

"For you?" was the interruption.
 "Yes, you're right. They pray that papa will be good and kind and sober, and bring home all his money, and—" The big board's voice trembled, but he continued with an effort.
 "I'm rough, tough, and all that, but I love my wife and I love my children. They are the only ones on earth that keep me straight. Bless-o-e-e-er! Good night, sir!" and the train proceeded, leaving at least one man with tears in his eyes. *New York Daily Recorder.*

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 1, 1896

TWO BOYS AND A HORSE.

When Jim first made acquaintance with Sam Wood, he had a very bad opinion of stable boys in general, and Bob Hawkin' in particular. Bob had been stable boy before Sam, and before him had been three or four others, all bad boys, who had given the horse-a dislike to the sight of a boy, and soured his temper entirely.

Bob used to think it delightful to pinch Jim's ears and under lip, or to tickle him, which annoyed Jim exceedingly, and taught him to snap at people's fingers. Bob used to put pepper in Jim's salt and outs. He knew of a certain little sound, something like a very young pappy whining, that made Jim almost wild with anger and fear. Why he was so afraid no one could find out, but Bob used to hide behind the hay, and just as Jim reached out to take a bite from the rack, Bob would make this sound. Then Jim would start and snort, and would not touch the hay again.

These, and a hundred other mean and cruel tricks, Bob played off against Jim. His master knew nothing of it, but wondered how the horse's temper came to be so bad of late.

But one day Bob's master found him out, and he was turned away in disgrace.

You can imagine how cross this daily worry had made Jim; so when Sam Wood came he looked on him only as another tormentor, whom he had best bite and kick as often as there was a chance.

The first time Sam came to the stable he brought a nice piece of bread in his hand; but when he held it out to Jim, the horse laid back his ears and showed his teeth, as if to say "Look out, I'll bite you." Sam stood quite still, with his hand stretched out, till Jim thought he might as well look at the thing, whatever it was. He was careful about sniffing at it, poor fellow, for he had burned his nose with pepper from Bob's hand; but his curiosity was great, and at last he touched the bread with his lips.

"Good fellow," said Sam, in a kind, friendly voice. Jim hardly believed his ears. He looked carefully at this

strange boy, and then, making up his mind to risk a peppering, he took the bread in his mouth. It tasted very good, and presently Jim found Sam smoothing his neck, and gently rubbing the back of his ear in a way the horse particularly liked, but which no one but his master ever treated him to.

From that time a firm friendship grew up between the boy and the horse.

At first, Jim could not help being distrustful; but by-and-by he ceased to lay back his ears and curl his lip whenever a hand was laid on him. He no longer started at any strange sound in the barn, and he whinnied with delight when he heard Sam's voice. Sam never came to harness him for work without bringing a bit of bread or sugar, or an apple, or salt, to make him welcome, and Jim tried to show his grateful feeling in every way a horse could.—Selected.

DEEP-SEA WONDERS.

BY EMMA J. WOOD.

When reading the many stories of "Deep-Sea Wonders," did you ever think of the world in which these curious creatures live, and question as to what sort of a place the ocean may be?

It is a big, big place. So big that if Mr. Elephant and Mr. Whale should each make up his mind to take a journey—the one to travel all over the land and the other all over the ocean—Mr. Elephant would get through his trip, and have time for another, before Mr. Whale reached home again; for there is twice as much sea as land. But, then, the whale would have the best of it one way. He would come to no land that he could not swim around; for the oceans are so joined together as to be only one body of water, while the land is so divided up that it is impossible to get to every country without a boat.

The ocean traveller, looking down, would see where the corals, in all shapes, sizes, and colours, made a perfect garden of beauty. He would notice the glitter and sparkle of their scales, as the bright-coloured fish swam around over the soft carpet of sea-weeds, which many a pearly shell held in place. In some spots he would see tiny white specks, like the smallest snowflakes, falling, falling all the time. These are little shells that are piling upon each other, and making great beds of chalk. He would go on and on, the water getting colder as he went, till he came to the ice-regions of the north or south, where he could scarcely get along for the huge icebergs and great masses of ice so thickly crowded together on the surface. But, may be, Mr. Whale could manage to dive under, and so get up to the very pole, and find out all the secrets that men have tried so long to discover, but have not yet found out.

As our sailor goes along, he will find himself in a great stream, whose rushing waters carry him on like a river—which indeed it is—for there are rivers in the ocean as well as on land, only here they are called currents. If he gets into a current going toward the poles, he will find it warmer than the water around him; while, if it is going the other way, it will be very much colder. These ocean rivers are larger than any on land. One of them is said to be over thirty miles wide in some places, and nearly half-a-mile deep. Strange is it not, that these currents go right along through the ocean without getting all mixed up with the rest of the water?

He can tell all about the saltiness of the sea, but is not wise enough to know that if this salt were taken out and placed evenly over the earth it would make a layer over thirty feet high. But he knows that the water is saltier in some places than in others; for up there in the ice-regions it did not taste so very salt, and when he came down where that great river ran in from the land it was so very fresh that he had to hurry out of it as fast as he could.

But there are a great many things dissolved in the sea besides salt, and among these is silver. It is said there are over two million tons of it enough to make a great many silver dollars. Ask him the colour of the ocean, and he begins to say over every colour he can possibly think of, for he had seen it look all sorts of

ways. Although generally it is a bluish green, yet if you put a little in a vase it will be colourless. So it must be either the bottom, or something in the water itself, that makes it look so different in different places and at different times. It is a light-green near shore, where that beautiful white sand covers the bottom; while if the sand is yellow, the green will be very dark. If there is red earth at the bottom, or the sea swarms with little animals, or there is a covering of sea-weed down below, the waters will be red, yellow, or green, according to what is in them; and, of course, at night the phosphorescent animals do their part to make an ocean of fire.

Mr. Whale would almost laugh if you should ask him if the ocean is like a great basin, with sloping sides and a flat bottom; for he knows so well that in it are level plains, deep valleys, little hills, and high mountains; some so high that they stick out of the water, making islands. Then, too, down beneath the waves, are caves and caverns, and even springs of fresh water bubbling up—for the ocean is only land with water over it; and geologists tell us that, thousands and thousands of years ago, the very spot on which we now live was an ocean, too.

While talking about his travels, Mr. Whale might tell how the different sea people live. On the very bottom are shell-fish and worms; next, some fish that stay just about that deep, never going any higher or lower; above them still others; and so on, to the top, like a great tenement house, three or four miles high, each tenant having his own story to live in. There are a few that seem to be rich enough to afford a whole house to themselves; for they are found sometimes at the top, and then down at the bottom, stopping to get something to eat, or to frolic about a little on the way down.

And the great waves! Mr. Whale knows all about these, for was there not a great storm while he was taking his long journey, and did he not see the waves rise high? They were thirty feet high? At least it seemed so to him. To be sure, that was only once, and he did not measure them that time; but often and often he saw them when they rose twice as high as a very tall man. He did not fancy these great waves very much. They were so strong that, heavy as he was, they could toss him up and down like a ball. When near the shore they would carry him straight along, and he would get somewhere; but out at sea they just rose and fell, and he would be carried backward and forward, and finally left in the place from which he started.

WHITTIER'S FIRST POETRY.

After he had made the acquaintance of Burns' poems, Whittier began to scribble rhymes of his own on his slate at school, and in the evening about the family hearth. One of his boyish stanzas lingered in the memory of an elder sister:

And must I always swing the flail,
 And help to fill the milking-pail?
 I wish to go away to school,
 I do not wish to be a fool.

With practice he began to be bolder, and he wrote copies of verses on every-day events, and also little ballads. One of these, written when he was seventeen, his eldest sister liked so well that she sent it to the weekly paper of Newburyport, the Free Press, then recently started by William Lloyd Garrison. She did this without telling her brother, and no one was more surprised than he when he opened the paper and found his own verses in "The Poets' Corner." He was adding his father to mend a stone wall by the roadside as the postman passed on horseback and tossed the paper to the young man. "His heart stood still a moment when he saw his own verses," says a biographer. "Such delight as his comes only once in the lifetime of any aspirant to literary fame. His father at last called to him to put up the paper and keep at work."

The editor of the Free Press was only three years older than the poet, although far more mature. He did more for the young man than merely print these boyish verses, for he went to Whittier's father and urged the need of giving the

youth a little better education. To do this was not possible then; but two years later, when Whittier was nineteen, an academy was started at Haverhill, and here he attended, even writing a few stanzas to be sung at the opening exercises. He studied at Haverhill for two terms, and by making slippers, by keeping books, and by teaching school, he earned the little money needed to pay his way. At Haverhill he was able to read the works of many authors hitherto unknown to him, and he also wrote for the local papers much prose and verse.—Prof. Brander Matthews, in July St. Nicholas.

A Memory of the Nile.

BY EMMA SMULLER CARTER.

Dark-eyed daughter of the Nile,
 Still in dreams I see thee stand
 With the river at thy feet
 And the green of growing wheat
 Lying softly o'er the land.

Here beside my Northern fire,
 Pictured clear before my eyes,
 I can see the changing shore
 And the storied stream once more,
 Arched by cloudless Eastern skies.

Gliding, gliding ever on,
 Tomb and tower and town pass by,
 Golden glow on distant shores,
 Weary call from far shadoofs
 Mingled with the boatman's cry.

And thou, vision young and fair,
 Standing where the rippling waves
 Sing their ceaseless lullaby
 To the hallowed shores where lie
 The dead centuries in their graves.

Gazing down this stream of time,
 Fain thy future to forecast:
 What to thee the gathered glooms
 Round the old world's rock-tomb
 Buried dead of long-dead past.

Lovely vision, this I read
 In thy calm, expectant smile,
 In the sweet hope of thine eyes,
 Luminous as midnight skies
 Bent above this river Nile:

Hope immortal still shall rise,
 Goddess-like, on Time's worn strand,
 Full of promise fresh and sweet,
 Ev'n as living grains of wheat
 Dropped from mummy's withered hand.

Future gain from former loss,
 Good from seeming ill shall spring;
 Crumbled kingdoms of to-day
 Shall to-morrow pave the way
 For the coming of the King.

THE DIFFERENCE.

A business firm once employed a young man whose energy and grasp of affairs soon led the management to promote him over a faithful and trusted employee. The old clerk felt deeply hurt that the younger man should be promoted over him, and complained to the manager. Feeling that this was a case that could not be argued, the manager asked the old clerk what was the occasion of all the noise in front of the building. The clerk went forward, and returned with the answer that it was a lot of waggons going by. The manager then asked what they were loaded with, and again the clerk went out and returned, reporting that they were loaded with wheat. The manager then sent him to ascertain how many waggons there were, and he returned with the answer that there were sixteen. Finally he was sent to see where they were from, and returned saying that they were from the city of Lucena.

The manager then asked the old clerk to be seated, and sent for the young man and said to him: "Will you see what is the meaning of that rumbling noise in front?" The young man replied: "Sixteen waggons loaded with wheat. Twenty more will pass to-morrow. They belong to Romero & Co., of Lucena, and are on their way to Marchesa, where wheat is bringing one dollar and a quarter a bushel for hauling."

The young man was dismissed, and the manager, turning to the old clerk, said: "My friend, you see now why the younger man was promoted over you."—Popular Science Monthly.