collection. I took up a Connexional Fund collection in the church recently, and with about three hundred persons present, we received fourteen cents. The people generally are lacking the common necessities of life. It is semi-starvation with many; and raising money for any purpose is out of the question."

A missionary at Grand Manan writes: "Your superior publications have largely served in making our school one of the most interesting and successful on the island. I have no hesitancy in stating that, for the price, your Sunday-school papers are superior to any extant on this continent. The vast good you are thus doing will never be known till the resurrected nations shall stand before the Great Judge, and each man receive the reward justly due him."

Another missionary in Newfoundland writes: "Our work here is done in the midst of poverty and ignorance; but there are many hopeful signs. One of the most promising being the eagerness with which the people—both young and old—crave for pure literature. It has been my earnest desire to spread reading matter of the right sort, and your response to my appeal has gladdened my heart and strengthened my hands."

A LITTLE two year-old went to church for the first time; and the choir were in the high gallery with a clock on the front. "What did you see at church?" asked auntie, when he came home. "I saw some folks sing up on the clock shelf."



THE FAIRY NETS OF THE SPIDER.

JOHN BURROUGHS, in his "Autumn Tides," thus discourses about the spiders in the fall:—

"Looking athwart the fields under the sinking sun, the ground appears covered with a shining veil of gossamer. A fairy net, invisible at mid-day, rests upon the stubble and upon the spears of grass, covering acres in extent—the work of innumerable spiders. . . . At the same time stretching from the tops and branches of trees, or from the top of a stake in the fence, may be seen the cables of the flying spider—a fairy bridge from the visible to the invisible."

Another writer thus defends the spider:—

"Strange, as some people may think it, the spider is really a very useful creature. We owe to it the destruction of numerous insects that would inflict on us the most serious injury. . . . Even, as it is, and in spite of innumerable spiders, as well as birds, farmers sometimes lose largely by the damages inflicted on their crops by particular kinds of small insects. . . . The web of the common garden spider is a very beautiful structure, being composed of silken threads arranged like the spokes of a wheel, crossed at intervals by spiral filaments. . . . These silken threads are in reality composed of numerous threads twisted together in a kind of cable by the spinnerets of the spider."—*Aims and Objects of the Toronto Humane Society.*

A COSTLY GLASS OF WINE.

THE Duke of Orleans, the eldest son of King Louis Philippe, King of France, was the inheritor of whatever rights the royal family could transmit. He was a noble young man, physically and intellectually. One morning he invited in a few of his companions as he was about to leave Paris to join his regiment. In the conviviality of the hour he drank wine. He did not become intoxicated. He was not a dissipated man; his character was lofty and noble. But in that joyous hour he partook of wine.

Bidding his companions adieu, he entered his carriage; but for that glass of wine he would have kept his seat. He leaped from the carriage; but for that glass of wine he might have alighted upon his feet. His head struck the pavement; senseless and bleeding, he was taken into a beer shop, and there died. That glass of wine overthrew the Orleans dynasty, confiscated their property of \$100,000,000 and sent the whole family into exile.

Neither you nor the one whom your example leads astray may be a prince or the heir-apparent of an earthly crown; but you may both be heirs of immortal riches, and a crown that fadeth not away. See to it that your indulgence shall not deprive you or another of such an inheritance.—*Selected.*