

"Never Soar So High Again."

I walked through the woodland meadow
Where the Thrushes aye sweetly sing
And I found on a bed of mosses
A bird with a broken wing.

I heard its wounds, and each morning
It sang its old sweet strain,
But the bird with the broken pinton
Never soared so high again

I found a young life broken,
By sin's seductive art,
And, touched with the Christ-like spirit,
I took him to my heart;

Each loss has its compensation,
And struggled not in vain,
But the life that's sin had stricken,
Never soared so high again

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Pleasant Hours:
A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, DECEMBER 2, 1899

The publisher finds himself reluctantly obliged to raise the price of Dew Drops from seven cents to eight cents. Anxious to give it to the schools at as low a price as possible, it has been published at an actual loss for the last two years. We know our friends do not desire that, and will not object to the small increase necessary to cover expenses.

JOHN BRIGHT ON SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

Mr John Bright, of England, speaking at a mission fair, said that the Sunday school contribute much toward the development of the moral feelings, and that the work performed by them was of more importance at the present moment than it had been at any previous period in English history. The powers of monarchs were lessening, and the influence of the aristocracy was fading away. The only power that was governing was a power that would henceforth be limited—was the power of the people. He claimed therefore, that the most pressing need at the present time was political education, by which there could be cultivated in the minds of the people a sense of their moral responsibility. They should be taught that labour would have its just reward, and that the wealthy should be permitted to enjoy their riches in security. This is a sentiment worthy of Mr Bright, and as suitable for this country as for Great Britain.

HIS NICKNAME.

What do you suppose my Uncle Bob called me last week? Why, just "Sand," nothing more nor nothing less. And that's the name that he has called me ever since. I don't know why yet. Everybody in the house calls me "Sand," and it has spread out to the street, and over to the school. It's "Sand" here and "Sand" there and "Sand" yonder. till you can't

rest. Father and mother look sort of pleased, like I was something nice; and it is so, why, I don't mind.
I say, say it means I've got sand—and not afraid, you know. That the best of it. But there's Aunt Mamie (the best of it) who called "Sand" to me. Aunt Mamie—she says the name's horribly vulgar; and Tom—he's my brother, you know—he says it's just short for "Sandy," and that's the colour of my hair. Brothers like Tom, and Mamie, can't always be depended on, though.

Maybe I'd better tell the whole story, and let you see for yourself. First, though, I want to make you be scared. Whow! I shivered so that when Tom heard it the next morning, he declared all my jacket buttons had been shaken loose. They hadn't, of course; for they came away playing 'till next day before. But Tom was nearer right than he knew. When I think it out square to myself, I'm most sure that Tom's and Aunt Mamie's fun hits me closer than father's and mother's praise.

You see, it was this way: Father and Tom were off on business, to be gone all night, and mother was sick with a headache. That left only me in the house to look after the place. I was scared. I went upstairs to bed; then it grew awfully dark and lonesome. But I pulled the clothes up tight over my face and tried not to think; for if there's one thing that's in this world, it's a scuttling bed. And I'm trying 'till too big to be afraid of the dark, too; that's the worst of it.

Well, some time in the night came a loud knocking. Tom? Towser? Just like somebody scolding, or scolding me for getting and I know in a flash what it meant. I'd forgotten to leave the wood-house door open for him to go in.
I let it lower down to the bed and I thought to myself, "I could not shut all the time I would, for I couldn't go to sleep. I left 'Towser out in the cold that way. So after a while I shut my eyes, and I was fast asleep, and scared and shaky, for it was still dark, and got into my clothes the best I could.

I felt my way out into the hall and down to the back door. But when I put my foot back upon it, I felt a sharp, yellow light out; so open it I, taking my plain coat, I heard somebody trying to get in. If it hadn't been for mother being sick, and father and Tom being away, I have scuttled up the stairs quicker than I ever came down. But that wouldn't do for the man of the house. No, sir; not if he died.

I was too scared to think much, so I just leaped the door and called "ho!" loud as ever I could. And, well, sir! you should have seen those fellows tumble down the steps—for there were two—down across the yard and over the back fence, and into the street. I saw 'Towser square on their heels, snapping and barking. And I wouldn't wonder if he nipped them once or twice, for they yelled as if he did.

The next day father and Tom came home, and Uncle Bob came over from his store. Uncle Bob said the tools were a burglar's kit—if you know what that is—and when he looked at me like he does when he's angry, he said, "You're all right. But I know Tom, and he knows me. So, although I'm willing to own Tom hits it pretty close about shaking buttons off, it's 'Towser did lots more than I, and I don't deny it."
The next day Uncle Bob says it—The Morning Star.

SMALLEST IN THE WORLD.

The smallest book ever printed is the story of Perrault's little "Hop-o-my-Head." It is a tiny book, only one and one-half inches long by one inch wide, and one-quarter inch thick. It can be read only by the aid of a microscope; but is complete in every way, and has forty-two illustrations.

Shears no bigger than a pin is one of the exhibits of the skill of a Sheffield workman; a dozen of these shears weigh less than half a grain, or about the weight of a postage-stamp; they are as perfectly made as shears of ordinary size.
out is the smallest republic as the population numbers one hundred and thirty.
Tavolara is the smallest republic as to population, having only fifty-three men, women, and children. It is twelve miles from Sardinia.

Trinidad, in the South Atlantic, sends out its mail once a year to the outside world. It has a population of sixty-five persons—eighteen men, sixteen women, fifteen boys, and twelve girls.

King Maltot, the Samoan monarch, lately dead, received a smaller salary than any other royalty, \$150 monthly, and it was usually in arrears.
Chinese streets are the narrowest in

the world—some of them are only eight feet wide.
The smallest horse in the world is a Shetland pony owned by Marquis Caron. Its height does not surpass several centimeters; it is often harnessed to a Huppala man's coach.
Berlin has the smallest elephant in the world. It is only one meter high, and weighs eighty kilograms.

ROSEWOOD TREES.

Rosewood trees are found in South America and in the West Indies and neighbouring islands. There are half a dozen kinds. The name is not taken from the colour of the wood, as is generally supposed, but by reason of a rose-like fragrance which it possesses when first cut. Some of these trees grow so large that planks four feet broad and ten feet in length can be cut from them. The broad planks are principally used to make tops for pianofortes. The rosewood tree is remarkable for its beauty.

Such is its value in manufactures as an ornamental wood that some of the forests where it once grew abundantly have now been planted with other trees. Now plantations have been set out so that the supply will not be exhausted.

THE LONGEST WORD.

"Rob" said Tom, which is the most dangerous word to pronounce in the English language?
"Don't know, unless 'tis a swearing word."
"Pooh!" said Tom. "It's stumbled, because you are sure to get a tumble between the first and last letter."

"Ha, ha!" said Rob. "Now, I've got one for you. I found it one day in the paper. Which is the longest word in the English language?"
"Imprehensibility," said Tom, promptly.
"No, sir, it's smiles, because there's a whole pile between the first and last letter."

"Ho, ho!" cried Tom. "That's nothing. I know a word that has three miles between its beginning and ending."
"Which?" that "I asked Rob, faintly.
"Blagueguerd," said Tom.

THE OLD STORY.

Hear the old story again:
A number of Chicago boys fell into the habit of meeting to read and discuss wild west stories. They became greatly enamoured of this fashion, and their literature, and spent hours in making plans to imitate the heroes of whom they read. Their imaginations soon became so inflated that they were ready to undertake any and every deed. The culmination came the other day when one boy deliberately stabbed a companion to death. When he failed to escape and was confronted with his crime, he fled. He was shot and killed. That he wanted to do something that would class him among the bloodthirsty villains of whom he had been reading.
Yes, it is only the old story. Scarcely less dramatic, stirring and bloody than the diabolical traffic in flashy papers and books. Every page and paragraph of those publications is soaked with moral poison. The reading of them is demoralizing and sinful. It is ruin to the boys. The whole terrible trade should be outlawed so fully that it would be a crime to print, sell, or give away a page of the vile stuff.

"Walter," said his mother, "take this glass of pure water, and put just one drop of ink into it."
"Oh, I don't see why you won't let me play with Robert Scott," pouted Walter Brown. "I know he does not always mind his mother, and smokes cigars, and sometimes swears. But I have been brought up better than that. He won't hurt me, and I should think you would trust me. For what I can do him good."
"Walter," said his mother, "take this glass of pure water, and put just one drop of ink into it."
"Oh, I don't see why you have thought one drop would blacken a whole glass so?"
"Yes, it has changed the colour of the whole, has it not? It is a shame to do that. Just put on a drop of clear water in it, and restore its purity," said his mother.

A DROP OF INK.

"Why, mother, you are laughing at me. One drop, nor a dozen, nor fifty, won't do that."
"Ye a great story to tell you, boys," said a man to a group at the City Hall. "I don't think any of you ever heard me tell it before."
"Ye a good one?" asked one of the party, doubtfully.
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"Then you never told it before," echoed the crowd.

"No, my son, and therefore I cannot allow one drop of Robert Scott's evil nature to mingle with your careful training, many drops of which will make no impression on him."

TRUE COURAGE.

We are told that when Colley Patterson was a boy at Eton, and captain of the cricket eleven, he was present one evening at a "cricketing supper," and one of the boys told a nasty, low story. Colley stood up before all his school-fellows and said: "If any more such stories are told in my presence, I resign my captaincy and leave this school." His words took effect, and thus by the influence of one boy the tone of the great public school was purified and raised. The brave school-boy became the brave martyr Bishop, who laid down his life on an island in the far Pacific.

TALES.

If any one comes to you with a story of what some one has said about you, let me advise you to try this experiment. Look the story-teller in the face, and say, "I shall be so-and-so in a day or two, and I will ask her about it." Then see how quickly the gossip will begin to squirm. "Oh, but don't say that! I told you. Perhaps she did not say just exactly that, but she gave me that impression," and so on. If you hear anything good of any one, tell them of it as soon as possible. If you hear anything bad, let it go, as the saying is, "in at one ear and out of the other."

HE WAS OBSCURE.

A barrel of whiskey was once being carried up a street, when, by accident, it fell to the ground and the head was driven in. A gentleman, who saw the whiskey spilled on the ground, said, "Oh, dear! oh, dear! what a pity!"
"O, no!" said a little boy—a member of a Temperance School, who was looking on. "It is not a pity; the drink will do us harm on God's earth than in God's image."

"Pray, Study, Give."

By Rev. J. PASCOE.
Pray, study, give, our motto be,
May we so live, that we may see
That it is well to work and pray,
That it is well to work each day.

That it is well to study, too,
The character of what we do;
That it is well for us to see
The need and the utility

Of Christian missions, good and grand,
Their influence in every land,
To duty let us all awake,
And work for our dear Saviour's sake.

Soon after he from death did rise,
Ere he ascended to the skies,
To occupy his throne in heaven,
Authority by him was given.

To his disciples, there and then,
To preach his Gospel to all men;
Throughout the world they should proclaim,
Salvation through their Saviour's name.

They should proclaim the Gospel sound,
Wherever man on earth is found;
They should to Jew and Gentile teach,
The Gospel which they were to preach.

To all the nations they must go,
Mid burning sands and winter snow,
Where there is peace, where there is strife,
Proclaim the words of endless life.

Oh, let us pray and labour, too,
That all may now the Gospel know;
For missions let us money give,
That all may have God's word and life.

Let all be done for Jesus' sake,
Who knows the efforts that we make
To spread his Gospel far and wide,
That men may by its truths abide.

That men may by its truths be blest,
And find in Jesus peace and rest,
And find in all his precepts given,
The path of life, the way to heaven.

Pettedoac, N.B.
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