

The Junior's Hope.

Tune—"I'm the child of a King."

My Jesus, my Saviour, on thee I rely,
My footsteps to guide and my wants to supply
My soul wilt thou lead where the bright
waters flow,
Nor leave me to wander forsaken below.

CHORUS.

I'm the child of a King.

My Jesus, my Saviour, thou'lt bear my
complaint,
When weary, and helpless, and ready to
faint:
I call thee, who loved me, who carest for me,
My Jesus, my Saviour, I'm leaning on thee.

My Jesus, my Saviour, on thee I rely,
My footsteps to guide and my wants to
supply;
For thou hast redeemed me with thy precious
blood,
The ransom that brings the sinner to
God.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, JANUARY 18, 1896.

KITTY'S TONGUE.

BY MRS. A. E. C. MACKELL.

KITTY MYERS' tongue was as a scorching flame, reaching out hither and thither, licking up all whom it could devour. You would think a girl with such a sharp tongue in her head would be disliked by everybody, but Kitty had many friends among those she loved. Of all the girls, Kitty could be the sweetest toward those whose favour she wished to keep. More over, she was very entertaining with her mimicry and drollery, and having wealthy parents, she was never without companionship.

Sometimes her tongue was turned against some old, threadbare dress; some peculiarity of speech; the shape of a nose; or a queer manner. Even the ancestors of acquaintances were subjected to her sharp comments. Anything and everything that could be employed to set her companions in a gale of laughter was seized upon remorselessly.

One day there came to the school Kitty attended a new scholar, a little girl with a very sweet face and dressed quite nicely.

Kitty knew that she was the daughter of Judge Errill, who had just moved into the neighbourhood and lived in the grandest house in the place. She wished therefore to make the little stranger one of her dearest friends, so she looked over and bestowed upon her one of her most captivating smiles. The child smiled in return, and there was a hope of great friendship until recess, when the new scholar opened her eyes with sorrow and indignation when she found Kitty and a dozen of her companions laughing uproariously, and learned

that the object of their ridicule was a little girl with bright red hair.

"Ha, ginger-top! how much will you take for one of your carrot ringlets?" asked Kitty, with laughter, in which she was joined by the others.

If there was anything that Nettie Rivers was sensitive about, it was her red hair; and she winced and stammered in her endeavour to appear unconcerned.

"I say, Net, here comes a white horse," continued Kitty, more disagreeably than ever.

Nettie winced again, while her face flushed redder than her hair. She was just on the point of crying when Esther Errill sprang forward, and putting an arm around her waist, said:

"Don't mind them, for I love red hair dearly. I just think it is beautiful, and my father says all the best artists paint pictures of saints with red hair."

Kitty stared in astonishment and scowled a little, while her dearest friend hastened forward saying:

"I hope you are not going to mind Kitty's tongue. She is only in fun."

"But it hurts all the same, and I don't like it," persisted Esther. "My rule is never to hurt any one's feelings, and I cannot stand by and see others hurt."

"Be careful of Kitty's tongue may be turned against you. You had better not make her angry," was the reply.

"I am no better than others," she persisted, "and do not care for her friendship." And Esther walked back into the schoolhouse, her arm still around Nettie's waist.

"Humpty, dumpty," shouted Kitty, "climbed up the wall and got a big fall;" and she laughed loudly, but to her chagrin no one joined her; on the contrary her dearest friend said:

"For shame, Kitty Myers, for she is a great deal prettier than you are, if she is short and plump. Now you have made her angry, and you will be left out of all the lawn parties and the good times they will have up there this summer."

Kitty felt the truth of this, and the next morning she tried to slip a choice bunch of grapes into Esther's hand; but Esther drew it away, and said:

"Give it to Nettie Rivers, over there. I believe she never had so fine a bunch of grapes, because her mother is a widow and very poor."

Kitty's face turned very red. She hesitated a moment and then going forward said:

"Nettie, take these grapes, please; and I am very sorry I laughed at your hair yesterday."

Nettie took the grapes with a pleasant "Thank you," and then Esther took Kitty's hand for one moment in hers and said:

"I do not want you to govern your tongue for my sake, Kitty, but because the Bible says: 'But the tongue can no man tame; it is an unruly evil, full of deadly poison.' I cannot tame your tongue, Kitty, but God can. He helps us to overcome every bad habit if we will but ask him. Don't forget."

Kitty did sometimes forget, but never in the presence of Esther Errill, and at last, after giving her heart to the Saviour, she did gain complete mastery, for she said she had learned yet another verse from the Bible: "If any one among you seem to be religious, and bridle not his tongue, but deceiveth his own heart, this man's religion is vain."

BEWARE! THE QUICKSAND!

BY DAVID KEPPEL, M.L.D.

WHEN I was a boy, living in the city of Liverpool, Eng., we used often to go along the river bank to where the Mersey flows into the sea, when the tide was going out, to catch the belated crabs and shellfish that came tumbling down the channels left by the retiring ocean.

It was a famous playground for the boys; with its long stretches of damp sand, and rocks here and there lifting their heads, shaggy with seaweed, above the common level; with the great sea going out and out, sullenly as it were, but turning on us now and then, like a hunted lion at bay, to send us scampering away as fast as our legs

could carry us, before the surging waves that turned back from their ocean march and came scarrying after us, and, above all, with our game, the crabs, not waiting to be hunted like other game, but tumbling along the little rills left by the receding tide, in a dreadful hurry to get out to sea, and only too likely to catch us by finger or by bare toe.

There was one stretch of sand, level and open, where the "other fellows" never went, where pearly shells glistened with no hand to pick them up, and where the crabs might, if they chose, crawl to the sea, with none to hinder, at their leisure and in safety. No one ever went there, though there was little to distinguish it from the rest of the beach, a little more level perhaps, a good deal cleaner and more pleasant, but that was all. But between us and it a great sign-board, with letters that you could read half a mile away, was lifted high above the sands and on it we read the words "Beware! The Quicksand!"

None of us knew that there were quicksands beyond that sign. The bravest lad had never dared to try any experiments there. But none of us ever ventured on that forbidden ground. We saw the sign "Beware! the Quicksand!" We believed that those who placed the sign there were both wise and kind, and we kept off the dangerous ground.

Now if that sign had been stretched along instead of across the beach, and if it had read "Beware! the Ocean!" we would have laughed at it. Everybody knows that the ocean is a dangerous place, hence there would be no need of such a sign as that. It was because we "couldn't see the harm" of going where quicksands were "that the sign "Beware! The Quicksand!" was necessary.

Now there are some things which a great many Christian young people "can't see any harm in," but which the wisest and best people in the Church see to be as dangerous to the soul as the quicksand is to the body. And so our kind mother the Church has set up signs in that big little book that she has given us called "The Discipline," which we may read: "Beware! The Dance!" "Beware!

LUTHER'S LETTER TO HIS SON.

LUTHER was a busy man, filled with cares, but he found time to write to his little boy when he was far from home. The letter is worthy of preservation. It opens a new view of the great man's being. Here is the letter:

Anno Domini 1530.

Grace and peace in Christ, my dear little son. I see with pleasure that thou learnest well and prayest diligently. Do so, my son, and continue. When I come home I will bring thee a pretty fairing. I know a pretty, merry garden wherein there are many children. They have little golden coats, and they gather beautiful apples under the trees, and pears, cherries, plums, and wheat plums; they sing and jump and are merry. They have beautiful little horses, too, with gold bits and silver saddles. And I asked the man to whom the garden belongs whose children they were, and he said, They are the children that love to pray and to learn and are good. Then I said, Dear man, I have a son too; his name is Johnny Luther. May he not also come into this garden, and eat these beautiful apples and pears, and ride those fine horses? Then the man said, If he loves to pray and to learn and is good, he shall come into this garden, and Lippus and Jost, too, and when they all come together, they shall have fifes and trumpets, lutes, and all sorts of music, and they shall dance, and shoot with little crossbows.

And he showed me a fine meadow there in the garden, made for dancing. There hung nothing but golden fives, trumpets, and fine silver crossbows. But it was early, and the children had not yet eaten; therefore, I could not wait the dance, and I said to the man, Ah, dear sir, I will immediately go and write all this to my little son, Johnny, and tell him to pray diligently and to learn well and to be good, so that he may also come to this garden. But he has an Aunt Lohne, he must bring her with him. Then the man said, It shall be so; go and write him so.

Therefore, my dear little son Johnny, learn and pray always. And toll Lippus and Jost, too, that they must learn and pray. And then you shall come to the garden together.

Herewith I commend thee to Almighty God. And greet Aunt Lohne, and give her a kiss for my sake.

Thy dear father,

MARTINUS LUTHER.

TOEING THE LINE.

THE reign of graded schools and scientific methods of education has deprived the rising generation of many of the experiences, laughable, instructive, pathetic, which live in the memories of gray-headed men who once figured as the prototypes of Whittier's "Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan."

It was the hour for the spelling-lesson in one of those fondly-remembered red district school-houses, and the boys and girls had taken their places on the floor.

"Toe the mark!" commanded the teacher, and a rustling and shuffling indicated obedience.

The line stretched clear across the school-room; not a pair of bare and dusty feet, next a couple of nicely-blackened shoes, side by side with a pair of rawhide boots, guiltless of the suggestion of blacking. The teacher inspected the line approvingly until his eyes rested on one small urchin standing so far behind the others as to be almost out of sight.

"Nate," he asked, "why don't you toe the mark?"

"P'p'lease, sir, I am," falters the boy, "but I've got on dad's boots."

Sure enough, the toes of the boots were all right, on the mark, two or three inches beyond the toes of the youthful wearer.

PRESENCE OF MIND.

Two boys went with their father one day to see him cut down trees. Through a mistake in calculating how a tree he was cutting would fall, the father was caught and pinned to the ground, the tree lying across his body.

Some boys would have exhausted their strength in vain efforts to move the tree; others would have run for help, and meantime the father might have died. These boys, however, with wonderful presence of mind, set to work at once to dig a hole immediately under their father, and in a short time released him from his awful situation.

THE MAMMOTH CAVE.

WE were in Mammoth Cave. Having walked about three miles, our guide said: "Perhaps you are tired. You may all be seated now for a little while on that bench." A small company of tourists accepted the guide's invitation. When we had placed our lanterns on the ground he quietly collected them and walked away, leaving us in the frightful darkness of that subterranean world of night. Quickly he went to another part of the cave, and by a dextrous movement of the lanterns which he had taken from us, he made the arch above our heads look like the calm, sweet deep of heaven. One by one the scintillating stars came out—those islands of glory, beautifying the unmeasurable ocean of space. The imitation was almost perfect. By the use of the lanterns again our guide caused the clouds to cover the stars. Slowly they seemed to draw the black blanket over them and go to sleep, until the last star peeped for a moment and then bade us farewell. We were in oppressive darkness. Our guide cried "Good night, I'll see you in the morning!" Going to another part of the cave, he threw gray gleams of dawning light through the darkness, and silently the armies of night fled away. Lighter and lighter, and still lighter, until the sun came up, and it was day. No, not perfect day, for we were still in Mammoth Cave, but we felt safe because our guide was near, and with him we resumed our march to behold the wonders of that little world.