

The Happier Life.

THANK are some things in life we ought always to do.

There are some which we always should shun,
And the choice of these things is with me and with you,
Till the years of our lives have been run.

There are paths which are right and which lead up to God,

There are ways which are crooked and vain;
And the choice is with us as to which shall be trod,
Whether pleasure or life we would gain.

There are souls to be prayed for, sought after and won,

There are acts in themselves that are small,
To be practised each day would we hear the "well done"
Of the "Master" who died for us all.

There are lives, oh! so barren, no fruit doth appear

From the good resolutions oft made;
But the Lord, in his mercy, still spares for a year,
And the stern hand of justice is stayed.

May each day that we live be a day that is best

With an action of kindness and love,
For a life that is helpful to others is best,
And the happier, here and above.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

Rev. W. H. WITHROW, D.D., Editor

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 10, 1892.

THE ANGEL ON TOP.

BY ERNEST GILMORE.

THE beautiful grate fire danced and sparkled in the pleasant library and illumined the golden head of Margaret, aged ten, who sat on the rug before it, busily engaged in building a palace out of blocks. Little Susie, aged six, was doing the same work. Her house was nearly finished, but spying a little angel of Parian marble lying near by, she reached out for it.

"Oh, look, Margaret!" she exclaimed in delight; "my palace is built and I'm going to put the angel on top."

Margaret looked up at the joyful exclamation, and so did Margaret's mamma, who had been engaged in writing at the library table.

But the smile quickly died out of Susie's face, for as she strove to set the angel on the top of the palace, the structure tumbled down.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" she moaned, "now if that isn't mean after all my work too," and a tear shone in her dark eyes.

"Well, I'm sorry, Susie," said Margaret, with ready sympathy, "but I guess you didn't start with a good foundation. Look at my palace, see my strong blocks at the bottom—there it is, finished. Let me take the angel, Susie, I'll put it on the top of it."

And presently the sweet-faced angel crowned the palace-tower and Susie's tears vanished as she looked at it in admiration.

"That is exactly true," wrote Margaret's mamma, taking up her pen again; "there is no use trying to set the angel on top of the structure of our lives unless we have built a stone foundation. I have heard the story of a nobleman who kept a deistical chaplain and his lady a Christian one. When he was dying he said to his chaplain, 'I liked you very well when I was in health, but it is my lady's chaplain I must have when I am sick.'"

Beecher said, "Men who stand on any other foundation than the rock Christ Jesus are like birds, who build their nests in trees by the side of rivers. The bird sings in the branches, and the river sings below; but, all the while, the waters are undermining the soil about the roots, till in some unsuspected hour the tree falls with a crash into the stream, and then the nest is sunk, the home is gone, and the bird is a wanderer. But birds that hide their young in the cleft of the rocks are undisturbed, and after every winter, coming again, they find their nests awaiting them, and all their life brood in the same places, undisturbed by stream or storm."

Happy indeed and blessed are we, if we build upon the rock; we may rest assured when our work is finished the angel can be placed on top.

"Happy he whose willing ears
Catch the words of life with joy;
He who treasures what he hears,
Makes its practice his employ."

"On the rock his house he rears;
Vain the floods that round him roar;
Built on Christ, no storms he fears;
God his trust for evermore."

MARRIED TO A DRUNKARD.

A TRUE STORY.

SHE suddenly rose in the meeting and spoke as follows:—

"Married to a drunkard! Yes, I was married to a drunkard. Look at me! I am talking to the girls."

We all turned and looked at her, she was a wan woman, with dark sad eyes, and white hair placed smoothly over a brow that denoted intellect.

"When I married a drunkard, I reached the acme of misery," she continued. "I was young, and oh so happy! I married the man I loved and who professed to love me. He was a drunkard, and I knew it—knew it but did not understand it. There is not a young girl in this building that does understand it, unless she has a drunkard in her family; then perhaps, she knows how deep the iron enters the soul of a woman when she loves and is allied to a drunkard, whether father, husband, brother or son. Girls, believe me when I tell you that to marry a drunkard is the crown of all misery. I have gone through the deep waters, and know. I have gained that fearful knowledge at the expense of happiness, sanity, almost life itself. Do you wonder my hair is white! It turned white in a night—bleached by sorrow as Marie Antoinette said of her hair. I am not forty years old, yet the snows of seventy rest upon my head; and upon my heart—oh I cannot begin to count the winters resting there," she said, with unutterable pathos in her voice.

"My husband was a professional man. His calling took him from home frequently at night, and when he returned he returned drunk. Gradually he gave way to temptation in the day, until he was rarely sober. I had two lovely little girls and a boy." Here her voice faltered, and we sat in deep silence listening to her story. "My husband had been drinking deeply. I had not seen him for two days. One night I was seated beside my sick boy, the two little girls were in the bed in the next room, while beyond was another room, into which I heard my husband go, as he entered the house. That room communicated with the one in which my little girls were sleeping. I know not why, but a feeling of terror took possession of me, and I felt that my little girls were in danger. I rose and went to the room. The door was locked. I knocked on it frantically but no answer came. I seemed to be endowed with superhuman strength and throwing myself with

all my force against the door, the lock gave way and the door flew open. Oh, the sight! the terrible sight!" she wails in a voice that haunts me now; and she covered her face with her hands, and when she removed them, it was whiter and sadder than ever.

"Delirium tremens. You have never seen it, girls. God grant you never may. My husband stood beside his bed, his eyes glaring with insanity, and in his hand a large knife. Take them away, he screamed. The horrible things, they are crawling all over me, take them away I say, and he flourished his knife in the air. Regardless of the danger, I rushed up to the bed, and my heart seemed suddenly to have ceased beating. There lay my children, covered with their own life-blood, slain by their own father. For a moment I could not utter a sound. I was literally dumb in the presence of this great sorrow. I scarcely heeded the mamma by my side—the man who had wrought me all this woe. Then I uttered a loud scream, and my wailings filled the air. The servants heard me, and hastened to the room, and when my husband saw them he drew the knife across his own throat. I knew nothing more. I was borne senseless from the room that contained my slaughtered children and the body of my husband. The next day my hair was white, and my mind was so shattered that I know no one."

She ceased. Our eyes were riveted on her wan face, and some of the women present sobbed aloud, while there was scarcely a dry eye in that temperance meeting. So much sorrow, we thought, and through no fault of her own. We saw that she had not done speaking, and was only waiting to subdue her emotion to continue her story.

"Two years," she continued, "I was a mental wreck, then I recovered from the shock, and absorbed myself in the care of my boy. But the sin of the father visited upon the child, and six months ago, my boy of eighteen was placed in a drunkard's grave; and as I, his mother, saw the sod heaped over him I said 'thank God! I'd rather see him there than have him live a drunkard,' and I turned into my desolate home, a childless woman, one on whom the hand of God had rested heavily.

"Girls, it is you I wish to rescue from the fate that overtook me. Do not blast your life as I blasted mine; do not be drawn into the madness of marrying a drunkard. You love him! So much the worse for you, for married to him, the greater will be your misery because of your love. You will marry him and then reform him, you say. Ah! a woman sadly over-tasks her strength when she undertakes to do this. You are no match for the giant demon drink when he possesses a man's body and soul. You are no match for him, I say. What is your puny strength beside his gigantic force? He will crush you too. It is to save you girls from the sorrows which wrecked my happiness that I have unfolded my history to you. I am a stranger in this great city. I am merely passing through it; and I have a message to bear to every girl—never marry a drunkard."

I can see her now as she stood amid the hushed audience, her dark eyes glowing, and her frame quivering with emotion as she uttered her impassioned appeal. Then she hurried out and we never saw her again. Her words fitly spoken were not without effect, however, and because of them there is one girl single now.—*Railway Signal for August.*

THE USE OF MONEY.

SOME boys and girls spend every cent on candy, toys, or trifles; others save every cent. Neither of these methods are to be commended. It is equally wrong to squander or to hoard. Money should be expended to advantage. That involves prudence in earning, in saving, and in spending. A prudent boy will buy nothing that he does not need. He will buy the best for his money. He will learn to "shop," as the girls do—that is, look around until he is certain that some other article will suit him better.

Perhaps the greatest check on reckless or foolish expenditure is a daybook. How many boys know what that is, or have used one? A bright boy has for three years

kept a daybook, in which he entered every cent that passed through his hands. All the money he receives from any source is entered in the credit column. All money expended is set down in the debit column. Every week the book is balanced. It requires about ten minutes each day to set down the daily expenditures, and fifteen minutes at the end of the week to balance the book. This book shows "where his money has gone." It also checks foolish expenditure. When he foots up his "debts" he will be ashamed to enter "candy" or "cigarettes" three or four times. The next day he will think of his book and refrain.

You can save money by keeping a daybook. The items surprise and instruct you. It does not make you stingy or mean. It gives you more money to spend for necessities. It inculcates business habits that may be of value. To the girls these remarks equally apply.

HOW A BOY BECAME A COMMANDER.

THERE lived in a Scotch village a little boy, Jamie by name, who set his heart on being a sailor. His mother loved him dearly, and the thought of giving him up grieved her exceedingly, but she finally consented. As the boy left home she said to him: "Wherever you are, Jamie, whether on sea or land, never forget to acknowledge your God. Promise me that you will kneel down every night and morning and say your prayers; no matter whether the sailors laugh at you or not."

"Mother, I promise you I will," said Jamie; and soon he was on a ship bound for India.

They had a good captain; and as some of the sailors were religious men, no one laughed at the boy when he knelt down to pray.

But on the return voyage, some of the sailors having run away, their places were supplied by others, one of whom proved to be a very bad fellow. When he saw little Jamie kneeling down to say his prayers, he went up to him and giving him a sound box on the ear, said in a decided tone, "None of that here, sir!"

Another seaman who saw this, although he swore sometimes, was indignant that the child should be so cruelly treated, and told the bully to come on deck and he would give him a thrashing. The challenge was accepted, and the well-deserved beating was duly bestowed. Both then returned to the cabin, and the swearing man said: "Now, Jamie, say your prayers, and if he dares to touch you, I will give him another drubbing."

The next night it came into the boy's mind that it was quite unnecessary for him to create such a disturbance in the ship, when it could easily be avoided if he would only say his prayers quietly in his hammock so that nobody would observe it. But the moment the friendly sailor saw Jamie get into the hammock without first kneeling down to pray, he hurried to the spot, and dragging him out by the neck, said: "Kneel down at once, sir! Do you think I am going to fight for you, and you not say your prayers, you young rascal!"

During the whole voyage back to London the profane sailor watched over the boy as if he had been his father; and every night saw that he knelt down and said his prayer. Jamie soon began to be industrious, and during his spare time he studied his books. He learned all about ropes and rigging, and when he became old enough, about taking latitude and longitude.

Several years ago the largest steamer ever built, called the *Great Eastern*, was launched on the ocean, and carried the famous cable across the Atlantic. A very reliable, experienced captain was chosen for this important undertaking; and who should it be but little Jamie. When the *Great Eastern* returned to England after this successful voyage, Queen Victoria bestowed upon him the honour of knighthood, and the world now knows him as Sir James Anderson.

MEN never break down as long as they keep a happy, joyous heart. It is the sad heart that tires. Whatever our load, we should always keep a songful spirit in our breast.