

ites looking at it. In the jewel house of the Tower of London is a book bound in gold and enamel, clasped with a ruby. On one side is a cross of diamonds, with other diamonds around it; on the other, a flower-de-luce in diamonds, and the arms of England. The book is enriched with small rubies and emeralds.—*St. Nicholas.*

## OUR PERIODICALS:

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

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

Christian Guardian, weekly.....	\$2 00
Methodist Magazine, 104 pp., monthly, illustrated.....	2 00
Methodist Magazine and Guardian together.....	3 50
Magazine, Guardian and Onward together.....	4 00
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly.....	1 50
Sunday-School Banner, 52 pp., 3vo., monthly.....	0 80
Onward, 8 pp., 4to., weekly, under 5 copies.....	0 60
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 10 copies.....	0 17
10 copies and upwards.....	0 12
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 10 copies.....	0 15
10 copies and upwards.....	0 12
Berean Leaf, monthly, 100 copies per month.....	5 50
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. COATES,  
3 Henry Street,  
Montreal.

S. F. HURSTIS,  
Wesleyan Book Room,  
Halifax, N.S.

## Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, APRIL 14, 1894.

### A LAD WHO LIVED LONG AGO.

BY REV. W. F. ORAFTS.

HUNDREDS of years ago, a boy lived near the shores of a lake which had many cities around it, and many boats on its waters.

One day he saw a great crowd of people following a kind-looking man towards the shore of the lake, and when he asked about it one of the crowd said that the man they were following could talk wonderfully, and do things that nobody ever saw done before. The boy had a basket in his hand with four or five loaves of bread and two or three little fishes in it. I think he had been selling bread and fish from his basket until now it was almost empty. He hurried on with the crowd to see this wonderful man, never thinking that he would notice such a little boy as he was in such a great crowd. It was in the morning, and the people had left their beds very early, on purpose to hear and see this man. Before he could eat breakfast, they crowded around this loving teacher. He was also a wonderful physician and would sometimes pause in his teaching to heal people whom no other doctors could cure. He had so many questions to answer and so many people to cure, that he could not stop long to eat or rest. He loved others so much better than his own comfort, that some selfish people called him "crazy," but of course he was not.

At length this weary teacher got into a boat to go across the lake and rest, but the people ran around the shore so fast that they reached the other side first. The teacher was very tired, but he saw how anxious the people were to know about God and truth, and he taught them again until it was almost night. Then he saw that the people were getting hungry, for they had forgotten to bring anything to eat. He was kind to their bodies as well as to their souls, and so he said to his friends (he had twelve men always with him who were his dearest friends), "Where can we buy bread for the people?" There were five thousand people in the crowd, besides women and children. And one of the teacher's friends named Philip reckoned up and said, "Two hundred pennyworth of bread would be only enough for each one to have a little." Two hundred pennies in that country were a great deal of money. A penny was all a man got for working all day, so that it would cost as much to feed the people as a man could earn in two hundred days.

Another friend, named Andrew, looked around to see if he could find any food, and he couldn't find any except what was in the little boy's basket, so he came back feeling very much discouraged and said, "There is no food here, except that a boy has five barley loaves and two small fishes; but what are they among so many people?" The loaves were round, like cookies, and as thin, but as wide as my two hands—ten inches in diameter.

Now, do you think that would be enough to feed that great crowd of hungry people? It was. Every one in that great crowd had all he wanted, and there was enough left when they got through for every one of the teacher's twelve friends to have a large basketful.

Now, how could that be? Do you want me to tell you how such a strange thing happened? Well, the teacher said to Andrew, "Bring the boy and his basket to me." Then he put his hand on the bread and fishes in the basket and prayed, and gave the bread and fishes to his friends to give to the people; and the five loaves and two fishes, as he touched them, kept increasing until they were perhaps five thousand loaves and a great many fishes—enough for everybody. Now you can answer some questions in whispers. Could I touch five loaves and make them suddenly change into five thousand? Could anybody but God and God's Son do it?

Who was the teacher I have been talking about? Now tell me who gave manna to the Jews? (God.) Who gives us our daily bread? How does he give it?

Seed, Shoot, Stalk, Corn,  
Mill, Oven, Bread.

How did God's Son give men bread? By touching the loaves and making them more. Then God's Son is just as mighty as his Father in heaven.

Who helped Jesus feed the people? His apostles and the lad. Isn't it strange that Jesus should notice that little boy, and take him to help him?

What did Jesus say to Andrew about the lad and his basket? "Bring them hither to me." So the little lad was "one to help Jesus." How many of you want to be helpers for Jesus? Well, what can you bring to him? Words, money, prayers, hands, feet, hearts. These are your loaves and fishes. Were the five loaves and two fishes enough to feed the people? Not until Jesus touched them. Do you think your little words and pennies and prayers and hands and feet could do any good in the world if Jesus touched them?

I could tell you how a little girl's question, "Does you love God?" led a man to Jesus; how a little girl's penny bought a tract that made a man a Christian; and how a little boy's prayer made his father give up drinking and become a good man.

Now, how can we bring our "loaves" to Jesus for him to bless them? Think! Can we see Jesus? How do we come to him? By praying. Then let us bring all our loaves to Jesus in prayer every day.

Jesus gave the bread to his disciples, and said, as he pointed to the people sitting on the grass in little groups, "Give ye them to eat."

In England, many years ago, the poor came once a week to the rich for food, and the rich man's wife stood in the door and gave the bread, and so the word "lady" means "loaf-giver." Now I want every little lady here and every lad to be God's loaf-givers.

The Bible is God's basket of heavenly bread to feed the souls of men in the whole world, and every verse is a loaf. On some round paper loaves I have put a verse of the Bible to make them God's loaves: "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." I'll give each of you some of God's loaves to give to other people.

### THE BAD BARGAIN.

If your father should see you just ready to make a very foolish trade—giving away what is worth more than ten thousand dollars for what is not worth ten cents—it would be kind in him to warn you against doing so silly a thing. It would be cruel in him not to cry out, "Stop, and think what you are doing. What shall it profit you? What real gain shall it be to get ten cents, if to get it you must lose ten thousand dollars? Everybody would call you a fool, if to get

so little you should give so much." Tell me, then, is it not very kind in your Father in heaven, when he sees you about to make a far more foolish bargain than that, to cry out, "Stop! stop and think, what shall it profit a man or a boy to gain the whole world, if to get it he must lose his own soul.

The soul is worth more than a million of worlds. Yes, that soul of yours that can think great thoughts that reach further than the stars and run swifter than the lightning; that soul of yours that is the most wonderful of artists, since in an instant it can paint the big dome of the sky all over with pictures that are the likeness of what is in your own mind. That soul of yours that in a moment can see the difference between right and wrong, and can think, when tempted, "Thou, God seest me:" that soul of yours, which when the body dies is to live on forever; that soul, I say, is worth more than a million worlds. What gain, then, could it be to you or to anybody to lose such a soul, though this world were made of solid gold, and you might get it all? That is the simple sum in "Profit and Loss," which many a money-making is working out. Think how little of this world's wealth the richest of them can get; and then think for how short a time they can hold even that little. And yet for so small a part of this world, see how they fight like bulls and bears, as though money were all and the soul were nothing. What if, in the life to come, such men shall find themselves among the poorest of the poor, because they lived only to get gold, and left the soul to starve and perish?

But it might not be so sad a thing to make a bad bargain if, after we have made it, we might always have a chance to take it back. Christ, the only Saviour of men, offers freely to save us now; but he says nothing about giving us another chance to be saved in the life beyond. If we do not care to be saved now, we may not have the offer by-and-bye. And so it is of a lost soul that it is said, "What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" If once it is lost, how shall he ever buy it back? Now is the accepted, the chosen time: the time when you may accept Christ, and he is willing to accept you. Now is the day of salvation. This very day, if you will, you may be saved. But some of you may put it off till it is too late. What then would you not give to break a bad bargain, and to buy back a lost soul?

### THE STORY OF PITCAIRN'S ISLAND.

We have read of the mutiny of the *Bounty*, but how many know what came of it? The story of Pitcairn's Island, and how it was that there originated a small, a moral, a Bible-loving and a praying-offering community? What was the origin of its life? A band of desperadoes—nine men—landed there with nineteen men and women from Otaheite. Only two died natural deaths. One of them remained after the others had died. In his solitude he took up the Bible saved from the wreck. It was injured by the salt water and worn with time, but by the reading of that Bible John Adams came to a knowledge of Christ. And he taught the community around him the Word of the Lord; and the secret of the people on the island being free from vice, and of their devotion, morning, noon and night—the blessing asked before the meal, and the thanks returned after it—is found in the fact that this man read the Word of God—read it and believed it. When he was on his death-bed, his friends said to him, "How goes it now, John?" "Land ahead," he answered. Two or three days after, they said again, "How goes it now, John?" "Round the point of the harbour," was his reply. And on the day of his death the same question was put, "How goes it now, John?" He said, "Let go the anchor," and he fell asleep in Jesus. He had no human helpers, nothing but the Word of God; and the Word of God proved to him the power of God in originating in him a godly life. We should have more faith in the Word. By the Word alone, by the contents of it, by the simple truth of it, man may be brought into the fold of the kingdom of the Lord Jesus Christ.

### The Frost on the Window.

BY J. H. CHANT.

FEATHERY frost on the window pane,  
Who placed you there? "I cannot explain."  
Each little feather at once replied,  
"But this I know, I'm the children's pride!"  
As they think I fell from an angel's wing,  
And coming to earth must rich blessings bring.

"I once formed part of a lovely bay,  
The sun shone out and I turned to spray,  
And rose aloft on the ambient air,  
To the regions high, where all is rare,  
Then I mingled with my old friends again,  
Who were my neighbours in the haunts of men.

"On the blustering winds I rode along,  
Sometimes hard tossed by the tempest strong,  
And then at rest, as when in the bay,  
Though much enlarged, the wise savants say,

But I cannot tell you how long my sleep;  
With a chill I awoke and began to weep.

"And my ample form much smaller grew,  
By the cold compressed to a drop of dew,  
Then down I fell, swift as bounding deer,  
And knew no more till I fell right here,  
But how I became so like a feather,  
Is a problem I can unravel never.

"But, oh, how the sun begins to burn;  
I think I must to the clouds return;  
Farewell, my boy, but you must not fret,  
We meet again as we now have met,  
If not as a feather, perhaps a tree,  
Or whatever the Wise One may make of me.

Corbett, Ont.

### AN UNDERVALUED SISTER.

A BOY of five or six years, according to a story in the *Chicago Herald*, was made happy by the arrival of a baby sister. He had been the only child in the family, and, being a good and obedient boy, had been humoured till he was, perhaps, in some danger of being spoiled. Before the new sister was many weeks old, however, Master Fred began to feel that his own position was sadly altered. The stranger had supplanted him. Father, mother and servants were all the time talking about the baby. There was no mistake; Fred was no longer king. The boy began to be unhappy, and just then he remembered a placard which his father had put up in a conspicuous point on the premises some months before: "Ashes to give away. Inquire within." Fred had taken great interest in this notice, and had inquired minutely into its meaning. He remembered now that very soon afterward a man called and carried away the ashes. He had been to the kindergarten and could speak and print, after a fashion. So with such helps and hints as he was able to get slyly from the servants, he managed to concoct the following sign, which his astonished father one day found posted in a conspicuous position as he came home to dinner:

A BaBy to give awAY.  
INquire of FRED.

### THE JEWS.

THE JEWS, says a foreign correspondent, are much more numerous and wealthy today than ever before in the history of the world. In the days of the greatest prosperity and power of the Jewish kingdom under David and Solomon, they probably did not number, all told, more than five millions. Now they number considerably more than twice as many. In Asia, their original home, there are not more than half a million, settled in Syria, Persia, Arabia, India and China. Perhaps half a million more are to be found in Africa, chiefly in Morocco, the descendants of those Jews who, in the year of Columbus's discovery of America, were expelled from Spain. A considerable contingent is to be found in America. But the chief modern home of the Jews is Eastern and Central Europe, where they settled in the days of the crusaders. At one time the Kingdom of Poland contained nine-tenths of all the Jews in the world. Two years ago there were in the Russian Empire, chiefly in the Polish provinces, fully five million Jews. In the Polish provinces of Austria there are two millions, and in Germany 750,000. In the United States one million. *New York Sun.*