

**An Autumn Song.**

There's a flush on the cheek of the  
pipkin and peach,  
And the first glint of gold on the bough  
of the beech;  
The bloom from the stem of the buck-  
wheat is cut,  
And there'll soon be a gap in the burr of  
the nut.

The grape has a gleam like the breast  
of a dove,  
And the haw is as red as the lips of my  
love;  
While the hue of her eyes the blue  
gentian doth wear,  
And the goldenrod glows like the gloss  
of her hair.

Like bubbles of amber the hours float  
away,  
As I search in my heart for regrets for  
the May;  
Alas! for the spring and the glamour  
thereof;  
The autumn has won me, the autumn  
and love.

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**Pleasant Hours:**

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 7, 1896.

**GOOD READING FOR THE WINTER  
VERY CHEAP**

The young people who belonged to the  
League Reading Circle last year are en-  
thusiastic in its praise, and will take this  
year's course also. Such expressions as,  
"We enjoyed the Reading Course  
very much," and "It is just the thing  
for young people," are frequently re-  
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velop a taste for good books; it cultivates  
the mind and provides the means for  
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and profitable manner.

The four books chosen for this year  
are particularly suitable for an Epworth  
League Reading Course, two of them  
being specially prepared for the Course,  
and the other two written for young  
people.

The following are the books constituting  
the Course for 1896-97.

1. "Torch-Bearers of Christendom.  
The Light they Shed and the Shadows  
they Cast." By Robert R. Doherty.

"Dr. Doherty's Torch-Bearers of  
Christendom is a brilliant survey of the  
nineteen Christian centuries, setting  
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chapters the successive steps in the his-  
tory of Christianity. Dr. Doherty's  
literary skill has resulted in an unusu-  
ally attractive book."—S. S. Journal.

2. "Modern Missions. Their History,  
Progress and Prospects."

This book will be timely, as there is  
at present a remarkable interest mani-  
fested in missionary work among the  
Leagues. Not only does it contain much  
valuable information, but it will be found  
intensely interesting as well, portions of  
it reading like a romance.

3. "Life and Conduct." By J. Cameron  
Lees, D.D., LL.D., Edinburgh.

This is a book on Character Building,  
and one of the best that has ever been  
published. This volume has chapters  
on Character, Success in Life, Personal  
Influence, Friends, Money, Time, Cour-  
age, Health, Earnestness, Manners, Gen-  
eral Recreation, Books, Family Life.

4. "Barbara Heck. A Tale of Early  
Methodism." By Rev. W. H. Withrow,  
D.D.

Chancellor Burwash says. "The warp  
and woof of the book is through and  
through historical. He has characters  
of rare beauty to depict, and many of  
the sketches would be well worthy of the  
pen of Ian Maclaren."

The Montreal Witness gives it nearly  
three columns of space, and says. "We  
could wish that thousands besides Meth-  
odists could read it to kindle and fan  
the flame of Canadian patriotism, and  
that all might learn the imperishable  
power and beauty of Godliness and true  
religion in humble life."

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odists may well be proud of such spiri-  
tual ancestry. The book should be in  
every Methodist household, and read by  
all of them, both old and young."

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start a Circle without delay. Let every  
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simultaneously. Read at home, review  
in meeting. More than half the ad-  
vantages of a Reading Circle are lost  
when the Circle does not read simul-  
taneously. Many Circles are in the  
habit of meeting in the homes of mem-  
bers and holding cosy informal meetings.

If a Reading Circle cannot be formed  
in any locality, any person may send for  
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Among the Junior Epworth League  
Topics for the fourth quarter of this  
year are a number of hymns, which the  
juniors are requested to memorize, and,  
where possible, to learn the names of the  
authors.

Several of these hymns are found in  
our Canadian Hymnal. But others are  
found only in the Junior Epworth Hym-  
nal, which is not in use in Canada. In  
these cases, the leaders of our Junior Ep-  
worth Leagues had better select hymns  
from the Canadian Hymnal, for memor-  
izing, and as the topics for the meetings.

**KISS AND SAY GOOD-BYE.**

BY REV. W. HINDALL.

Pussy had too many kittens, and all  
except one had to be drowned. Gwen,  
an affectionate little girl, said: "Pa,  
don't drown the kittens until I kiss them  
and say 'good-bye.'" Her pa was  
touched by this tender and loving re-  
mark of innocence, and wondered what  
was Gwen's meaning. We say  
"Good-bye" to friends when parting,  
which is an abbreviation of "God be  
with you." Did the little girl believe  
that the kittens would live again after  
they were drowned? One thing we  
know, that our friends who left us in  
death are still alive somewhere, but we  
shall see them no more in this world.

Do brothers and sisters who quarrel  
with each other ever think that when  
they go to bed with unkind feelings that  
they may never again speak to each other  
on earth, and how bitter the reflection  
during the whole years of life, that I  
was so naughty and said such unkind  
words to one who has gone beyond my  
reach, and then to think of the recollec-  
tion of the departed spirit of the last  
words it heard on earth, and of the  
quarrel which may never be erased from  
the memory of that spirit to all eternity,  
and I shall never be able to say, "For-  
give me. I am sorry for my wicked  
tempor"—never more be permitted to  
kiss and say good-bye.

"Why is James not down to his  
breakfast," said a mother recently to his  
brother, who had slept with him. The  
answer of the little boy was, "I tried  
hard, but could not wake him." The  
mother ran upstairs and found her son  
dead.

The patience of her mother was often al-  
most exhausted with the obstinate and  
disobedient conduct of Jane, and she  
sometimes wept when she thought of  
that once lovely, innocent babe, now so  
peevish and disagreeable. She had often  
tried to reason with her, but Jane  
heeded not her mother, and treated her  
pleadings with contempt. One day, when  
greatly tried, she said:

"You will live to some day repent of  
your unkindness to me, and, perhaps,  
when it is too late to ask my forgive-  
ness."

She received a very disagreeable an-  
swer. That evening Mrs. — retired  
early on account of a distressing pain  
in her head. Fever set in; she was deli-  
rious for a few days. Jane often ap-  
proached her bedside, and waited hours  
in painful anxiety for an opportunity to  
say, "Mother, will you forgive me," but  
the opportunity never came—for reason  
never returned; her mother never again  
recognized her daughter, and Jane has a  
remorseful life in thinking of her un-  
kindness. She would give worlds if she  
could once more gaze upon that patient  
face, and hear that loving voice say, "I  
forgive you," but it is too late. Let all  
the family, young and old, live in love  
and affection, and every night kiss and  
say good-bye.

Walkerton, Ont.

**THE GOD OF THUNDER.**

BY FRED MYRON COLBY.

All the old idolatrous nations had a god  
of thunder—a deity who they believed  
was accountable for all electrical phe-  
nomena. There is something so weird  
and dreadful in thunder and lightning  
that we can readily understand how,  
through all history, they have been  
looked upon as the direct work of some  
terrible power. Fear is the daughter of  
ignorance, and departs when knowledge  
enlightens us as to the cause of things.

There is nothing that would excite  
man's wonder and terror at first any  
more than a thunder shower, so it is  
natural enough that they attributed it  
to some great power. Accordingly the  
god of thunder was a very powerful  
deity in all the old mythologies. The  
ancient Greeks made their chief god,  
Jupiter, the god of thunder. He is re-  
presented armed with thunderbolts.  
They depicted him without ears, to sig-  
nify impartiality.

"He whose all-conscious eyes the world  
behold,  
The eternal thunderer, sits enthroned  
in gold;  
High heaven the footstool of his feet  
he makes,  
And wide beneath him all Olympus  
shakes."

Another legend made Vulcan the god  
of thunder. He was believed to be the  
son of Jupiter, and was lame and de-  
formed. His workshop was supposed to  
be under Mount Etna, in the island of  
Sicily, and indeed in every part of the  
world where there are volcanoes. Some-  
times he was represented at his anvil  
forging thunderbolts, all sooty and  
grimed, with a blacksmith's apron  
about him. At other times he was  
pictured beating a link of gongs or cym-  
bals—an old, wrinkled man, with long  
beard and dishevelled hair. His lame-  
ness and deformity excited the constant  
laughter and ridicule of the other gods.

Pandora, whom the ancients believed  
to be the first woman ever created, was  
made of clay by Vulcan. When she had  
received life, all the gods gave her  
different valuable presents; and Jupiter  
presented her with a beautiful box to be  
given to the man she married. After  
she married Prometheus he opened the box,  
when innumerable evils and distempers  
issued from it, and dispersed themselves  
over the world, where they still con-  
tinue. Hope alone remained at the bot-  
tom of the box, without which afflictions  
and sorrows could not be borne.

**BE THOROUGH.**

"I never do a thing thoroughly," Mary  
said to me the other day. She had just  
been competing for a prize in composi-  
tion. "I only read my composition once  
after I wrote it, and I never practised  
it in the chapel at all."

She was naturally far more gifted than  
Alice, who was her principal competitor.  
Alice wrote and re-wrote her essay, and  
practised it again and again.

The day came. Alice read her com-  
position in a clear, distinct voice, with-  
out hesitation or lack of expression. It  
was condensed and well written. Mary's  
could not be heard beyond the fifth row  
of seats, and was long and uninteresting.  
Alice won the prize. One remembered  
and the other forgot that truth so often

an immense capacity for taking trouble.  
One, by patient, persistent effort, ob-  
tained what the other relied upon her  
natural talent to win for her.

Whatever you do, whether you sweep  
a room, or make a cake, or write an  
essay, or trim a hat, or read a book, do  
it thoroughly. Have a high standard  
for everything. Not alone because only  
thus can you win honour and distinction,  
but because this is the only honest, right,  
Christian way to use the gifts God has  
bestowed upon you. To be honest be-  
fore him we must be thorough.

**A Little Girl's Wish.**

BY ELIZABETH R. GEORGE.

"Mayn't I be a boy?" said our Mary.  
The tears in her great eyes of blue,  
"I'm only a wee little lassie,  
There's nothing a woman can do.

"'Tis so, I heard Cousin John say so,  
He's home from a great college, too;  
He said so, just now, in the parlour:  
'There's nothing a woman can do.'"

"My wee little lassie, my darling,"  
Said I, putting back her soft hair,  
"I want you, my dear little maiden,  
To smooth away all mother's care.

"Is there nothing you can do, my dar-  
ling?  
What was that 'pa' said last night?  
'My own little sunbeam has been here,  
I know, for the room is so bright.'"

"And there is a secret, my Mary,  
Perhaps you may learn it some day.  
The hand that is willing and loving  
Will do the most work on the way.

"And the work that is sweetest and  
dearest,  
The work that so many ne'er do,  
The great work of making folk happy,  
Can be done by a lassie like you."

—Ladies' Home Journal.

**JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.**

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

NOVEMBER 15, 1896.

Hymn 19. Majestic Sweetness Sits.—  
Rev. 5, 12, 13.

"Majestic sweetness sits enthroned."  
"No mortal can with him compare."  
"He saw me plunged in deep distress."

The above are the first lines of the  
verses which the juniors are expected to  
commit to memory. The author of the  
hymn is Samuel Stennett. The tune is  
Ortonville, which was composed by  
Thomas Hastings. The words and the  
tune are both alike beautiful, and the  
members of the Junior Leagues will do  
well to commit the words to memory,  
and learn the tune, and often sing it both  
in private and public. Such employ-  
ment will be both edifying and instruc-  
tive.

THE TEXT.

Read the verses in Revelation. How  
sublime they are. They relate to the  
song which angels sing in heaven. They  
ascribe glory to the Lamb, which is an-  
other name for Jesus Christ. They  
assert the reason why they ascribe to  
him such honour and majesty, because  
he is worthy, that is, he is entitled to all  
the ascriptions of praise which are here  
rendered unto him. He was slain. He  
became sin-offering for us who knew sin  
that we might be made the righteousness  
of God in him.

THE ANGELS' EXAMPLE.

Not only are angels to adore him, but  
every intelligent creature in the universe  
is to join in the heavenly anthem. Read  
verse 13. The praise is to be perman-  
ent. The glorious song is not only sung  
for a season, but it continues through  
all the cycles of, and extends to eternity,  
and continues forever and ever. How  
noble it is on the part of the angels  
thus to render thanks to Jesus, the  
Saviour of the world, inasmuch as they  
were not the subjects of redemption, and  
consequently are not under the same  
obligation to render praise and thanks-  
giving, as we who have been redeemed.

OUR DUTY.

We should certainly feel ourselves un-  
der imperative obligation to ascribe  
glory unto the Lamb. Our hearts and  
lives should show forth his praise, and  
when we have done all that lies in our  
power, we can never discharge the ob-  
ligation under which we are laid. At  
best, we are unprofitable servants. How  
great is the loving-kindness of our hea-  
venly Father that he accepts such un-  
worthy creatures as we are into his ser-  
vice. No wonder that an inspired pen  
said, "Let everything that hath breath