

A MITE SONG.

ONLY a drop in the bucket,
But every drop will tell;
The bucket would soon be empty,
Without the drops in the well.

Only a poor little penny—
It was all I had to give;
But as pennies make the dollars,
It may help some cause to live.

A few little bits of ribbon,
And some toys, they were not new,
But they made the sick child happy,
Which has made me happy too.

Only some outgrown garments
They were all I had to spare
But they'll help to clothe the needy,
And the poor are everywhere.

God loveth the cheerful giver,
Though the gift be poor and small,
What doth he think of his children
When they never give at all?

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK:

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

TORONTO, JULY 24, 1886.

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For the Year 1886.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

DEAR reader, have you ever thought how much is contained in the Lord's Prayer! It is indeed beautiful and instructive; and like a diamond in a queen's crown it unites a thousand sparkling gems in one.

It teaches all of us—every one of us—to look to God as our parent: "Our Father."

It teaches us to raise our thoughts and desires above the earth: "Which art in heaven."

It tells that we must reverence our Heavenly Father: "Eloved be thy name."

It breathes in hopeful words the saints' reward: "Thy kingdom come."

And a submissive, obedient spirit: "Give us this day our daily bread."

And a forgiving spirit: "Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors."

And a cautious spirit; "Deliver us from evil."

And, last of all, an adoring spirit: "For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen."

TELL YOUR MOTHER.

I WONDER how many girls tell their mother everything! Not those "young ladies" who, going to and from school, smile, bow, and exchange notes and *carte de visites* with young men who make fun of you and your pictures, speaking in a way that would make your cheeks burn with shame if you heard it. All this, most incredulous and romantic young ladies, they will do, although they gaze on your young fresh faces admiringly, and send or give you charming verses or bouquets. No matter "what other girls may do," don't you do it. School-girl flirtation may end disastrously, as many a foolish and wretched young girl can tell you. Your yearning for some one to love is a great need of a woman's heart. But there is a time for everything. Do not let the bloom and freshness of your heart be brushed off in silly flirtation. And above all, tell your mother everything. "Fun" in your dictionary would be indiscretion in hers. It would do no harm to look and see. Never be ashamed to tell her, who should be your best friend and confidant, all you think and feel. It is very strange that young girls will tell every person before "mother" that which is most important she should know. It is very sad that indifferent persons should know more about her fair young daughter than she herself. Have no secrets that you would not be willing to trust to your mother. She is your best friend, and is ever devoted to your honour and interest. Tell her all.

THE CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE FOR JULY.

THE 24th volume of this Magazine leads off with one of the best numbers yet issued. A special feature is a life-like steel portrait of the late Rev. Dr. Rice, with touching memorial tributes to his character by the Revs. Dr. Douglas, Dr. Stuart, Dr. Harper, and the Editor. On account of the cost of this engraving, this number will not be sold separately, but only with the volume—\$1 to the end of the year. Every Methodist ought to have this fine portrait of Dr. Rice. "Through the Bosphorus," "Picturesque England and Wales," and "The Tehuantepec Ship Railway" are other copiously illustrated articles. The engravings of the latter show a large ocean steamer in transit by rail from the Gulf of Mexico to the Pacific. Dr. Daniel Clark, Medical Superintendent of the Toronto Asylum for the Insane, contributes a striking paper on "Half-Hours in a Lunatic Asylum," giving an inside view of the queer vagaries of the insane. A graphic story of Irish Methodism, by E. Morphy, Esq., is begun. Its blended humour and pathos will be relished by others as well as by Irish readers. The Editor summarizes the information given in Leckoy's four large historical volumes on the influence of Methodism on England in the 18th century. The previous chapters of the striking story of "Jan Vedder's Wife" are summarised for the benefit of new subscribers, and another large instalment is given. Other articles make up a number of more than average interest. The present is a good time to subscribe.



INNOCENCE AND GUILT.

INTERESTING SOUVENIR OF PHILIP EMBURY.

THE following was contributed by the Editor of this paper to the *New York Christian Advocate*:

Editor *Christian Advocate*: On the thirtieth of October, 1768, the old John Street Church, New York, the mother-church of Methodism in the New World, was dedicated to the worship of God. Philip Embury mounted the pulpit, which he had made with his own hands, and preached the dedication sermon. Till the arrival of Boardman and Pilmoor, the following year, he continued to minister from the sacred desk. His services were entirely gratuitous, although he received some generous donations. In 1770 he removed from New York to Salem, Washington County, where he soon after died. Before he left the city the trustees of John Street Chapel presented him, in the name of the congregation, the sum of two pounds five shillings "for the purchase of a Concordance, as a memento of his pastoral connection with them." This Concordance is now in the library of the Wesleyan Theological College, Montreal. It is the third edition of Cruden, with portrait of the author, date 1769—a stout, leather-bound quarto, with a leather cover over the original binding. It bears the inscription, in a clear, bold hand: "Phil. Embury, April, 1770." The book was presented to the college by Mrs. J. Rhicard, a great-granddaughter of Philip Embury. A great-grandson of the same honoured man, John Torrance, Esq., is a prominent factor of Montreal Methodism, being trustee of three of its largest churches.

Another souvenir of Embury still exists, or did a few years ago, in the John Street Church—the old wooden clock which he brought from Ireland. W. H. WITHROW.

INNOCENCE AND GUILT.

Do you think that the innocent babe in her sister's arms could ever become such a looking man as this is! See the old drunkard giving the baby some of the horrid stuff that makes him a sot.

An artist once looked around for the finest face he could find for a picture. He saw a little boy, so beautiful and innocent, that he thought he could not find a prettier face anywhere. He took the boy's picture and painted it. When he had finished it, he thought he would like to have a picture of the worst looking person he ever saw. It was a long time before he could find one to suit him. At last he saw a drunken man lying in a gutter. He looked so wretched, that the artist said: "That is the picture I want." He went to work, and when the picture was finished, he placed it beside that of the little boy. A gentleman, who had known the little boy and the man, one day said to the artist: "Do you know that the man in the gutter was once that little boy whose picture is so beautiful? I have known him ever since he was a child."

Now, look at the picture again, and resolve never to drink anything that can make you drunk.

In my opinion, the best physical performances can only be secured through absolute abstinence from the use of alcohol and tobacco. This is my rule, and I find after three years' constant work at the oar, during which time I have rowed many notable match races, that I am better able to contend in a great race than when I commenced. In fact, I believe that the use of liquor and tobacco has a very injurious effect upon the system of an athlete by irritating the vitals and consequently weakening the system.—Ed. Hanlan.