

Lost—the Summer.

By R. M. ALDEN.

Where has the summer gone? She was just here a minute ago, with roses and daisies...

Has any one seen her about? She must have gone off in the night! And she took the best flowers...

Have you noticed her steps in the grass? The garden looks red where she went. By the side of the hedge...

Don't you fear she is sorry she went? It seems but a minute since May! I'm scarcely half through...

Do you think she will ever come back? I will watch every day at the gate. For the robins and clover...

OUR PERIODICALS:

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

WILLIAM BRIGGS, Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto. O. W. COOPER, S. F. HERMAN, 117½ Catherine St., Montreal.

Pleasant Hours: A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., Editor. TORONTO OCTOBER 7, 1899

HELPING TO PULL

A TALK WITH THE BOYS AND GIRLS ABOUT THE TWENTIETH CENTURY FUND.

By MARION TWACK.

This sketch shows how our English friends harness the young Methodists to the twentieth century wagon.—Ed.

Teacher, Nellie Fraser says she's going to be a Twentieth-Century, and me and Gerlie Robinson want to be Twentieth-Centurians, too...

How I wish that you were not at school last Sunday, Bessie! The minister gave us an address, and told us all about the Twentieth Century Fund.

I couldn't come to school, because Aunt Sarah is ill with an eternal complaint, a father and mother went to see her...

I didn't say quite that, Bessie. I answered laughing, "but we will have a talk about it in our class to-morrow, and I will try to tell you what he did say."

When we gathered round the table in our class-room the following evening, "Twentieth Century Fund" was written on every face, and we very soon plunged into our great subject.

Methodist Church during the last hundred years, and it has been a great help to us, and so we want to show our love to God for bringing our offerings to him, as his people did when the tabernacle was set up...

Now, then, the boys and girls in our Sunday-schools, in the towns and in the Junior Society classes, are like those young horses. The Twentieth Century Fund is a very big load for our church to pull...

But, teacher, whatever will they do with a million guineas? It makes me feel like I think about the money. I should think they would be frightened to have all that money.

They have lots of things to do with the money, Bessie. If they put it into the hands of the foreign missions, and use some to build new chapels and mission halls and schools and training colleges...

That's right, dear. Isn't it good of him to let us do something for him after all, just as really as if we could have given up our bed for him that last Christmas night?

Let us let us do something for him after all, just as really as if we could have given up our bed for him that last Christmas night? Out of the million guineas, fifty thousand pounds are given to Dr. Stephenson so that he may be able to take all the little homeless Methodist children out of the work-houses and bring them into his big Children's Home...

Teacher, said a soft little voice by my side, "I'm going on that Twentieth Century, and I'll bring you my twopenny."

My side, "I'm going on that Twentieth Century, and I'll bring you my twopenny. I want you to think what we can do out of our own selves. We should not have wanted to go to the rich people in Bethlehem when the Lord Jesus came...

Wait a minute, Bessie. I am so glad you are ready to help, dear; but before we begin to collect from other people, I want you to think what we can do out of our own selves. We should not have wanted to go to the rich people in Bethlehem when the Lord Jesus came...

I know a boy who is a young apprentice, and only has sixpence a week of his own money. I'll give you that, and it is quite a fortune, but wait till I have told you what he does with it. Twopenny goes every Sunday into the collection plate, and one penny is spent on the paper for the letter that we write...

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That's splendid, Winnie! I am sure we are every one of us going to do all we possibly can to help. And when we have really done our very best, if some of us have not been able to get quite as much as a guinea, I know there are friends who will give us out as we help with the last shilling or two.

Shall we have to write on the paper itself, teacher? Bessie asked. "Yes, we will, we will, we can write at all will want to sign the book itself."

When has the money to be paid in, teacher? "Not later than January, 1901. And if we bring twopenny-halfpenny every week this year and next, it will make a whole guinea by the time we have to pay it in. Now, let us ask God to help us

to get our guineas, and to do all for love of him."

As we were going home afterwards Gerlie Robinson remarked: "I don't believe I want any more awards for twopenny. I had so many, last week that they gave me the toothache and couldn't come to Sunday-school. I guess I've done with them for a bit."

Bessie saw our section of the Roll last night, and was profoundly impressed with its fair proportions. "Doesn't it look nice, teacher?" she breathlessly exclaimed. "We ought to be proud of that."

A Faithful Dog.

By T. M. C. These lines are lovingly dedicated to every boy who has ever owned and loved a worthy dog. For dogs are dogs, and men are men, and dogs for men lay down their lives, and men accept this sacrifice, and count it only duty done.

My noble Prince before me lies; For he has lived both long and well; Has lived a life both good and wise.

A puppy dog, three months or more, He was my friend, a friendly gift; And yet we did not care to lift His little form within our door.

We did not know the loyal heart, The loving spirit hid within That stony coat, that wrinkled skin; Nor how he yet would take our part.

And so he came into our place, Into our hearts he made his way; Nor could we ever say him nay, Such was his gentleness and grace.

And so he stayed, and so he grew, A happy dog, a willing friend; And always said, I'm here to send For anything that I can do.

His willing service won our love, His cheerfulness our esteem; His cheerful service oft did seem As prompted by the Good above.

What was he like, this dog of mine, In colour and in size? you say, "What was he like in every way? And was his breeding very fine?"

His pedigree was short enough, Although his blood was good and clean; And in his lineage nothing mean, For on both sides was splendid strain.

Three parts were collie, from the hills Where Scotland's shepherds keep their flocks, 'Mid wilds, and woods, and rugged rocks, And pastures fresh, and sparkling rills.

Where Scottish shepherds train cattle To look, and think, and act like human; To serve like men, and love like woman, And keep the flock, and herd the kin.

Hence came my Prince's gentle dam, A full-bred, well-trained collie maid, Was purchased, and ten guineas paid, And brought out here by Farmer Lamb.

From hills and fields upon the farm, She brought the cows, and too; them out back, In this service was no lack Of time or care, nor any harm.

She watched the gap, she kept the gate, She drove the wood-chuck from the woods, And guarded home and barn and goods, Content to serve and watch and wait.

There came across the fields one day, *We pity the boy or girl who has not at some time or other enjoyed the companionship of an intelligent and loving dog.

They have missed a very important part of their education. The moral influence of a generous-hearted dog is one of the most wholesome any boy or girl can have. We hope the boys will all try to read Dr. Brown's story of "Rab and his friends." We do not suppose the writer of these verses would dogmatize on the future of the dog world, nor pun intended. Mrs. Brown's long shared sentiments similar to those expressed in the closing verses for her dog, Flush, because, she says, "he loveth much."