

Thanksgiving Day.

Cart-loads of pumpkins as yellow as gold, Onions in silvery strings, Shining red apples and clusters of grapes. Nuts and a host of good things. Chickens, and turkeys, and fat little pigs— These are what Thanksgiving brings.

Work is forgotten and playtime begins. From office, and schoolroom, and hall, Fathers, and mothers, and uncles, and aunts, Nieces, and nephews, and all, Speed away home, as they hear from afar The voice of old Thanksgiving call.

Now is the time to forget all your cares, Cast every trouble away; Think of your blessings, remember your joys, Don't be afraid to be gay! None are too old, and none are too young, To frolic on Thanksgiving Day.

OUR PERIODICALS:

Table listing various periodicals such as Christian Guardian, Methodist Magazine, and others with their respective prices and frequencies.

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto.

C. W. COATES, S. F. HURSH, 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.

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JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE. PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

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HOW WE CAN SHOW OUR RELIGION AT WORK.

Rom. 12, 11; Col. 3. 23.

This topic supposes that school days are done, that play is over, and work begun. Many boys are anxious for this, and most boys have to go to work early. Not many can stay at school after thirteen or fourteen. It is often well to learn to bear the yoke in one's youth.

If they have the chance to stay at school longer, however, we urge them to do so. A man does not waste time while sharpening his axe. He can cut the tree down much quicker when he is ready. And when one leaves school they must not think that they cannot learn any more. Why, they only begin to learn in the great school of life. Many of the greatest scholars and the greatest men in the world have had poor school advantages, but used well their after-school chances.

But when you are at work, let it be work in earnest, of the sort described by St. Paul, "Not slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord." It does not take a master long to size up a boy and find whether he is going to make his way in the world or not. When the slack time comes, and some must be dismissed, it is the slothful or the careless that must go. The diligent in business will be kept and promoted.

It should not be merely with eye service, as men pleasers, that we should work, but in singleness of heart, in the fear of God. As Paul again expresses it, "And whatsoever ye do, do it heartily, as to the Lord and not unto men." Then not only shall you receive the approbation of your employer, but of your Father in heaven. "You shall receive the reward of the inheritance: for ye serve the Lord Christ."

"Seest thou a man diligent in his business? He shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men." This was verified in the case of the late Dr. Ryerson. He learned to work—to

work hard on a farm as a boy,—the best lesson any boy can learn,—and he has stood before kings. He was the honoured servant and representative of his country in foreign courts, and died full of years and full of honours. We cannot all do that, but we can receive the honour which cometh from God, and hear him at last say, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant: thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things."

THANKFUL HEARTS.

BY CARRIE L. SESSIONS.

It was Thanksgiving week, and in almost every home unusual activity prevailed. Delicious odours were wafted out upon the frosty air, while visions of spicy pumpkin and mince pies, cranberry tarts and twisted doughnuts delighted many a child's heart. For once Turkey was subdued and great had been the slaughter. The barnyard of many a farmer had been relieved of its turkish forces and soon they would be placed in their rich brown coats upon the groaning tables.

In one little home, however, all the bustle and preparation were lacking. Widow Hayes and her little flock were the occupants and possessors of the modest little brown house just on the outskirts of the village. The father, who had been dead some three years, had been a soldier, and the widow's pension which Mrs. Hayes received was all they had to depend upon. Joey, though only twelve years of age, had been his mother's right-hand supporter, and with his aid Mrs. Hayes had managed to change their two acres of land into a profitable garden, from which they raised more than enough garden truck for their own use. Through the kindness of friends she had been able also to use her needle to help in the support of her little family. So that until this year they had lived very comfortably indeed.

But now sickness and losses had come to them. Edith, aged nine, and Benny, who always gave his age as "five yearth old, thir," had both just recovered from long spells of sickness which had taken all Mrs. Hayes' time and strength while caring for them. To make matters worse, old "Bonnie Boss," as the children called the good old cow, had sickened and died, and Mrs. Hayes hardly knew how to get along without her; for the rich milk which Bonnie Boss had furnished had added very much to the children's plain diet.

The wind was blowing fiercely and little flurries of snow chased each other through the wintry air, when Joey, glad to have his chores done at last, hurried in to join the little group about the cheerful, crackling fire.

"Ith we going to have a turkey for Thanksgiving?" lisped little Benny.

"Course," said Edith, not giving her mother time to answer. "Folks always do, that's what Thanksgiving's for, I guess."

The mother's heart was full, and she dreaded to bring disappointment upon these trusting little ones.

"Let me tell you, Edith," she said gently, "why we keep Thanksgiving Day. Many, many years ago, only Indians lived in this fair land of ours, and a little company of white people who wished to worship God in the way they thought was right, left their homes and crossed the great ocean to settle in this wild country."

"Weren't they afraid of the Indians, mamma?" asked Edith.

"Yes, but they were more afraid of displeasing God by not worshipping him as they felt he wished them to. Their lives were in constant danger, not only from the Indians, but from the wild animals as well. They had been over here some months, and although their hardships had been very great, yet one cold fall day they met to worship God and thank him for all his goodness to them, and ever since, one Thursday in November has been set apart as a day when all the people shall unitedly give thanks to God for his goodness and loving kindness to them. While we do not feel that we should fast upon that day, yet we must not feel that the day is only for feasting, and, children—here the mother's voice trembled—"if these people of long ago, surrounded by constant danger as they were, could feel that they had much for which to thank God, surely we in this land of safety, with life, health and strength, have much more need to praise him. Even though we have met with misfortune, and have lost old Bonnie Boss, yet we have each other, and that alone is great cause for thankfulness. You know, my darlings," she continued, "that if it were possible I would do anything for your happiness, and now I trust you will bear the disappointment bravely when I tell you we can have nothing extra for our Thanksgiving din-

ner this year, but even with our plain fare, let us remember to have thankful hearts and then we will not fail to be happy."

Edith and Benny looked as if they were very near a water-fall, while Joey burst out with:

"I think it's just too bad. We never can have things just like other folks, and you work so much harder than other mammas too. It seems sometimes as if God did not care. I wish I was a man so I could take care of you."

"You will be soon enough, my son," said Mrs. Hayes sadly; "now let us have prayers."

After the chapter was read she prayed most earnestly that her dear ones might realize the tender, loving care which the heavenly Father had ever given them, and sending the two younger children to bed, she and Joey had a long talk, which he never forgot.

On the way home from school the next day, some of the children were telling of the turkeys and other tempting goodies which they were to have Thanksgiving. One of them asked Joey what he was going to have.

"Nothing but thankful hearts," said Joey, shortly.

"Oh, you mean stuffed heart, don't you?" said little George Andrews. "We had one for supper the other night. My mother stuffed it, and it was good, too, I tell you."

"Well, I guess my mother will have to stuff ours, too," said Joey, laughingly, "or they won't be worth much."

That night little George Andrews told his mother how in Joey's family they were going to have nothing but thankful hearts for their dinner, and asked why they were not going to have turkey, too. For a moment Mrs. Andrews' heart smote her that she had neglected to look after her old friend, and she resolved that they should at least have a good Thanksgiving dinner. With the aid of a few friends her plan was carried out.

Thanksgiving morning Joey went to the door to answer a knock, and there, to his amazement, found two well-filled baskets with a note saying it was the gift of loving friends. There were pies, cranberries, oysters, and a plump turkey, and strange to say, there were three heart-shaped boxes filled with choice candies.

Great was the rejoicing in that little home, while each heart was truly filled with thankfulness. Joey was the first to think of asking cross old Mr. Peters and poor crippled Aunt Polly, who were cared for by the town, to share their feast with them, and in after years he looked back upon this day as the beginning of the earnest Christian life which had been his loving service.

Not his alone but many hearts were blessed by this Thanksgiving gift, for the kind and loving friends realized as never before that Thanksgiving Day was not meant for selfish enjoyment, and that in helping others they had brought a rich blessing upon themselves.

OUT OF POVERTY.

"When shall we learn," asked the Rev. W. L. Watkinson, in the course of a brilliant sermon delivered recently, "that everything in this world depends upon the size of a man's soul? It is the gift that is in us. It is our treasure trove, the place of magic gold. Kindle and expand from within, and it is astonishing what a long way a little goes when that little is under the management of an heroic, passionate nature."

"Out of my poverty have I done this," said Turner, when he painted his great masterpiece out of broken teacups. "Out of my poverty," said Tycho Brahe, and he had not a big telescope, but a very small one. The bigness was in the eye. "Out of my poverty have I done this," said Christopher Columbus, and he did not discover America with an Atlantic liner, but with a tub that you would not use to-day as a Newcastle collier. He could say, "Out of my poverty have I given the world America." "Out of my poverty," said John Milton (the blind Milton). "I give you Paradise Lost." "Out of my poverty," said John Bunyan, as he handed you the book that gives you the vision of the country where it is green the year round, and of the Palace Beautiful and the streets of gold. "Out of my poverty have I done this."

"And if our little efforts, which seem so poor by the side of some other people's accomplishments, are consecrated to God, we are sure to get a larger nature and a greater capacity for doing good. Neither slender health, nor shortness of days, nor few opportunities will prevent us from accomplishing much. It is never a question of material; it is never a question of arithmetic; it is never a question of strength; it is a question of love, faith, hope, devotion, and of great nature. With these only you can do

great things, although when they are done they look so poor to lay at the feet of the great and generous Giver."

Thanksgiving Day.

BY EDNA A. LICHTWALTER.

The busy summer days are past, With all their care and toil; The farmer, of the teeming earth, Has gathered richest spoil; The fruit and grain by autumn brought Are safely stowed away, And grateful hearts are longing now For glad Thanksgiving Day.

We have, indeed, been richly blessed, By him who rules in love; Our heartiest thanks may well ascend Unto his throne above. But, hark! in accents soft and low, I seem to hear him say: "Go, help my poor to happy be, On glad Thanksgiving Day."

If, in the spirit of our Lord, We call unto our feast The halt and lame, the maimed and blind,

The poorest and the least, Methinks that then the angel choir, In glorious array, Would music make for all the earth, On glad Thanksgiving Day. New Philadelphia, O.

HIS THANKSGIVING.

"I well remember the first Thanksgiving which was kept in my native village," said a Western Congressman, not long ago.

"I was then a little shaver of nine years old, trying to earn a few pennies by selling newspapers. Some one marched all the newsboys to the union meeting where all the churches of the town joined in thanking God for his mercies. There was a great deal said about the prosperity of the nation, the general peace, the abundant crops, and what not.

"I confess it puzzled and bored me. I knew nothing about the nation outside of our little city. I had no idea of war, and so I could not rejoice in peace; while as for the crops, I supposed that meant Squire Potts' corn and oats, which did not concern me.

"I came out of the church indifferent and sleepy. Just then the Squire himself met me. He was a portly, a kindly man.

"He is, youngster!" he said. "Here's something for yourself—something to keep Thanksgiving on."

"He gave me a quarter. "That seems a trifle to you; but I had never had a penny that I felt was my very own. The money I made with the papers all went to my mother. We were very poor.

"I remember that I sat down on a doorstep with the quarter. I felt that I should shout aloud if I spoke. What should I buy with it? I thought of twenty things that would be a grand surprise to mother and riches to myself. I was fairly dizzy with happiness. The sun shone bright and warm, and a tree overhead rustled as I had never heard a tree rustle before. Suddenly it occurred to me that God had sent me this money through the Squire.

"I said nothing; but there was no such thankful heart in the city that day as mine. I was a living Thanksgiving."

The little story has its meaning. It is possible for us to give some one a personal reason for Thanksgiving. We may never be able to praise God with our voices or with any investment, but we can call forth Thanksgiving from the poor and needy, and cause the heart of him that is ready to perish to sing for joy.—Youth's Companion.

In the last war between the Russians and Turkey, the Russian invading army overtook the Turkish refugees, and in their terror the women threw down their babies in the road. Although pressing forward as rapidly as possible, the Russian soldiers stopped to pick up these children, and carried them tenderly in their arms, until almost every soldier in the leading regiment was carrying a baby, so that at last the general was forced to stop and find carts and men to take these children to a place where they could be cared for. It is a wonder that no great Russian artist has ever put this strange picture upon canvas."

When we become Christians we set out to follow Christ. The danger is that we will undertake to follow some one else who is following Christ. That is always a mistake. We have but one Leader and one Example, and he says to each of us, "Follow thou me."