

Paths

The path that leads to a loaf of Bread
Winds through the Swamps of Toll,
And the path that leads to a suit of
Clothes
Goes through a flowerless soil;
And the paths that lead to the loaf of
Bread
And the suit of Clothes are hard to tread
And the path that leads to a House of
Your Own
Climbs over the bowdlered hills,
And the path that leads to a Bank Ac-
count
Is swept by the blast that kills
But the men who start in the paths to-
day
In the Lazy Hills may go astray.
In the Lazy Hills are trees of shade
By the dreamy Brooks of Sleep
And the rickling River of Pleasure
laughs
And gambols down the steep;
But when the blasts of Winter come,
The brooks and rivers are frozen dumb.
Then woe to these in the Lazy Hills,
When the blasts of Winter moan,
Who strayed from the path of a Bank
Account
And the path to a House of Their Own;
These paths are hard in the Summer heat,
but in Winter they lead to a snug re-
treat.

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Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto.

W. COATES, S. P. HERRIS,
2176 St. Catherine St., Wesleyan Book Room,
Montreal, Halifax, N.S.

Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 5, 1896.

THE COURAGE OF THE PUGLISHT
vs. THAT OF THE PATRIOT.

BY FRANCES E. WILLARD.

Some years ago my home was often in that of a Southern family of distinction, in the best sense of that word, for it was made up of a noble father, a brave mother and pure-minded, vigorous children.

One morning when the father came down to breakfast, he saw on the cheek of his youngest son, a winsome little fellow of ten years, the marks of a wound, and said with anxiety:

"Charlie, how did this come about?"
Whereupon the little fellow answered:
"I was in the park yesterday and a boy skated towards me and when he was quite near flung a piece of putty at me with all his might and hurt me as you see."

The father's brow contracted and he said in a tone of indignation which did not represent his sober second thought:
"And what did you do to that miserable fellow?"

Charlie looked up with smiling eyes and fair, bright face, and made an answer in his fresh, young voice that I cannot forget:

"Oh, papa, I just skated on."
A few months later, when the St. John

temperance campaign was at its height, a swift express train carried Charlie and his mother from Mountain Lake Park to their Baltimore home. Boy-like he asked if he might walk through the train and "see the folks." His mother assented, and so he left the parlor car, returning in a few minutes with flushed face and boyish enthusiasm to make this report:

"Mother, what do you think they are doing in the car just ahead of us? Why, they are taking what they call 'a straw,' that is, a count to find out who was the candidate of each man for President. Blaine had —, Cleveland had —, and only one man voted for St. John."

His mother, who was a devoted white-ribboner, then said with earnestness: "Charlie, I wish you would go back into that car, and give my thanks to that brave man who dared to stand alone."

At this the boy exclaimed with delight: "Mother, I was that man, and I voted to represent you."

It is a curious fact that the story of the boy who just "skated on" was written out by me and sent to one of the most famous children's papers in the world, which declined it with an explanation that "the boy did not show proper spirit." But from my point of view he was as much a hero in the first instance as in the last. He simply could not put himself on the level of one who slung putty and pounded with his fists, but on the plane of moral courage he was not afraid to differ from a whole carload of grown men who looked upon him as a foolish young fanatic.

Many a time in the heat of controversy or galling cross-fire of sharp criticism, that boyish face has come before me, and I have seemed to hear the fresh, untroubled voice saying, "I just skated on."
—Union Signal.

HOW WE JUNIORS CAN HELP.

BY ADDIE BRIDE.

The aim of the Church is to lead souls to Christ. How can we do this? First, by presenting ourselves as a living sacrifice unto him. This is something we all can do. Even the smallest person can love God, and keep his commandments. Christ said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." Then let each of us give ourselves to Jesus, and so secure a mansion that he has gone to prepare for us. By taking this first step we will not only help the Church, but greatly help ourselves to be truer boys and girls, and when we grow up, better men and women.

Let us see if there is not another way we can help the Church. Having given ourselves to Christ, can we not lead others to him? How can we do this? Can we not set a good example, and let our light so shine that others, seeing our good works, may glorify our Father which is in Heaven? We can bring sunshine into our homes by trying to live like Christ and so brighten the lives of those we come in contact with while there. We can obey our parents, be kind to our brothers and sisters, and always keep our wills or tempers when we feel angry. Remember:

"Three roots bear p. Dominion, Knowledge (these two are strong, but stronger still the third), Obedience, 'tis the great tap root, which still knit round the rock of duty, is not stirred, and our wills are ours to make them thine."

Then, we can set a good example at school. We can be kind to our playmates, helping those that others tease and make fun of. We can tell them about our League, and meetings, what we are trying to do, and ask them to come with us to the meetings.

And now, having brought sunshine into our homes, and joy and friendship to our schoolmates, and having got them to come to our meetings, must we stop here? I think not. What would our friends say if they came with us and found us showing irreverence to God, in his house? Do you think it would be letting our light so shine? You see we have another place where we must set a good example. In the Church, the Sunday-school, the Epworth League, and wherever and whenever we approach God. We should pay attention to the minister and our teacher, when they are trying to explain God's word. By so doing we will lift a great burden off their heart, and make them sifter to teach us.

But while we have been thinking of those who live around us, we must not forget that they are not the only ones we can help. What about the heathen? Can we not help them? Oh you say it takes money to help them, and we have none of our own. While we should do all we can to help those that are labouring away in Africa or China, to lead souls to Christ, is there not another way that we can help them? Can we not pray for them? None of us are so young, but what we can ask God to help the missionary away among the heathen, wherever he may be, to lead the heathen to their Saviour.

But in working for the Church, we must not forget that God has given a book to guide us to be like him. We should read our Bibles every day, and not only read them, but try to understand them. If each of us do this, and give ourselves to Christ, and try in all ways to lead others to him, we will indeed help the Church, and not only help it, but greatly help ourselves.

Help me, dear Saviour, thee to own,
And ever faithful be;
And when thou sittest on thy throne,
Oh, Lord! remember me.

CIGARETTES.

"Does cigarette smoking injure the lungs?" asked someone of a leading New York physician. For his answer the doctor lighted a cigarette, and, inhaling a mouthful of smoke, blew it through the corner of his handkerchief, which he held tightly over his mouth. A dark-brown stain was distinctly visible. "Just such a stain," said the doctor, "is left upon the lungs." If you ever smoke another cigarette, think of the stains you are making.

There is a disease called the cigarette eye, which is regarded as dangerous. A film comes over the eye, appearing and disappearing at intervals. And did you know that boys have been made blind by smoking cigarettes? How would you like to part with your sight, and never again behold the light of day or the faces of your friends?

Shall I give you two or three pictures? A writer greatly interested in young people (Josiah Leeds) described a pitiful spectacle which he saw—a pale, woe-begone boy, seemingly less than ten years old, standing at the entrance of an alley, without a hat, his dilapidated trousers very ragged at the knees, his hands in his pockets, shivering with cold, yet whiffing away at a cigarette.

Dr. Hammond says: "I saw in Washington a wretched-looking child, scarcely five years old, smoking a cigarette and blowing the smoke from his nostrils. His pale, pinched face was twitching convulsively, his little shoulders were bent, and his whole appearance was that of an old man."—Christian Work.

A NOBLE ELEPHANT.

An old elephant was in the midst of a battle on the plains of India. He carried on his back the royal flag. At the beginning of the fight his master was killed. As he fell to the ground he gave the word "Halt." The obedient elephant stood still. The fight grew fiercer and fiercer; but the men, seeing the flag always lying in one place, would not believe themselves beaten, and drove their enemy away. And the elephant? For three days he stood still in his place, straining his ears to catch again his master's voice. The soldiers bribed and threatened, and at length sent to a village one hundred miles away for the master's little son. The elephant seemed to remember how sometimes his master would place the little child upon his back, and bid him obey him. At his word he moved away. The Lord our God has said of Jesus, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased; hear ye him." To stay where he puts us and to do each day whatsoever he says unto us, to do whatsoever our hands find to do with all our might for his sake—this, I think, is being faithful.

Customer—"Give me a dozen fried oysters." Waiter—"Sorry, sir; but we're all out of shellfish, excepting eggs."

The Sifting of Peter.

A FOLK-SONG.

In St. Luke's Gospel we are told
How Peter in the days of old
Was sifted;
And now, though ages intervene,
Sin is the same, while time and scene
Are shifted.

Satan desires us, great and small,
As wheat, to sift us, and we all
Are tempted;
Not one, however rich or great,
Is by his station or estate
Exempted.

No house so safely guarded is
But he, by some device of his,
Can enter;
No heart hath armour so complete
But he can pierce with arrows fleet
Its centre.

For all at last the cock will crow
Who hear the warning voice, but go
Unheeding,
Till thrice and more they have denied
The Man of Sorrows, crucified
And bleeding.

One look of that pale, suffering face
Will make us feel the deep disgrace
Of weakness;
We shall be sifted till the strength
Of self-conceit be changed at length
To meekness.
Wounds of the soul, though healed, will
ache;
The reddening scars remain, and make
Confession;
Lost innocence returns no more;
We are not what we were before
Transgression.

Rise from disaster and defeat
Rise from disaster and defeat
The stranger,
And conscious still of the divine
Within them, lie on earth supine
No longer.

—Longfellow.

HOW BEN KEPT HIS PROMISE.

BY KATIE LEE.

"My! he's a gent, he is, and never asked for no change."

The words fell from the lips of a lad, between seven and eight years of age. His face was pale and pinched, showing plainly that he lacked proper nourishment. The mass of golden curls that fell in picturesque disorder over his forehead, added greatly to his delicate appearance. Those curls won him many a customer for the daily paper, and now, just as he had sold the last of his morning stock, a gentleman had slipped a silver dollar into the little hand, causing the above remark.

For a moment the lad stood turning the dollar over and over, to make quite sure it was a good one, repeating,

"He's a gent, he is, there's no mistake about that."

Darting away, he ran as fast as his legs could carry him, through several streets, till he came to the poorest part of New York city. Entering a grocery store, with the air of a family man, he ordered a quarter of a pound of tea, the same of butter, and a loaf of bread. Carefully tying the change in a corner of an old rag, that did duty as a handkerchief, he seized the precious packages, and hurried along till he reached a dilapidated tenement house. Climbing up four flights of rickety stairs, he pushed open the door of a small room, and entered quietly, his little face flushed with excitement. Tip-toeing across the room, he gazed earnestly into the faces of a woman and a little girl of four, who lay sleeping on an old mattress. That the child was his sister was apparent by the hair, the same wonderful golden shade, only the girl's hung in long fluffy curls.

"Asleep," muttered the lad, "what fun. I will light a big fire, I can buy more wood now."

In a short time the fire was blazing, kettle boiling, and the lad put the tea to steep in an old tin cup.

"Is that you, Bennie?" asked a weak voice, "are you burning the wood, dear?"

"Yes, mother, but I can buy more; a swell of a gent gave me a dollar, and just look at the feast I've got; do get up, mother, and look at the table, it's like real Christmas."