

Mother's Boys.

BY MAY M. ANDERSON.

They're rough and noisy, glad and gay,
As boys are apt to be;
They love to shout and romp and play
In wild and healthful glee.
But in their sports they never fail
To heed each light command,
For mother's "boys" are noble lads
As any in the land.

I do not dread their future years,
For manly boys, you know,
Make manly men, who dare to stand
And face a friend or foe.
And youths who chivalrously try
To win their mother's praise,
Are apt to win success as well,
And long and honoured days
—Golden Days.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, APRIL 14, 1888.

CONFESSING CHRIST.

BY FLORA B. HYDE.

"Come and hear, all ye that fear God,
and I will declare what he hath done for my soul."

ABOUT two years ago Annie R. and Mamie M. gave themselves to God. They were the only pupils in the public school at B. who had come out on the Lord's side. At the time of their conversion, Mamie was kept from school on account of the sickness of her mother, but Annie had been attending school regularly. She called for her friend Mamie the morning she was permitted to start to school again. On their way to school Mamie asked, "How did the girls act? and what did they say to you when they found you were a Christian?"

"Why," answered Annie, "they have not said anything, for I have not mentioned it to them. But they seem to treat me coolly."

In surprise Mamie asked: "O Annie, have you not said a word to them? Did you not tell any of them that you had found Jesus, and how happy his love had made you?"

"No," answered Annie; "I felt ashamed to say anything. I did not

know what to say, and any way I feared they would laugh at me."

For a few moments Mamie was silent; then she began softly to sing:

"Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No: when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name."

The tears were in Annie's eyes as Mamie ceased singing, and yet she felt she had not courage to talk to her friends about Jesus. As soon as they entered the school, Mamie gathered the girls around her and told them of her new found love, and with tears entreated her dear companions to "taste and see how good the Lord was," how precious his love.

And now, dear young readers, the sequel is this. To-day Mamie remains a faithful, earnest Christian, while Annie is away back in the world, with no hope of heaven.

Now, my young friends, I have a request to make of those who have found Jesus. I ask you to tell others of the blessings God has bestowed upon you; to tell all you can of the glad tidings of salvation; and never be ashamed to say you have found Christ, and that he is your Saviour, precious to your heart.

How often professed Christians meet together and talk upon every other subject but the best and sweetest—their soul's salvation! If our hearts are filled with the love of Jesus, we cannot help telling others of our joy and happiness in Jesus, and asking them to come and share it with us by also giving their hearts to the Saviour.

O may the dear Lord bless all the young disciples of Christ who read this, and make them light-bearing Christians!

"JESUS DIED FOR ME."

HANNAH was a little Jewish maiden, seven years old. Her parents, being Jews, did not believe in the Lord Jesus; but they sent their little daughter to a Christian school. Here she was taught to read easy passages of the New Testament, like the other children of her own age. She was a bright-eyed, intelligent child, always laughing, and always full of fun. Sometimes her high spirits brought her into trouble, but every one loved her, and no one could be angry with her long.

One day the teacher asked each child in the class where she thought she would go to when she died. Some were silent. Some said they did not know. Some said they hoped they would go to heaven. But when it came to Hannah's turn, she answered without hesitation, "To heaven."

"What reason have you for thinking you will go there?" asked the teacher, somewhat surprised.

"I know it," answered the little Jewish maiden, her eyes sparkling with animation, "because Jesus 'died for me.'"

Children, can you say, each of you,



THE LEOPARD CUBS.

from your heart, "Jesus died for me, and I trust in him as my Saviour." If you can, then you too, may know, that heaven will be your home.

The Leopard Cubs.

BY MARGARET J. PRESTON.

OUT in the offing lay the ship,
One tropic summer day,
That was to bear the Teacher home—
Three thousand miles away:
And gathered for a last farewell,
Around him pressed a crowd
Of dusky followers, on the beach,
Who wept and sobbed aloud.

Upon the surf the native boat,
Waiting to waft him o'er
The white-capped breakers, churned and
chafed
Against the pebbly shore.
His soul was sad with toil and pain,
So lately had he won
From rites of fetich savagery
These children of the sun.

But soon the last good-bye was said,
For he must be afloat:
And with a prayer upon his lips
He stepped into the boat;
And stopping, heard a cry, and saw
Come rushing o'er the sand
A lad who held a leopard-cub
Aloft in either hand.

"Mas' Teacher, see!—De mudder beast,
Me watch her go,—den up
Me creep into de den and fetch
De little spotted pup;
Dis ebbery ting me hab to bring
For pay de Captain fee;
Me want to learn big English so,
Wid you across de sea!"

"Mas' Teacher! take de boy along!
De pups dey no shall bite;
Me keep him in me bosom close,
An' watch him day and night.
De 'Meriky man, ho buy him glad;
Dollars an' dollars pay.
Me know big English,—me go teach
Big English den, some day."

Dim-eyed the Teacher left the shore,
And o'er the breakers' swell
He still could see the Grebo lad,
As rose the boat and fell,
Lying in silent, hopeless grief,
Stretched out upon the sands,
While in his breast the leopard cubs
Nestled, and licked his limbs.

MORNING PRAYER.

O LORD, thou art the Creator of
all things; there is no other God
beside thee; thou art the Maker of
heaven and earth; thou art our
Father, and has invited us to come
unto thee for those things which we
need.

Be pleased to teach me how to pray,
and give me right desires; help me
to understand what it is to believe on
the Lord Jesus Christ, and to bring
my prayers unto thee in his precious
name.

Dear Saviour, wash my soul in thy
blood, and put upon me the beautiful
robe of thy righteousness; may I show
such a holy and obedient spirit that
thou mayest be glorified in my life,
though I am but a child.

O Lord, preserve me this day from
all evil, from all sickness, and accident,
but specially from sin; and when the
sun has gone down may I rejoice to
think that I am one day nearer to my
sweet home in heaven. I ask it all
in Jesus' name. Amen.

A LITTLE Band of Hope boy, with
his dog Sport, was going past a public
house, the door of which was wide
open. The dog, not knowing any bet-
ter, went in, and his little master was
soon after him, with the following piece
of good advice: "Come out of there,
Sport! Don't be disgracing the fam-
ily!"