

## In Heaven for Sunday-School.

BY M. B.

There lay on a bed of sickness  
A beautiful little girl,  
Who was very soon to enter  
The heavenly gates of pearl

She was very patiently waiting  
Her Father's loving call,  
"Come unto me, my little one,  
I'll give you rest from it all"

For, oh, 'twas a weary waiting,  
For the tired child so fair,  
But she must obey the Master,  
And he would answer her prayer.

For I know our darling often prayed  
To him whose name we love,  
That he would bring her quickly  
To his mansion up above.

At last a day of sorrow came  
To her loving friends below,  
As she very earnestly questioned,  
If 'twere long 'ere she could go.

For the next day would be Sunday,  
And her wish to us was known,  
That she then should join the Sunday-  
school

Of redeemed ones round the throne.

On that afternoon her prayer was heard,  
And she went to join the blest,  
Forever with her Saviour,  
Safe at home and safe at rest.

But we should not mourn our darling,  
Though with us short was her stay,  
Her work had been accomplished  
Ere Jesus called her away.

And we know she is waiting to welcome  
us  
To the palace of the King,  
Where she is forever sheltered  
'Neath the shadow of his wing.

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## Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, JANUARY 16, 1897.

## SMALL SAVINGS.

A large number of the public schools in France have savings-banks in connection with them, which are said to be very popular among the pupils. Some may wonder whether school children really care to save their pennies; but a little incident will prove that the children really do make use of these banks.

A few years ago there were heavy floods in the south of France, which caused great damage and consequent disaster among the poor people. The school children of Bordeaux gave for the relief of the poor, out of their own savings in these school-banks, the sum of two thousand dollars. Think what a joy it must have been to these kind-hearted little people to have a fund upon which to draw in such a time of need?

In the new boys' lodging-houses in our large cities there are savings-banks, which grow in favour with the boys as they come to be acquainted with their workings. There is a great temptation among these boys to spend their earnings on fruits and candies and theatre tickets. But some who have ventured, and found it good to have a growing capital, have not been slow to tell the tale, and their example has been productive of great good.

There is a sorrowful story of a news-boy who put his savings away in the bank until he had accumulated three

hundred dollars. But, alas! the love of money took possession of his young heart and he yielded to temptation. He was led to invest some of his hard-earned money in chances. At first he won a few dollars. This excited him, and when losses came he would not give up the hope of getting back all he had lost and more. And so the gambling went on until his small savings were all gone and he was left penniless, to begin life over again. Let us hope he learned the lesson that only honest gains can be of real use.

There is to-day on one of the streets of New York city a flourishing little news and stationery store. The proprietor is a young man with a good face and a general air of thrift. Only a few years ago he was a newsboy. He saved his small earnings, and by-and-by set up a news-stand. This has grown steadily until now he has a fine little business. It would have been very easy for this boy to spend his nickels and dimes in soda-water and tickets to the "show." But he did not, and already he enjoys some of the fruits of his self-denial.

Without small savings there would be no large savings. The boy who says, "It is no use for me to try to save, I have so little money," will not be likely to save when he has more; for wants are sure to increase in proportion to the amount we have to spend.

If any classmate has not begun to lay aside something, ever so little though it may be, the wisest thing he can do is to begin now.

## THE TURNPIKE BOY AND THE BANKER.

It was during a panic in England, some years since, that a banker named Thompson was seated with a melancholy look in his private room, watching through the open door his clerks paying away thousands of pounds hourly. He was a banker of excellent credit; there existed perhaps in the city of London no safer concern than that of Messrs. Thompson & Co., but at a moment such as I speak of no rational reflection was admitted, no former stability was looked to; a general distrust was felt, and every one rushed to his bankers to withdraw his heard, fearful that the next instant would be too late, and forgetting that this step, of all others, was the most likely to insure the end they sought to avoid.

The banker sat gloomily watching the outpouring of his gold, and with a grim smile listened to the clamorous demands on his clerks; for although he felt perfectly secure as to the ultimate result, yet he could not repress a feeling of bitterness as he saw man after man rush in, and even his friends eagerly assisting in the run upon his strong box.

Presently a stranger was ushered into the room, who, after gazing for a moment at the bewildered banker, coolly drew a chair and abruptly addressed him: "You will pardon me, sir, for asking rather a strange question; but I am a plain man, and like to come to the point."

"Well, sir," impatiently interrupted the other.

"I hear that you have a run on your bank, sir."

"Well?"

"Is it true?"

"Really, sir, I must decline replying to your very extraordinary query. If, however, you have any money in the bank, you had better at once draw it out and so satisfy yourself; our cashier will instantly pay you," and the banker rose as a hint for the stranger to withdraw.

"Far from it, sir; I have not a sixpence in your hands."

"Then may I ask you what is your business here?"

"I wish to know if a small sum would aid you at this moment?"

"Why do you ask that question?"

"Because if it would, I would gladly pay in a small deposit."

The banker started.

"You seem surprised; you don't know my person, or my motive. I'll at once explain. Do you recollect some twenty years ago, when you resided in Essex?"

"Perfectly."

"Well, then, sir, perhaps you have not forgotten the turnpike gate through which you passed daily. My father kept that gate, and was very often honoured with a few minutes' chat with you. One Christmas morning my father was sick, and I attended the toll bar. On that day you passed through, and I opened the gate. Do you recollect it, sir?"

"Not I, my friend."

"No, sir, few such men remember their kind deeds, but those benefited by them seldom forget them. I am perhaps prolix; listen, however, only a few minutes, and I have done. Well, sir, as I said before, I threw open the gate for you, and, as I considered myself in duty bound, I wished you a happy Christmas.

"Thank you, my lad," replied you; "thank you, and the same to you; here is a trifle to make it so; and you throw me a five-shilling piece. It was the first money that I ever possessed, and never shall I forget my joy on receiving it, or your kind smile when bestowing it. I long treasured it, and as I grew up added a little to it, till I was able to rent a toll myself. You soon after left that part of the country, and I lost sight of you. Yearly, however, I have been gaining on you. Your present brought good fortune with it. I am now comparatively rich, and to you I consider I owe much. So, this morning, having accidentally heard that there was a run on your bank, I drew my deposits from my banker and have brought them to lodge with you, in case they may be of any use; so here they are," and he handed a bundle of notes to the agitated banker. "In a few days I'll call again," and snatching up his hat, he laid down his card, and walked out of the room.

Mr. Thompson opened the roll; it contained £30,000! The stern-hearted banker burst into tears. The firm did not require this prop, but the motive was so noble that even a millionaire was affected. The firm is still one of the first in the city of London.—Parish and Home.

## SEEDS BORNE FAR BY WATER.

It is good for plants to keep as much apart as possible. If the seed fell straight to the ground, and the young plants all grew up together around the parent one, they would starve each other out. For plants are like people, and when crowded too closely together, fall to fighting among themselves. Their struggles are very bitter ones, though we do not see or hear them. The plants that are strongest in these silent battles end by getting the light and air, and water and food they need from the soil, while the poor weaklings are left to starve and die. To prevent too much of this wasteful crowding and struggling, old Dame Nature has invented many a clever little scheme.

When trees or smaller plants grow on river banks, their fruits often fall into the water, and are carried down stream. The current, sometimes finding landing-places on the banks, and so growing up into new plants. Who has not seen sycamore-balls and buck-eyes travelling along in this easy fashion? These are the fruits of the trees they grow on. Fruit is the part of the plant that incloses the seed, with the seed itself. So the dry pods that hold the black morning-glory seeds are as truly fruits as are apples or strawberries, though we commonly use the word only for those that are good to eat.

It often happens that, on small islands in rivers, trees and flowers are found that do not grow on the neighbouring banks. These have come down the river, sometimes from the mountains where it rises, in the shape of fruits, and have found lodging on the island, during high water. Sometimes fruits are thus borne quite out to sea, and then they may be caught up by ocean currents and carried long distances. It has been said that Columbus first formed the notion that there might be land beyond the western ocean, on seeing some strange nuts that had been washed to the shores of the Azores from far away America.—"How Plants Spread," in St. Nicholas.

## A MISSIONARY SCRAP ALBUM.

BY JENNIE HARBOTTLE.

Many a young Christian no doubt often asks: "How can I help in missionary work?" While two young Christians were thus asking, they were invited to visit a friend. This friend showed them her scrap album, with cards neatly arranged, and with pressed ferns pasted here and there.

This gave them a new idea. "Why not make a scrap album of pressed flowers, leaves, etc., for each of our missionaries, who have left all behind to win the heathen for Jesus?" they asked one another.

Accordingly, as spring and summer came, they pressed flowers, leaves, etc., pasted them in a scrap album, and then sent it to India. They intend carrying on the work, and, if possible, send one to each of the lady missionaries. Will not others do likewise, and thus brighten the lives of our dear sisters in far-away lands?

Those who cannot take up this work perhaps can work for Jesus by buying English Testaments, marking verses on Jesus' love, calls to come to Jesus, etc., with red ink, and send them to any of our American missionaries. They are much needed, and will be gladly welcomed.

## THE UNOPENED LETTER.

Mr. Scroggie relates: "I heard recently of a poor lad who, getting among fast companions, began to go to the theatre. Having once begun, he felt he must keep it up. He could not afford it, but in order to pander to his evil desires, he took some money from his master's till; then, fearing he would be found out, he ran off and joined the army, and soon, to the distress of his widowed mother, was ordered to India. His mother wrote to him regularly, filling her letters with good advice and motherly love. This so annoyed the son that at length he wrote, telling her that as there was nothing but religion in her letters, he would not open them again; and when the next letter came it was tossed unopened into his box. Sometimes afterwards he was attacked by fever, and brought very low. A Christian comrade sat down by the sick man's bed, and opening his Bible began to read. His sick comrade interrupted him, saying, 'Oh, if you are going to read, just get my mother's letter out of my box.' He got it, and the first words it contained were to the effect that now she had saved enough money to buy his discharge, and enclosed was an order for the money. When he heard this the poor soldier exclaimed, 'Is it true? Is the money there?' Being told that it was, he exclaimed, 'If I had only known, I might have been in Scotland now instead of lying here dying of the fever. Oh! if I had but known.' Like that mother's letter, the Bible is lying neglected in many a house, and those who might learn from it that Christ has purchased their discharge from sin and Satan, remain in bondage, unconscious of the blessing within their reach."

## JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

JANUARY 24, 1897.

The nobleman's son who was healed.—John 4. 46-53.

Galilee was a province, or one of the divisions of the Holy Land. In Galilee Jesus performed his first miracle, which produced great excitement among the people, and now when he went thither again, they were to receive him, no doubt expecting to see other wonders performed by him. He soon had an opportunity of giving evidence of his supernatural ability.

WHO CAME TO JESUS?

A nobleman, one who would be regarded as a person of importance. We are very apt to consider persons who have been elevated to positions of influence and authority as far more favoured than common people. They may perhaps have more wealth, and means of personal comfort, but it is an indisputable fact that "uneasy lies the head that wears a crown." All such persons are subjected to the common ills of life.

A SICK SON.

The nobleman felt as only a father can feel. His son, perhaps the father was hoping that he who was now sick would be the comfort of his declining years, but if such had been his anticipations, appearances now indicated that there was no likelihood of his hopes being realized, for his son "was at the point of death." Young people die as well as those who are aged. We should be ready always for death, and then we could not be taken away unawares. Are the members of the Junior League remembering this?

WEAKNESS OF FAITH.

The nobleman did not doubt Christ's ability, but he thought that it was indispensably necessary that he should go to the place where the sick young man lay, why could he not believe that Jesus could heal the young man even though he did not see him. This is what we may learn from what the Saviour says. Read the latter part of the 48th verse, "Except ye see signs," etc.

CHRIST HEALED THE SON.

Verse 50. The father was feeling alarmed, hence he exclaimed with the greatest earnestness, "Sir, come down," etc., verse 49. "Go thy way," said Christ. Observe the nobleman did not question what the Saviour now said. His faith was in lively exercise. You know faith means taking God at his word. And as Christ commanded so he acted. While he was journeying, he was gratified with the news, "Thy son liveth," and the servants told him when he manifested symptoms of health, and he then knew that it was the hour when Christ said, "Thy son liveth." Learn from this incident the importance of faith. Be not faithless but believing. We walk by faith.