

The Way to Be Happy.

Begin the day with God,
Kneel down to him in prayer,
Lift up thy heart to his abode,
And pay thy worship there

Go through the day with God,
Whatever thy work may be,
Where'er thou art at home, abroad,
He still is near to thee.

Converse with him in prayer,
Thy spirit heavenward raise:
Acknowledge every good bestowed,
And offer grateful praise.

Conclude the day with God,
Thy sins to him confess,
Trust in the Saviour's precious blood,
Cleave to his righteousness.

Lie down at night with God,
Give him thyself to keep,
"Till thou the vale of death hast trod,
Then calmly go to sleep.

OUR PERIODICALS:

PER YEAR POSTAGE FREE.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.

Christian Guardian, weekly	\$1 00
Methodist Magazine and Review, 96 pp., monthly illustrated	2 00
Christian Guardian and Methodist Magazine and Review	2 75
Magazine and Review, Guardian and Onward together.	3 25
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly	1 00
Sunday School Banner 65 pp., 8vo, monthly	0 60
Onward, 8 pp., 4to, weekly, under 5 copies	0 60
5 copies and over	0 50
Pleasant Hours, 4 pp., 4to., weekly, single copies	0 30
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 24
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than ten copies	0 12
10 copies and upwards	0 15
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than ten copies	0 12
10 copies and upwards	0 15
Dew Drops, weekly, per year	0 07
Per quarter	0 02
Berean Leaf, monthly, 100 copies per month	5 50
Berean Leaf, quarterly	0 06
Quarterly Review Service, by the year, 25c. a dozen, \$2 per 100, per quarter, 6c. a dozen; 60c per 100	

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto.

C. W. COATES, S. F. HURSTIS,
170 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 20, 1897.

COME.

The Gospel is an invitation. The table is spread with the rarest bounties; the fountain of life and healing is open; all things are ready. The sinner has nothing to do in making the provision; Christ has provided and met the bill. All he asks of the sinner is acceptance; the surrender of himself and the taking of what Christ has to bestow. To you, fellow-sinner, is this offer made—the offer of free and full salvation. The final utterance of the New Testament is the proffer of this invitation, in which Christ and his people join: "The Spirit and the bride say, come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely." No one need despair: no one need hesitate. You may be poor, halt, blind; your services may be of the poorest; no matter. You will never succeed on merit; but you may come freely, without money or price. Come just as you are to One who is mighty and able to save—to one inviting you to come. If you neglect such an offer, what excuse can you bear to the throne of judgment? What plea can you make?

THE PRODIGAL FATHER.

An old lady lately told me this true story. A farmer living in Kentucky had a little girl named Vida, whom he greatly loved. Having lost his wife, and finding no one to care for the child properly, he gave her to her mother's sister in Missouri, promising to write regularly, and to visit her every year or two. But soon after this he began to drink, and in a few years became a confirmed drunkard. By degrees he ceased writing to his child, lost his entire property, and, degraded and unhappy, wandered about the country as a common tramp, his friends being unable to obtain any trace of him. Twenty years after he had given up his child, he stopped one day at the door of a pretty farmhouse in Missouri, and asked for food. As the young mistress of the house handed him a liberal sandwich, a

child, clinging to her dress, shrieked with fear of the tramp.

"Hush, Vida, the old man will not hurt you," said the mother.

"Is her name Vida?" cried the tramp. "Once I had a little girl that looked just like her, when I lived in old Kentucky."

"Did you live in Kentucky? I came from there, from a farm near B—," said the young woman.

"From near B—? There is where I lived!" cried the tramp. "Did you ever hear of Joel Cameron? I was respectable there once, before my wife Lois died."

"Joel Cameron! Lois!" gasped the young mother. "Those were the names of my parents."

The poor tramp caught her arm. "Is your name Vida? Did you come to Missouri with your Aunt Anna Pitt, and did your father stop writing to you, and disappear?"

"Yes, yes!"

"I'm a sorry father for you, but I am your father," said the poor man, bursting into tears.

His daughter led him into the house, and showed him letters and mementoes of her home. He recalled incidents and objects of that early home. The recognition was complete. Never was prodigal son better welcomed than this prodigal father. His daughter brought him clothes of her husband's. Bathed, shaved and dressed, the tramp was like the once demontiac, now "clothed and in his right mind." His grandchild served to bind him to virtue, and he remained until his death, fifteen years later, a loved and helpful member of his child's family.

DON'T FALL INTO THE PIT!

Tom thought he was right in going to the card-party, instead of to the prayer-meeting.

"I'm tired," he said. "I have worked all day—and a fellow must have some amusement."

Well, he had worked faithfully all day. He told the truth—and a fellow must have some amusement. But the trouble was, he had stepped on a shadow, thinking it was firm ground, and so he fell into the pit.

Certainly those people who work well and faithfully, young or old, find need for play somewhere in their lives. They must have it or they fall by the way. But when must they have it, and where?

Tom's argument sounded well, but it wasn't right. Thinking the shadow was firm ground did not make it firm ground, and the result was the same as if he had deliberately meant to fall into the pit.

How shall we know right from wrong, then? Our Saviour has told us, very simply: "By their fruits shall ye know them."

What do Tom's most honoured Christian friends say about card-parties instead of prayer-meetings? Have they never been tired on prayer-meeting nights? If they had turned their backs on their pledged engagements—Tom also is a church member—would they have secured the character that he admires so much now?

Get out of that pit, Tom, and mind your footsteps after this. Remember, also, that one of the fruits of the Spirit is joy. Perhaps that is a reason for the jollity that generally pervades our young people on their return from the weekly meeting. Certainly they seem refreshed and happy.

HABIT.

Boys and girls, you can obey the text. "Learn to do well to-day and to-morrow, and the next day." It is the same as learning to skate. You fall, and rise again. You fall, but try again. After a little you can stand, and then can push out one foot, and by-and-bye the other, until at last away you go, gliding over the ice like the wind.

Learning to do well is like learning to swim. You wade into the water, but not very far, for fear you will drown. You try to swim, but sink. You try again, and do a little better. You swallow a good deal of water; it gets into your ears and eyes and nose, but you keep on splashing, and finally can swim. So you must keep on doing well until you learn how, and it has become a habit. A habit is something which we have. That is what the word means. It often becomes something which has us.

A habit is formed in the same way that paths on roads are. You often see people "cutting across lots." Where they do this a narrow strip of grass about a foot or fourteen inches wide will soon be trodden to death, and a narrow strip of ground, about the same width beneath it, will be trodden hard, and that

is a path. It is made by being walked over again, and again, and again. You can soon get into the habit of doing a thing if you will do it over and over many times. The more you do it the easier it will become, just as a path grows wider and plainer the more it is travelled. It is hard to keep people from going across lots after a path is once made; and so it is hard to stop doing what we have fallen into the habit of doing. It will not be easy for you to "do well" after you have once learned to do wrong. Bad habits are like ruts made by carriage wheels in country roads; they hold people fast. I once read of an old man who had crooked fingers. When a boy his hand was as limber as yours. He could open it easily, but for fifty years he drove a stage and his fingers go so in the habit of shutting down on the lines and whip, that they finally shut. The old man can never open his hand again.

Boys, if you do not wish to fall into the habit of swearing, refuse to swear at all. If you do not wish to become the slaves of tobacco, let cigarettes alone. If you do not wish to die drunkards, never begin to tittle. If you do these things even a few times, they may become habits and hold you fast. You would then smoke and swear and drink almost without knowing it, or knowing why. "Learn to do well," but "Abhor that which is evil."

ABOVE A STORM CLOUD.

An American aeronaut thus describes a storm as seen from a balloon. The storm viewed from above the clouds has the appearance of ebullition. The upper surface of the cloud is bulged upward and outward, and has the resemblance of a vast sea of boiling, upheaving snow. Immediately above the storm cloud the air is not so cold as it is in the clearer atmosphere above or in the cloud itself. The falling of the rain can be distinctly heard, making a noise like a waterfall over a precipice. The thunder heard above a storm cloud is not loud, and the flashes of lightning appear like streaks of intensely white light on the surface of the grey-coloured vapour.—Popular Science News.

TAME INDIAN MONKEYS.

It is amusing to watch the queer freaks and half-human ways of apes. The monkey-home of a zoological garden always contains an interested group of spectators. But if it is interesting to watch their antics in confinement, it certainly is a gratification to see them tamed and allowed their freedom. There is something so well-nigh human in their actions as to arouse a peculiar sympathy. "My acquaintance," says a zoological writer in India, "with two apes, Mahmoud and Eblis, was made soon after my arrival at the bungalow (native Indian house). I saw them tied to the veranda rail by long ropes. The big one, Mahmoud, is over four feet high and very strong; and the little one, Eblis, is not above twenty inches. After a time I heard a cry, and saw that Mahoud had snatched up a stout Malacca cane, and dragging Eblis near him, was beating him unmercifully, the cries of the little semi-human creature being most pathetic. The case being clearly one of murderous assault, I rushed at the rope which tied Eblis to the veranda and cut it, which so startled the big fellow that he let him go, and Eblis, beaten, I feared, to a jelly, jumped upon my shoulder, and flung his arms round my throat with a grip of terror. As I bore Eblis away, Mahmoud threw the cane either at him or me. I carried him to my easy-chair, and he lay down confidently on my arm, looking up with a bewitching, pathetic face, and murmuring "Ouf! ouf!" As I write, he sometimes sits on the table watching me attentively, or takes a pen, dips it in the ink, and scribbles on a sheet of paper. Occasionally he turns over the leaves of a book; once he took his master's official correspondence, envelope by envelope, out of the rack, opened each, took out the letters and held them as if reading, but always replaced them. Sometimes he gently takes my pen from my hand, puts it aside and lays his dainty hand in mine, and puts one long arm round my throat, and occasionally his small, antique, pathetic face rubs softly against mine, and he utters the monosyllable, "Ouf! ouf!" which is capable of remarkable variation in tone and meaning.—Youth's Companion.

There are forty-one cities of over 10,000 inhabitants in Japan.

A very beautiful imitation of tortoise shell is made of cow's horns.

JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

FEBRUARY 28, 1897.

The child set in the midst.—Matt. 18. 1-6.

AN OBJECT LESSON.

Jesus Christ used illustrations in preaching. This was one reason why "the common people heard him gladly." Such a mode of preaching is always popular. The late Mr. Spurgeon followed, and the world-wide Evangelists: Moody follows, this method very largely. Those who desire to excel as public teachers might follow these illustrious examples with great advantage.

THE OCCASION OF THE PRESENT LESSON.

The disciples were disputing as to which of them should be greatest in the Master's kingdom, that is, who should be the Prime Minister. They had mistaken notions respecting Christ's kingdom, which was not of this world. All their notions were worldly, hence they were concerned as to which of them should have the pre-eminence. How often it happens that whenever a vacancy occurs, either in church or public life, there are always an abundance of candidates who regard themselves as competent for the position, the majority of whom are sure to be disappointed, as only one can obtain the vacancy.

GENTLE REPROOF.

Verse 2. Jesus called a little child to him. What an honour to be thus selected by Christ? Ignatius is said to have been the person thus honoured, and, if so, what a change afterwards occurred to him. In the reign of Trajan, he was cast among the wild beasts of Rome, but he was persecuted for righteousness, and Jesus said of all such persons, that they are blessed. Jesus calls every one of the members of the Junior Leagues to be his disciples. He says, "They that seek me early shall find me." Also, think of these words, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." None of the beautiful sayings uttered by Plato or Cicero, or any other ancient or modern writer, can equal this. None can give rest but Jesus.

THE LESSON CHRIST WOULD TEACH.

Verse 4. "Whosoever shall humble himself as this little child," etc. Humility becomes every person. Pride is disdainful wherever it is seen. In the Bible there are many strong denunciations against pride and high-mindedness, and whoever indulges this feeling, they make themselves miserable, and hinder their own prosperity. We must be humble if we would increase our spirituality. See the case of the Pharisee and the publican: one was proud, the other was humble, and one was abased, and the other was exalted.

CONVERSION.

This is the great change which all must experience. Conversion is being made anew, it is indeed a spiritual change, a change from darkness to light, from the power of Satan to God. The importance of this change is beyond computation, for without it none can enter heaven. Then we have the true spirit of humility, which is so characteristic of childhood, and is so well pleasing in the sight of God.

AM I DOING MY WORK?

It may be sweeping rooms or washing dishes; it may be carrying a hod or a sceptre; it may be nursing a baby or writing a sermon—the question is just as applicable, "Am I doing my work?"—not criticising somebody else, nor longing for a better chance, nor waiting for something to turn up; but doing my work as well as I know how to do it? If one can answer this question in the affirmative, he has answered one of the greatest questions that a man is ever called upon to face. To be in one's place and doing one's work is supremely satisfying; to be out of one's proper place at last will be agony, because it will take one away from God. The Christian is growing more and more in harmony with his environment, because he is growing into harmony with the will of God. If a man who is meant to be a physician is miserable as a lawyer; if a useful and prosperous farmer is sometimes spoiled to make an unhappy and second-rate preacher, what will be the agony of living for an eternity out of one's element, or, in other words, away from one's God? To be something, and the right something, may be the high ambition of every humble child of God, and he may be sure that at last he will certainly reach the very summit of his ambition.