

## A QUARREL.

There's a knowing little proverb,  
From the sunny land of Spain;  
But in Northland, as in Southland,  
Is its meaning clear and plain.  
Lock it up within your heart;  
Neither lose nor lend it—  
Two it takes to make a quarrel;  
One can always end it.

Try it well in every way,  
Still you'll find it true,  
In a fight without a foe,  
Pray what could you do?  
If the wrath is yours alone,  
Soon you will expend it—  
Two it takes to make a quarrel;  
One can always end it.

Let's suppose that both are wroth,  
And the strife begun,  
If one voice should call for "Peace,"  
Soon it shall be done.  
If but one shall span the breach,  
He will quickly mend it—  
Two it takes to make a quarrel;  
One can always end it.

—Treasure Trove.

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## Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

Rev W H WITTHROW, D.D., Editor

TORONTO, JUNE 16, 1894.

## SEEING AND CONFESSING JESUS.

BY REV A. F. SCHAUFFLER.

"Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God."—MATTHEW 16. 16.

Our lesson to-day contains two stories. Once when Christ was travelling on foot from town to town, he came to Bethsaida. There, some people brought to him a poor, blind man. We do not know how long he had been blind. Perhaps he was born blind. These good people know that Jesus had the power to heal the man if he wanted to. When the Master saw the blind man, he took him by the hand, and led him out of the town. What do you suppose the poor man was thinking of, as Jesus led him by the hand? I presume many thoughts arose in his mind, like these: "Why is he leading me so far away? I wonder whether he will really heal me? I wonder how he will cure me?" When they were out of the city, Jesus spit on the man's eyes, and then gently touched them with his hands. He then asked the man whether he could see. The man looked up and said, "I can see men dimly, walking." So the Saviour again touched the man's eyes, and at once he saw everything as clearly as any man could. What a glorious experience that must have been! What a joyful and thankful look that man must have taken on everything around him! But, do you know, I think he must have loved most of all to look at the face of the One who had restored his eyesight to him. I presume, as he looked at the man and he returned the glance, the Saviour smiled quietly with pleasure, and the man's heart overflowed with gratitude and joy. When this man

went to his home, do you not suppose that all his friends were amazed to see the change that had come over him? I am sure that household was full of joy and gladness for many a day after that, because of the miracle that Jesus had performed.

Did you ever long to see Jesus yourself? Have you ever thought that you would like to see his kind face, and hear his gentle voice? Has it ever made you sad to feel that he was no longer here on this earth as he used to be? Well, although we cannot see him with our bodily eyes, we can still see him. Someone says, "How can we see him?" I answer, God has given us three kinds of eyes. First, there are our bodily eyes, which we are all using this minute. Then, besides these, God has given us "mental eyes," with which we can see a good many things. While I was telling you the story of the blind man, did you not seem to see what took place, almost as though you had been there yourself? You did not see the events with bodily sight, but with your mental eyes. Then we have a third kind of eyes. We call them "spiritual eyes." It is with these spiritual eyes that we may look unto Jesus. When David prays to God and says, "Open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law," he does not refer to his bodily, but to his spiritual sight. When God says, "Look unto me and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth," he refers to our inward spiritual eyes. If we want to see him, and find that our spiritual sight is very dim, we can pray and say "Lord, that I might receive my sight!" He will then help us to see him as our personal Saviour, so that we can say, "whereas I was spiritually blind, now I see."

Soon after Jesus had healed the blind man, he was one day walking along the dusty road with his disciples, when he asked them what men said about him. They answered that some thought he was John the Baptist risen from the dead, and some thought that he was Elijah come back to this world, and some thought he was a prophet. Then Christ asked them what they thought about him. At once Peter spoke up and said, "Thou art the Christ." What did Peter mean by this? He meant to say that he believed that Jesus was the Anointed One of God, whom God had sent to save sinners. St. Matthew tells us that when Peter had made this confession, Jesus told him that he never would have reached that truth unless God himself had revealed it to him. This was not the only time that the disciples confessed that Jesus was the Son of God. All their lives long they openly confessed him as the Son of God, who came to save the world. Because of this confession of theirs, they were persecuted, stoned, whipped, and many of them even killed. Still they were not ashamed to confess him as their Saviour.

In this they set us a very good example. They only carried out the command of Jesus, who wants all who have "seen him" as their Saviour to confess it before the world. He says, "Whosoever shall confess me before men, him shall the Son of Man also confess before the angels of God. But he that denieth me before men, shall be denied before the angels of God." Luke 12. 8, 9. How can we "confess Jesus?" In two ways. We can confess him as our Saviour by our words or by our deeds. If we truly love him, we ought to confess it in our homes, by our words. We should tell our parents and friends at home what great things the Lord has done for us. We should also join the Church of Christ, and there, before God and man, confess that we want to serve him all our lives long. Then we should prove by our deeds that our words are true. He wants us to prove that we love him, by keeping his commandments. It will be useless to confess him with our lips while we refuse to obey him in our lives. That is hypocrisy, and God hates hypocrites. At the same time, if we try to live for him secretly, and never in our lives say a word for his cause, we are not doing right. For the Bible says, "with the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation. Rom. 10: 10.

Do you want two good short prayers, that you can use in connection with this lesson? I will give them to you. First, ask Jesus to open your eyes that you may see him, and then pray, "Open thou my lips, and my mouth shall show forth thy praise."

## A QUAIN PREACHER.

JOHN BEVERIDGE, one of the leaders in the great revival of the eighteenth century that roused England from spiritual lethargy, was witty, mirthful, robust and earnest. His enemies, who thought that the vicar of Everton should jog along decorously and lazily, as vicars had done for scores of years, called him "an old devil."

"Do you know Beveridge?" asked a stranger of the man himself.

"Yes."

"They tell me he is a troublesome, good-for-nothing fellow."

"I know him," answered Beveridge, "and I can assure you half his wickedness has never been told."

They walked on to the church where Beveridge preached. When the strangers saw him ascend the pulpit he was stupefied.

"Can you forgive me?" he asked, after the congregation had gone out.

"Yes; come to my house and to my heart."

"Doctor," he wrote an opponent, "my patience is worn to the stump, and the stump is going."

He published a small volume of hymns with a preface in which is this prayer to God: "What is water in the hymns turn into wine."

Once, when pointing out to a guest at Everton the picture on the wall, he ran through them thus:

"That is Calvin, that is Luther, and that," pointing to a glass over the fireplace, "is the devil."

The guest stepped to the mirror, and saw his own face.

"Is it not a striking likeness?" asked the humorist.

As he was a bachelor, he was tormented for several years with housekeepers, and then thought of marrying. Opening the Bible and taking a passage at random, which was then a method by which good people sometimes sought divine direction, "Thou shalt not take thee a wife." It was enough; he died a bachelor.

The mirthful preacher was the means of turning thousands to a better way. While dying a friend said to him,

"The Lord will soon call you up higher."

"Ay, ay!" whispered the dying man. "Higher! higher! higher!" He never spoke again.—Companion.

## THE DYING CHILD.

Mrs. B— sat near a scanty pallet, on which was extended the suffering little Freddy, her bright and beautiful boy, reduced to skin and bone. His large, mysterious eyes were turned upward, watching the flitting of leaves and the filaments of sunshine that peered through the foliage of the multicaulis. An infant about a month old, meagre, weary of its existence, lay on her bosom, and she in vain trying to charm it to repose.

"Mamma," said Freddy, reaching out his waxen hand, "take me to your bosom."

"Yes, love! as soon as Maria is still."

"Mamma, if God had not sent us that little cross baby, you could love me, and nurse me as you did when I was sick in Cincinnati. My throat is hot, mamma. I wish I had a drink in a tumbler—glass tumbler, mamma, and I could look through it."

"Dear, you shall have a tumbler," cried Mrs. B—, her lip quivering with emotion and a wild fire in her eyes.

"Yes, mamma, one cold drink in a tumbler and your poor little Freddy would fly up, up there where that little bird sits. Will papa come to-night and get us bread? You said he would. Will he get me a tumbler of water? No, mamma, he will be drunk. Nuldy ever gets drunk in heaven, mamma?"

"No, no, my son, my angel!"

"No one says cross words, mamma?"

"No, bless your sweet tongue."

"And there is nice cold water there, and silver cups?"

"Oh, yes, my child, a fountain of living waters."

"And it never gets dark there?"

"Never, never!" and the tears fell in streams down the mother's pale cheek.

"And nobody gets sick and dies?"

"No, my love."

"If they were so, God would let the

angels bring them water, I know he would, from the big fountain. Oh, mamma, don't cry. Do people cry in heaven?"

"Oh, no, sweet one; God wipes away all tears," replied the weeping mother.

"And the angels kissed them off, I s'pose. But tell me, mamma, will he come there?"

"Who, my son?"

"You know, mamma—papa."

"Hush, Freddy dear, lie still; you worry yourself."

"Oh, my throat! Dear me, if I only had a little water in a tumbler, mamma, just one little mouthful."

"You shall have it;" and as the mother said this, the poor child passed away into the arms of Him who shall evermore give it of the bright waters of everlasting life.

## GOOD FOR CANADA.

A NOVA SCOTIAN family removed to Brooklyn, N. Y. A good story is told of one of the daughters when scarcely in her teens. At a school examination comparative geography was the subject. Each pupil had to name a country and compare it in size to the United States. In turn came forth Miss Kitchen. "The United States is so many times larger than Great Britain! So many times larger than France! So many times larger than Spain! So many times larger than Chili! So many times larger than Mexico! A little larger than Brazil, but not quite as large as Canada!" (Consternation throughout the school.) "Tain't so," can't be so, shouted a chorus of voices. "But it is. Canada is over 365,000 square miles larger than the United States!" The young lady sat down in triumph. The class had an object-lesson in Canadian geography.

## JESUS LOVES ME.

LITTLE Carrie was a heathen child, about ten years old, with bright, black eyes, dark skin, curly brown hair, and slight form.

A little while after she began to go to school, the teacher noticed one day that she looked less happy than usual.

"My dear," she said, "why do you look so sad?"

"Because I am thinking."

"What are you thinking about?"

"Oh, teacher! I do not know whether Jesus loves me or not."

"Carrie, did Jesus ever invite little children to come to him?"

The little girl repeated the verse, "Suffer little children to come unto me," which she had learned at school.

"Well, what is that for?"

In an instant Carrie clapped her hands with joy, and said, "It is not for you, teacher, is it? for you are not a child. No; it is for me! for me!"

From that hour Carrie knew that Jesus loved her; and she loved him back again with all her heart.

Now if the heathen children learn that Jesus loves them, and believe his kind words as soon as they hear them, ought not we, who hear so much about the dear Saviour, to believe and love him too? Every one of us ought to say, "It is for me! it is for me!" and throw ourselves into the arms of the loving Saviour.

## "MY SMOKE-HOUSE."

A MAN who lives in Albany, and whose business is that of a clerk, said that he had lately built a house that had cost him three thousand dollars. His friends expressed their wonder that he could afford to build so fine a dwelling.

"Why," said he, "it is my smoke-house."

"Your smoke-house! What do you mean?"

"Why, I mean that twenty years ago I left off smoking, and I have put the money saved from smoke, with the interest, into my house. Hence, I call it my smoke-house."

Now, boys, we want you to think of this when you are tempted to take your first cigar. Think how much good might be done with the money you are beginning to spend in smoke. What would you think of a man who, to amuse himself, should light a ten dollar bill, and watch it burn? Is it any more sensible to take instead of your money a roll of old dry leaves, light it, and see it smoke?