

Mountains.

BY THE REV. JAMES COOKE SEYMOUR.

Grand are ye, and towering high,
Piercing far the upper sky;
Rocky kings—true monarchs great—
Ke- ping still your royal state.

Down in deeps of mystic earth,
Thence you date an ancient birth;
Long before our human time,
Story old, and all sublime.

Treasures grand I within your heart;
Secrets rich—you're loth to part;
Who can tell the wealth you hold?
Precious things as yet untold!

Proudly on the world look down—
On your heads a snowy crown;
Up above the stormy scene,
Sit in majesty serene.

Down your sides the rivers flow,
Fertilizing all below;
Rich the corn, and deep the grass,
Where your river children pass.

Outlook grand! O glorious sight!
Full of rapturous delight!
Lifted on your shoulders high,
O such vistas we decree!

Mountains, dear! We love you well—
More, far more, than we can tell!
Ye are pyramids of God,
Where his glory shines abroad.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, JANUARY 23, 1902.

JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.

The Junior Epworth League in connection with Robt. Street church, Halifax, N.S., has a membership of twenty eight, and has a "Look out Committee" to increase its numbers.

Good work has been done by the "Practical Committee." During the summer, flowers, Scripture cards, and papers were distributed at the hospital and poor house. The little ones were eagerly watched for, week by week, and it was indeed touching, especially at the poor-house, to watch the old people as they received the flowers and cards with a "God bless you," and to see the tears trickling down their faded cheeks as they read the comforting passages of Scripture, or thought of their childhood days. Then again families and invalids have been visited and helped. We are now busy preparing for our Christmas work.

Our department of instruction includes a Bible class, held every second Friday evening, led by our President. With such a leader as Dr. Smith, we cannot fail to be benefited by our Bible study, which is now "The Acts of the Apostles."

Our Mission Band has been affiliated with the

League, and one Friday in the month is set apart as a missionary evening, a committee having been formed to select a suitable programme. Nearly all take part, and it is astonishing how great an interest is shown by the young people for that work. We have several other committees, all of which are working nobly.

Our prayer is, that the Lord will bless our feeble efforts to work for him, and we are striving with his help, ever to "look up" and to "lift up."

EYES OPEN OR SHUT.

BY F. H. STAUFFER.

Two boys one morning took a walk with a naturalist. "Do you notice anything peculiar in the movements of those wasps?" he asked, as he pointed to a puddle in the middle of the road.

"Nothing except that they seem to come and go," replied one of the boys. The other was less prompt in his reply, but he had observed to some purpose.

"I notice that they fly away in pairs," he said. "One has a little pellet of mud, the other has nothing. Are there drones among wasps, as among bees?"

"Both were alike busy, and each went away with a burden," replied the naturalist.

"The one you thought a do-nothing had a mouthful of water. They reach their nest together; the one deposits his pellet of mud, and the other ejects the water upon it, which makes it of the consistency of mortar. They then paddle it upon the nest, and fly away for more materials." And then on the strength of this interesting incident, he gives this good advice: Boys, cultivate the faculty of observation. Hear sharply—look keenly. Glance at a shop window as you pass it, and then try how many things you can recall that you noticed in it. Open your eyes wider when you stroll across the meadow. There are ten thousand interesting things to be seen. Animals, birds, plants and insects, with their habits, intelligence and peculiarities will command your admiration. You may not become great men through your observations, like Newton, Linnaeus, Franklin, or Sir Henry Davy, but you will acquire information that will be of service to you, and make you wiser and quite probably better."

JACK.

BY JULIA M'NAIR WRIGHT.

"Yes, sir," said Farmer Green, "that fellow ought to be worth a thousand dollars to-day. He is smart, industrious—I never saw a better worker; he's handy at everything. If he had that thousand dollars he could take the Bower Farm, and if he handled it properly he'd be rich by the time he was fifty. But there, instead of a thousand dollars, he hasn't five dollars this minute. All he has to bless himself with is an old valise, some old clothes, and a jack-knife with a broken blade. I paid him thirty-five dollars for a month's work ended up a week ago, and the fellow hasn't ten cents of it left."

"Why, where has it gone in this quiet country place?"

"Down his throat," said Farmer Green.

"It is the cider," said Mistress Green; "he is a hard-cider drunkard, and I often think those are the worst kind. It is worse because when they begin they don't take the alarm as they might if they found themselves becoming fond of whiskey. Then it takes more cider to make them drunk, and their systems get filled with it and so more injured; then, too, the cider is easier to get than whiskey is."

"I supposed Vermont was a temperance State, but here, in a week, you have pointed out to me three farmers, and five or six farm hands, ruined by strong drink."

"Eh?" said Farmer Green, "I don't know as it makes a difference whether the apples are sound or rotten, so the cider gets hard and they drink it. You see, the farmers all make more or less cider, and it stands in the cellar till a cask or so gets hard, and the boys and hired help get a habit of drinking it, and it beats all water how fond they get of it. Jack goes in for a regular blow-out as soon as he gets a few dollars. The other fellows know

it, and how free-hearted he is, and they come a-huntin' for a horse and buggy, and they drive from one farm to another asking to buy a glass of cider. Some farmers refuse it, but more give it, and soon go so far as to sell a jug full, and then the fellow gets together and play cards and empty their jugs. That's how Jack gets cleaned out."

"Jack has drank and got drunk since he was ten years old," said Mrs. Green. "I lay it to losing his father early, to his having an ill-tempered, irreligious mother; to his having been taken out of school before he was nine and put to work in a factory; and to the farmers, keeping hard cider handy for him; and to no one taking any real interest in him, except to get a certain amount of work out of him. So it goes—he's twenty-eight and he's ruined. Your son is twenty-eight and making a fortune; my son gets a thousand a year book-keeping; Mrs. Barr's son is twenty-eight and a minister; my nephew is twenty-eight and a good doctor; Jack is twenty-eight—and ruined by cider. Poor Jack!"

SADIE STAFFORD'S MISSION.

BY LOU DANIELS.

"I've come right home so as to spend a long time with you this afternoon," said Sadie Stafford, as she rushed into the kitchen all out of breath.

The person addressed was Mary Wilson, the neat and sweet tempered girl who had recently come to preside over the affairs in the Stafford kitchen.

Some weeks before in one of the league meetings Sadie had made up her mind to be a Christian. She prayed earnestly that she might be a real, real disciple of Christ, and her prayers were answered. A great joy came into her heart, and a glad light into her eyes. At once she wanted all her girl chums to have the same joy. Several had been won by her earnest words. Very soon she was troubled about her duty. She imagined she must find some great and wonderful thing to do. And when opportunities of this kind did not come to her she was downcast. It was in one of these discouraged hours that she picked up a copy of *The Epworth Herald* lying upon her table, and read these words: "Do little duties; do the duties next you; there are no small acts of Christian service. Be kind to those who need sympathy; pour sunshine into dark lives. In the way you may glorify God as truly as by preaching eloquent sermons or leading in great reforms." This came to Sadie as a special message, and her face was once brightened. "I will do that, God helping me," she said firmly.

Mary Wilson had just come into the Stafford home. It was her first experience in "working out." The failure of her father's health had placed the family in reduced circumstances. Mary insisted upon going out to work, and not only caring for herself, but helping to provide something to cloth and feed the younger children. Mrs. Stafford was glad to secure her services, for she was a perfect housekeeper. But the experience was more trying than the young girl expected. She grew homesick in spite of her resolve to be brave and strong. Was it the Lord whom Mary served who sent the special message to Sadie? Certainly it is that it came just at the right time.

Sadie was not long in finding her mission. As she passed through the kitchen the next morning she thought she noticed tears in the new girl's eyes. It occurred to her for the first time that she was not accustomed to hard work among strangers, and was unhappy. She saw her chance. How well she used that chance! Mary's flowing cheeks and gleaming eyes witnessed that evening.

Dear girls of the junior league who want to do something for the Master, can you not serve him in some such way as Sadie Stafford did? You can be kind to those in your home who work hard for your comfort. You can overlook their shortcomings. You can banish that scowl from your face. You can smile your appreciation of kindness shown you. You can spend a little time saying kind words to Mary or Jane in the kitchen. You can often lend a helping hand. And in that way you may imitate your Saviour, who gladly "went about doing good."