

thing to-day—will you not join—my army?"

"Well, I put my hand in his without a word, an' then another came on top of it, an' another, till they was all there in a pile. An' then—the little sergeant was gone. But I like to think how pleased he was to carry the names of so many who had listed up to headquarters.

"So that's why ours is a queer camp, an' why we don't drink nothin' stronger'n coffee."

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 10, 1898.

JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

SEPTEMBER 18, 1898.

SOME THINGS THE BIBLE FORBIDS.

FALSE WITNESS.

(Ex. 20. 16; Matt. 19. 18.)

"Good name in man or woman," says Shakespeare, "is the most immediate jewel of the soul." "He who steals my purse steals trash, but he who filches from me my good name takes that which not enriches him and makes me poor indeed." Yet there is a great deal of this kind of mean, contemptible stealing in the world. "Backbiting," the Scriptures quaintly call it. That is, whispering and hinting things behind a person's back which we would not dare to say to his face.

Even words are sometimes not necessary for bearing false witness. The shrug of the shoulder, the lifting of the eyebrow, the hint or sneer, or even the silence when another is evil spoken of instead of standing up bravely for the absent, may be a way of bearing false witness.

Often character is slain, often reputation is slandered, often arrows barbed with anguish rankle in the soul through speaking unadvisedly with the lips. If we know anything to the disadvantage of another we should always ask, "Will it do any good to tell this?" We should certainly go to the person concerned and tell him first.

If false witness is forbidden, then true witness is enjoined. If we know any good of a man we should tell it. Then we should not be afraid to tell the person himself, and tell others. If your teacher in Sunday-school, or day-school, has been helpful to you, it is right, and wise, and kind, and just to go and tell him so. It will gladden his heart and do him good, and do you good, too.

A CAREFUL CAT.

There is a cat in Boston, it is said, that has learned to be extremely tidy. She lives in an office, and when meat and bread or any food is given her to eat, it is usually spread out on a piece of paper. When she has finished or eaten all she cares to, she carefully and patiently folds the paper into a package, skillfully using her paws and her mouth to accomplish it. When she has made this into as neat a package as she can, she carries it to some out-of-the-way corner or nook, where she puts it away till she wants to finish it.

SHE TRIED HARD.

Little Jane had been repeatedly re-proved, so the story goes, for doing violence to the moods and tenses of the verb "to be." She would say, "I be," instead of "I am," and for a time it seemed as if no one could prevent it. Finally Aunt Kate made a rule not to answer any incorrect question, but to wait until it was corrected.

One day the two sat together, Aunt Kate busy with embroidery, and little Jane over her dolls. Presently doll society became tedious, and the child's attention was attracted to the embroidery frame.

"Aunt Kate," said she, "please tell me what that is going to be."

But Aunt Kate was counting, and therefore did not answer.

Fatal word "be!" It was her old enemy, and to it alone could the child ascribe the silence that followed.

"Aunt Kate," she persisted, with an honest attempt to correct her mistake, "please tell me what this is going to be."

Aunt Kate sat silently counting, though her lip curled with amusement. Jane sighed, but made another patient effort. "Will you please tell me what this is going to be?"

Aunt Kate counted on, perhaps by this time actuated by a wicked desire to know what would come next.

The little girl gathered her energies for one last and great effort, and said:

"Aunt Kate, what am that going to be?"

FOR THE MASTER'S EYE.

Beautiful lessons are hidden in the old story of the Grecian sculptor, who, charged with adorning a lofty temple, was chided by his employers because he fashioned the upper surface of the capitals which surrounded his pillars with the same exquisite workmanship and elaborate care which he bestowed on the carving within reach of every visitor who might stand on the pavement. They said to him, "Why do you waste your skill where no human eye can ever behold it? Only the birds of the air can rest in such a place." The sculptor raised his eyes, lifted for a moment his chisel from the stone, and replied, "The gods will see it," and resumed his task.

We should learn from the old heathen artist to do our work just as honestly where it will be covered up and never seen by human eyes as where it is to be open to the scrutiny of the world; for God will see it. There really is no such thing as secrecy in this world. We fancy that no eye is looking when we are not in the presence of men; but really we always have spectators—we are living all our life in the presence of angels and of God himself. We should train ourselves, therefore, to work for the divine eye in all that we do, so that our work may stand the divine inspection, and that we may have the approval and commendation of God.

A DISFIGURING ORNAMENT.

Alaskan squaws are not sensitive on the subject of their age; on the contrary, they take some trouble to make it known to the world. They wear a piece of wood or bone in the lower lip, the size of the ornament indicating the age of the owner.

When a girl marries, her lower lip is pierced, and a peg of wood or a piece of bone the size of a pea inserted. As she grows older, this is increased in size until it is almost as wide as her chin, and one-fourth of an inch high. The result is naturally most unsightly to civilized eyes, but Alaskan opinion is different, and the wearer is perfectly satisfied with her appearance. It is really no worse than a wasp waist, or balloon sleeves, or pointed shoes, when you come to think of it.

There is an interesting family at Fort Wrangle which illustrates perfectly this peculiar custom. It includes four generations. A young girl may be seen sitting on one side of the one-roomed square frame house, while her mother, grandmother and great-grandmother are squatted on the earthen floor, near the door, offering mats and baskets to the ship's passengers who come on shore. There is no disfiguring object on the girl's chin, but there is a big one on the lip of the great-grandmother.

In India infanticide was prohibited in 1802, suttee in 1829. Female education was undertaken by the Government in 1850. The re-marriage of widows was legalized in 1856. The age of consent was raised in 1891.

WHY THE SERMON WAS DULL.

"The dullest sermon I ever listened to!" exclaimed Sam, petulantly, as he came home from church.

"Yes," replied his grandfather, a twinkle in his eye, "I thought so myself."

"Did you, grandfather?" exclaimed Sam, glad to have some one stand by him.

"I mean to say I thought you thought so," replied his grandfather. "I enjoyed it because my appetite was whetted for it before I went to church. While the minister was preaching I noticed it was just the other way with you."

"How?" Sam demanded.

"Why, before you went," answered his grandfather, "instead of sharpening your appetite for the sermon, you dulled it by reading a trashy paper. Then instead of sitting straight up and looking at the minister while he preached, as though you wanted to catch every word he said and every expression of his face, you lounged down in your seat and turned half-way around. I never knew anybody who could hear a sermon right from the side of his head. Then you let your eyes rove about the church and out of the window. That dulled the sense. You dulled your ears by listening to a dog that was barking, and the milkman's bell, and the train puffing into the station. You dulled your mind and soul by thinking you were a terribly abused boy for having to go to church and stay through the sermon, and so you made yourself a dull listener. And I never knew it to fall in my life that a dull listener made a dull sermon."

A GOOD STORY ABOUT A HORSE.

A few mornings ago, a crowd was idly watching a poor old horse struggling vainly to pull a heavily loaded waggon out of a rut in Fifth Avenue, near Washington Street. It was a task to tax the strength of a vigorous, well-conditioned horse. Still, he bravely responded to each call of his rough master to try it again, until at length, weak and trembling, he refused to further attempt what he knew was beyond his power.

There was something about the horse which suggested that he had known better days. His large, though dim and sunken eyes, his small, trim ears, clean cut head and broad, thin nostrils, stamped him as one possessed of aristocratic lineage, who, in his younger and better days, had known far different things than hauling the waggon of a junk peddler.

The whip had been applied, but to no purpose; and there had been several emphatic suggestions from the crowd that if the man expected his horse to pull anything he had better feed him occasionally, when a tall, broad-shouldered man moved forward out from the crowd, where he had been watching the horse intently for several minutes, and, approaching the man, asked: "Where did you get that hoss?"

At the sound of his voice the horse pricked up his ears; and turning his head in the direction whence the sound came, gave utterance to a low, glad neigh.

Without waiting for the owner's reply, the man advanced quickly to the horse's head; and, patting it gently, he said in a tone of affectionate tenderness: "Poor old Joe! So they have brought you to this. I somehow thought it was you, old boy, when I first saw you; but I couldn't hardly believe my eyes, for you used to be a mighty different looking horse from this."

All this time the horse was rubbing his head against the man's breast and shoulders; and there was a suspicion of moisture in the eyes of the man, as well as in the eyes of several of the spectators.

"I never would have sold you in the world, Joe, if I had thought they would ever bring you to this," the man continued. "But never mind, old boy; there's going to be a change right away now. You're going to have a nice big stall, and you ain't ever goin' to do another lick of work as long as you live." And then, turning to the owner, he asked: "How much do you want for this horse?"

The former hesitated a moment, and then said: "Forty dollars."

He knew that he was asking four times what the horse was worth, but he concluded that the old owner would not stand on a few dollars to get back his old horse.

And he didn't, for he counted out the \$40, and, handing it to the man, said: "Here's your money; you're robbing me, but I must have that old hoss." A few minutes later he was leading

him down the street; and, as they made their way along, there were doubtless many who wondered why that well-dressed man should evince such tender consideration for the poor, bony old horse which followed with lame, faltering steps close behind him.—Chicago Tribune.

Lewis Carroll.

BY ADDIE FAREWELL BROWN.

This was that brave adventurer,
Upon an unknown sea,
Who found the far, fair Wonderland—
His galleon by an eager band
Of little children fealty manned,
All laughing out in glee.

Far, far away his vessel sailed,
Throughout a single night,
Until it reached that magic shore,
No man had ever seen before;
The children's land for evermore,
He gave them as their right.

And since that voyage venturesome
On every night and day,
That pilot with a shipful new
Of happy children for his crew—
Of grown-up folk a favoured few—
Has sailed the Wonder-Way.

And if upon to-morrow's ship
No Pilot should appear,
So many children everywhere
Have learned from him the thoroughfare
To Wonderland, they still will dare
To sail without a fear.

But, oh! their little hearts will ache,
And, oh! their eyes will dim;
And, as the ship sails mile by mile,
Each child will sit a little while,
And, thinking, will forget to smile—
For sailing without him.

CHURCH PEWS.

In the days of the Anglo-Saxon and early Norman churches, antiquarians say, a stone bench running round the interior of the church, except on the east side, was the only seating accommodation for the visitors. In 1329 the people were represented as sitting on the ground or standing. A little later, low, three-legged stools were introduced promiscuously over the church. Soon after the Norman Conquest, wooden seats were substituted.

In 1387 a decree was issued in regard to the wrangling for seats; then so common, that none should call any seat in the church his own, except noblemen or patrons, each entering and holding the one he first found.

From 1530 to 1540 private pews grew in favour. In 1608 galleries were introduced, and as early as 1614 pews were arranged to afford comfort by being raised or cushioned, while the seats around were so high as to hide the occupants—a device of the Puritans to avoid being seen by the officers, who reported those who did not stand when the name of Jesus was mentioned.

LIKE A TELEPHONE.

A man who had formed the habit of drinking started one night from home. His little girl clung to him and coaxed him in her pretty way. His wife was asking him to stay at home. But his habit was too strong, and he left them. When some distance away he found he had left his money at home, and he turned back. He crept past the window, and, looking in, saw the little girl kneeling at her mother's knee. He listened and heard her say:

"Now I lay me down to sleep, and please send father home sober. Amen."

The door opened and he walked into the room. When little Mary was being tucked in her bed she said, "Mamma, God answers most as quick as a telephone, doesn't he?"

—Sent by Z. Bond, Barrie, Ont.

Josephine Kipling, the eldest child of Rudyard Kipling, was recently punished for telling an untruth, and went to bed sobbing rebelliously: "I think it's real mean—so there! My pa writes great big whoppers, and everybody thinks they're lovely, while I told just a tiny little story and gets whipped and sent to bed."

One of the already immediate results of those 23,000 students of Confucius studying and preparing essays upon the word of God at the triennial examinations, is an increased demand for Bibles. One of our missionaries received in one day orders for fifty copies of the Bible, complete.