

ingly consented; for Dirk had taken a prize in gold. The third year she was so proud she wore her best cap every day.

Ten years later Vrouw Schalken did not keep a shop. She had built new rooms and had more and finer copper kettles than any of her neighbours. She put on no airs at least not many, unless the talk was about "my son." Dirk was actually a professor himself, earning what seemed a great amount to his simple old mother. He treated her too as if she were the greatest lady in the land, and only laughed when she boasted of him to the neighbours. She still approved of all those big, stout-armed girls as fine wives for fishermen and sailors. There was a lovely young lady in Amsterdam that she considered "none too good for Dirk." The young lady thought the same. Dirk was much humbler. He used to say, "If I had not believed in making the most of those 'between-times,' I should be selling fish to-day—honest, I hope, but surely dirty, and certainly ignorant."

OUR PERIODICALS:

PEP YEAR-POSTAGE FREE.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.

Christian Guardian, weekly	\$1 00
Methodist Magazine and Review, 96 pp., monthly illustrated	2 00
Christian Guardian and Methodist Magazine and Review	2 75
Magazine and Review, Guardian and Onward together	3 25
The Wreath, Halifax, weekly	1 00
Sunday-School Banner, 65 pp., 8vo., monthly	0 60
Onward, 8 pp., 4to., weekly, under 5 copies	0 20
5 copies and over	0 50
Pleasant Hours, 4 pp., 4to., weekly, single copies	0 30
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 24
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than ten copies	0 12
10 copies and upwards	0 15
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than ten copies	0 12
10 copies and upwards	0 15
Dew Drops, weekly, per year	0 07
Per quarter	0 02
Berean Leaf, monthly, 100 copies per month	6 50
Berean Leaf, quarterly	0 00
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 24c. a dozen; \$2 per 100; per quarter, 6c. a dozen; 50c. per 100	

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto.

C. W. COOPER, S. F. HUSTON, 2176 St. Catherine St., Montreal. Wesleyan Book House, Halifax, N. S.

Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, AUGUST 21, 1897.

JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

AUGUST 29, 1897.

Happiness.—Psalm 84. 5-12.

SOURCE OF HAPPINESS.

Verses 5. "Strength in the Lord." Some boast of their physical proportions, others are proud of their relationship and social position, and suppose that the enjoyment of these brings happiness. There could not be a greater mistake. It is not in the nature of any of these to give happiness. Those who trust in God only are happy. Happy is the people whose God is the Lord.

THE VALLEY OF BACA.

Verses 6. Baca means weeping, and where there is weeping there is suffering. God's people have trials. In the world ye shall have tribulation. Our present abode is a wilderness, and you know a wilderness means a place where there are difficulties of various kinds. In ancient times travellers found Baca a dry place, and were glad when they found pools of water. Water refreshes the thirsty, which is emblematical of the supply of God's people during their pilgrimage.

THEIR PROGRESS.

Verses 7. "They go from strength," etc. As Christians continue travelling to heaven, they become stronger as they progress. They must grow from infancy to maturity. They go from company to company. When the Jews went up to Jerusalem, as they did three times a year, they went in companies. Those who resided the greatest distance away started the journey first, and joined others as they proceeded. So God's people increase in numbers. We are not to be religious for our own sake. We are to seek to convert others.

END OF THE JOURNEY.

Verses 7. Zion was the place where the temple stood, from which the worship of the sanctuary became known as Zion. The name was used to describe

the church on earth, and also the church in heaven. They all appeared before God in Zion. All had to bring gifts to him. All must perform their devotions to God. We must not depend upon those who minister at the altar. Our hearts must be in tune, as David's was. See the latter part of the Psalm. He prefers one day in Zion to a thousand elsewhere. He would be a door-keeper rather than a resident in the tents of wickedness. The two last verses are expressions of heartfelt praise.

STORY OF A FAMOUS HYMN.

When leaving Glasgow for Edinburgh with Mr. Moody, Mr. Sankey stopped at a news-stand and bought a penny religious paper. Glancing over it, his eyes fell upon a few little verses which he pasted in his music scrap-book. One day they had an unusually impressive meeting in Edinburgh, in which Dr. Bonar had spoken with great effect on "The Good Shepherd." At the close of the address Mr. Moody beckoned to his partner to sing something appropriate. At first Mr. Moody could think of nothing but the twenty-third Psalm, but that he had sung so often; the second thought was to sing the verses he had found in the newspaper, but how could that be done when he had no tune for them? Then the thought came, and that was to sing the verses, anyway. He put the verses before him, touched the keys of the organ, and sang, not knowing where he was going to come out. He finished the first verse amid profound silence. He took a long breath, and wondered if he could sing the second the same way. He tried it and succeeded. After that it was easy to sing it. When he finished the hymn the meeting was all "broken down." Mr. Sankey says it was the most intense moment of his life. From that moment "The Ninety and Nine" was a popular hymn.

A LIGHTHOUSE WITHOUT A LIGHT.

The most extraordinary of all lighthouses is to be found on Arnish Rock, Stornoway Bay; a rock which is separated from the island of Lewis by a channel over five hundred feet wide. It is in the Hebrides, Scotland. On this rock a conical beacon is erected, and on its summit a lantern is fixed, from which, night after night, shines a light which is seen by the fishermen far and wide. Yet there is no burning lamp in the lantern, and no attendant ever goes to it, for the simple reason that there is no lamp to attend to, no wick to trim, and no oil well to replenish.

The way in which this peculiar lighthouse is illuminated is this:

"On the island of Lewis, five hundred feet or so away, is a lighthouse, and from a window in the tower a stream of light is projected on a mirror in the lantern on the summit of Arnish Rock. These rays are reflected to an arrangement of prisms, and by their action are converged to a focus outside the lantern, from which they diverge in the necessary direction."

The consequence is that to all intents and purposes a lighthouse exists which has neither lamp nor lighthouse-keeper, and yet which gives as serviceable a light—taking into account the requirements of this locality—as if an elaborate and costly lighthouse, with lamps, service-room, bedroom, living room, store-room, water tanks, and all other accessories were erected on the summit of the rock.—Tid-Bits.

THE DOLL-MAKERS.

The first dolls were wooden dolls, and were called "Dutch" dolls. Perhaps because Kris Kringel belongs to Germany more particularly than to any other land. Germany is still the most successful land of doll-makers. The Germans now make more dolls than any other nation. They make cheaper dolls than the French and English dolls. The French make the most beautiful dolls, and dress them better than the English. The German doll is sent to us usually clothed in just one garment, but the English doll is always fully dressed. Uptown in one of our large cities is a store, a tiny, pretty store, and there is nothing to sell in it but dolls' clothes. Jackets, hats, shoes, dresses of all kinds and colours, are for sale. The little window is like a fairy store, so tiny and dainty are some of the things for sale. How delightful for the little mothers, or those who buy presents to send to the little mothers! They can take dear Belinda to this fascinating store, and buy her a spring coat or a spring suit. Then, if one of the German dolls should suddenly arrive, she could be clothed at once. And what a lovely spot for any who can catch ideas quickly! A visit

to this shop would help them greatly in the perplexities of a doll's wardrobe.

The making of dolls keeps many people busy, and the shipping and selling a great many more. It hardly seems possible, when you hear of the number of dolls sold, that any little girl in this country should be without a doll. I heard of one little girl whose doll was a clothes pin, and the other day I went to call on a little girl, and her doll was a towel rolled up, and for clothes it had a handkerchief for a dress and a piece of red flannel for a sash. This tiny girl loved the doll, and hugged it closely to her. She held it out to show it with pride. Neither of these little girls could have any other kind of a doll. Their mothers have no money. I think they are quite as happy as a good many little girls I have known who had French dolls.

It is well there are little girls who can buy dolls, for the making of dolls and their clothes gives people money which buys food and clothes.

Father and Son.

"I must look to the sheep of the field. See that the cattle are fed and warm. So, Jack, tell your mother to wrap you well. You may go with me over the farm. Though the snow is deep and the weather cold, You are not a baby—six years old!"

Two feet of snow on the hillside lay, But the sky was as blue as June, And father and son came laughing home. When dinner was ready at noon, Knocking the snow from their weary feet, Rosy and hungry, and ready to eat.

"The snow was so deep," the farmer said, "That I feared I could scarcely get through." The mother turned with a pleasant smile— "Then what could a little boy do?" "I trod in my father's steps," said Jack; "Wherever he went I kept his track."

The mother looked in the father's face, And a solemn thought was there; The words had gone like a lightning flash To the seat of a noble care; "If he treads in my steps, then day by day How carefully I must choose my way!"

"For the child will do as the father does, And the track that I leave behind, It will be firm, and clear, and straight, The feet of my son will find; He will tread in his father's steps, and say, 'I'm right, for this is my father's way.'"

O fathers, treading life's hard road, Be sure of the steps you take; Then the sons you love, when gray-haired men, Will tread in them still for your sake; When gray-haired men, their sons will say, "We tread in our father's steps to-day."

JACK.

Jack was cross; nothing pleased him. His mother gave him the choicest morsels for his breakfast, and the nicest toys; but he did nothing but fret and complain. At last his mother said: "Jack, I want you now to go right up to your room and put on all your clothes wrong side out."

Jack stared. He thought his mother must be out of her wits.

"I mean it, Jack," she repeated. Jack had to mind. He had to turn his stockings wrong side out, and put on his coat and trousers and his collar wrong side out. When his mother came up to him, there he stood—a forlorn and funny-looking boy, all linings and seams and ravelings—before the glass, wondering what his mother meant; but he was not quite clear in his conscience. Then his mother, turning him round, said: "This is what you have been doing all day—making the worst of everything. You have been turning everything wrong side out. Do you really like your things this way so much, Jack?"

"No, mamma," answered Jack, very shamefacedly. "Can't I turn them right?"

"Yes; you may if you will try to speak what is pleasant and do what is pleasant. You must do with your temper and manners as you prefer to do with clothes—wear them right side out. Do not be so foolish any more, little man, as to persist in turning things wrong side out."—Kind Words.

THE RISE OF A BOY.

BY DR. LYMAN ABBOTT.

This boy goes to business, and at his business begins by simply doing the things that he is told to do, and doing them in a common and ordinary way. If he stops here, he remains all his life long a drudge. But if he begins to see that business has a significance; that life is not merely sweeping the store, not merely writing letters, not merely selling goods; if he begins to see the higher life involved in business; if he begins to see that business is a greater instrument of beneficence that what we call beneficence, that trade is clothing thousands of men where charity clothes ten, that agricultural and milling industries are feeding thousands of men where charity feeds ten; if he begins to see how the whole history of the world is linked together, and is God's way of building up humanity and serving humanity—as he gets this large view and enters into it, life is enriched and becomes itself the minister whereby love is enlarged and conscience is strengthened, the school wherein he is educated out of the lower into the higher. He has now risen, or is rising, from that which is mortal into that which is immortal and eternal.

TORCH-BEARING FISHES.

It is wonderful to see how God in his providence adapts the creatures he has made to the circumstances and state in which they are placed.

The fishes that live in the waters of deep and dark caves are found to be without eyes, as they have no need of light.

And in the deep-sea soundings of the ocean, a mile or more below the surface, where the fishes are cut off altogether from the light of day, many of them are furnished with their own light. As they have no clear sunlight, and no organized gas companies, each carries his lantern or torch with him. They have organs that give out a phosphorescent gleam, and shed light on their path.

Sons of them carry little torches in the form of tentacles that rise from the tops of their heads, and others have regular, symmetrical rows of luminous spots along their sides, so that they go flashing through the water as if in a torch-light procession.

Sometimes when brought to the surface, these spots glimmer for a while with the light, but it soon fades away.

How marvellous are the works of God! In wisdom he hath made them all.

LOVE, GIFTS, NOT DUTY GIFTS.

Freddy had a box in his closet where he put his clothes that he had outgrown and the toys that he did not care for any longer. "It shall be your charity box," said mother. "When it is full I will pack up the things and send them to some poor children that will be very glad to get them." One day at Sunday-school the lesson was about charity. The teacher said that the word meant love, and that we can show our love for God by being kind to the poor. The next day Freddy said to his mother: "I'm not going to call my box a charity box any more; it's a love box. It's because I love Jesus that I want to save my things for the poor children."—Little Pilgrim.

THERE IS OUR FATHER.

Two children were at the sea-shore, on the lookout for their father's return from fishing. There had been no storm, so they were not afraid, but their father had been away two days and two nights, and the little folks wanted to see him back. They had watched for him hour after hour. Other fishing-boats had passed, but his was not in sight; but at last the elder girl saw, far off, the well-known sail, and the boat she loved to see. Pointing it out to her little sister, she said: "There is father!"

But the little dot said: "I don't see father."

"No, nor do I," answered the elder; "but he is there—that is his boat—he is master of it—he will soon be here!"

Both children were joyous. Though they could not see their father, they knew he was there, and that every moment brought the time nearer when they would see him and talk to him.

There is another Father of all little children whom we cannot see yet, but we know he is near, and before very long we shall be at home with him and see him, if we are good and have faith in him. Wherever we are, in sunshine or in gloom, we may always say: "There is our Father."