

A Health Alphabet.

As soon as you are up shake blanket and sheet;
 Better be without shoes than sit with wet feet;
 Children, if healthy, are active, not still;
 Damp sheets, damp clothes, will both make you ill;
 Eat slowly, and always chew your food well;
 Freshen the air in the house where you dwell;
 Garments must never be made too tight;
 Homes will be healthy if airy and light;
 If you wish to be well, as you do, I've no doubt,
 Just open the windows before you go out;
 Keep your rooms always tidy and clean;
 Let dust on the furniture never be seen;
 Much illness is caused for the lack of pure air;
 Now, to open your windows be ever your care;
 Old rags and old rubbish should never be kept;
 People should see that their floors are well swept;
 Quick movements in children are healthy and right;
 Remember the young cannot thrive without light;
 See that the cistern is clean to the brim;
 Take care that your dress is all tidy and trim;
 Use your nose to find out if there be a bad drain;
 Very sad are the fevers that come in its train;
 Walk as much as you can without feeling fatigue;
 Xerxes could walk full many a league;
 Your health is your wealth, which your wisdom must keep;
 Zeal will help a good cause, and the good you will reap.

—Chatterbox.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, JULY 22, 1893.

"THAT IS MY MOTHER."

THE following incident was related by Mrs. J. K. Barney, of Rhode Island, at the National meeting of the Woman's Christian Union, at Philadelphia:
 "There came a woman to me with the question, 'Do you know where my boy is?' and gave me a little clue. For five years she had not looked into his face; and she thought she had traced him under an assumed name to such a prison, and would I find out for her? I located that man in such a prison, to stay there such a time; and then came a letter asking me if I would go to him, with the words, 'Couldn't you come and see me, and take a mother's message to my boy?' Mothers, can you think what message you would have sent that boy? She was in an elegant home. I sat down to a beautiful table with her. She handed me a picture, and told me to show it to him. I said, 'That is not your picture?' 'Yes,' she said, 'that is mine before he went to prison; and here,' she said, handing me another, 'is mine after I had five years of waiting for Charley.' I

went with those two pictures to the prison. I called at an opportune time; he was in the dark cell. The keeper said he had been in there twenty-four hours; but in answer to my pleadings he went down into the dark cell, and the man announced a lady as from his mother. But no reply. Said I, 'Let me step in;' and I did so. There was just a single plank from one end to the other, and that was all the furniture; and there sat the boy from Yale College. I said, 'Charley, I am a stranger to you; but I have come from your mother, and I shall have to go back and tell her that you did not want to hear from her.' Said he, 'Don't mention my mother's name here. I will do anything if you will go.' As he walked along the cell I noticed that he reeled. Said I, 'What is the matter?' He said he had not eaten anything for twenty-four hours. They brought him something; and I sat down by him and held the tin plate on which was some coarse brown bread, without any butter, and I think a tin cup of coffee. By-and-bye as we talked I pressed into his hand his mother's picture. He looked at it and said, 'That is my mother. I always said she was the handsomest woman in the world.' He pressed it and held it in his hand; and I slipped the other picture over it. He said, 'Who is that?' I said, 'That is your mother.' 'That my mother!' 'Yes,' I said, 'that is the mother of the boy I found in the dark cell after she had been waiting five years to see him.' He said, 'O God, I have done it!' And then he said, 'No, the liquor traffic has done it. Why don't you do something to stop it?' He then said, 'I began drinking at home. It was on the table with my food.'

"Friends, in the name of God, and home, and native land, let us have our homes pure! I tell you we cannot have the wine socially and not reap the whirlwind sometime."—*The Issue.*

WORDS AND BIRDS.

"If words were birds
 And swiftly flew
 From tips of lips,
 Owed, dear, by you,
 Would they, to-day,
 Be hawks and crows,
 Or blue, and true, and sweet—
 Who knows?"

"Let's play, to-day,
 We choose the best:
 Birds blue and true
 With dove-like breast.
 'Tis queer, my dear,
 We never knew
 That words, like birds,
 Had wings and flew."

The very next time you open your lips and speak, won't you please notice what kind of a bird it is that takes wing and flies out on its mission?

You and I are not fond of the harsh and fretful notes of the hawk and crow. We have heard their disagreeable cries in the midst of a lovely summer scene, and we know how they seemed to put everything out of harmony; how the beautiful music of nature was turned to discord.

Do you know any boys and girls whose words have such an effect? In the midst of a merry game, somebody says an unkind or a hateful word to another. Away it flies from the scornful or angry lips, its black wings darkening the sunshine; its disagreeable cries putting to silence the music of happy, laughing voices. All gentle, cheery birds shun the company of hawks and crows. They scold and complain from morning to night, but they have it mostly to themselves. No other birds can tune their voices to such a key. No other birds care to sing in their chorus.

Is not the same true of boys and girls who speak unkind words and are fault-finding and peevish? Does anybody seek their company or love to talk with them, except those who are like them and sing in the same key?

Then there is the bright and friendly bird that everybody loves, dear little robin-red-breast, with his cheery, hopeful note. How glad we always are to hear his first call in the springtime, telling us winter is over and summer will surely come. When the rain was falling heavily from the dark clouds, haven't you heard the robin's

"Good cheer! good cheer!" and grown lighter-hearted, too?

There are boys and girls in your schools and your homes, whose words bring good-nature and cheer on their swift, bright wings, and everybody gives them hearty welcome. They are cheerful and bright like the notes of the robin and bluebird, or gentle and loving like the dove that coos outside your window. The sun shines brighter where these sweet word birds fly. The flowers are gay, and all nature, as well as all hearts, happier because of them. You may "choose the best." It is for you to say like what kind of birds your words shall be. But if you would have them sweet and gentle, you must look after their nesting place, and see that only such birdlings dwell there. In your heart your words have their homes. They are thoughts at first, you know. And these thoughts grow to words, and then they fly from the heart to the lips and away, just as the birdlings grow and find their wings and go flying from the nest. Keep the thoughts sweet and pure and loving, and the words will never be croaking, hateful hawks and crows, but "birds blue and true," birds of love and good cheer.

THE MAGIC POWER OF LOVE.

Two or three years ago the superintendent of the Little Wanderers' Home, in Boston, received, one morning, a request from the judge that he would come up to the court room. He complied directly, and found there a group of seven little girls, ragged, dirty and forlorn, beyond even what he was accustomed to see. The judge pointed to them and said:

"Mr. T—, can you take any of these?"

"Certainly, I'll take them all," was the prompt reply.

"All! what in the world can you do with them all?"

"I'll make women of them."

The judge singled out one, even worse in appearance than all the rest, and asked again:

"What can you do with this one?"

"I'll make a woman of her," Mr. T— repeated, firmly and hopefully.

He took them all home. They were washed and dressed and provided with a good supper and beds. The next morning they went into the school-room with the rest of the children. Mary was the name of the girl whose chance for better things the judge thought was small.

During the afternoon the teacher said to Mr. T—, in reference to her:

"I never saw a child like that. I have tried for an hour to get a single smile, and failed."

Mr. T— said afterwards to himself that her face was the saddest he had ever seen—sorrowful beyond expression; yet she was a very little girl, only seven or eight years old.

After school he called her into his office, and said, pleasantly:

"Mary, I've lost my little pet. I used to have a little girl here that would wait on me, and sit on my knee, and I loved her very much. A kind lady and gentleman adopted her, and she went to live with them. I miss her, and now I should like you to take her place, and be my little pet. Will you?"

A gleam of light flitted over the poor child's face as she began to understand him. He gave her ten cents, and told her she might go to a store near by and buy some candy. While she was gone he took two or three newspapers, tore them in pieces, and scattered them about the room. When she returned in a few minutes, he said to her:

"Mary will you clean up my office for me! Pick up those papers and make it look real nice!"

She went to work with a will. A little more of this sort of management—treating her just like a kind father would—wrought the desired change. She went into the school-room after dinner with so changed a look and bearing that the teacher was astonished. The child's face was absolutely radiant, and half fearful of some mental wanderings, she went up to her and said:

"Mary, what is it? What makes you look so happy?"

"Oh! I've got somebody to love me!"

the child answered earnestly, as if it were heaven come down on earth.

That was all the secret. For want of love, that poor little one's life had been so cold and desolate that she had lost childhood's faith and hope. She could not at first believe in the reality of joy or kindness for her. It was this certainty that some one loved her and desired her affection, that lighted the child's soul and glorified the child's face.

Mary has since been adopted by wealthy people, and lives in a beautiful home; but more than all its comfort and beauty, running like golden threads through it all, she finds the love of her father and mother.

A Modern Prodigal,

BY

Mrs. Julia McNair Wright.

CHAPTER XI.

UNCLE BARUM AND LETITIA.

THE summer holidays had begun. Over the sweeps of farm-land about Ladbury the rattle of the reaping and mowing machines was heard, as they laid the harvest low; the noon air quivered with fierce heat, the birds were silent in their mid-day cover, the blackberries hung large and ripe in the rugged thickets of pasture lands.

That surprise which Mercy and Letitia had arranged for the boys had been a grand success.

How well the little room looked in the drab paint, the cheap brown paper with the bunches of roses on it, the curtains of flowered calico, the bedstead newly painted and covered with the new quilts. There were no bureau, chairs, or wash-stand, but boxes covered with patchwork or flowered calico did duty bravely for all these. Mercy had bought a little looking-glass, and turned a small box into a comb-case; Friend Amos had contributed a blue bowl and pitcher, and Friend Sara had donated a blue wooden pail and three gay lithographs.

In fact, Achilles declared the room complete, and in need of nothing but a rack for his beloved newspapers, and a corner-shelf to hold two or three books—the joint possession of himself and Samuel. Samuel said nothing, but he brought in a little brown jar which he had found broken on the roadside, mended it neatly with putty, painted it red, and set it on the window-sill to hold flowers.

"Samuel," said Achilles, "is just like a girl, he has to have flowers about." But in spite of his half-jibing speech he made Samuel a hanging-basket of the first cocoa-nut shell that he found, and asked Mrs. Ladley for a vine to plant in it. There was one good thing in this Stanhope family, they were very considerate of each others' particular tastes; that goes far toward making a happy home.

The front porch was also finished, the benches were placed on it, the grape-vines, which Achilles had planted the previous year, were trained upon the corner posts. Achilles spent considerable time sitting on a fence across the road, "getting the effect" of this porch, toward which his desires had for four years been tending.

"When I can get a nice big dormer window set in the roof of that room Tish is to have some time," he said, "that house will look fine." Then he turned his admiring gaze toward the barn. It had new clapboards, a repaired roof, a new door, and a gay coat of red paint. It was a barn to be proud of. "Some day," said Achilles to Letitia, "I shall have a waggon and pair of horses, and ten acres more of land, and then I can make my living off the place, without going to work for other people. Mr. Ladley says he'll sell me that ten acres alongside of our pasture and barn-yard."

"I'll help you," said Letitia. "Next summer I think I can get a summer school, and make as much as fifty dollars in vacation. That would buy—what?"

"It would buy me a pair of colts, about eight months old, and I'd raise 'em!" cried Achilles. "O Letitia, if you could!"

"Come in to dinner," said Letitia, "your noon hour is half gone."