

A Boy's Thanksgiving.

Thanks, dear God, for all the fun I have had throughout the year. For the smiling sky and sun. For the summer a glorious cheer. Thanks for every jolly game, I have played in field and wood, Thanks for lovely flowers that came. Blooming where the snowdrifts stood.

Thanks for all the luscious fruit, Apples red and purple grapes; Thanks for vine and tree and root, Melons of all sorts and shapes. Thank you for the winter days, Beautiful with ice and snow, Merry rides in jingling sleighs, Coasting, skating to and fro.

Thanks for Joyous Christmaside, And the pretty stories told, By the bright and warm fire-side, Safe from harm and wind and cold, So many thanks we need For your kindness, and I say, Thank you very much, indeed, For the gift of our days. —Youth's Companion.

OUR PERIODICALS:

Table listing various periodicals and their prices, including 'The Youth's Companion', 'The Methodist Magazine', 'The Christianian', etc.

WILLIAM KNIGHTS, Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto. C. W. COLEMAN, P. P. HERRICK, 216 St. Catherine St., Montreal.

Pleasant Hours: A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., Editor. TORONTO, NOVEMBER 26, 1899.

THE LOVE OF CHRIST STRONGER THAN REVENGE.

A native of New Zealand who had as a convert and professing Christian, come to the Lord's Supper, suddenly rose, leaving the communicants just before the taking of the bread, and took his seat in a distant part of the chapel, but almost immediately, as if a new thought darted into his mind, came back again to his former place, and received the bread and wine. When the missionary inquired the cause of this strange conduct, the heathen convert said, "When I went to the Lord's table, I had no idea with whom I was going to partake, but when suddenly I observed who was next to me, I saw a man whom but a few short years ago I had sworn to kill the very next time he crossed my path, for he had killed my father and had drunk his blood. Now, can you imagine what I felt when this unexpectedly I found him close beside me? An awful dread took possession of me, so that I could not stand, and felt compelled to go to a seat away from him but I got there the benches all so open before me, and I saw the last great Supper of the Lamb, and I heard a voice saying, 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do' and then I returned to my seat with all my dread gone and peace in my heart."

REMEMBER THE SABBATH DAY, TO KEEP IT HOLY.

Let me ask you a little about Sabbath-keeping, where you live, please. Remember. Do not forget the Sabbath day when it comes. You are very busy, I suppose, in your studies or in your sports. That is right. But when Sunday comes, remember that it is God's day. It is his day. Say the Bible story. Your common duties and pleas-

ures have no business on the Lord's day. So remember the Sabbath day. It is the Sabbath, that is, it is a rest day. Young people do not feel the need of rest, beyond the ordinary sweet sleep of the night, or the grown-up people do. But still the Sabbath rest is a blessing to children. It would not be good for them to go on the year round with work and play, week after week, with no intermission. But rest does not mean mere idleness. Sleep is good in its place, but activity of body is needed as well as sleep. Rest is most truly gained through change of occupation. If you have been studying your usual lessons diligently during the school days, it will rest your mind if on the Sabbath you study the Bible. It will make your mind much fresher on Monday than you were simply idle all the Sunday through. So if your leisure hours during the week have been full of sport and play, it will rest your body to give over your running and jumping and all these various activities you are fond of, and take a more sober and quiet method for one day. Then the great thing is to keep the Sabbath day. It is God's day, it is not a holiday, a mere make-up, it is a holy day. It is a day for religious worship. We ought to be religious, of course, every day. But the Sabbath is the special day for religious worship.

A REMARKABLE JOURNEY OF A YOUNG TRAVELLER.

The Youth's Companion tells of a bright messenger boy in London who showed such unusual ability and faithfulness in his work that one of his employers, a well-known credit man of the Atlantic alone, carries letters to New York, Philadelphia and Chicago, deliver them, and returning on the same ship bring the answers back to London, with no other delay than that of the vessel at starting. It was thought that he could beat the trans-Atlantic mails, and sure enough he did. The wager was accepted, and only the next morning the boy was but thirteen, and who had never been outside of London, started for Southampton; where he went on board the steamer St. Louis, bound for New York. On his arrival at that port he quickly found the location of the person to whom he was to deliver his first letter; he duly delivered it and took a receipt for the same. In two hours, he left New York for Chicago, where he delivered his first letter, and then came back eastward the same day. He stopped at Philadelphia, where he delivered another letter, and then hurried back to New York, reaching that city in time to sail back to England on the St. Louis.

He was dressed in a messenger uniform, and attracted considerable attention because of his strange errand. He was not at all bold, but quiet the reverse. He kept readily to his task, was bright and quick, without being conceited or "smart." He was modest, polite, spoke in a gentle tone and answered courteously any questions asked him. Why did "Little Jagers" succeed? Because he had clear, bright and quick perceptions; was not vain, did not bluster or swagger, but went on calmly about his business, and because he was well-mannered and polite. He readily won friends, and every one with whom he came in contact wished to do something to make his task easy. Said he, when he sailed away: "I have had much kindness shown to me, and many kind words, and I believe that my mother will be glad to hear them." You may be sure he was never seen with his hands in his pockets and a long, long string of beads, as we have seen so many boys of even younger age than "Little Jagers."

"IF I WERE A BOY"

If I were a boy again I would certainly look on the bright side of everything, for almost everything has a cheerful side. Life is very bright and bright with it. If you laugh upon it it smiles back upon you, but if you frown and look doubtful upon it, it will be sure to get a similar look in return. I once heard it said of a grumbling, ungrateful person: "He would have made uncommonly fine snuff, if he had happened to be born in that station in life!" Inner sunshine warms not only the heart of the owner, but all who come in contact with it. He differs from a miser's indifference that snuff, if such love out, in turn shall be shut out of love. If I were a boy again I would school myself to say no to others. I might say yes to the temptations of the world, but very early in life to gain that point

where a young man can stand erect, and decline doing an unworthy thing because it is unworthy. If I were a boy again I would demand respect and courtesy toward my companions and friends. Indeed, I would rigorously exact it of myself toward strangers as well. The smallest courtesies, interspersed along the rough roads of life, will make the rough spots appear smooth and pleasant. I would be generous, and making that season of ice and snow more endurable to everybody. But I have talked long enough, and this shall be my closing paragraph. Instead of trying so hard, as some do, to be happy, as if that were the sole purpose of life, I would, if I were a boy again, try still harder to deserve happiness.—Journal of Education.

THE BEAR'S COMPLAINT

The other day a travelling showman went through our street leading two black bears. There were little bare spots on their hind legs where the hair had worn off. The showman said to one of the bears: "Oh, see where the moths have eaten their fur!" She was quite serious when she spoke, and I suppose really thought she knew the reason of the bald spots. You know what caused them, don't you? These bears were quite tame, and had been taught to do tricks that were rather clever for such clumsy creatures as bears to perform. They danced around when they were told to do so, and they were not at all graceful nor apt. The string that held the little bear somehow slipped from the keeper's fingers, and then the little creature showed how nimble and quick he was. He ran up the side of the street, with the rope to which he was attached dragging after him along the ground. He was soon caught, and the man cruelly kicked him and beat him with a stick. I have grown, and I don't drink. I don't creatures often have to suffer when their masters drink. That scene made me think of some verses I once read entitled, "The Bear's Complaint." I hunted them up, and here they are. You will like to know what Bruin says for himself: "I've been a wanderer from a cub, When Carl, my master, bought me; And up to me he said I have grown, And he practices what he taught me. I'm muzzled, and around my neck An ugly chain I'm wearing; It's very hard a gentle bear Should be treated with such a beating. You can't admire my stately posture, When timed to pipe and tabor; But, oh, I'd scramble through a wood With less than half the labour. I'm not a Polar bear, good folks, And I'm not a pole, a powder. And on my hind feet stalk about, To please each rude beholder. From town to town I'm led and shown, To bring my master money; Ah! can you wonder at my woes, And taste the sweets of honey, Or clamber up the mountain sides, On tender herbage browsing, And sleep within some hollow tree, No ruthless keeper rousing? But on my head a sounding wood Strikes all my dreams in ruin; And I must tramp away once more, A tame and patient Bruin."

A SINGULAR VILLAGE. In the Cevennes mountains, in central France, there is a village named La Roche, the houses of which practically lie underground a great part of the year. It is 4265 feet above the sea, and in the bottom of a pass where the snow is heaped up by the winds. As soon as the snow begins to fall in large quantities, the poor inhabitants retire indoors, and it is not long before the low-roofed cottages are buried, the only means by which air can reach the interior being down the single chimney, which in all the cottages is built very wide and substantial. The snow gradually mounts so high that the door will not open, and at last the windows are blocked up. The inhabitants say in a goodly amount of bread, cheese, and salt pork for themselves, and of hay and straw in the outhouses for their cow and horse, and, although the men occasionally go out by way of the chimney, which is a narrow passage in the field atmosphere all the winter. They spend their time making cane chairs and baskets, doing a little rough wood-carving, and knitting stockings, and they are content with their lot. The month or so, the people burrow tunnels from house to house, and so get a little society. Should a death occur, the body is roughly coffined, and laid upon the roof of a thaw makes the cemetery accessible.

JOHN KING, THE NEWSBOY.

John King had been long known in Cincinnati. In his early life he was kicked by a horse and lost the use of one leg. Later he received an injury in the other leg, which, with rheumatism, made him a man crippled for life. He came to Cincinnati in 1868, and had been here only a short time when he was taken with smallpox, and was carried to the pest-house. He had been so long in the city that he had known them, but while there his courage gave way. He recovered, however, and soon after became a seller of newspapers. He made an investment, after awhile, of a little money, which he had saved, and lost it all and incurred a debt besides. He managed to pay off this debt by the display of a perseverance and honesty which must command the praise of all honourable men. He lost at one time \$500 on the failure of a bank. Still he toiled on and accumulated a library of some thousands of volumes, and the books were so judiciously selected as to make them of more value than private libraries usually are. His career was one of the most remarkable on record. His courage and energy were almost unparalleled. His difficulties were such as would have made any other man being, but he never flinched. His taste for reading was as remarkable as his unconquerable courage. His career was more marvellous than the stories of romance, and if John King could succeed in America need despair of success. We have no personal acquaintance with this indomitable and eccentric man, but the story of his life, as related in The Commercial Gazette, is so full of interest and so full of encouragement to struggling young men who see before them no way to success.

The Screen Door.

BY HELEN S. BROWN. "Mamma, there's something I'd like to know." Said Archie McKee one day; "As up and down the streets I go, I'm sure to see a sign almost every where. I notice at every single store— Where the sign says whiskey and gin— There's a curious-looking swinging door. So I can't get a look within. "I've tried and tried to catch a sight Of what goes on inside; The men go in, and the door shuts tight, As if there was something to hide. At the stores where clothing is sold, and And candy, and bread, and shoes, The doors are open on the street, We can look in as much as we choose. "Now, mamma, what is it they do in there, Where the whiskey and gin are sold, That needs such very particular care, Let the folks outside see? Why, then, should they be afraid? Why don't they do it in open sight, And not behind a shade? "It's true, my son, we need not fear, If we know we are doing right; We can drink our whiskey, cider, or beer, All out in the broad daylight. But you see the screen doors signify, Wherever they are hung, That the men who sell and the men who buy Are doing a fearful wrong. "And more, they know they are doing ill, What makes it a matter of sin? Ah! I deem and dark the gates they fill, Inside the bar-room screen. They keep their doings from sight of men, But they can do no more; God sends a sign to be put in a screen As if 'twere an open door. Then said the boy, "When'er I see That curious swinging screen, I'm knowing of my iniquity In doing on within. And I'll set myself with a mighty will Against the liquor stores— Against the bars—against the still— And the evil behind the doors." The Methodist Magazine and Review seems to improve with each number. A New Scotland contributor writes: "I am delighted with the great improvement you have made in the past few years. As a Methodist I am proud of our handsome, able and interesting monthly. It is my only paper, and I have more than the high-priced American magazines. The latter are so intensely American that it is a relief to get something Canadian in sentiment. I am glad that our Magazine is so Canadian, as well as so moderate. It will be better than ever in 1900."