

## Let Him Come In.

Patently waiting at your heart's door,  
Standeth the Saviour as oft before;  
Tenderly asking to let him in,  
Although your heart is so full of sin.

He will bring joy to your troubled heart,  
He will bid sin and its fears depart,  
Ye who are weary of all your sin,  
Will you not open and let him in?

Jesus, the Saviour your guest would be,  
Although the King of the world is he;  
Standing without while the nightdews  
fall;

Will you not welcome the Lord of all?

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## Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

Rev. W. H. WICHROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, JANUARY 21, 1899.

## SAVING THE EXPRESS TRAIN.

A few years ago a fearful storm in Iowa undermined a bridge. A freight train, in crossing it at night, fell through, and several men were killed. Kate Shelley, fifteen years of age, heard the crash. She and her mother were alone in a cottage not far away, and, realizing what had happened, Kate lighted a lantern, and, amid the hurricane, started for the wreck. The subsequent narrative shows her heroism and presence of mind.

Her light soon went out, but she felt her way through the woods and fallen timbers to the edge of the dashing waters that covered the drowned men. She could hear, above the roar of the tempest, the voice of Wood, the engineer, who had caught in a tree-top. She knew that the express with its load of passengers was nearly due, and that she only knew of its danger and was the only living being who could prevent an awful catastrophe. The telegraph office at Moingona or Boone was the only place where she could notify the officers. Boone was five miles over hills, and before she could get there the train would have passed. To Moingona was only a mile, but between her and Moingona was the Des Moines river, ten or fifteen feet above its natural height, and to cross this she must pass over the railroad bridge, fifty feet above the rushing waters. She must cross this bridge, four hundred feet long, with nothing but the ties and rails, the wind blowing a gale, and the foaming, seething waters beneath. Not one man in a thousand but would have shrunk from the task. Not one man in five hundred would have gone over at any price or under any circumstances. But this brave girl, with the nerve of a giant, gathered about her her flowing skirts, and on hands and knees crawled over the long, weary bridge. Tie after tie passed. It was time for the express train to come dashing over the bridge and hurl her down to death amid the dark waters of the roaring, rushing river. The blood from her lacerated knees stained her dress, but she did not falter. She reached the shore, and the remaining half mile she flew almost to the telegraph office. Breathless, and in broken accents, she told her tale of death and destruction, and fainted in the arms of the bystanders. The wires were set at work, and a horrible disaster averted.

## FIT FOR JESUS TO HEAR.

Kitty had been reading a lovely little story of Mrs. Prentiss, where a woman wonders suddenly "how Jesus would like to live in her house." Somehow, that thought changes all her life. She tries to make all her words the sort to please him. She plans her work and ways to suit him. In the story it ended in having a very lovely, Christ-like house to live in.

"Oh, dear!" said Kitty, "I know I couldn't bear to live in this one!"

"Why not?" asked somebody.

(It was only Conscience, but his little, low voice was so clear that it seemed almost like an outsider's.)

"Dell and I fight so, for one thing," said Kitty, honestly. "He never could bear unpeppableableness. We don't talk fit for Jesus to hear."

She had a trick of talking out loud, and her own words fairly startled her, but the next minute she spoke again, under her breath this time.

"Why couldn't I change round and do the way he likes? Why couldn't I be the way Jesus was, right here in this very old house? Why couldn't I—I will!"

Ah, how easy such things grow when a boy or a girl says that, with a little prayer under the will, as Kitty did. The prayer is sure to be there, for he who makes you will, makes you want to ask his help in willing.

"But first I must know what he was like," said wise little Kitty.

So she got down her Bible and read about it. There were so many things she had never noticed before. He was meek, never answered back. He was kind, always on the lookout to do things for people. He was—but why do not you study up the rest of it? Don't you want to be "full of the knowledge of the Lord," so that the tigers and wolves of ugly thoughts and actions shall be changed to harmless, gentle creatures that will change the place you live in? Try Kitty's plan, and see how sweet a thing it is to make your little corner of the world a part of Christ's blessed kingdom.

## THE REFORMATION OF KATHARINE.

BY EMILY G. I. FULLER.

II.

The next day Katherine attended a class picnic. "Good-bye, girls!" she cried merrily, upon her return, kissing her hand to the four girls remaining in the carriage out of which she had just stepped. "I never in all my life had such a perfectly gorgeous, delicious afternoon, and I'll never, never forget it. Oh, but I am tired—absolutely tired to death." This she addressed to her parents, who were sitting on the veranda. "Mamma, I'm positively certain you never had such a perfectly glorious afternoon."

"Glad to see you home, perfectly," interrupted her brother Frank, joining the group. "Tell us all about the picnic."

"Whatever do you mean, Frank, by saying you're glad to see me home perfectly? If you interrupt I cannot finish telling you of the fun in a month. Well, to begin at the very first, as we were driving out along the willow road; and to tell the truth, we were going faster than any express train you ever saw—"

"Is that the truth, Katherine?" her father asked gravely. "I would purchase that horse if a reasonable sum would buy him, for a horse that could draw six girls in a heavy carriage, faster than any express—"

"Oh, papa, of course I meant that we were driving very fast. You know what I mean. Just as we came in sight of the curve, who should we see coming toward us at breakneck speed but farmer Gordon, in his old carry all. He was leaning over the dashboard and cracking a whip that was as long as a clothesline." Katherine laughed gaily at the picture she drew.

"Katherine! as long as a clothesline?"

"Oh, just a little, short, tiny one, mamma, dear." Katherine's temper was still unruffled.

You know how extremely narrow the willow road is, not wider than a thread at the curve, really not wide enough for one vehicle—"

There is no road in the county, daughter, that is not wide enough for teams to pass each other. Excuse me for interrupting, but I would not have a child of mine live longer than fifteen years and not be aware of that fact."

A troubled look crept into Katherine's eyes, but she continued. "Of course, I did know that, but, at any rate, Farmer Gordon was driving in a fully reckless manner, and every one of

us girls was completely paralyzed with fear. Not one could move a muscle or utter a word all this time, and it seemed weeks to all—"

"Centuries, sister mine," suggested Frank.

"Of us," continued Katherine, with due disregard of her brother's words. "On he came like the wind, and Jean turned our horse to one side just as he came upon us, and thus saved the lives of all! Didn't she show the most wonderful presence of mind?"

"Indeed, she showed more than that. I don't remember that I ever heard of an entirely helpless paralytic's showing such wonderful recuperative powers."

"What do you mean, papa? I don't understand you this evening. I thought you'd love to hear of our day in the woods." Katherine spoke in an aggrieved tone.

"It is very interesting," said Judge Marley. "Did the five—for I presume Jean had recovered from her stroke—paralytics go on to the woods and hold their picnic?"

What paralytics, papa? I did not speak of any, did I? I do not remember doing so."

Her father recalled her description and urged her to be more careful.

Katherine promised, perhaps not quite so readily as usual, for she foresaw difficulties. She did not finish her story. The twilight had deepened into darkness, and the others went into the house.

"I will stay here a little while and think of my shortcomings," she said in reply to her mother's inquiry. "I won't stay out longer than the hundredth part of a minute."

"O, Katherine!"

"Forgive me, mamma! I should say that I will not stay longer than ten minutes."

She drew back behind the wistaria that clung to the veranda, and really was talking very seriously to herself when she heard her own name spoken by two girls who were passing.

"Yes, Judge Marley lives here," one was saying. "You've heard about Katherine? She is quite celebrated in one way."

"How is that?"

"As being the most untruthful girl in Berman. Some people even use a stronger word, and some say it's just exaggeration; but for my part I cannot see much difference. When Katherine Marley states anything for a fact, it isn't safe to repeat it until it's confirmed by some one who is reliable. At least, so her intimate friends tell me, and—"

Katherine waited to hear no more. She rushed into the room, and buried her face in her mother's lap.

"Mamma, mamma," she said, when she could restrain her sobs and tell her story. "I never, never—I mean that I will try every—no, I will just try everlastingly—Oh, no, not that. Oh, mamma, I will—try—dreadful—try—to stop it. There! Though my tongue rusts from disuse, yet—"

"My dear!"

Katherine quickly closed her lips and held them with her fingers, looking hopelessly at her mother. Then she arose, kissed her good-night, and said very slowly: "I—will—try—to—tell—the—truth, dear mamma. Good-night!"

"And ask God to help you, my dear," responded her mother.

Katherine did so, and the reform was manifest to all.—New York Observer.

## HOW JANE WAS CHANGED.

Mr. Moody tells of an Episcopal clergyman in England who was staying at an hotel, and was waited on by a little girl. He asked her, "Do you ever pray?"

"Oh, no, sir," she replied; "we have no time here to pray. I am too busy to do that."

"I want you to promise me that during the next six months you will say three words of prayer every night, and when I come here at the end of that time I will give you half a crown."

"All right," she said; "I will do it."

"Well, I want you to say every night, 'Lord, save me.'"

He left, and two months after, when he came again to the same hotel, he inquired for Jane, and was told: "Oh, she got too good to stay at an hotel, and has gone to the parsonage up yonder."

He went to see her, and as she opened the door for him, she said: "Oh, you blessed man, you! I don't want your half crown; I have got enough already."

And then she told him how she had at first just carelessly gone over the words as she was going to bed at nights. But after the first two weeks she began to think what the word save meant. Then she got a Bible and found the words. "Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners," and the prayer was no longer a mere form.

"No," she said, "I am happy, and I don't want your half crown. But I am so thankful that you asked me to say that prayer."—Ocean Grove Record.

## BEGIN RIGHT.

As the boy begins, so will the man end. The lad who speaks with affection, and mingles foreign tongues that he does not understand at school, will be a weak chromo in character all his life; the boy who cheats his teacher into thinking him devout at chapel will be the man who will make religion a trade, and bring Christianity into contempt; the boy who wins the highest average by stealing his examination papers will some day figure as a tricky politician; the lad who, whether rich or poor, dull or clever, looks you straight in the eyes and keeps his answer inside of truth—already counts friends who will last his life, and holds a capital which will bring him a surer interest than money. They get to the bottom of things. You see how it is already as to that. It was the student who was grounded in the grammar who took the Latin prize; it was that slow, steady drudge who practiced firing every day last winter that bagged the most game in the mountain; it is the clerk who studies the specialty of the house in off-hours who is promoted. Your brilliant, happy-go-lucky, hit-or-miss fellows usually turn out the dead weight of the family by forty-five. Don't take anything for granted; get to the bottom of things. Neither be a sham yourself, nor be fooled by shams.

## THE BOY THAT GAVE OTHERS THE CHANCE FOR LIFE

What would the little fellow do? What would any one of us have done in that situation? He had ventured out upon the ice, his skates upon his feet. He was drawing a sled and two of his mates. Just ahead he saw water. It was an ugly discovery. He knew what it meant, an air-hole, and in his very course; an air-hole, as if a dragon had come up to breathe and to lie in wait for the little fellow and the children he was drawing along. He discovered the hole too late for escape, the escape rather of one of the two parties. One could be saved, one had a chance for life. Which would it be, the boy on the skates, or the children on the sled? He did not have much strength to lay out on any rescue. He was only nine. What could you expect of a boy of nine with little limbs and muscles? He had, though, a big heart. That hole was nearer, and either skater or the sled must go into it. "I'll give those on the sled the chance for life," thought the boy on skates.

The decision, the rescue-effort, the sacrifice—all were soon over, and the water closed above the boy who had given others the chance for life. They were saved; he was drowned.

## A GOOD THING FOR BOYS.

Manual training is one of the few things that are good for everybody. It is good for the rich boy, to teach him respect for the dignity of beautiful work; it is good for the poor boy, to increase his facility for handling tools, if tools prove to be the things he must handle for a living afterwards; it is good for a bookish boy, to draw him away from books; but most of all, it is good for the non-bookish boy, in showing him something he can do well.

The boy utterly unable, even if he were studious, to keep up in book knowledge and percentage with the brighter boys, becomes discouraged, dull and moody.

Let him go to the workshop for an hour and find that he can make a box or plane a rough piece of board as well as the brightest scholar—nay very likely better than his brighter neighbour,—and you have given him an impulse of self-respect that is of untold benefit to him when he goes back to his studies. He will be a brighter and better boy for finding out something that he can do well.

Giles—"I suppose you get paid for writing those magazine jokes?" Smiles—"Sure. You didn't imagine I wrote them for fun, did you?" Giles—"Oh, no, any one could tell that by reading them."

The following is a remark of Sydney Smith, made on hearing a little girl read who persisted in reading "partridges" for patriarchs. Said the great wit, "She is determined on making game of the patriarchs." A prominent writer declares this to be the most perfect pun he has ever heard.