

Accounted For.

I am not feeling well to-day,
But why I cannot see;
I had some ice cream 'cross the way,
And pancakes home for tea;

I also had some caramels,
And sugared almonds, too;
And when I met with Tommy Wells,
A stick of fine tolu.

But I was careful with each one—
Too much of none I ate,
It cannot be that penny bun,
And yet the pain is great.

I had six cookies, but I've had
Six cookies off before;
They've never left me feeling bad,
Nor pickles—three or more.

The soda water couldn't make
Me ill—'twas Billie's treat,
I sort of think this fearful ache
Comes wholly from the heat.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

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OCTOBER 30, 1898.

SOME PSALMS THE JUNIORS SHOULD KNOW.

The blessings of church membership.—Psalm 133.

The devout Jew prized very greatly his fellowship in the household of saints, his belonging to the nation of Israel. This made him sometimes look down with a sort of contempt upon the Gentiles and made him very proud of being a Jew. Even when to be a Jew was to be persecuted, afflicted, tormented, despised of all nations, and trampled under foot, still the Jew in every land has been faithful to his name and to his race.

In this Psalm David sings of the joy of brethren dwelling together in unity. "For there the Lord commanded the blessing, even life forevermore." Well may we thank God for the blessings of church membership—we who were not of the household of Israel, but were Gentiles whom God brought into that spiritual Israel which embraces all people in all lands. That Saviour whom the Jews rejected, and whom with wicked hands they crucified and slew, has become our Saviour and Lord, and through him we may obtain the pardon of our sins, and all the gladness and joy of his salvation.

THE BEST TEACHER FOR THE YOUNGEST.

It is wholly a mistake to suppose that any one who may be found willing to undertake the work will do for a primary-class teacher. Willingness is an important, but not the highest qualification. If there is any one class in the school that needs a higher order of gifts in its teacher than the rest, it is the primary class. The teacher needs to know what is to be taught, and how to teach; but needs, also, in the best sense, to understand child nature. The classes usually are, or ought to be, large. What is lacking in the size of the pupils is made up in numbers, and the restlessness

and difficulty of control are in the same proportion.

To keep from fifteen to seventy-five and upward of the little ones sufficiently quiet to allow time and opportunity for successful instruction, is a problem that many a teacher, with a heart of love and patience without limit, has not been able to solve satisfactorily. But the work must be done, and in proportion to the magnitude of the difficulties is the importance of securing the very best teachers.

Generally, the teacher should be a lady, though we have known a gentleman to succeed finely. And the lady should be either a mother, or possess the instincts of a motherly heart. Young girls are often found very successful, making up in tact, quickness of action, and tenderness of feeling, what is lacking in experience. To choose the teacher requires discrimination. The superintendent should survey his field, and when he has found the right person insist upon the work being accepted. If the person chosen be over firm in refusing, it may be doubted if the right one has been found.

But the work is one from which any one may shrink; and if diffidence or lack of confidence is the only obstacle, proper encouragement may be expected to overcome it.

This department in the greater number of schools is insufficiently provided for. In every school a separate room should be placed at its disposal. No teacher, however skilled or laborious, can do satisfactory work in the same room with the other classes. The exercises must necessarily so far differ as to produce confusion. It is impossible to avoid the distraction of attention, both of the little children and the older ones.

And next to a separate room should be added, also, the best appliances that can be secured for helping forward the work. The picture-leaf cluster possesses great value, and every primary class should be provided with it. Increased attention should be given to this department as one of the most interesting and important parts of the school.—Bible Teacher.

INFLUENTIAL TRIFLES.

Every educator is a character-builder. This is emphatically so with a Sunday-school teacher, because his scholars understand that his desire to see them disciples of Christ is the reason of his being in the teacher's chair. Hence they naturally and reasonably expect to see in him an illustration of the character he wishes them to attain. This expectation moves them to note his words, acts, and tempers. His gentleness, patience, kindness, sympathy, fidelity to his duties, etc., command their admiration, win their confidence, and predispose them to accept the truth and verity of the religion he teaches. But if he be given to lightsome speeches, to much laughter, to gossip with neighbouring teachers, to pettishness, to sharp words, to impatience, or to angry words, their inward thoughts are unfavourable to him and prejudicial to their faith in the reality of religion, because they are quick to perceive their inconsistency with it. In the former case, the teacher puts elements of evil, in the latter, elements of good, into the characters of his pupils. He may question whether such trifles as his words, acts, and spirit can have such a weighty influence. Yet all history shows that they may and do, because in it we see that "trifles lighter than straws are levers in the building up of character."—Sunday-school Journal.

NEVERS FOR BOYS.

Never make fun of old age; no matter how decrepit, or unfortunate, or evil it may be. God's hand rests lovingly on the aged head.

Never use intoxicating liquors as a beverage. You might never become a drunkard; but beer, wine, and whiskey will do you no good, and may wreck your life. Better be on the safe side. Make your influence count for sobriety.

Never make sport of one of those miserable creatures—a drunken man or woman. They are wrecks; but God alone knows the stress of the storms which drove them upon the breakers. Weep, rather than laugh.

Never tell nor listen to the telling of filthy stories. Cleanliness in word and act is the sign manual of a true gentleman.

Never cheat nor be unfair in your play. Cheating is contemptible anywhere at any age. Your play should strengthen, not weaken your character.

Never call anybody bad names, no matter what anybody calls you. You cannot throw mud and keep your hands clean.

Never be cruel. You have no right to

hurt even a fly needlessly. Cruelty is the trait of a bully; kindness the mark of a gentleman.

Never lie. Even white lies leave black spots on the character. What is your opinion of a liar? Do you wish other people to have a like opinion of yourself?

Never make fun of a companion because of a misfortune he could not help.

Never hesitate to say no, when asked to do a wrong thing. It will often require courage—the best kind of courage, moral courage; but say no so distinctly that no one can possibly understand you to mean yes.

Never quarrel. When your tongue gets unruly, lock it in—if need be bite it. Never suffer it to advertise your bad temper.

Never make comrades of boys who are continually doing and saying evil things. A boy, as well as a man, is known by the company he keeps.

Never be unkind to your mother and father. When they are dead and you have children of your own, you will discover that even though you did your best, you were able to make only a part payment of the debt you owed them. The balance you must pay over to your own children.

Never treat other boys' sisters better than you do your own.

Never fancy you know more when fifteen years old than your father and mother have learned in all the years of their lives. Wisdom is not given to babes.

Never lay aside your manners when you take off your fine clothes.

Never be rudely boisterous at home or elsewhere.

Never forget that God made you to be a joyous, loving, lovable, helpful thing. Be one.—The Independent.

GRAND SYMPATHY.

A little girl went to her Sabbath-school, and when she came home her mother asked her what she had done at school, and in her simplicity she said:

"Oh, dear mother, I am afraid I have done nothing; for you know there was Mary Curtis, whose brother was buried this week, and she cried so that I took her hands in mine, and kissed her, but it took all the lesson out of my head; and poor Sarah Miles, who is always behind with her lessons, had them this morning quite perfect, and she was so happy that, although she got more marks than I did, I was quite glad, too."

"My dear," said her mother, "you have fulfilled the apostle's injunction; you have wept with those who wept, and rejoiced with those that rejoiced."

HONEST DOGS.

It is related by Prof. Bell that when a friend of his was travelling abroad, he one morning took out his purse to see if it contained sufficient change for a day's jaunt he proposed making. He departed from his lodgings leaving a trusted dog behind. When he dined, he took out his purse to pay, and found that he had lost a gold coin from it. On returning home in the evening, his servant informed him that the dog seemed to be very ill, as they could not induce it to eat anything. He went at once to look at his favourite; and as soon as he entered the room, the faithful creature ran to him, deposited the missing gold coin at his feet, and then devoured the food placed for him with great eagerness. The truth was that the gentleman had dropped the coin in the morning. The dog had picked it up, and kept it in its mouth, fearing even to eat, lest it should lose its master's property before an opportunity offered to restore it.

Anecdotes of this kind are innumerable, as are also those of dogs reclaiming property belonging, or which has belonged, to their owners. Sir Patrick Walker furnishes a most valuable instance of this propensity in our canine cousins. A farmer, having sold a flock of sheep to a dealer, lent him his dog to drive them home, a distance of thirty miles, desiring him to give the dog a meal at the journey's end, and tell it to go home. The drover found the dog so useful that he resolved to steal it, and instead of sending it back, locked it up. The collie grew sulky, and at last effected its escape. Evidently deeming the drover had no more right to detain the sheep than he had to detain itself, the honest creature went into the field, collected all the sheep that had belonged to his master, and, to that person's intense astonishment, drove the whole flock home again!

Dogs are not only honest in themselves, but will not permit others to be dishonest. The late Grantley Berkeley was wont to tell of his two deerhounds,

"Smoker" and Smoker's son, "Shark," a curiously suggestive instance of parental discipline. The two dogs were left alone in a room where luncheon was laid out. Smoker's integrity was invincible, but his son had not yet learned to resist temptation. Through the window, Mr. Berkeley noticed Shark, anxiously watched by his father, steal a cold tongue, and drag it to the door. "No sooner had he done so," says his master, "than the offended sire rushed upon him, rolled over him, beat him, and took away the tongue," after which Smoker retired gravely to the fireside and went to sleep.

FLOATING NEW TESTAMENT.

It was in the year 1859 that the first missionaries to Japan went out from America. Before that time, as far as could be ascertained, there was not one Japanese Christian; and though most of the people could read and write, until the year 1872 there was no open preaching, or teaching of God's Word. All over the empire, in the streets, and along the highways, were notices posted up, declaring that any person who accepted the religion of Jesus would be put to death.

One day, a Japanese gentleman of high rank, and also of much learning and education, was walking on the shores of the Bay of Jeddo. It was shortly after some English or American vessels (it is not known which) had left the port.

As he passed along, he noticed a small object floating on the water, and sent an attendant to bring it. When it was placed in his hands, he saw it was a book, and a book that he could not read. From some Dutch traders, he discovered that it was a New Testament in English, and that it was believed, by many persons, to be the word of the only true God. He learned also from them that it had been translated into Shanghai, and at once procured a copy. Then, at the court of his prince, he sat down with five or six companions to study its character. The work of the Lord Jesus touched him as nothing else had done. In his own words: "I had never seen, or heard, or read of, or dreamed of, or imagined such a person."

During many months, this study of the Bible continued. At length, hearing that a teacher had come to Nagasaki, a long way off, an interpreter was sent to him with questions, and explanations were returned; but uninfluenced by the living voice of any foreigner or Christian, that Japanese councillor and two of his friends were brought to believe in him of whom the Scriptures testify. They were baptized by a missionary, and, as far as is known, were the very first Japanese converts. "The entrance of thy word giveth light; it giveth understanding to the simple."—Young Reaper.

My Sparrows.

I am very fond of sparrows,
And they're fond of me;
They're ever bright and cheery,
And pert, and full of glee.
They never seem to trouble,
Though all is dark around,
They chirp in storm and sunshine,
And when snow is on the ground.
When trees are bare in winter,
And bitter cold benumbs,
They gather round my window,
And ask me for some crumbs.

For countless generations,
The sparrow has been known;
They built around God's temple,
And near to David's throne;
And the blessed One has spoken
Of sparrows kindly words,
How our heavenly Father careth
For these joyous little birds.
They have taken full possession
Of my roof and eaves all round,
And build and hatch their young ones
In the freehold they have found.

They chirp at early daylight,
And cheer the morning's dawn,
And chatter in the ivy,
And hop upon the lawn;
And in damp and foggy weather,
When I'm apt to mope and sigh,
As merry as young crickets,
"Cheer up, cheer up!" they cry.

So I am very fond of sparrows,
About my homestead door,
Waiting till the cloth is shaken,
And begging still for more.
They cannot sing like thrushes,
But in buoyant spirits rife,
They are always brisk and cheerful
And they stay with you for life.

There are plenty of saints living who have not been canonized yet.