

as she would like it, and she said, "Leroy, the perfume is agreeable." But when my big brother Tom lighted his pipe, Nancy said, "Get out of the house, you horrid creature; the smell of tobacco makes me sick." Snuff is Injun meal made out of tobacco. I took a little snuff once, and then I sneezed.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, JULY 8, 1893.

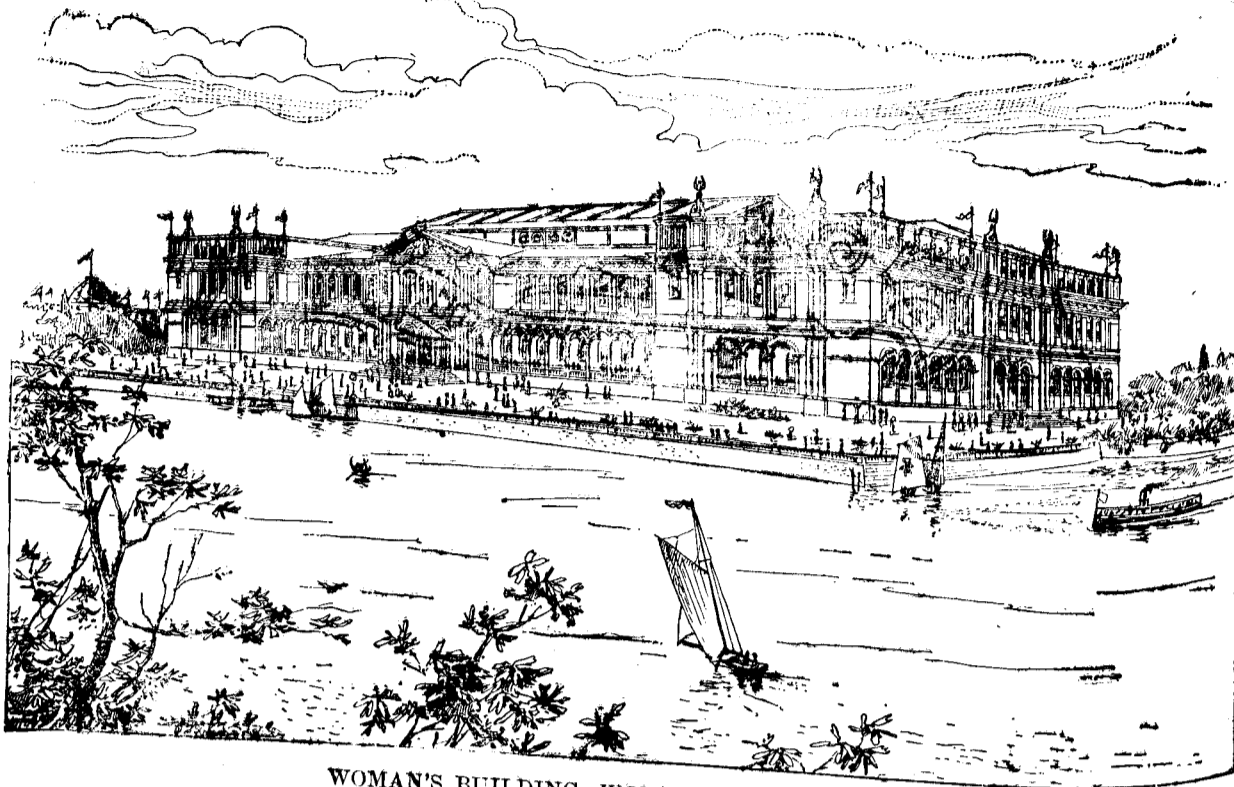
SELF-HELP.

ALL the histories of individuals who have achieved success, and made for themselves a name and place in the world, point to the fact that, in a majority of cases, they were self-made; that their success was due to their own efforts, energy and determination.

Let us glance at a few of the many examples. The first name that comes to my mind is that of Elihu Burritt, "the learned blacksmith," who studied Greek and Latin, and various other languages, while working at his forge. He became one of the finest linguists this country ever saw, but without the help of any man. Livingstone, the African explorer, was a weaver's apprentice. He kept a book by his side while at the loom, though he could only take his eyes off his work long enough to glance at a single sentence at a time. You are familiar with Lincoln's early history; how he studied his books at night by the firelight in his father's cabin, and laboured in the woods during the day. One of the most noted recent examples of self-made men was that of Garfield, a President of the United States. His early life was full of toil and struggle; he had to contend with the severest poverty, enduring hardships which would have crushed less dauntless spirits; but he came up through all victorious, and no American citizen can rise to a higher position than that to which he rose.

Boys, what do these examples teach? This—that success is waiting for you if you will strive for it. Don't "wait for something to turn up." If you want an education, go to work to get it. Help yourself. Make your own way. Don't depend on somebody else to put you through. God helps those who help themselves. He helps us by giving us the ability to help ourselves. Self-help is always the best help. It brings independence; it frees us from obligation: "Owe no man anything." Self-help is manly—there is nobility about it. Cultivate this spirit of relying on self. You may have to fight harder, but you will be more of a man, and others will think more of you. The days may be dark, and you will feel at times that it is easier to go backward than it is to go forward; but don't give up. Put your trust in God, who is your help in time of trouble; he will carry you through.

"As you battle with life, my boy,
Your strength will have many a test;
Twill pay to know at the start, my boy,
Self-help is always the best."



WOMAN'S BUILDING, WORLD'S FAIR, CHICAGO.

The Farmer Feeds All.

The king may rule o'er land and sea
The lord may live right royally,
The soldier ride in pomp and pride,
The sailor roam the ocean wide;
But this or that, whate'er befall,
The farmer he must feed them all.

The writer thinks, the poet sings,
The craftsmen fashion wondrous things;
The doctor heals, the lawyer pleads,
The miner follows the precious leads;
But this or that, whate'er befall,
The farmer he must feed them all.

The merchant he may buy and sell;
The teacher do his duty well;
But men may toil through busy days,
Or men may stroll through pleasant ways;
From king to beggar, whate'er befall,
The farmer he must feed them all.

The farmer's trade is one of worth;
He's partner with the sky and earth
He's partner with the sun and rain:
And no man loses for his gain:
And men may rise and men may fall,
The farmer he must feed them all.

God bless the man who sows the wheat,
Who finds us milk and fruit and meat;
May his purse be heavy, his heart be light,
His cattle and corn and all go right;
God bless the seeds his hands let fall,
For the farmer he must feed us all.

KILLING TIME.

NED had been promised a ride with his uncle at four o'clock. He wanted to put on his best clothes in the morning when he got up, but his mother knew that there would be plenty of time later, and meantime she hoped to have considerable help from him, before he went. But Ned was impatient. He wondered where his uncle was going to take him; whether he would buy him anything, and if he would take his fast horse and the open buggy, or the family horse and the covered carriage. He much preferred the former, but he had hardly dared tell his uncle so, and he could only wait and see. It seemed to Ned that four o'clock was never so long in coming, but this was because he had never learned the secret of "killing time."

There was the wood-box to be filled, the gravel path to be swept, Monday's lessons to be learned, and lots of "odds and ends of work" to be done, but he "didn't feel like it," he told his mother, and so he watched the clock, walking back and forth to the door impatiently.

At two o'clock his face brightened, for surely that was Uncle Will coming up the road. Ned's weariness was forgotten, and he ran out to the road exclaiming, "Oh, how lovely, Uncle Will, that you have come so early! I was so tired waiting."

"Waiting! already!" said Uncle Will.

"Why, it is only two o'clock and I can't

go for two hours yet. Wasn't four the time?"

"Yes, sir; but I thought you had come earlier than you meant, and I have been ready all day."

"Ready all day! Well, I am not ready yet. I have several errands to do, and I couldn't enjoy my ride if they were not all done. Grandma wanted some knitting cotton and I must get that down at the store and take it back to her, the Sabbath-school papers and magazines must be taken over to the church, sorted and marked, and two or three other little things. If your work is all done here you might run across to Widow Smith's and take this basket of plums to her. It will save me driving all the way around there. Nothing more to do for mother, eh?"

"She can spare me, I guess," said Ned, rather hesitatingly. Mother had wanted him to take a card of cheese over to Widow Smith's that morning, but he had been "so tired," so she found some other way to send it.

"I don't want her to spare you if she has any other work for you to do. We must not have a good time, and leave her to work all the time we are gone. Is everything done?"

"Well, you see, Uncle Will, I haven't felt very good to-day, and I haven't worked much, but I feel better now, and I might do some of the things yet, I suppose."

"Some of them! do all of them, of course," said Uncle Will. "Lessons all learned for Monday?"

"Why, no—I did not feel like studying, and I thought I could learn them on Monday morning," said Ned, rather shamefacedly.

"Now, see here, Ned, that isn't fair. I've been working hard all day to make time for this ride, and you've been shirking. I don't think you've earned a ride, but two hours' steady work would do it yet. What do you say?"

"I'll try," said Ned, "and do all I can. A good many of the things only take a few minutes."

"All right, then—four o'clock—I'll be on time."

Ned started for the wood-shed before Uncle Will was out of sight, and before he came in sight again, everything was done; the lessons were learned, the plums had been carried over to Widow Smith's, and Ned told his uncle they were the shortest two hours he had ever known.

"I think you would have found the whole day short, if you had filled it full of work for others, and watched your opportunities for being useful," said Uncle Will.

The way to "get ready" is to do all we can beforehand. We are never ready for "the next thing" until we have done faithfully the duty that came before it, and if we seek to do this, time will always be too short for all we have to do.

A Modern Prodigal

BY

Mrs. Julia McNair Wright.

CHAPTER IX.

HOW MERCY STANHOPE WAS STRONG IN THE LORD.

IT is written in the prophet Hosea: "Therefore, behold I will allure her, and bring her unto to the wilderness, and speak comfortably unto her, and I will give her her vineyards from thence, and the valley of Achor for a door of hope, and she shall sing there as in the days of her youth." This is the history of many a human soul. There are those who in lands of peace that are as the garden of the Lord forget God their maker, and tread with careless feet the downward slopes of spiritual death. And these same souls brought for their eternal good into the wilderness and the bitter and stoney valley of Achor, find there the Rose of Sharon blooming, Christ the true vine, see wide horizons of immortal hope, and take up the songs of heaven, the songs of peace and love that they sang in early days of worldliness and innocence.

Such was the heart-history of Mercy Stanhope. As a young girl, the very restrictions of her life at Uncle Barum's had caused her to set an undue estimate upon the little luxuries and pleasures of existence which her uncle's asceticism denied her. In the rebound from the rigorous quiet and plainness of her early home, she had run away with dashing Thomas Stanhope, who claimed that all that a person wanted it was good for him to have. If Thomas had been a fairly moral and prosperous man, no doubt Mercy would have drifted into the soul deadness of a very worldly woman, not having God in all her thoughts. During the years of Thomas Stanhope's lowest fall, Mercy dropped into the very apathy of misery, too hopeless to make any effort for herself or for her children. In these days how beautiful seemed the peace, quiet, righteousness of her early home, how hollow and fickle and unsatisfying the mere amusements of earth!

Then the incubus of the drunken husband and father was removed from the home; energy and hope returned in the enthusiasm and helpfulness of her children. Amos Lowell led Mercy back to those walls of peace and strength, prayer and the Word of God. She began to find God an ever-present help in time of trouble; when new cares pressed her, she felt that it was blessed beyond speech to take them to the feet of Christ the Helper and to leave them there. Thus was Mercy renewing her youth; the wilderness and the solitary place were made glad in the presence