

Give A Kind Word When You Can.

Do you know a heart that hungers
For a word of love and cheer?
There are many such about us,
It may be that one is near.
Look around you If you find it,
Speak the word that's needed so,
And your own heart may be strengthened
By the help that you bestow.

It may be that some one falters
On the brink of sin and wrong,
And a word from you might save him—
Help to make the tempted strong,
Look about you, O my brother!
What a sin is yours and mine,
If we see that help is needed,
And we give no friendly sign!

Never think kind words are wasted,
Bread on waters can't are they,
And it may be we shall find them
Coming back to us some day—
Coming back when sorely needed,
In a time of sharp distress;
So, my friend, let's give them freely;
Gift and giver God will bless.
—The Housewife

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

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JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

JANUARY 23, 1898.

Working with God.—Phil. 4. 3; 1 Cor. 3. 9.

CO-OPERATION.

The Christian church is a sacred compact. All are bound together by the most tender ties of friendship. No matter how large the number, the same spirit actuates and stimulates the whole. A philosopher was once asked a definition of friendship, and he said it meant "one soul in two bodies." Members in every society only succeed by being united together as the heart of one man.

PAUL HAD MANY HELPERS.

Read the first verse at the head of the lesson. Respectful mention is made of those who aided the apostle in his great work. He did not despise the help of women. It has been well said, "Happy is the man who has a woman for his friend." A kind word spoken, sometimes acts like oil on the machine. How much more does a hand stretched forth to aid in difficulty? Paul often needed helpers who were not available. Every Christian knows the value of sympathy. Seasons of trouble will arise, and a kind word, an affectionate handshake, will then be most gladly appreciated.

CLEMENT.

This brother had rendered help to Paul in time of need, and now Paul makes special mention of him, and when the names of the apostle's persecutors have been forgotten, the name of Clement and others, who were the associates of the apostle, will be held in remembrance.

Numerous Helpers.

See Romans 16. Paul had not the power to reward his helpers as he felt they deserved, but he mentions their names that they may know how that

their names are engraven in his memory. Work done for God it dieth not.

MOTIVE TO EXCITE TO CO-OPERATION.

We are working for God when we thus combine to be fellow-helpers for the truth. Servants of reputable masters count it an honour to be engaged in their employ. How much more honourable to be engaged to work with God! Whatever is done to benefit the humblest follower of the Lord Jesus is regarded as being done to the Master himself.

A HOUSE MOVED BY SCHOOL-BOYS.

Just think what a curious and beautiful thing this was,—the moving of a house by seven thousand Minneapolis school children! The house is said to be the first ever put up on the west side of the Mississippi River, where Minneapolis now stands. It was built by Colonel Stevens in 1848, and in it the first white child of Minneapolis, a little girl named Mary Elizabeth, was born; the first religious services of the place were held there, and there the first church was organized.

By-and-bye the place where it stood was wanted for business, and the house was moved. The same thing happened to it several times, until finally it got "lost"; but lately it was found again, and a generous man bought it and offered it to the Park Board if they would move it. This they were glad to do, and somebody suggested that the school children be invited to do the moving.

When the proposition was made to the schools, over seven thousand of the scholars enthusiastically volunteered to help. No students below the fourth grade were accepted, probably because it was thought that they were not strong enough. The scholars were divided into relays of a thousand each, each relay having a separate badge.

The house was mounted on heavy wheels, and at nine o'clock a thousand boys took hold of the ropes and pulled it a seventh part of the distance; then another thousand took their turn, and so on, until all of them had had their pull, and about two o'clock in the afternoon it reached the end of its journey. Then there were speeches and a general good time.

The city made the day a holiday, and the boys with badges were given free rides on the city cars. The house is a story and a half frame, and Colonel Stevens, its builder, is still living in Minneapolis, and made a short address. I suppose this is the first time in the world a house was ever moved by school children. It has been set down near Minnetaha Falls, and when we go to Minneapolis we must all go and see it.

MITTENS.

BY SYDNEY DAYRE.

"You'll take care of mother when I'm gone, Karl?"
Father said it to the small boy who stood ready to hand him his bag as he said good-bye to mother.

"I will," said Karl, firmly.
"Make things as easy for her as you can. Don't let her do hard things."
"No, I won't," said Karl; "I'll do 'em myself."

"Bless the boy, what can he do?" said mother, wiping her eyes. "Such a little fellow as he!"

"I can 'I'm big," said Karl, drawing himself up. "I'm seven years old. Soon I'll be a man!"

"You are old enough to be mother's comfort," said father. "I leave you to be so."

So Karl and his mother and two little sisters were left with the long, cold winter before them. Father had to go a long way from home to get work.

Karl seemed to grow older at once. Boys do, and girls too, when they find care put on them—that is, if the boys and girls are worth anything. They see that God is calling on them to be helpers in this great world of his, and are glad and willing to do their share. It is a very sweet thought that in helping those they love they are God's helpers, too.

It brought a great many new thoughts to Karl, for he had up to this time been just a merry little boy without much to do except play. Now he watched to see what he could do for mother, and she was often surprised to see how much he could do.

"Your hands are cold, mother," he said one day, when she was feeding the chickens. "Give me the pan and go in."

"But your hands are cold, too," she said. "Where are your mittens?"

"Oh, they're about worn out."
"No wonder dear when you cut kindlings and pick up chips and do so many other things out of doors."

"My hands don't hurt," said Karl, proudly. "I'm a big boy."

"We must get you some mittens with the first money that father sends," said mother.

"We must get you some mittens," said Karl, but he said it to himself.

Things grew harder as the winter went on. Father sent a little money, but when food was paid for there was none left.

"No mittens for Karl," sighed mother.
"No mittens for mother," said Karl to himself.

Before long the wood which father had left was all gone. A kind neighbour told them they could gather sticks from his woods; but who was to do it? Only little Karl, the "big" seven-year-old boy.

"It is just the same as earning money," said mother, when he brought home his first load.

"But I wish I could earn some money," said the boy to himself. "Then I could buy a pair of mittens for mother's poor hands."

It was hard work, the wood gathering; and, oh, how cold were the small hands which tugged so bravely at it! Sometimes Karl cried a little all by himself, big man as he was, but not often. And he always had a smile on by the time he got home to mother.

"Do you think Karl was too good a boy to be true?" "I'm sorry if you do. He was not a perfect boy, by any means, and had his faults and troubles—in the same way just like other boys. But he had made up his sturdy little mind on that one thing of being a comfort to his mother. Suppose you try for yourself whether a real boy can do it."

Karl asked about mittens at the country store. They were good, thick, warm ones, just mother's size.

"Only twenty cents," said the man.
"Only twenty cents!" It sounded as large as twenty dollars to Karl. Where could he get twenty cents?

But one day Mr. Swarts, the owner of the food, came along where Karl was mending up his bundle for the day.

"This is fine, dry wood," he said. "I wish I knew of some one I could get to bring some to my house for kindling."

"I'll do it, and be glad to," said Karl.
"I think you have plenty to do already, for a man of your size," said Mr. Swarts.

But Karl carried a bundle every day to Mr. Swarts' house. It took up the most of his playtime, but mother agreed with him that it was right to oblige any one who was so kind to them.

Three weeks later Mr. Swarts met Karl as he brought his wood to the back door.
"That is plenty now," he said; "and here is your pay for it."

"I wasn't doing it for pay," said Karl, looking up with a smile on his round, rosy face.

"But I want to pay you, and you have earned it well."

How big and bright that quarter looked as Mr. Swarts put it into his cold hand—as big and bright as the full moon.

With a bound and a shout he was rushing home to show mother his first earnings, when he stopped short to think. Then he turned and went round by the store.

"I want those mittens," said Karl, showing his quarter.

"Here are some for a quarter, if you want to pay so much," said the store-keeper.

"They are finer, and have a fringe on the top," said Karl. "What could be too fine for his mother?"

How bright the woods looked as he ran towards home. The sun shone down on the snow, and the snow shone back at it. The snowbirds chirped and a squirrel peeped out of its nest with a friendly chatter.

As he reached home his mother met him with a brighter smile than he had often seen on her face. That seemed quite natural—everything was smiling so-day.

"I've got something for you," he began, while still out of breath.

"I've got something for you," she said—"something to keep the cold from your dear little hands."

"Big hands," insisted Karl. "Oh, mittens! Where did they come from?"

"Neighbour Kline gave me some yarn for one of my hens, and I knit them."

"Hold out your hands," said Karl. "I didn't knit yours, but I earned 'em, all the same."

"You dear boy!" she exclaimed.

"You dear mother!" said Karl.

And the sun shone and the smiles beamed brighter than ever, as hands warm with the new mittens kept company with hearts warm with love.

What confection did they have in the ark? Preserved pears.

Which is the most wonderful animal in the farmyard? A pig, because he is killed and then cured.

A Little Sermon.

Never a day is lost, dear,
If at night you can truly say,
You've done one kindly deed, dear,
Or smoothed some rugged wav.

Never a day is dark, dear,
Where the sunshine of home may fall,
And where the sweet home voices
May answer you when you call.

Never a day is sad, dear,
If it brings, at set of sun,
A kiss from mother's lips, dear,
And a thought of work well done.

THE BREAD OF THE WORLD.

In England and America wheat bread is within the reach of all, and scarcely is a thought to be given to the fact that only a small portion of the earth's inhabitants enjoy it. It is only during the last century that wheat bread has come into common use. A hundred years ago wealthy families in England used only a peck of wheat in a year, and that at Christmas, eating oak cakes the remainder of the time.

The German "pumpnickle" is a rye bread with a curious, sour taste, but after eating it awhile one acquires quite a taste for it. It is less nutritious than that of wheat. In the poorer parts of Sweden, the people bake their rye bread only twice a year and store it away, so that eventually it is as hard as bricks.

Farther north still, barley and oats become the chief bread corn. But in the distinct north is where man is put to thought to provide himself with bread. In Lapland, if a man trusted to grain he would starve, so the people eke out their scanty store of oats with the inner bark of the pine, and after grinding this mixture it is made into large flat cakes, which, after all, are not half bad.

In dreary Kamchatka the pine or birch bark by itself, well ground, pounded and baked, constitutes the whole of the native bread food. Bread and butter is represented by dough of pine bark spread with seal fat. In certain parts of Siberia the people not only grind the pine bark, but cut off the tender shoots, which procedure must give the bread an unpleasantly resinous flavour.

In Iceland the Hohen is scraped off the rock, made into bread puddings and put into soup. In Russia and China buckwheat is pressed into service. It makes a palatable bread, though of a dark violet tinge.

In Italy and Spain chestnuts are cooked, ground into meal and used for bread and soup thickening. Millet furnishes a white bread in Arabia, Egypt and India.

This grain is credited with being the very first used in bread making.

Rice bread is still the staple of the Chinese, Japanese, and Indians.

In the Indian archipelago the starchly pith of the sago palm is made into bread, and in some parts of Africa the natives use a certain root for the same purpose.—Boys' Industrial School Journal.

GOG AND MAGOG.

Who were Gog and Magog? English tradition says that they were the last of a race of giants who infested England until they were destroyed by the Trojans who went to the British Isles after the destruction of Troy. Noah Brooks, when telling, in St. Nicholas, "The True Story of Marco Polo," makes the following statement:

"Gog and Magog, it is said, were taken captive to London, where they were chained at the door of the palace of the king. When they died, wooden images of the two giants were put in their places. In the course of time a great fire destroyed these, but now, if you go to London, you will see, in the Great Hall of one of the famous buildings—the Guildhall—two immense wooden effigies of men, called Gog and Magog.

But there are other traditions of the two giants. One is to the effect that when Alexander the Great overran Asia he chased into the mountains of the North an impure, wicked and man-eating people, who were twenty-two nations in number, and who were shut up with a rampart in which were gates of brass. One of these nations was Gogh, and another Magogh, from which we readily get the names of the mythical giants. It is supposed, however, that the Turks were meant by Gog and the Mongols were the children of Magog. We shall find mention made of Gog and Magog in many books, including the Bible; but there is the Great Wall and the Rampart of Gog and Magog, whatever may have been the fact that gave the names of the two giants to that portion of the structure.