

Give Pennies To-day.

BY JOHN O. PORTER

A penny a day with a prayer,
A mite for a Christian to give;
Yet given with patience and care,
A blessing your heart may receive.

A breath, with a penny amen,
Forgotten, perchance, with the word,
Which written with angelic pen,
Is "good" in the book of the Lord.

A penny, to herald abroad
The tidings unutterably grand;
To send the glad Gospel of God
To mortals in every land.

Withhold not the mites that are due,
Bestow them with reverent care,
Be sure that whate'er you may do
Is sealed with the signet of prayer.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 5, 1893.

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PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

NOVEMBER 13, 1893.

HOW WE CAN SHOW OUR RELIGION AT SCHOOL.

1 Thess 5: 22; Prov. 4: 13-15; Prov. 23: 12.

The school is a little world in itself. It is in its way a preparation for the greater world which the boys and girls of the school will soon enter. It is a training not merely in the school lessons that they learn, but in the larger life lessons which shall fit them for the discharge of their duty in the wider sphere when school is left behind.

The Book of Proverbs is one of much shrewd practical wisdom. If we would follow the counsel of Solomon, the wisest of men, we should be saved from many a snare and peril. He tells us to "Take fast hold of instruction; let her not go; keep her; for she is thy life. Enter not into the path of the wicked and go not in the way of evil men. Avoid it pass not by it turn from it and pass away."

It is most important for boys to learn at school to say "No" when they are tempted to do wrong, and to say boldly "I will" when they are asked to do right. School is the time and place to apply our hearts unto instruction and our ears to the words of knowledge.

Sometimes it is fksome sitting on the hard seats and learning the dull lessons when you would like to be gathering flowers or chasing the butterflies, but you will have time enough for that after school, and during the holidays, and you are at school to learn. When the examinations are over and you come out well up in the class lists, you will not regret the self-denial and the study. But if you prefer having a good time at school, and neglect your books and lessons, that will not be much satisfaction when you find yourself at the foot of the class list, or perhaps plucked altogether.

But there is something more important than merely learning grammar and arithmetic. There is the grammar of life. Of this St Paul speaks: "See that none render evil for evil unto any man: but ever follow that which is good, both among yourselves, and to all men." The great Dr Arnold almost revolutionized school life at Rugby by making it

the training in morals and religion of the boys under his care.

When the Duke of Wellington saw the Eton boys playing cricket, he said, "It was there that Waterloo was won." He meant that the manliness of character learned in the English schools is the quality that will carry men anywhere, and enable them to do anything in after life. So our schools are the training places for the greater Waterloos in which temptation and sin and Satan are overcome by Christian manliness and trust in God.

THE SILENT PARTNER.

They had been hurrying across the snowy fields as fast as their legs could carry them, and had brought up breathless against the iron gates which formed the entrance to large and well-kept private grounds.

"Robbie, I dissent."

"Dissent what?"

"Ask for a job here. You're all right, but it's too fine for fellers like me,"—and Jimmie gazed down ruefully at his ragged trousers, and disconsolately lowered the broken shovel from his shoulder.

"Pooh!" ejaculated Rob, in disdain, "I'm not afraid to ask Mrs. Wells. Why, mamma and I've been here to dinner and lunch and parties, and I'd just as soon ask her to let us shovel those paths as not."

"All right, then, you can do the talking. You do talk fine, Robbie, but I'll bet I shovel better'n you."

"Well, Jimmie Maloney, I like that! I don't believe you did any better first time you tried. This is a dollar business here. Hurry up."

Rob had his hand on the door-bell, and Jimmie had stepped into the shadow. The tidy housemaid said, "Good morning, Master Robbie," although she looked a little surprised at the broom on his shoulder. Yes, he could see Mrs. Wells if he would go up-stairs to the sitting-room.

Bidding Jimmie put his shovel beside the broom in the vestibule, Robbie caught off his little sealskin cap, and started up-stairs, Jim following timidly on tiptoe.

Mrs. Wells turned from her desk to greet her visitor, and her look of welcome had a gleam of astonishment in it as she caught sight of the other lad, awkward and ill at ease in the fine house, and embarrassed by her glance.

But Rob had plunged into his story: "Please, Mrs. Wells, may Jim and I shovel off your walk? We're partners; he's the silent partner, 'cause I have to do all the talking, but he's a good shoveller. So am I—pretty good—and we'll do it cheap."

"How much?" Mrs. Wells' face was grave.

"Oh, a dollar, I guess, if you don't think that's too much."

"And then you divide the money?"

"No'm." Robbie looked at the carpet.

"We've made other 'rangements."

"Well, never mind," said the lady, kindly, "go and do the work, and I will tell James to pay you."

Once fairly outside, Jimmie drew a long breath.

"Why didn't you tell her what we're going to do about the money? You ought."

"No, I oughtn't. Mother says I mustn't always tell all I know, and I don't have to tell this, if I don't want to."

"You're a brick, Robbie Manning," was the sole response.

The work went on briskly for an hour, and, flushed and tired, the young partners went to the stable to find James.

Robbie flushed scarlet as he saw the look of amused contempt on the coachman's face, and all in a moment he flung out:

"I don't want your old dollar. I wouldn't have it now for anything. We aren't beggars."

Down by the gates again they stopped to talk it over.

"It was an awful lot, Robbie, and we really earned it. That man hadn't anything to do with it; it wasn't his money."

Rob looked at Jim's wistful face, and at his hands, all blue and chapped with cold.

"That wasn't all your money, anyway," said his conscience. In a moment he had taken his resolve. Back to the stable he hurried, and met James half way.

"Say,"—and it was such hard work to get it out—"we earned that dollar, and I guess I'll take it."

James gave it a contemptuous flip into a snowbank.

"It's there, and you can come for it in the spring, if you can't find it now."

Robbie felt another rush of anger coming on, and then he remembered Jim, and the "business arrangement," and doggedly began digging in the snow for the money.

"Robbie, dear," called Mrs. Wells from the piazza, "I want you to come in to lunch with me. We have just the nice things you like, and James will take you home in the sleigh afterward."

With the recovered dollar in his pocket, Rob went up the steps. Here was another difficulty. He and Jim were partners, and poor little Rob had another fight with himself. He could easily run back to Jim with the money, and tell him he couldn't go with him any more to-day. But how could the silent partner get along without him? He would never have the courage to ask for work at the big houses, where Rob knew all the people, and where they paid so well, and Jim did need the money dreadfully.

His mother was sick, and the rent was due to-morrow. No, Rob decided, he couldn't leave Jim when he had promised to "go partners" with him. And yet—perhaps there would be fried chicken, or chocolate cake for lunch!

"I can't, Mrs. Wells, thank you," he said in a moment; "cause you see I'm partners with Jim, and do the talking—and the rent has to be paid, and, O dear, I do want to come awful!"

Mrs. Wells looked puzzled.

"Why, Robbie, Jim can go round and have his lunch with James, if that will make you willing to stay."

"Mrs. Wells," Robbie blurted out, desperately, "I can't. Partners ought to share alike, and I don't want Jim to eat in the kitchen when I'm having a good time with you."

"My little Don Quixote," said Mrs. Wells, laying a gentle hand on the uncovered curly head, "you and Jimmie shall both come in and sit at my table to-day. Go and get him."

Late that afternoon, when Jimmie had gone home in a suit of warm clothes and an overcoat which belonged once to a little boy who used to call Mrs. Wells "mamma," she and Robbie sat taking before the fire.

"I'll tell you about that business arrangement," he said, "if you won't tell a single soul."

"I won't tell," she promised.

"Well, we played we were partners, and he was the silent partner, and I pretended that silent partners took all the money. I don't know whether 'at's the really way or not, but we played it was; Jim didn't want to, but I made him, because you see there was the medicine and the rent, and we earned five dollars. To-morrow we're going to earn some more."

There was a moment's pause. Then Mrs. Wells spoke.

"May I be in the partnership?" she asked.

"You? How?"

"May I be another kind of a silent partner, and may I put in the capital for the firm, so that we can pay the rent right along until summer?"

"That would be splendid!" assented Rob. "I'll ask Jimmie."

PETER'S REWARD.

Peter Redmond went to the village academy and was a studious pupil, but when, near commencement day, his father asked him if he had written a composition for the occasion, he answered promptly: "No, sir! I have not."

"And why not?" inquired the parent.

"Because I could have no chance of the prize. I am only fourteen years old and some of the fellows are as much as twenty; it would be foolish for me to compete with them."

"Of course you will write a composition, my boy. I do not mean to pay schooling for you and have it do no good."

"But, papa, commencement day is only the day after to-morrow. How can I write one now?"

"Well, Peter," said the father, "it is my wish that you should do it. Can you not try to please your father?"

"Yes, father, I will try, though I know I cannot do it very well."

"Do the best you can, and I will not blame you, dear boy."

Peter went to bed troubled over the matter, and all night it was upon his mind, so much so that before daylight he sprang from his couch exclaiming, "I have a subject! I have a subject!"

His father, awakened by the noise, asked from an adjoining room what the matter was.

"Oh, I am going to write my composition," called out Peter.

"A rather strange hour for such a work as that," said the father; "but go ahead."

Peter wrote rapidly, having thought the theme all over in his bed, his subject being "Reputation," and he wrote well, for a sort of inspiration had come over him for the time.

When morning dawned the composition was read to his father, who pronounced

it fairly well done, and Peter took it with him to school.

When called upon to read it Peter felt some trepidation, but read in clear, distinct tones, that could be heard by all. He felt when he sat down once more that he had obeyed his father, and that was reward enough; all he could expect when so many were older and wiser than himself. Presently the prizes were distributed, and every boy was on the alert.

"Peter Redmond!"

Peter started in surprise, and did not stir until the teacher said: "Come, Peter, the prize is really yours, and well earned, too."

At this the boy rose slowly, and with a dazed manner went forward for the beautifully-bound book awaiting for him. He could scarcely believe his own senses; but when he told his father the news and showed him the prize, the latter said: "Of course! of course!" as if it might have been all expected.

Peter is an elderly man now, but remembers with pleasure the prize he won by obeying his father.

This is a true story, and reminds us of the promise of the Fifth Commandment as we find it in Deuteronomy: Honour thy father and thy mother—that it may go well with thee.

GENERAL CUSTER AND HIS MOTHER.

Mrs. Custer, in her "Boots and Saddles," tells this beautiful trait of her husband's character:

"The hardest part of my husband's life was parting with his mother. Such partings were the only occasions when I ever saw him lose entire control of himself, and I always looked forward to the hour of their separation with dread. For hours before we started I have seen him follow his mother about, whispering some comforting word to her, or opening the closed door of her room, where, woman-like, she fought out her grief alone, and sit beside her as long as he could endure it. She had been an invalid for so many years that each parting seemed to her the final one. Her groans and sobs were heartrending. She clung to him every step when he started to go, and, exhausted at last, was led back half fainting to the lounge.

"The general would rush out of the house, sobbing like a child, and then throw himself into the carriage beside me, completely unnerved. I could only give silent comfort. My heart bled for him, and, in the long silence that followed as we journeyed on, I knew that his thoughts were with his mother. At our first stop he was out of the cars in an instant, buying fruit to send back to her. Before we were even unpacked in the hotel, where we made our first stay of any length, he had dashed off a letter. I have since seen those missives. No matter how hurriedly he wrote, they were proofs of the tenderest, most filial love and full of the prophecies he never failed to make of the reunion he felt would soon come."—The Evangelist.

WIDE-AWAKE BOYS.

When General Grant was a boy his mother one morning found herself without butter for breakfast and sent him to borrow some from a neighbour. Going, without knocking, into the house of his neighbour, whose son was then at West Point, young Grant overheard a letter read from the son stating that he had failed in examination and was coming home. He got the butter, took it home, and without waiting for breakfast, ran down to the office of the Congressman from that district.

"Mr. Hamar," he said, "will you appoint me to West Point?"

"No, so-and-so is there and has three years to serve."

"But suppose he should fall, will you send me?"

Mr. Hamar laughed. "If he don't go through, no use for you to try."

"Promise me you'll give me a chance, Mr. Hamar, anyhow."

Mr. Hamar promised.

The next day the defeated lad came home, and the Congressman, laughing at Uly's sharpness, gave him the appointment.

"Now," said Grant, "it was my mother's being out of butter that made me General and President." But it was his own shrewdness to see the chance and promptness to seize it, that urged him upwards.—Christian Advocate.

"I asked little Jim the difference between 'inertia' and 'momentum.' Did he know anything about it?" "Yes," he said, "inertia is something that won't start, and 'momentum' is something that won't stop."