

**Without Money.**

It doesn't cost money as many suppose,  
To have a good time on the earth,  
The best of its pleasures are free unto those  
Who know how to value their worth.

The sweetest of music the birds to us sing,  
The loveliest flowers grow wild,  
The finest of drink gushes out of the spring  
All free to man, woman and child.

No money can purchase, no artist can paint  
Such pictures as nature supplies  
Forever, all over, to sinner and saint  
Who use to advantage their eyes.

Kind words and glad looks, smiles cheery and  
brave  
Cost nothing—no, nothing at all,  
And yet all the wealth Monte Cristo could  
save  
Can make no such pleasure befall.

It doesn't cost money to have a good time,  
And that is the rea-on, alas!  
Why many who might have enjoyment sub-  
lime  
Their lives in such misery pass.

It doesn't cost money to have a good time;  
The world's best enjoyments are free;  
But those who find pleasure in folly and  
crime  
Will not with these true words agree.

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**Pleasant Hours:**

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, JANUARY 12, 1895.

**A TALK TO BUSINESS BOYS.**

THE first year of a boy's business life is a critical one. He comes, perhaps, from a country home, certainly from a school-life, well hedged about and protected by careful parents and teachers. He has lived heretofore under conditions in which it was easier to go right than wrong, and it is indeed a change when he takes life into his own hands and plunges into a great city's business current whose ramifications encircle the world, and becomes one little atom in its vast force. Then it is he gets his first practical experience of life and gains his first real knowledge of men and things. Then, too, he begins to find out what metal he himself is made of, and to shape his life's course; and as he gives it an upward or a downward curve, so it is apt to continue.

A boy's first position in a commercial house is usually at the foot of the ladder; his duties are plain, his place is insignificant, and his salary is small. He is expected to familiarize himself with the business, and as he becomes more intelligent in regard to it he is advanced to a more responsible place. His first duty, then, is to his work. He must cultivate day by day habits of fidelity, accuracy, neatness, and despatch, and these qualities will tell in his favour as surely as the

world revolves. Though he may work unnoticed and uncommended for months, such conduct always meets its reward.

I once knew a boy who was a clerk in a large mercantile house which employed, as entry clerks, shipping clerks, buyers, bookkeepers, and salesmen, eighty young men, besides a small army of porters, packers, and truckmen; and this boy of seventeen felt that amid such a crowd he was lost to notice, and that any efforts he might make would be quite unregarded. Nevertheless he did his duty; every morning at eight o'clock he was promptly in his place, and every power that he possessed was brought to bear upon his work. After he had been with the firm a year he had occasion to ask them for the favour of a week's leave of absence during the busy season.

"That," was the response, "is an unusual request, and one which it is somewhat inconvenient for us to grant; but to show you that we appreciate the efforts you have made since you have been with us, we take pleasure in giving you the leave of absence for which you ask."

"I didn't think," said the boy, when he came home that night and related his success, "that they knew a thing about me, but it seems they have watched me ever since I have been with them."

They had indeed watched him, and had selected him for advancement; for shortly after he was promoted to a position of trust with an appropriate increase of salary.

It must be so, sooner or later, for there is always a demand for excellent work. A boy who means to build up for himself a successful business will find it a long and difficult task, even if he brings to bear his best efforts both of body and of mind; but he who thinks to win without doing his very best will find himself a loser in the race.

There is no position in life more honourable than that of a successful business man, and there are few more influential. It is the judgment and advice of business men that guide affairs of national importance. The most wonderful inventions of the age are but servants to do their bidding. It is no wonder that they are called "Railroad Kings" and "Merchant Princes," when we see the power they possess. How necessary, then, that the boys who are growing up to take the places of those men who now direct our commerce and manufactures, should be noble-hearted, honourable, and intelligent men, not amassing wealth for its own sake or for the selfish pleasures which it brings, but to bestow it in a wise philanthropy for the comfort, welfare, and advancement of their fellow-men.

**"THY NEIGHBOUR AS THYSELF."**

BY PANSY.

It was midsummer, but a wild, dark night; the fiercest storm of the season was raging, and it was the season of 1881, which some of us remember as a very stormy one. Kate Shelley, who lived not far away from the Honey Creek railroad bridge, was looking out of her window at the storm. It had come up suddenly, but was so severe that the creek had overflowed its banks and carried away lumber, and carts, and everything within its reach. Moreover, the Des Moines River was rising rapidly. What water could not do, wind was accomplishing. The house rocked as if it might be blown away, as a barn had already gone.

Kate, watching from her window, and wondering fearfully what would happen next, saw the headlight of an engine making its rapid way across Honey Creek bridge. She thought what a fearful night it was to be journeying, and felt glad that none dear to her were on the train. Suddenly the light disappeared. The roar of the wind was so great that she heard no sound, but there was only one way to account for the disappearance of that headlight: the bridge must be gone! Then the entire train of cars must have dropped into the chasm!

Surely the people must all have been killed; yet perhaps they were not; there might be some battling with wind and water, trying to escape. Who would help them? No neighbours were near, save

their own family; and mother and little brother and sister were alone downstairs; there was no one but herself. What could she do in the night and the wind and rain?

Then at the moment came another terrible thought; she glanced at the clock; the night express was nearly due; if the trainmen were not warned, they, too, would try to cross the bridge. What if her father were on the train? Kate knew as well as if anybody had told her, that if any dear to her were travelling homeward that night, she would warn them of the danger, even though she gave her life in doing it. She knew, also, certain old words that had power over her—"Thy neighbour as thyself." The voice that spoke these words was the voice of her Leader.

Thought works rapidly. In much less time than I have taken to tell about her, Kate Shelley was in the outer kitchen, filling an old lantern. Then, with a waterproof wrapped about her, she made her way with all speed to the water's edge. I mean that she tried to do so; but the water seemed to have no edge; it had flowed over all paths and roads. There was no way but to try to scramble up the slippery bluff to the track. The sides were lined with underbrush, which tore not only her clothes, but her flesh; never mind, she must get to the top.

And she did. Yes, it was as she had surmised; part of the bridge was gone. On the broken fragments of it that remained she crawled out, to the very last tie, and swung her lantern, and shouted above the wind. It was inky dark below, but a voice answered her from the depths. She learned that it was a freight train that had dropped into the chasm, and the engineer was the only one who had escaped with his life. He had crawled on some of the broken timbers of the bridge, and said he could hold on if help came soon; but how could they save the express?

"I will save it," said Kate; and, turning, she crawled back over the broken bridge, reached the track, and fought her way through the gale towards the station a mile distant. Very soon she came to the high trestle bridge over the Des Moines River. Five hundred feet of this must be crossed before she could hope to warn the train. What if she were too late, and the train should come thundering down upon her when she was in the middle of the trestle? No, she must not think such thoughts. "Thy neighbour as thyself,"—those were her marching orders.

She stepped bravely on the structure, and at that moment came a gale of wind that nearly took her off her feet. She struggled with it, and saved herself; but the feeble light in the old lantern could not stand its force, and went out, leaving her in utter darkness. Matches, if she had had any, would have been worse than useless in the wind. There was nothing for it but to go forward, lighted only by the blinding flashes that showed her glimpses of the boiling water beneath. She tossed her useless lantern into the water, and, dropping on her knees, began her terrible crawl over the five hundred feet of trestlework.

Was that the roar of the train? No, it was the roar of the wind; it swayed her from side to side as she crept on. Now she had reached the middle; the lightning's flash revealed it to her. Hurry! She must save the train. No, she could not hurry; she must move carefully, and hold herself from the clutching wind. Was the train coming? She could not tell; she must not think of it; her duty was simply to crawl on.

At last! at last she felt the ground! Springing to her feet, she flew, rather than ran, the few rods more. Yonder were the station lamps, she must reach there in time. Just in time, no more. She had strength only to shout out the peril, and eyes only to see that a messenger with a red lantern ran in hot-haste down the road; then she fell blind and senseless at the feet of the dazed men that had not yet realized the peril through which she had come.

She did but do her duty, you think? Do you remember that that is all there is for

any of us to do in life? Yes, her reward was great. A hundred happy homes blessed her the next morning. The telegraph wires sounded her praises from one end of the country to the other. The Iowa legislative committee voted her a gold medal in memory of her heroism. But I think that perhaps the sweetest thought that brave Kate Shelley had that night, and afterward, was of One that would be able to say to her, "Well done, good and faithful servant." What can we do to hear such words as those from His lips?

**TOBACCO AND LIQUOR ARITHMETIC.**

"Boy at head of the class, what are we paying for liquor as a nation?"

"\$900,000,000 annually."

"Step to the blackboard, my boy. First, take a rule and measure this silver dollar. How thick is it?"

"Nearly an eighth of an inch."

"Well, sir, how many of them can you pile in an inch?"

"Between eight and nine."

"Give it the benefit of the doubt and call it nine. How many inches would it require to pile up these \$900,000,000?"

"100,000,000 inches."

"How many feet would that be?"

"8,333,333."

"How many rods is that?"

"505,050 rods."

"How many miles is that?"

"1,578 miles."

"Miles of what?"

"1,578 miles of silver dollars, laid down, packed closely together, our national liquor bill would make."

Now add the \$600,000,000 we are paying for tobacco annually, to the liquor miles of silver dollars, which is two-thirds as much, or 1,052, and we have 2,632 miles of silver dollars packed closely together, for our nation's one year's grog and tobacco bill. Let these same silver dollars be laid flat touching edge to edge and they would make a continuous ring round the earth.

Reader, if you need facts about this question, mail that to a post and read it occasionally. It would take a small army of men with scoop shovels to throw away money as fast as we are wasting it for grog and tobacco.—*Am. Ex.*

**The Lesson of the Birds.**

WHAT do the birds when the winter neareth,  
And dead leaves drop downward, and every  
bough is bare,  
And the pools are ice-crusted, and he who  
listens heareth  
The rustle of the snow-wings in the upper  
air?

Oh! the birds they are brave; their fine per-  
vasive senses  
Discern the distant warmth and balm be-  
yond the frost and sting;  
The old ones tell the young ones in secret con-  
ferences,  
And the young ones learn the lesson, and  
trust in the spring.

In the close-pine coverts they crowd for pro-  
tection—  
The left behind who cling to home and will  
not southward go,  
They know the hardy berry-beds, and need  
no direction  
To seek out drinking-basins in the half-  
melted snow.

When the sunshine warms the world, the  
birds rehearse their singing;  
Low trills and twitters break the quiet of  
the woods,  
And while spring is yet a long way off, they  
see her, and come winging,  
Blue-bird and thrush and robin, in joyous  
brotherhoods.

Teach us your lesson, dear birds, of bright en-  
durance  
To face the cold, and face the gloom, and  
bravely wait and sing,  
And trust the Love that never fails, in confi-  
dent assurance  
That out of winter's deepest drifts shall  
bloom the spring!

THE saloon paralyzes law and holds with  
an iron grip its administrators. Stamp it out.