

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 then give no friendly sign!

Never think kind words are wasted;
Bread on waters cast 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.

OUR PERIODICALS:

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.

Christian Guardian, weekly.....	\$1 00
Methodist Magazine, 88 pp., monthly, illustrated	2 00
Magazine, Guardian and Onward together.....	3 50
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly.....	1 00
Sunday-School Banner, 52 pp., 8vo., monthly	0 60
Onward, 8 pp., 4to., weekly, under 5 copies.....	0 60
5 copies and over.....	0 50
Pleasant Hours, 4 pp., 4to., weekly, single copies	0 30
Less than 20 copies.....	0 25
Over 20 copies.....	0 24
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than ten copies.....	0 15
10 copies and upwards.....	0 12
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than ten copies	0 15
10 copies and upwards.....	0 12
Berean Leaf, monthly, 100 copies per month.....	5 50
Berean Leaf, quarterly.....	0 06
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 24c. a dozen; \$2 per 100; per quarter, 6c. a dozen; 60c. per 100.	

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto.

C. W. COATES,
2176 St. Catherine St.,
Montreal.

S. F. HUESTIS,
Wesleyan Book Room,
Halifax, N.S.

Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 7, 1895.

THE PAPER PATSY FOUND.

"MOTHER! mother! come here; I've found a paper that I think is pretty nice," cried Patsy Gray.

Mrs. Gray left her ironing and came to the porch door.

Patsy had just come from school; his book and cap lay beside him, and he was spelling out the words on a clean, square, stiff paper.

"I found it in the street; it's clean and new, and no name on it."

"It is a temperance pledge," said his mother.

"And do you put your name here in the corner, to do as it reads, never to use wine, beer, cider or any intoxicating drink?"

"Yes; that is what it is for. I heard a gentleman was here to start a temperance society, and this must be one of his pledges."

"And folks sign it and belong to the society?"

"Yes; that is it. And when one signs such a pledge, one must keep it sacred, on honour, and that can be done by God's help only."

"Would you like me to sign?" said Patsy.

"Indeed I would," said his mother.

"I am a widow and you are my only son, my hope and comfort. If you go wrong my heart will break. If you are a good, true man, it will sing for joy."

"I wouldn't want you to sit crying like Mrs. Green, because her boy drinks and went to gaol."

"I hope not!" exclaimed Mrs. Gray.

"Suppose I sign this, and go hunt up the gentleman, and ask him to let me belong to his society?"

"That will be a good plan. He is at our preacher's house."

"Suppose I ask one or two boys to go with me? I hate to go alone, and maybe they will sign too."

"That will be fine. Perhaps there can be enough boys found to form a band. If some of you boys form a good strong band, and have meetings, and keep it up year after year, and become earnest temperance men, think how much good you can do; you may change the character of this village, and drive out all liquor-selling. Then our little village would grow into a rich, happy, safe town!"

"Can boys do all that?" shouted Patsy. "Yes; the boys of now are the men of by-and-bye. If all the boys thirty years ago had been real strong temperance boys I think the question of temperance would now be settled for this country."

"Well, now, mother, I'll sign this pledge, and take it to school, and tell teacher and the boys; and after school a lot of us will go to find the temperance man."

"Very good! Perhaps your teacher will be the president of the society, and you can have your meetings in the school-house."

"Whoop! ain't you the one to plan!" cried Patsy. "Here goes for signing, and I'll go off to school as soon as I have a bite of dinner. When I get to be a man I'll see that you have a big dinner every day, and a hired girl to cook it for you!"

BOTTLES.

BY MINNIE E. KENNEY.

"WHY, I thought bottles were always made of glass," exclaims some little Bright-eyes, who is looking at this picture.

No; long ago, in olden times, bottles were always made of the skins of animals, which were properly dressed for that purpose. The openings of the skin were all closed except at the neck of the animal, and this was fastened with a string like the top of a bag, except when people wanted to fill it or empty out some of the contents.

These bottles were made of quite as many different sizes and shapes as the glass bottles that we use in these times, for sometimes the skin of a small animal, such as a kid or goat, was used, and sometimes a much larger one, such as the skin of an ox.

A traveller tells us of a bottle that he saw in Arabia, made of an ox-skin, which would hold sixty gallons. Was not that a large bottle?

Missionaries in Eastern countries often speak of the water-bottles made of goat-skins in which they carry water for their journey. When the roads are very rough and the bottles will be likely to strike against each other, they take the strongest, toughest material that can be used.

The bottles in which new wine was kept were made of the freshest, most flexible skins, so that they would not burst when the wine began to ferment.

All the drinking-water used in Egypt is brought from the river Nile by Arab water-carriers, like those shown in the picture, who bring it in skin bottles, from which they transfer it to stone jars or other receptacles.

Ought we not to be thankful that we live in a land where we have abundance of water, and where even the poorest can freely supply his needs? But we have a still greater cause for gratitude in our knowledge of the Water of Life which is freely offered to all who thirst, and of which whosoever will may drink.

WHAT GOD GIVES A BOY.

A BODY to live in and keep clean and healthy, and as a dwelling for his mind and a temple for his soul.

A pair of hands to use for himself and others, but never against others for himself.

A pair of feet to do errands of love and kindness and charity and business, but not to loiter in places of mischief or temptation or sin.

A pair of lips to keep pure and unpolluted by tobacco or whiskey, and to speak true, kind, brave words; but not to make a smokestack of, or a swill trough.

A pair of ears to hear the music of birds and tree and rill and human voice, but not

to give heed to what the serpent says, or to what dishonours God or his mother.

A pair of eyes to see the beautiful, the good and the true—God's finger-prints in the flower and field and snowflake; but not to feast on unclean pictures, or the blotches which Satan daubs and calls pleasure.

A mind to remember and reason and decide and store up wisdom and impart it to others, but not to be turned into a chip basket or rubbish heap for chaff and rubbish and sweepings of the world's stale wit.

A soul as fair as a new-fallen snowflake, to receive impressions of good and to develop faculties of powers and virtues which shall shape it day by day, as the artist's chisels shapes the stone, into the image and likeness of Jesus Christ.—*Morning Guide.*

DE-LEGALIZE THE TRAFFIC, AND SAVE THE BOYS.

THE Scott Act kills the treating system. Degraded men, who have acquired the drinking habit, may manage to get liquor in disreputable dives and dens, even where the law is in operation, but the boys are not tempted by the seductiveness of the open bar, and the terrible traffic is robbed of its potent attractions of joviality, warmth, good-fellowship, sparkle, light, and fun.

This fact was well brought out in reference to Maine, some time ago, by Mr. D. R. Locke, who visited the State named, to inquire into the working of Prohibition.

A STRONG ARGUMENT.

Mr. Locke said: "The best argument I found in Maine for Prohibition was by an editor of a paper in Portland, who was, for political reasons, mildly opposed to it. I had a conversation with him, which ran something like this:

"Where were you born?"

"In a village about sixty miles from Bangor."

"Do you remember the condition of things prior to Prohibition?"

"Distinctly. There was a vast amount of drunkenness, and consequent disorder and poverty."

"What was the effect of Prohibition?"

"It shut up all the rum-shops, and practically banished liquor from the village. It became one of the most quiet and prosperous places on the globe."

"How long did you live in the village after Prohibition?"

"Eleven years; or until I was twenty-one years of age."

"Then?"

"Then I went to Bangor."

"Do you drink now?"

"I never tasted a drop of liquor in my life."

"Why?"

"Up to the age of twenty-one I never saw it; and after that I did not care to take on the habit."

THEY WANT THE BOYS.

That is all there is in it. If the boys of the country are not exposed to the infernalism, the men are very sure not to be. This man and his schoolmates were saved from rum by the fact that they could not get it until they were old enough to know better. Few men are drunkards who know not the poison till after they are twenty-one. It is the youth that the whiskey and beer men want.

WHAT A SMILE DID.

A LADY of position and property, anxious about her neighbours, provided religious services for them. She was very deaf—could scarcely hear at all. On one occasion one of her preachers managed to make her understand him; and, at the close of their conversation, asked: "But what part do you take in the work?" "Oh," she replied, "I smile them in and I smile them out!" Very soon the preacher saw the result of her generous, loving sympathy in a multitude of broad-shouldered, hard-fisted men, who entered the place of worship delighted to get a smile from her as she used to stand in the doorway to receive them. Why do not the working classes attend the house of God? They

would, in greater numbers, if self-denying, Christ-loving Christians would smile them in and smile them out.

Something Great.

THE trial was ended—the vigil past—All clad in his arms was the knight at last; The goodliest knight in the whole wide land, With a face that shone with a purpose grand. The king looked on him with gracious eyes, And said, "He is meet for some high emprise."

To himself he thought, "I will conquer fate, I will surely die or do something great."

So fresh from the palace he rode away. There was trouble and need in the town that day;

A child had strayed from his mother's side Into the woodland, dark and wide.

"Help!" cried the mother, with sorrow wild—

"Help me, sir knight, to seek my child! The hungry wolves in the forest roam; Help me to bring my lost one home!"

He shook her hand from his bridle-rein: "Alas! poor mother, you ask in vain; Some meaner succour will do, maybe, Some 'squire or varlet of low degree. There are mighty wrongs in the world to right—

I keep my sword for a noble fight; I am sad at heart for your baby's fate, But I ride in haste to do something great."

One wintry night, when the sun had set, A blind man by the way he met: "Now, good sir knight, for our Lady's sake, On the sightless wanderer pity take! The wind blows cold and the sun is down: Lead me, I pray, till I reach the town."

"Nay," said the knight, "I cannot wait; I ride in haste to do something great."

So on he rode in his armour bright, His sword all keen for the longed-for fight.

"Laugh with us—laugh!" cried the merry crowd;

"Oh, weep!" wailed others with sorrow bowed;

"Help us!" the weak and weary prayed. But for joy, nor grief, nor need he stayed. And the years rolled on, and his eyes grew dim, And he died—and none made moan for him.

He missed the good that he might have done, He missed the blessings he might have won; Seeking some glorious task to find, His eyes to all humbler work were blind.

He that is faithful in that which is least, Is bidden to sit at the heavenly feast. Yet men and women lament their fate If they be not called to do something great.



Epworth League.

JUNIOR LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

September 15, 1895.

MAN'S WHOLE DUTY.—Ecclesiastes 12: 13.

The word Ecclesiastes means "preacher." No name is given as to who the preacher in question was, yet we will not err if we say that Solomon was the preacher. Chapter 1, v. 1, says, the Preacher is Solomon, "the son of David, king in Jerusalem." Every preacher should be a man of experience. Solomon certainly answers this description. He was a man of extensive wisdom, as the book of Proverbs abundantly testifies. His experience was varied, as we may learn from the book which contains our present lesson. He had indulged himself in everything which was capable to the least, smallest degree to minister to his pleasure and enjoyment, and respecting one and all he declared that they were "vanity and vexation of spirit."

From his life-long experience, he arrived at one conclusion as to man's whole duty: "Fear God and keep his commandments." This does not mean that we are to fear God as the slave fears the master's lash, or as the burglar is afraid of being caught in the performance of some wicked deed, but that we should fear God in the same manner as the obedient child fears his loving parent,—he does not wish to do anything that would offend his parent. Keep his commandments. These are found in Exodus, chapter 20. We recommend all our Junior Leagues to commit these ten commandments to heart. Jesus Christ gave a summary of these in two, viz., "Love to God and love to all mankind—love God and thy neighbour as thyself."