

on for dear life,—but such a pleased, happy expression as there was on the little round face! Rufus held with one hand the back of the saddle, and with the other guided the wheel. He was very patient, and wheeled Hank back and forth a good many times, until he could run alone. It went on that way for four or five days. Rufus loaned his wheel quite often, but Hank never asked to borrow it, only accepted the favour very thankfully when Rufus offered him the wheel.

Unbeknown to the boys, a gentleman at the hotel watched them a good deal, as he sat day after day on the piazza, trying to regain strength after a long illness, and one day he came down to the road, leaning on his cane, just as Hank was starting off for a ride. Rufus had come down to watch him off.

"Look here, boy," called the gentleman to Henry, "that isn't your wheel,—is it?"

"No, sir."

"Well, you can ride pretty well, can't you? Do you wish you had a wheel?"

"You bet!" answered Hank, with startling energy.

"Well, I've a boy at home who has been riding for two or three years, and I wrote his mamma that I thought Ralph had outgrown his bicycle, and that she had better send it to me, and get him a bigger one. It's up at the hotel. It's a pretty good wheel yet, and if you care to come up and try it, you can have it. I guess it's just about your size."

And Hank followed on up to the hotel in a daze, his eyes shining like two stars. His happiness was complete, and it was largely because Rufus loaned him his wheel and taught him to ride—  
S. S. Times

with a devout heart asks the continuance of blessings from his heavenly Father. The hymn concludes with a noble resolution to make the Lord his portion forever. An example worthy of emulation.

OUR DUTY.

The Almighty once complained respecting the conduct of his people, and made use of this touching expression, "My people do not consider." Such a complaint might still be made respecting ourselves, and we might be sent to the beasts of the field to learn a lesson of grateful acknowledgment. We would be glad if every one who reads these lines would learn this verse:

"Birds of the air exalt thy fame,  
And shall I silent be?  
No, Lord, thy goodness I'll proclaim,  
And give my heart to thee."

GRATITUDE INCREASES HAPPINESS.

When Peter Jones, the Indian, was converted, he shouted aloud the praises of God, because he was happy. When Jerry McAulay found peace with God he was in prison, and he made such a loud noise that the prison-keepers threatened to report him to the Governor of the Tombs, but he said God had converted him, and he would praise him. Think, dear friends, of the grand country in which you live. Think of your temporal mercies, and above all your spiritual blessings, including the gift of Jesus, the Saviour, and then we feel sure that you, too, will exclaim, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name."

got to the pond before lunch time. Don't wait."

"All right. Good-bye," and Jack slammed the street door as he ran off.

Fred took up the tack-lifter slowly, and went down on his knees again; and as he worked with his fingers, his mind worked busily, too. Yes, it was a shame to ask him to do that work. If he could just lift the tacks around the door where the water-pipes were, it wouldn't be so much; that wouldn't take so long. But to go over the entire floor, so that the matting could be changed around, that was unreasonable. No! It wasn't unreasonable; for if the matting was changed around, it would last six months longer, and instead of buying a new one in a little while, mother could get the muff she had been wanting so long. That's what she had said at the breakfast-table. And, besides, he had offered to do the work himself; he hadn't been asked. Wasn't his birthday last week, and wasn't he thirteen years old, just as old as his father had been when he began to work in a store to earn his own living? That would be tough, to have to get out of bed mornings at half-past five, and go off down town to sweep offices and make fires. No; lifting tacks wasn't so bad, and the floor wasn't so cold; and did any one ever have a better mother than his mother was?

By the time the plumbers appeared with their bag of tools the matting was rolled up into five compact rolls, and the floor was ready to be swept.

"Now, then, mother, I'm off skating, if you don't mind. My work's done," called

Who Can Answer?

BY GRACE A. CANNON.

The question's not a new one, dear,  
But one that ev'ry day  
Comes to some girls and boys I know  
While at their work or play.

My Nanny comes to me at morn,  
And with beseeching look,  
Asks me if I can tell her where  
She'll find her slate or book.

And Teddy comes to me and says,  
Sometimes with downcast eye,  
"Mamma, dear, won't you please to come  
And help me find my tie?"

And Alice, too, comes with a frown,  
When going out to play:  
"Oh dear, mamma, what did I do  
With my hat yesterday?"

No hat is found out in the hall;  
The book's not in its case;  
No tie is found upstairs to be  
In its accustomed place.

Now me the reason tell, my dear,  
And quickly if you can,  
Why all these things may not be found  
By Alice, Ted, or Nan?

The question's not a new one, dear,  
But one that ev'ry day  
Comes to some boys and girls I know  
While at their work or play.

—Harper's Round Table.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, NOVEMBER, 13, 1897.

JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

NOVEMBER 21, 1897.

Thanksgiving.—Psalm 65. Hymnal,  
35S. Church Hymn-Book, 91.

OBLIGATION.

One great object of worship is thanksgiving. Those who render thanks to God feel themselves under obligation to the Giver of all good. What have we that we have not received, except sin? Favours conferred demand grateful acknowledgment. Nobody esteems an ungrateful man. No man is more hated than he who has the reputation of being ungrateful. We could wish that every Epworth Leaguer would commit the Psalm of the text to memory. The whole book of Psalms is very largely a book of praise. The composition is proof of the state of the heart of him who composed it.

THE HYMN.

To commit hymns to memory is good exercise. Its author was a man renowned for piety. He wrote a charming book on the "Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul." It is still worthy of prayerful study. The hymn is full of hallowed breathings. Dr. Doddridge, the author, reviews his obligations, and

WORKING FOR LOVE.

"Fred! I say, Fred, where are you? Why, here you are!" exclaimed Jack Tower to his cousin Fred Waters, as he put his head through the half-opened door of the dining-room. "Taking tacks out of that matting? Well, I never! I thought you were to be ready to start at nine prompt. It's a glorious morning; thermometer only ten above; the ice hasn't a flaw, and the skating's superb."

"I don't believe that I can go, Jack. Pipes froze up last night, and the plumbers are to be here at eleven."

"I don't see what they have to do with you. Why doesn't your mother get old Pete to do that kind of work? He's always wanting a job."

"Pete's laid up with the rheumatism this week."

"Let one of the servants do it, then."

"This is their busy day, mother says, and they've got too much to do."

"Well, if I were you, I'd just skip. Somebody will find time to do it."

"Yes," answered Fred, "somebody would, I suppose, but if I don't take this matting up, mother will. It's got to be done, and it's too hard for her hands. These tacks were put in for keeps. My hands are stronger than hers."

"Well, I can't waste time talking," said Jack. "If you like skinning your fingers better than skating, all right for you; but you're a goose, all the same."

Fred hesitated. Should he go with Jack? Could any boy honestly say that he liked to dig rusty double-pointed nails out of half-worn matting? and the floor was cold, too, and his fingers were not only getting rough and scratched, but were stiff in the bargain. It was only for a moment. If it was hard work for him, what would it be for his mother?

"No, Jack, I can't go. Perhaps I'll

Fred upstairs to his mother. "I'll help put that matting down after lunch, if you want me to."

"You're a darling, Fred. I don't know what I'd do without my helper. It was too bad to take so much of your morning."

"Never mind that, mother. What's the use of having a boy, if he can't help a little now and then?"

When Fred reached the pond Jack was about starting for home.

"So you are here at last, are you? I don't know but you're soon enough, too. The wind's been blowing a perfect gale. I've got to go home to thaw out; and you've got a nice little sum in your pocket, too, I suppose."

"What do you mean?" asked Fred.

"Why, of course aunt paid you for your morning's work, didn't she?"

"Jack Tower," said Fred, his face reddening even under his rosy cheeks and ears. "I wasn't working for money, I did it for—"

Just then a gust of wind nearly swept the two boys off their feet, and the last word of Fred's sentence flew so far away that no one could catch it. What was it—"pleasure," "duty," or "love"?—  
Sunday-school Times.

MARY'S PRAYER.

Dear God, bless my two little eyes, and make them twinkle happy. Bless my two ears, and help them hear my mother call me. Bless my two lips, and make them speak kind and true. Bless my two hands, and make them good and not touch what they mustn't. Bless my feet, and make them go where they ought to. Bless my heart, and make it love God, mother, father, George, and everybody. Please let ugly sin never get hold of me—never!

CAUGHT IN SMUGGLER'S CAVE.

A CANADIAN STORY.

BY J. MACDONALD OXLEY.

"Say, Charlie! What does that mean?" cried Stan Clarkson, throwing down his pick, seizing his torch, and darting off into the darkness.

Charlie Franklyn paused in his vigorous shovelling, and looking anxiously after Stan, while the boys on either side of him, overhearing the latter's exclamation, stopped work also, and gazed inquiringly into his face.

"What is it, Charlie?" asked Con Tupper. "What's become of Stan?"

"He's gone to the mouth of the cave, I guess, but I don't know what for," answered Charlie.

The next moment Stan came rushing back, his face pallid with fright, his eyes starting from their sockets, and his hand trembling so that the torch almost fell from his grasp.

"Boys," he gasped, as he sprang into the circle of light cast by half a dozen torches and lanterns, "the tide's in, and we're caught in the cave!"

At the utterance of these words a chorus of exclamations of alarm rose from the boys, and dropping their tools they gathered about Stan Clarkson, peeping him with excited questions, to which his only reply was: "Quick! take the lights and hurry for your lives!"

Snatching up the lights, but leaving their picks and shovels, the whole party scurried toward the mouth of the cave.

Almost before they knew it their feet were splashing in the water, and their hearts stood still with fright as the peril of their position broke upon them. The smaller boys shrank back in terror, and some of them began to whimper. But Frank Atherton, the oldest and biggest



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