

The Door to the House,
There were idle thoughts came in at the door,
And warmed their little toes
And did more mischief about the house
Than any one living knows,
They scratched the tables and broke the chairs,
And soiled the floor and wall,
And a motto was written above the door,
"There's a welcome here for all."
When the Master heard the mischief done,
He read it with hope and fear,
And he wrote above the door, "Let none
Save good thoughts enter here."
And the good little thoughts came troop-
ing in,
When he drove the others out;
They cleaned the walls, and they swept
the floor,
And they sang as they moved about,
At least of all, an angel came,
With a beautiful shining face,
And above the door he wrote, "In here
Love has found a dwelling place."
—Endeavour Herald

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daily of a growing Australian accent, and yet the change goes on quite steadily without our being conscious of it to any marked degree. And so if we abide in Christ, make Christ our friend, our characters will change as the world changes. Then you will say, the answer to a common question reduces itself to a common friendship. This a common friendship? No friendship is common. We read in the Bible that love is the basis of friendship, and this is a translation of our own ideas of friendship as held by Christians, struggled to keep friends with Christ. This is an infallible method. It is how we must, not how we may.—S. S. Visitor.

THE CAPTAIN OF THE "GREAT EASTERN."

When young Jamie Anderson first went away to sea his mother said to him, "Wherever you are, Jamie, whether on sea or land, promise me that you will kneel down to pray, and that you will say your prayers, no matter whether the sailors laugh at you or not." And Jamie promised. They had a good captain, and, as some of the boys were religious men, one of whom was supplied by them, one of whom proved to be a very bad fellow. When he saw little Jamie kneeling down to pray, he said, "Wherever you are, Jamie, whether on sea or land, promise me that you will kneel down to pray, and that you will say your prayers, no matter whether the sailors laugh at you or not." And Jamie promised. They had a good captain, and, as some of the boys were religious men, one of whom was supplied by them, one of whom proved to be a very bad fellow. When he saw little Jamie kneeling down to pray, he said, "Wherever you are, Jamie, whether on sea or land, promise me that you will kneel down to pray, and that you will say your prayers, no matter whether the sailors laugh at you or not." And Jamie promised.

Mother.

What had the funniest story
In our paper 'till I saw you
About a mother and buggy,
That scared and run away
I liked to die a-laughin'
And so did pa and Josh,
But mother didn't get a heart-
She was busy with the wash.

On Monday was the circus;

We had a glorious time
A-see'n' beasts and serpents
And birds of every clime
We went in bright and early,
To see the show go round,
But mother stayed at home to sew
On Jen's alpacky gowd.

Last fall, when all the Tankins

Came down to spend a week,
We went one day for walnuts,
"Way down on Sugar Creek,
We took our dirt with us,
And stayed the whole day through;
But mother couldn't get away—
The scrubbin' was to do.

To-morrow night's the concert;

I said I'd go with Jen
And Bill and 'Lizy Ferguson
And Sairy True, but then,
After I'd gone and said it,
The thought of mother came,
She never gets a holiday,
That's half-way worth the name.

She's lookin' worn and weary,

And it's occurred to me
To send her to the concert,
If only she'll agree;
I'll stay and do the dishes,
No odds if Jen does too,
For mother needs work, and
The same as other folks.

A BOY OF TO-DAY

by
Julia MacNair Wright
Author of "The House on the Bluff," etc.

CHAPTER XIII.—(Continued)

After little talks like these with the schoolmaster Heman felt more alert and courageous; the future looked brighter and the present brighter, though, as the present was usually gay of colour.

Uncle 'Rias was generally at work where Heman and some other young fellows were busy; he instructed them and implicitly made his superintendence acceptable.

"Hello there!" he shouted one day, "don't use that timber, Jim Dake, it's no good. It's a soft log; never to have been sent here. Take that one there."

Jim Dake obeyed, but as he measured and prepared to haul he argued, "I don't see what you've got agin that timber, Uncle 'Rias."

"See there," said Uncle 'Rias, pointing the blade of his knife into a small hole in the timber. The knife did not go in far, and Jim was impressed.

"I see, it's a soft log, and the timber's so good it could plug that hole up tight with a little peg, so there couldn't be a drop of water get in, if it's that you're fearin'."

"Tain't what might get in, but what is in, it is," said Uncle 'Rias. "Now it'll be worth spending a little time to give you boys a lesson, so you'll know good timber when you see it, and bad timber when you see that. Here, saw that log, and there, and lay it open with the axe along there."

The saws tore back and forth and grew hot, the chips flew; then the surprised lads saw that the timber whose outside semblance was so fine and fair was singularly honeycombed with a succession of very neatly bored cells.

"There, lads, the timber's hollowed, not by decay, but because a pecky little insect has been workin' in it."

tion'er strain come right on that part, and that timber crooked and gave on what they call a split in the article in the bow of the whole affair. So's you may say one of these worm-eaten character mightn't be put to any test, and go on an 'not know themselves; they might be made bark of, or eaten out, or even treu might break down and carry a heap o' trouble with 'em. Oh, you boys, look out for such like.

"One o' these I'll learn a heap from you, Uncle 'Rias," said the young man with a civility which flattered Uncle 'Rias. When needed, Uncle 'Rias would come down sharply upon the lads. One day his keen eyes detected Jake in a piece o' carelessness.

"You, Jake! there you are agin sawin' off a board by what you call your eye, 'stead of markin' it by the square now there's a piece of lumber good as wasted; an' yesterday you tried the same trick, an' wasted another."

"It is sawed straight," protested Jake. "It's half an inch out of line, or I'm goin' blind," said Uncle 'Rias, approaching with a ruler in his hand.

"Here, wherd'd I tell you? Half an inch an' more!" "Don't see what you use a square for if your eye's so keen," said the abashed Jake.

"Use it, 'cause I was taught to use it, an' 'cause I ought to use it, and it's usin' it keeps my eyes straight by eddicatin' 'em. Now, mark my words, Jake; you can't work with me 'less you'll learn to use a square, an' say an' work keerdful. I can't have you spollin' folks' lumber, tain't honest. You mind me of what minister said las' night in prayin'-meetin'."

"He said, 'If a man's hand is han'ed, but to tumble into the same sin again, wifuller after the first fault, is gr'evous; and not to be tolerated, I said.'"

One July morning, while the Sinneret came right in, an' set by, here's breakfast for you. Folks all well, Joe's?"

It was clear from Joe's delighted countenance that all his family were thriving; he took the paper, Heman didn't, and he applied himself for a few minutes to the well-filled plate provided by Aunt Drexly. But the news he brought could not be suppressed; he laid down knife and fork.

"Come right in, an' set by; here's breakfast for you. Folks all well, Joe's?" He says, "go it if you want to, Joe, now havin' over 'I'm goin' to be a carpenter, like Heman. Of course, I am you know, 'cause me and Heman always been together, an' Heman always been with me. So I'm to begin learnin' my trade with you, to-day. I'll come an' go horseback, and my horse can graze in cousin 'Lisha's yard days, an' work in the weather good, an' an' work in here in the shop with you, why mom says I can board here, if Aunt Drexly'll take me."

"Be sure I will," said Aunt Drexly beaming.

"I'll lay out to call up my room, or lath it, or something, and make some closets and shelves for it by-an'-bye, an' you can help," said Heman, looking ecstatically at Joe.

"I'll have good times," said Joe. "We'll have a shop of our own some day, a big one, an' nine or ten men working for us, won't we, Heman?"

"Hear them boys talk!" said Uncle 'Rias, "they're so happy, pty, and admiration. 'Boys allus think they're goin' to get the earth—don't they, Drexly?'"

The coming of Joe seemed to add to life all it needed to make it blissful. Joe was a life-long friend, and not only thoroughly sympathetic with Heman by reason of a similar home life, but he had just that amount of docility and admiration which the master likes to have in his boy intimates possess for him.

When Joe arrived he was made partaker of Heman's plan and hope about the purchase of the farm. Joe was at once enthusiastic. "See here, I'll have a shop of my own, and get the farm back right off, Heman? Maybe pop?"

"No," said Heman inclusively, "no borrowin' for me. I can wait, but I can't go crouching along under a debt for years."

There was another matter to confide to Joe; the schoolmaster had made out a list of books which every boy should have and read. The book or two on building and architecture had

Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUTH FOLK.

REV. W. H. WILTHORP, D.D., EDITOR.

TORONTO SEPTEMBER 23 1899

WHAT IS IT TO BE A CHRISTIAN?

When in Australia, some time ago, the late Prof. Drummond addressed the students of a Methodist Ladies' College, and gave a very plain answer to the question, "What is it to be a Christian?" We quote from his answer "What is it to be a Christian?" The answer is simple being like Christ. When Christ came to Darwinland is a follower of Darwin, one who advances and promulgates the ideas and principles of Darwin, so is a Christian a disciple or follower of Christ, and to follow Christ is to be like him. Make Christ your companion. We invariably become like those with whom we habitually live, and especially if we habitually live with those we admire and love. And very often we really love. Close of whom we only hear and read. We need not see people to love them. It is the spirit, therefore, of a friend that you love that influences you, and is it the spirit of Christ that influences you? To make Christ our most constant companion is the one-sure way, for we are thus made good, and the whole process may be told us in the words of the Bible taken from 2 Cor. xiii. 14. "We all thank Christ our most constant companion. His meaning is clearer and simpler than in the rough 'tracing of the early translations from the Greek." These are the words of the latter text. "We all, with unveiled face, reflecting as a mirror the glory of the Lord, are transformed into the same image from glory to glory. Now change the word glory to love, and the character of Christ, as changed in the same character from character to character, or are changed in Christ's character from our character to his character." The point to be changed are changed—don't change ourselves. We can understand perfectly well how accents change. We hear

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

Methodist Book and Publishing, Toronto.
100 Front Street West, Toronto.

G. W. Coates, 117 Adelaide St. W., Toronto.
Wesleyan Book Room, 117 Adelaide St. W., Toronto.

AN EAGLE DERIVED.

Among the visitors to the soldiers at Fort Sheridan a few days ago was a lady who wore a fashionable hat. It was trimmed with a white bird with outstretched wings.

The soldier entered the courtyard a large American eagle, which is the pet of a company of cavalry now quartered at the fort, saw the bird on the lady's hat, and swooped down upon it. The lady was also frightened, and her feet and was greatly alarmed. She screamed for help; but before any one could go to her assistance the eagle had carried off both bird and hat.

The soldier climbed to the roof whither the bird had carried its prey, but the eagle was not to be caught. It flew to a higher roof, out of the reach of its pursuers.

If you want knowledge, you must toil for it. If food, you must toil for it; and if pleasure, you must toil for it; toil is the law.—Ruskin.