

The Children.

Hear the tiny pattering feet,
Tripping o'er the floor;
Up and down the house they beat
'Till they reach my door

Now with merry laugh and shout,
Peep little faces fair
In the room and round about,
'Thén climb into my chair

Little hands are busy there,
In some mischief more,
From the basket lying near
Goes my treasure store

Mamma's watch they hold with glee
Close to their tiny ears,
And wonder what the time can be—
These precious little dears!

From opening morn till closing night,
They fill our home with love,
As angels with their presence bright,
The Father's home above
—The Youth's Instructor

OUR PERIODICALS:

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.	Yearly	Sub'n
Christian Guardian, weekly, ..	\$1 00	
Methodist Magazine and Review, 90 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	
ward, 8 pp., 4to., weekly, under 6 copies, ..	0 20	
5 copies and over, ..	0 20	
Pleasant Hours, 4 pp., 4to., weekly, single copies, ..	0 20	
Less than 20 copies, ..	0 25	
Over 20 copies, ..	0 24	
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than ten copies, ..	0 15	
10 copies and upwards, ..	0 12	
Daisy Days, fortnightly, less than ten copies, ..	0 12	
10 copies and upwards, ..	0 12	
Dew Drops, weekly (2 cents per quarter), ..	0 07	
Home Senior Quarterly (quarterly), ..	0 20	
Home Leaf, monthly, ..	0 03	
Home Intermediate Quarterly (quarterly), ..	0 03	
Quarterly Review Service, by the year, 24c. a dozen; \$2 per 100; per quarter, 6c. a dozen; 50c. per 100.		

THE ABOVE PRICES INCLUDE POSTAGE.

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto.

O. W. COARM, S. F. HURSTIS,
2178 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, OCTOBER 8, 1898.

JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

OCTOBER 16, 1898.

SOME PSALMS THE JUNIORS SHOULD KNOW.

The helper and the keeper.—Psalm 121.

Many of these Psalms were written by David, the "sweet singer of Israel," and some of them were doubtless composed when he was a shepherd tending his flock on the fields of Bethlehem. Exposed to attack by the lion and the bear, or by robbers of the desert, he felt that God was his helper. When he himself was hunted "like a partridge upon the mountains," and fleeing from his rebellious son Absalom, he still put his trust in God. "My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth."

Even the most watchful cannot keep awake all the time, and even if he could, he might be attacked amid the darkness, or betrayed in the light. But the Psalmist put his trust not in horses, nor in chariots, nor in human defence, but said, "Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep. The Lord is my helper."

In that hot country, where the sun blazes like a furnace in the sky, the shadow of a great rock in a weary land is especially grateful and refreshing. Such, says the Psalmist, is the Lord—"thy shade upon thy right hand." Let us put our trust in God and we shall never be confounded.

DONKEY WORSHIP IN INDIA.

At Mudhalpatti, in India, they worship Sadai Swami, or the "hairy god." There is a curious story about his origin. The neighbourhood of Mudhalpatti is generally very fertile, being watered by a small stream which seldom dries up.

A hairy, lame donkey, which was driven away once by a dhuby, resorted to the banks of the stream, and was enjoying its delights. This donkey was

in the habit of sleeping in an adjacent Kali temple, after grazing in the beautiful meadows. On a certain day it was found dead inside the said temple.

Although it was the desire of many to remove the carcass from the temple, yet there were a few who objected to such procedure. They said that it was the incarnation of their deity, and, as such, they were bound to bury the carcass with all solemnity and devotion, lest the whole village be placed under a perpetual curse.

This idea was at once taken up by the others, and they all agreed in saying that the donkey was no other than their lord, the Shada Maharajah of old, who was the husband of Kallamma.

Accordingly, they made arrangements to give an honourable burial to the deceased donkey. Tom-toms and bugles, and new cloths and flowers were ordered, and the carcass was buried with all pomp and pride.

When they wanted one or two persons to get themselves shaved for the rite of Karumanthram, to crown and complete the burial ceremony as usual, Karuppan, Achari, and Swamikannu Nadar bowed their heads to their barbers.

Thus ended the burial ceremony of their hairy god. From that time forward people have offered coconuts, plantains, etc., on the donkey's grave, and worship him as their god.—Missionary Gleaner.

KEEPING A SECRET.

It was when Molly was getting over the measles that mamma told her about Tom's birthday party. It was to be a bicycle party, and the boys were all to bring their bicycles; and Tom's father was going to give him one for a birthday present.

"Oh, goody!" cried Molly, jumping up and down. "Won't Tom be just too happy for anything?"

"Now, Molly," said mamma, "you must be very careful not to tell Tom anything about it. You mustn't even look as if you knew about it."

"Can't I tell anybody? Not even Arabella Maria?" asked Molly. "Cause I shall surely burst if I don't."

"Yes," said mamma, laughing, "you may tell Arabella Maria, but no one else."

This was hard. That very afternoon Tom came rushing in from school, and told Molly about Billy's new improved safety.

"I'd give something if I just knew I'd get a wheel for my birthday," said he. "But, when father was telling me about the scarcity of money last night, I knew that meant no safety for this year."

"Bye low, bye low," sang Molly to Arabella Maria, who, because she was made of rags, and limber, Molly loved, as she said she was so nice and "huggy." Molly kept her eyes shut tight for fear Tom would see a nickel-plated bicycle in them.

"Why don't you talk and be a comfort?" demanded Tom. "I suppose, if it was your birthday coming, you wouldn't mind. You'd rather have an old mushy doll like that!" indicating the beloved Arabella Maria with a scornful finger.

This was too much for Molly to bear. Her eyes flew open with a flash. "It isn't so at all!" said she. "I wouldn't want another doll at all, and I do want a bicycle. Every girl in the block has one but me. And Arabella Maria is not mushy, and she knows a great deal that you would be glad to know."

And then Molly, feeling that she was getting on dangerous ground, flew upstairs, holding Arabella Maria close up against her mouth.

Uncle Tom and mamma were sitting on the porch quite near the open window, and heard all this conversation. Uncle Tom was much amused, and mamma very proud.

"I can make her tell me," said Uncle Tom.

"Try," said mamma, as she went indoors to toast her muffins for tea.

Molly presently found herself seated on Uncle Tom's knee; and after she had told him all about the measles, and how it was a great surprise to everybody that Arabella Maria didn't take them, "But she's the best thing!" said Molly. "I told her not to, 'cause I couldn't nurse her; and she didn't."

"What's this about Tom's birthday?" said Uncle Tom. "I want to know about it."

But Molly immediately shut her mouth up tight and looked up at the sky. "It's a secret," she said finally.

"But not from me, is it? You know he's my namesake; and how do you know I won't get him the same thing?"

Molly looked troubled. "There is a danger," she said; "but, if I should tell you, you might let it out,—not on pur-

pose,—'cause it's so hard not to. I don't want to ever have the 'sponsibility of another secret, never."

Well, well, and so you can't trust me," said Uncle Tom.

I wouldn't mind trusting you at all if I hadn't promised I wouldn't tell," said Molly. "And me and Arabella Maria must keep our word, you see. Now, if it was about my birthday, I could tell you just as well as not, 'cause I wouldn't know—"

But Uncle Tom was laughing so hard that Molly stopped. "Good for you, Molly," he said; "you're a trump!" Molly didn't know at all what he meant, but she was much relieved that he was not offended.

When Tom's birthday, with the party, the safety and all, really came, it was hard to tell which was the happier, Tom or Molly.

Every time that Tom felt things boiling within him to such an extent that he couldn't possibly stand it another minute, he would rush out on the lawn, and look at his new wheel, and say: "Hurrah! She's a daisy!" and turn somersaults until he felt better. At the same time Molly would rush after Arabella Maria, and, with a rapturous squeeze, would say: "Aren't we glad we didn't tell, though, 'cause he's so happy over the 'sprise."

By-and-bye they all went out for a spin around the block; and there, among the shuling wheels, was a dear little one, whom no one claimed. Tom picked up a card on the handle-bar, and read:

"For Molly and Arabella Maria, two young women who know how to keep a secret from even Uncle Tom."

"Oh, oh!" said Molly, dancing up and down. "Arabella Maria, we're the happiest girls in this world, I know."—Churchman.

HYMNS IN CHILDHOOD.

"I like to go to meeting," writes Miss Larcum, in her charming narrative of "A New England Girlhood." She was a child, but "going to meeting" sometimes implied wearing a new bonnet and her best white dress and muslin; "Vandyke," a fact which made her willing to stand up through the "long prayer" and sit through the "ninthlines" and "tenthlines" and "finelines" of the sermon.

She seldom remembered anything that the preacher said, except now and then some word which sounded well, such as "dispensations," "decrees," "ordinances," "covenants." Not understanding the long words by which he tried to explain the Bible, she fell into the habit of taking refuge in the hymn-book, and often learned two or three hymns in a Sunday forenoon or afternoon.

She soon discovered there was a difference in hymns, and learned only such as she liked. A melodious echo, or sonorous ring, or the hint of a picture, or some sacred suggestion caused her to prefer certain hymns to others. Yet she liked some of these others because she misunderstood them and could make a free version as she murmured them over.

One of her favourites began with the words:

"Come, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve."

She had no idea of its meaning, but made up a little story out of it, with herself as the heroine. She did not know that the last line of the second stanza was bad grammar:

"I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Hath like a mountain rose,"—

but thought that the "sin" was something pretty, that looked like a "mountain-rose." She had never seen mountains, but took it for granted that a rose on a mountain must be prettier than the wild roses on the hill near her house. She, the heroine, would pluck that rose, and carry it up the mountain-side into the temple where the king sat, and would give it to him; and then he would touch her with his sceptre, and let her through into a garden full of flowers.

Miss Larcum's childhood was passed in the country, and therefore she loved hymns that suggested flowers, trees, skies, and stars, such as:

"There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers."

When she repeated that hymn, she understood it to mean that the anemones and violets—the short-lived children of the shivering New England spring—would be on through the cloudless, endless year of the heavenly land.

She lived near the ocean, and when the salt wind came through the open door as the choir sang of "seas of heavenly rest," she, wondering how a world could be beautiful where "there was no more sea," concluded that the hymn and

the text could not contradict each other, and that something like a sea must be in heaven.

The child had a poet's imagination while crooning over

"At anchor laid, remote from home,
Tolling I cry, Sweet Spirit, come!
Celestial breeze, no longer stay!
But spread my sails, and speed my way,"

she had the feeling of being rocked in a boat on a beautiful ocean, from whose far-off shores the sunrise beckoned.

BERTIE'S BALL.

"Up, up, up it goes, and down, down, down it comes," sung Bertie Brown, as he tossed his rubber ball up against the house and caught it again. "Up, up," he began once more; and, sure enough, it did go up this time, away up on top of the porch. Bertie waited to see if he could say, "Down, down;" but he couldn't, for the ball didn't; it stayed up there. Bertie stood around and waited a while, but finally concluded to go and play horse with Sam Clark, who lived next door, and ask papa to get the ball when he came home.

When papa came, he told Bertie that there was no way to get the ball then. He would have to wait till the storm windows upstairs were taken off, for he had no ladder long enough to reach up to the roof.

Bertie missed his ball, for he was very fond of it; and the worst of it was that he could see it from his mamma's window upstairs.

One day while mamma was dressing he stood looking out of the window and wishing, O so hard, that he could get his ball, when a little snow-bird came fluttering down to the roof, peeped in at the window, and then hopped right upon the ball. It gave a little roll, which must have frightened the bird; for with a swift motion it sped away, and the ball rolled softly over the edge of the porch and dropped to the ground. You can scarcely imagine how surprised Bertie was. He ran down to the yard in a twinkling, and there was his ball in a little nest of dry leaves. He has always felt very sure that the snowbird knew how much he was wishing for the ball, for this is a true story; and how else can you account for what the little bird did?—Youth's Companion.

ONE CHILD'S WORK.

An old Sunday-school superintendent asked his pupils to bring, each of them, a new scholar to Sunday-school. One went to his father and said: "Father, will you go to Sunday-school with me?"

"I can't read, my son," replied the father.

"Our teacher will teach you," answered the boy, with feeling in his tones.

"Well, I'll go," said the father.

He went, learned to read, sought and found the Saviour, and at length became a colporteur. Years passed on; and that man has established four hundred Sunday-schools, into which thirty-five thousand children were gathered.

Thus we see what trying did. This boy's efforts were like a tiny rill, which soon swells into a brook, and at length it becomes a river. His efforts saved his father, who, being saved, led thirty-five thousand children into Sunday-school. Do you know what the Bible promises to them "that turn many to righteousness"?—Christian Herald.

A HOLE UNDER YOUR OWN BERTH.

If you had your own little berth at the bottom of a great ship, would you have a right to cut a hole ever so little in the ship's bottom under your berth? Would not the whole ship go down? Dear child, if you drink wine in ever such little glasses, it will do harm like the hole in the ship. Sorrow, sickness, sin, death, will rush in upon you; and not only to you will harm come. Mother's hair will turn white with sorrow, father's head will bow with shame. To all who love you it will do more harm than I can tell. Do not make the little hole; keep the fair home ship strong and taut.

A FAITHFUL DOG.

"Some one took an umbrella from the hallway of a Lewiston man's house," says The Gazette, of Lewiston, Me., "and about the same time the dog was missed. A search was made; and the dog was at last found in a Lisbon Street store, and standing near him was the missing umbrella. A stranger had come into the store, followed by the dog. When he went out, he left the umbrella, which the dog carefully guarded until his owner appeared."