

Recipe for a Happy Day.
'Take a little dash of cold water
A little leaven of prayer,
A little bit of sunshine gold
Dissolved in morning air
Add to your meal some merriment,
Add thought for kith and kin,
And then, as a prime ingredient,
A plenty of work thrown in
Flavour it all with essence of love,
And a little dash of play,
Let a nice old book, and a glance above
Complete the well spent day

OUR PERIODICALS:

Table listing various magazines and their prices, including 'The Best, the Cheapest, the Most Entertaining, the Most Popular' and 'Christian Guardian'.

WILLIAM BRIGGS,
Magazine and Publishing House, Toronto,
C. H. Coates, R. F. Hirsau,
372 1/2 Catherine St., Wexford Book Room,
Montreal, Halifax, N.S.

Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK
REV. W. H. WITHROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 27, 1900.

WAS SHE RICH OR POOR.

BY SALLY CAMPBELL.
Granny Lano lived in the very last house on the street. She lived by herself, but she did not get lonely, because she had so many visitors.
One day when she was very old, and little children, and then all the ages between.
When Lula's cousin Sam came from the city to stay with her, Lula took her to Granny Lano's the very first morning.
They had a beautiful time, and when Granny invited them to come again, they both said that they surely would very soon.
'She's a poor old lady, isn't she?' asked Sadie, on the way home.
'Why? What's the matter with her?' said Lula.
'Granny Lano isn't poor!'
'Yes, I think she is,' said Sadie.
'Why?'
'Because she lives in such a little house, and there isn't very much in it, and then she didn't have any cake, or oranges to give us, like most old ladies when I don't go to see them.'
'I don't care,' said Lula, 'stoutly,' 'she isn't the heaven kind a body when she was a little girl, and she can make up all kinds of interesting games to play. I'd rather have them than cake.'
'So would I, but, then,' insisted Sadie, 'I think you're very poor; for her dress was all faded, and she said she never went away on the cars or to the seashore.'
'Lula, that isn't answer for some time, she isn't thinking it all over. At last she said, 'Sadie, I think perhaps my Granny Lano is poor, but it isn't a 'poor thing' poor at all, for she's happy and pleased, and she doesn't keep wishing wishes that she can't get.'
'Well,' said Sadie, 'but she isn't rich.'
'But she's lovely and good, and she makes everybody think that they'd like to be, too; and that's a kind of rich. It isn't the money kind, but it's—'
'Lula hesitated, and then ended triumphantly, 'It's the heaven kind.'
'Yes.' So now you mustn't say that Granny Lano is poor.'

THE GIBL AND HERSELF.

BY EMMA GURCHMAN HEWITT.
In these days, when capricious Dame Fortune turns her wheel so often and so unexpectedly, reversing incomes in the most disastrous manner for some, many

a girl who has hitherto sought only amusement finds herself obliged to seek instead the means of making a livelihood.
When a girl finds that it is necessary for her to seek some outside occupation, the first person to whom she should go to herself submitting herself to a rigid cross-examination as to her acquirements and requirements, for both must be considered. Certain conditions of health will prevent any top of success in either of some outside direction; for instance, a girl who takes cold easily should not attempt any calling which will expose her to the inclemency of the weather, fair neither to her employer nor herself.
During the past fifty years, the opportunities for women as wage-earners have immensely increased. The number of applicants for positions has also increased until there are too many applicants for positions in all occupations. The woman who can think of something for which she is peculiarly fitted is the woman who will make a financial success of her life.
Many society women have shown themselves especially wise in this respect. They have not assumed to know anything of which they were ignorant, but they have turned to account that which their daily life has taught them. One woman lives in a large dancing class. Who would have believed for such work that one whose former life has been a round of balls and entertainments? Another writes and conducts large social functions. A third markets for various families, in which she has been so relieved of the work at so much per cent. Yet another acts as secretary in general to several different firms, taking on their shoulders the entire burden of the matter which corresponds to her office which falls to the lot of a society woman.

In another class of employments, we have the woman who comes in to care for the lamps, the one who keeps the family shoes in order, the one who mends, cleans and generally furberishes up the rest of the wardrobe, the one who packs for the family when they wish to travel, or puts away the clothes discarded for the season, and the woman who, with her corps of workers, comes and cleans the house from top to bottom.
The first thing, then, for the would-be wage earner is to commence with herself to find out what she can do best, and then go to it heartily, making up her mind to serve faithfully, for no matter how humble it may be. She may be sure that the experience and training she will gain while doing this will fit her for anything higher, if she be capable of better things.

HEIGHT OF TREES.

It has perhaps, occurred to few of us that the boughs of trees occupy a very different position in summer and winter respectively, as measured from the ground. This has been made the subject of measurements in the month of August and December, and it is found that in some cases there is a difference of as much as thirty-one inches in the height of the trees from the ground in these two months. This particular figure was obtained with a branch of a mulberry tree, and the same result was obtained with a weight of thirty-five pounds was not sufficient to lower it to its summer position.
In other cases there were differences of from thirteen inches to nineteen inches in the distance.

SHAKE WORSHIP IN INDIA.

In his 'Religious Life and Thought in India,' Professor Monier Williams gives a strange account of the serpent temple in South Kanara, where hundreds of these reptiles live in holes and crevices which are made for them. He says that to propitiate the serpents, people who come to perform their vows 'roll and wriggle round the temple serpent fashion, and as they roll and wriggle, they bend up to it from the foot of the hill a mile distant. They also take home with them portions of earth from the serpent holes; this earth is believed to clear away any evil influence on the parts affected.' We might well believe that superstition could go no further than this, but the writer adds that there are men who eat a small sun, will go through these wriggles and rollings by proxy for the richer persons who come to the shrine.
Although the Hindus fear snakes so intensely, they do not fear that account takes a measure of them. On the contrary, they believe that any one who kills a snake, even by accident, will

be visited with terrible punishment, either in this life or in the next. The cotton trader tells a story of a man who bought a piece of ground, and was sitting under a tree in the midst of his new property, when he heard a hissing sound over his head, and looking up, saw a serpent in the branches. Instantly the conviction rushed upon him that he had neglected to propitiate the spirit of the man to whom the ground had formerly belonged, and that it had appeared to him embodied in the form of a snake and ready for vengeance. Far from trying to kill the intruder, he fled in terror, and actually never dared to re-occupy the ground or take possession of it again!

THE LITTLE WORD "NOW."

Canon Withersole tells a pathetic story illustrating the force of the little word 'now.' It was of a miner who, hearing the Gos' preaching, determined that if the promised blessings of immediate pardon and indeed true, he would not leave the presence of the minister who was declaring it until assured of its possession by himself. He waited, consequently, after the meeting to speak with the minister, and in his untoward way said:
'Didn't ye say I could have the blessin' now?'
'Yes, my friend.'
'Then pray with me, for I'm not going away without it.'
They did pray, these two men, until the wrestling miner heard silent words of the minister, which he had not heard.
'I've got it now!' cried the miner, his face reflecting the joy within; 'I've got it now!'
One day a frightful accident occurred at the mine. The same minister was called to the scene, and among the men, dead and dying, was the quivering, almost breathless body of the man who, on the night before, big and brawny, had come to him to kneel. The man could really be had now for the asking. There was but a fleeting moment of recognition between the two ere the mine's soil took its toll. In that moment he had time to say, in response to the minister's sympathy, 'Oh I don't mind, for I've got it—I've got it—I'm mine!' Then the name of this poor man went into the sad list of the 'killed.'

THE PHILOSOPHER'S PROBLEM.

A certain tanner puzzled long for a sign, suitable and attractive, for his establishment.
At length, says the story, a happy idea struck him. He bored an auger hole through the door-post, and stuck a cat's tail into it, with the bushy end flaunting out. After a while, he noticed a grave-looking personage standing near the door, with his spade, sizing intently on the sign. There he continued to stand, dumbly absorbed, gazing and gazing, until the curiosity of the hide dealer was greatly excited in turn. He stepped out, and addressed the individual.
'Good morning,' said he.
'Morning,' said the other, without moving his eyes from the sign.
'What do you want to buy leather?' said the stockkeeper.
'No.'
'Do you want to sell hides?'
'No.'
'Perhaps you are a farmer?'
'No.'
'A merchant, maybe?'
'No.'
'Are you a doctor?'
'No.'
'What are you, then?'
'I'm a philosopher. I have been standing here for an hour, trying to see if I could ascertain how that cat got through that auger hole!'

THE BOOK OF BOOKS.

The first and almost the only book degrading in its mention is the Bible. It is a book which neither the most ignorant and weakest, nor the most learned and intelligent, mind can read without improvement.—John Quincy Adams.

- A vain man's motto is: "I'm gold and no one knows it."
A generous man's motto is: "I'm gold and share it."
A miserly man's motto is: "I'm gold and spore it."
A profigate man's motto is: "I'm gold and spend it."
A banker's motto is: "I'm gold and lend it."
A gambler's motto is: "I'm gold and lose it."
A wise man's motto is: "I'm gold and use it."

BOGUS DIAMONDS.

There is a big window down on Chestnut Street which interests me greatly, and many other people, too. It is a window from the numbers who stand in front of it. As for myself, I only peep into the window out of the tail of my eye as I pass. The window is particularly nice to be counted on by the numerous admirers of bogus diamonds. For this window contains only a glittering array of brilliant glass; selling imitation diamonds in the name of diamonds, and apparently prosperous establishment.

The folks who stand and stare in this big window are not all country cousins, either. They are mostly city folks, and to be a sparkling ornament, "as good as a genuine diamond," and costing only twenty-five cents or half a dollar, is sadly large. The store asserts that "even experts are deceived" by its gems, which the credulous readily believe, since they themselves can see no difference between the fifty-cent "Montana diamond" and the real one in the near adjoining store—except that the former is larger.

Consequently, the number of young folks who, carrying but three or four dollars in their pockets, go to the store with a bogus diamond the size of a large pea, is steadily on the increase.
The popularity of imitation jewellery and countless other articles of the kind reasons why we believe that the golden age is not yet within hailing distance. For the outside usually betokens the inside. The barbaric display of bogus diamonds betrays the truth of their inner parts. So long as we love pretence, we cannot be quick ready for the great day whose watchword is utter truth.

No young person need ever be ashamed of jeans or calico, but there is never a time when one should not be ashamed of pretence. In the case of diamonds, it can make-believe. Sincerity, without and within is the hall-mark of worth. A good flag for every boy to fly at the mast of his ship, and a good motto for every man to carry in his breast, is the motto: "No bogus diamonds for me!" Keep life free from false appearances, and insincerity of any sort, and it will be free from the troubles that bring wrinkles to foreheads and crows' feet to eyes.

Shams of dress, speech, manner or anything else, are not honest; that is the first and most important lesson of the second is that they rarely ever succeed. People have keener eyes than we give them credit for. It is really "no less than being foolish—to try to make them think we are rich, when we are poor, or wise and refined, when we are ignorant and coarse. All bogus diamonds tell their own tale, and they also tell a tale which is the shamer; and it is a tale which never flatters him.

The best girl I have ever known, the one who has most true friends and admirers, the girl who, in short, comes nearest to being the most perfect, the girl who wishes to be, may be best described in the phrase which I have frequently heard applied to her—"She is so honest." Absolute sincerity, through and through, characterizes her life, and shines in her face. She is often unconventional; honest people have to be. But she is always her true self. Because she is free from all manner of shams, she is loved by every one who gets a glimpse of her. I could as readily conceive of him as wearing a ring in his nose as a bogus diamond in his scarf. Insincerity is not in his nature. He is not a genius, but he is genuine, which is better.

Imitation diamonds, and all that they represent, are not ornaments, but disfigurements.—S. S. Visnor.

The way in which most drunkards pay taxes is through the license of the liquor-seller.

If you want to lead any one to Jesus, remember you must point, and take care not to stand in the way yourself.

'Every' to-morrow' has two handles. We can take hold of it by the handle of anxiety or by the handle of faith.