

Angels From the Realms of Glory.

ANGELS from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth:

REFRAIN.

Come and worship, come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King;
Come and worship, come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

Shepherds, in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing;
Yonder shines the infant light;

Sages, leave your contemplations,
Brighter visions beam afar;
Seek the great Desire of nations,
Ye have seen his natal star;

Saints, before the altar bending,
Watching long in home and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In his temple shall appear:

Sinners, wrung with true repentance,
Doomed for guilt to endless pains,
Justice now revokes the sentence,
Mercy calls you,—break your chains:

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, DECEMBER 7, 1895.

FROM JAPAN.

BY J. M. M'CALEB.

This is a great country for flowers. One of the most famous is the chrysanthemum. You see its name is a very long one, and I expect many of you will have to try several times before you get it right. But you must not pass it over with a mumble or incorrectly pronounced. This makes a very bad reader, and will cause people to laugh at your ignorance. If you are unable to call it properly alone, go to your mother—she will always help you—and ask her to call it over to you very carefully and distinctly, that you may catch each syllable; then remember it is the name of a very beautiful flower of many different colours that grows in Japan, and I am sure you will never forget it.

There are two seasons when the chrysanthemum is in bloom—spring and autumn; but the autumn flowers are by far the most beautiful and abundant. At this season the people have many festivals weaving the flowers into many curious and ingenious shapes, which look very beautiful. Sometimes they make from them images of their great heroes of ancient times as they were engaged in battle or single combat with an enemy.

Japanese people are very fond of flowers, and have acquired much skill in their cultivation and training, as well as in landscape gardening. The chrysanthemum, with many others, is kept in little earthen jars, or pots, and almost any time during the flower season a man with his cart

loaded can be seen in the streets with flowers to sell. Sometimes they have a flower market, at which time they bring many flowers and shrubs of different kinds together in some street. They will then line the street on either side perhaps for half a mile in the most beautiful manner, each man serving as clerk over his own section. This is always at night, to avoid the heat of the sun. In order to give light, hundreds of little tin lamps, filled with a kind of oil from seeds, are scattered miscellaneous among them. It all looks very beautiful. Hundreds and hundreds of people—old men, young men, maidens, and mothers—will stroll leisurely along at such a time to buy or simply admire the beautiful flowers—mostly for the latter purpose.

Like some bad people at home, these people are not always honest. Sometimes they will cut off a bunch of flowers with stems, stick them down into a pot, and make it appear that they are growing that way; but when they wither in a short time, the one that bought them finds that he has been deceived. This is wrong. People ought not to deceive each other in this way for a few cents, nor for a large amount of money either, as for that matter. It is nothing more nor less than a lie. Now, this is a very ugly word, but it is just the name for it. In this case the man does not speak a lie with his lips perhaps, but he acts it, which is just as bad. We are responsible for the way we make things appear to others, if we purposely make them appear in a false light to their injury.

When I was a boy, about your size, my mother sent me to a neighbour's house one spring to buy some sweet potatoes for seed. On top of the half-bushel they looked very nice, but beneath they were rotten and so bad there was scarcely a good, sound potato in the whole pile. This man claimed to be a good Christian, and went so far as to say—so I was told—that he would even have a higher seat in heaven than common Christians.

The chrysanthemum cannot be grown very well from the seed. I am a little disappointed in learning this, as I had promised a dear friend in Lexington, Ky., to send her some seed by mail. They are grown from the roots and from cuttings. The finest are from the cuttings. These are tender slips cut from the parent stem and transplanted into new pots, which in time take root and grow.

There are many other flowers—such as the cherry-blossom, the lotus-plant, the hydrangea, and the lily—that I could tell you about, but I cannot speak of them in particular now. Many of the flowers from our own native country are also cultivated here, and grow well. The hydrangea grows much larger here than at home. It is often eight or ten feet high, with many thick clusters of flowers. There is also a blue species here that I have never seen at home.

But as I expect to write you again before long, I will not write any more now. Don't forget that long name mentioned at the beginning, and be sure you pronounce it correctly. In closing, I will give you a suggestion that was given me from a very old man, when I was a boy. He said: "When you come across a word you do not understand, write it down; and when you go home, look in your dictionary to see what that word means." I have found this very useful advice, and am still following it to-day. I hope every little boy and girl who reads this will do the same; and also notice the pronunciation.

THE PANTHER.

The jaguar, or American panther, is found in South America. The North American panther is known as the cougar. The real panther is found perhaps only in Africa, though these three classes closely resemble each other. They are heavy, clumsy animals belonging to the cat tribe. You will notice that the hide differs from that of the tiger, being spotted instead of striped. The panther is not anything like so graceful an animal as the tiger. He is an expert climber, running up a tree like a cat. From his perch on the stout branch of some tree, he will pounce down upon his unsuspecting prey, having them in his power at once.

The panther is very strong and of a daring nature. The Spanish settlers were much troubled by the jaguars entering their enclosures and carrying away their cattle and sheep. But they are not satisfied with cattle alone. The tortoise seems to be one of their favourite dainties and they will push their paw between the openings of its shell and clean it out as well as if the sharpest knife had been used. As the jaguar lays in a good supply of tortoises at once the Indians often take advantage of his work by robbing him of his luxuries. Reptiles, too, seem to form part of his food. Man seems to have suffered little at the hands of this powerful animal, though in a few instances he has been known to attack and, perhaps, kill some "lord of the beasts."

"NO MAN LIVETH TO HIMSELF ALONE."

THERE were to be public exercises at school next day. Sara Barnard was telling her most intimate friend of the lovely new dress which she had to wear.

"I suppose I'll be the only girl in an old dress," Mary said, with a sigh. "Father's been sick so long that he could hardly afford me a new dress just now. Mother is going to mend and clean this up to-night. I shall have to wear it, but I hate to. If only I were not the only girl without a new dress! I'm afraid that I shall feel so badly over it that I cannot do well."

Sara looked thoughtful all that evening, and at last she went off for a long talk with her mother.

When the girls met at school next day, Mary saw to her great surprise that Sara was wearing her old dress.

Sara laughed at her astonishment. "You see," she said brightly, "that you are not the only one without a new dress after all. Mamma preferred to have me wear this and so I did."

Mary's face brightened and her confidence rose. She was a timid little girl, who seldom did herself justice, although she was the most thorough student in the room.

That day, however, Sara's constant friendliness and her bright smile, and, more than all, Sara's old dress, made her lose her self-consciousness, and she did marvellously well.

"It is all owing to you, Sara," she said, as she kissed her friend; "the thought that I was not the only one here with an old dress made me forget myself. I'm sorry for your disappointment, but I'm glad for my own sake that you wore this."

Sara smiled, but it was a long time before Mary learned that Sara had proposed the little sacrifice herself.

A NIGHT WATCHMAN IN FEATHERS.

MANY years ago, when I was a little child, I lived with my parents in a large, rambling old house in the tropics. This house was also the bank of the place. All the ground floor (except a small corner, which was fitted up as a wine store) formed the bank premises. There was a pleasant garden around the house.

My father was devoted to animals of every sort. A list of the various odd specimens he possessed, ranging from an electric eel to a quite untamable tiger cat, with accounts of their strange doings, would fill a volume. The special pet, to which this story refers, was an owl. Whether it was a valuable species or simply a common brown owl, I cannot say so long after.

On New Year's Day—I think it was in 1858—very early in the morning my father, who was a light sleeper, was awakened by a strange noise in his room. Looking about, he discovered the owl. The presence of the little creature astonished him greatly, for to get to the room the owl must have come up a flight of stairs (his perch was situated just outside the door of the wine cellar mentioned above and at the foot of a flight of stairs), then along a passage, of some length, and through a dressing-room.

My father, wondering at the sight of his feathered friend, got up with the intention of taking him back to his perch and, if

possible, of discovering what had disturbed him. The owl seemed much pleased when my father got up, and began to hop back the way he had come, looking round now and then to see if he was followed. When they reached the bottom of the stairs, there was no difficulty in ascertaining what had disturbed the poor owl. Robbers had been at work, and instead of breaking into the bank, as they evidently had intended to do, they had forced an entrance into the wine shop, and in their disappointment had smashed every bottle.

We all felt what a very rare and striking proof this was of the bird's sagacity. For, in order to enact the part of a watchdog, he had had to find his way about what was to him a quite unknown part of the house, to get to my father and conduct him to the scene of the robbery. Needless to say, the owl was a greater pet than ever after this proof of his cleverness.

Junior Song.

We are fighting for our Saviour,
We are fighting for our King;
We shall surely be victorious,
We shall trophies to him bring.
We will tread down powers of darkness,
Show to men God's own true light;
We will triumph over Satan,
For we trust Jehovah's might.

CHORUS.

No, we never, never, never will give in.

Never shall we be defeated,
Never will we run away,
Never will we flinch or falter,
Till we win the well-fought day.
Never doubt, but trust our Leader,
Follow him where'er he lead;
Follow him through toil and peril,
And through pain—if souls are freed.

We the foe will face, and bravely
Stand against his shots and darts;
Forward, onward, upward pressing,
Winning many sin-stained hearts
From the enemy's sad thralldom,
Yes, we'll rescue many a slave;
Through the might of God, the Spirit,
We the victor's palm shall wave.



JUNIOR LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

December 15, 1895.

UNDER OBLIGATION.—Galatians 3. 24.

The religion of Jesus Christ consists of two parts—a system of doctrines to be believed and a code of laws to regulate our lives. We are to receive the doctrines by faith, but the requirements of the law are to be obeyed in the daily life. The law is given for our guidance, and its commands are so explicit that we never need be at a loss to know how we should act. None of the requirements of the law are unreasonable. Some of them may appear as though they were too strict; but a careful examination of them will convince us that we have formed a wrong conception of them when we thus judge. The proper way to form a correct estimate of any law is to consider its object and design. Judged by this rule we feel assured that the law of the text is holy, just and good.

A question may arise what law is meant. Suppose we decide that the ceremonial law is meant. What is its design? The answer is, to lead us to Christ. To him every sacrifice pointed as its great antitype. No altar could be erected, no sacrifice could be presented, with any good to the worshipper, but only as he looked forward to the great sacrifice which was to be offered for the sin of the world. This being the sign of the ceremonial law, we are sure that it was holy, just and good.

Take the other view. We regard the law mentioned as the moral law, that which is contained in the Ten Commandments. None will dispute their holy, pure character. The design of keeping them is to develop a holy, pure character. It is only by a faithful, pure obedience that we will grow to perfect Christian manhood. Study well this divine code. In times of difficulty and danger, when you know not how to act, ask the question, What saith the Scripture? To the law and the testimony let us appeal.