

**The Little Leaves.**

"We must go," sighed little Ruby, Orange, Topaz, Garnet, Gold;  
 "For the chilly breeze is calling,  
 And the year is growing old.  
 Good-bye, quiet, sunny meadows  
 That we never more shall see;  
 Good-bye, winding brooks of silver,  
 Snowy lamb, and dear old tree—  
 Dear, old, loving mother-tree.

From the branches down they fluttered,  
 Like a rainbow scattered wide;  
 And the old tree looked so lonely,  
 That was once the woodland's pride.  
 But the wind came wildly piping,  
 And they danced away with glee  
 Ruby, Topaz, Garnet, Orange,  
 Soon forgot the poor old tree—  
 Poor, old, loving mother-tree.

But when skies of drear November  
 Frowned upon their wild delight  
 All the little leaves grew lonely,  
 And they wandered back one night;  
 And they nestled in a hollow  
 At the foot of the old tree,  
 Sighing, "All the long white winter  
 We shall now so quiet be  
 Near our dear old mother-tree."

**OUR PERIODICALS:**

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

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

Christian Guardian, weekly.....	\$1 00
McLoddt Magazine, 88 pp., monthly, illustrated	2 00
Magazine, Guardian and Onward together.....	3 50
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly.....	1 00
Sunday School Banner, 62 pp., 8vo., monthly.....	0 60
Onward, 8 pp., 4to., weekly, under 5 copies.....	0 00
5 copies and over.....	0 06
Pleasant Hours, 4 pp., 4to., weekly, single copies	0 25
Less than 20 copies.....	0 25
Over 20 copies.....	0 25
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than ten copies.....	0 15
10 copies and upwards.....	0 12
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than ten copies.....	0 15
10 copies and upwards.....	0 12
Berean Leaf, monthly, 100 copies per month.....	5 00
Berean Leaf, quarterly.....	0 06
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.

G. W. COATES, S. F. HUBBIS,  
 2176 St. Catherine St., Wesleyan Book Room,  
 Montreal, Halifax, N.S.

**Pleasant Hours:**

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, OCTOBER 19, 1895.

**FITLY SPOKEN.**

A SWEET little girl, poorly clad, and with a small coin tightly clutched in her hand, timidly entered the store of a Fifth Avenue florist.

"I want the best bouquet you can give me for ten cents," she said to the clerk, who smiled audibly at her request.

"I'd advise you to wait till next summer," he said, in a patronizing way. "Flowers don't grow in greenhouses for nothing."

The snub chilled the child, who said, with tears in her eyes,

"But next summer won't be Sister Lizzie's birthday, and to-morrow is. Besides, I don't want them for nothing. I told you I had ten cents. See, here it is." She was as grand as if it had been ten dollars.

"O, go along!" said the thoughtless clerk; "we have no ten-cent bouquets here."

The child looked at him with incredulous eyes. How could he speak so lightly of what appeared to her like actual wealth? Tears of cruel disappointment rose in her eyes as she turned away.

A little Christian Endeavour girl, who was tying up flowers for the florist, overheard this dialogue and was sorry for the child. She whispered hurriedly to the clerk,

"Here are some waste flowers, Mr. Smith. They haven't been thrown away yet. Let me make her happy."

"All right!" said the unfeeling clerk; "give 'em to her."

"Come back, little one," said the girl,

smiling. "Here are some roses and pinks that aren't as fresh as they might be. You can have them for nothing if they'll suit."

Then she tied a little pink ribbon around them and, with a look of love, handed them to the little girl.

They not only suited, but they seemed to the grieving heart of the child as fresh and beautiful as those in the window. Her shining eyes and thankful words caused a tear of joy to moisten the eyes of the young lady. She had done a kind deed, and the thought of it warmed her own heart, brought joy to the little girl, and made Lizzie's birthday as sweet as an angel's smile.

Verily, "of such is the kingdom of heaven."

**TIM'S REWARD.**

BY ANNIE L. HANNAH.

TIM's father had just died, and the earnest desire that he might be able to take care of his mother—who was far from strong—filled Tim's heart; and so on the very day after his father was buried, he started out to "hunt up a job;" for up to that time he had gone to school.

But it was so late in the summer that the farmers were all supplied with hands; and after applying at three or four places, Tim stopped, almost discouraged, before a beautiful house in the midst of large grounds. The gardener was working among the flower beds, and Tim heard a woman, who was wheeling a baby up and down the walks, say, as she passed him once, "These late heavy rains have given the weeds a good start of you, Thomas."

"You're right, nurse; and of all times for that boy to take himself off! He wasn't worth his salt, to be sure, but I could manage to get something out of him. What I'm to do between the mowing and the weeding, now that the leaves are beginning to fall, is past me!"

Tim's heart beat high, and in another moment he had opened the gate, and going to Thomas's side, said eagerly: "Please, sir, I was looking at your flowers, and couldn't help hearing what you said. May I weed for you? I am very anxious to earn some money."

"What do you know about weeding?" asked Thomas rather gruffly, looking him well over.

"A little," said Tim; "but I am sure I could soon learn more if you would kindly tell me what you like. I want the work very much."

"Humph!" said Thomas; then glanced at nurse, who nodded quite violently.

"Well," he said after a moment, "you may try for an hour; I'll soon be able to tell what you are worth. You may begin on that bed there."

In passing the little carriage to go to the bed which Thomas had pointed out, Tim stopped to look at the lovely child, and with such evident admiration as quite won nurse's heart; and the little creature herself, after one long look from her honest baby eyes, put out both hands to him, saying: "Nice boy; Bay likes nice boy!"

"To think of her taking to him like that!" exclaimed nurse, as Tim, blushing with pleasure, went to his work.

Two or three times Thomas came and stood for a moment by his side watching him; then, with a little nod of satisfaction, went away and left him to himself. One, two, three hours passed, and nothing was said about Tim leaving off; and at last, when, at six o'clock, Thomas gave him his money, he said: "You may come again to-morrow morning."

It would be hard to find a happier boy than Tim, when he laid his first earnings in his mother's hands, and told her he was to go again on the morrow.

He was at work bright and early next morning. As he was weeding the lawn after breakfast, a sweet-faced lady came out of the house and began wheeling baby up and down the walks. The moment the child caught sight of Tim she held out both arms toward him, saying in her cooing little voice: "Bay's nice boy; come to Bay;" and Tim's brown face flushed again as he went and took one of her tiny hands in his.

"My baby seems to have made friends with you," said the lady kindly. "Nurse has a bad headache, and I have some sewing I want very much to do. Would you be

careful if I asked you to wheel her for a while? I will explain to Thomas."

Careful! Never did any one feel a greater responsibility than Tim as he rolled the little carriage across the lawn, the baby looking up into his face with her great serious eyes, and the lovely lady watching them from the piazza! And when, an hour later, she called him to her, and told him kindly that he was an excellent nurse, and that he should help again some day, Tim's happiness was complete.

Then she asked him about himself, and listened, greatly interested, while he told her of his great desire to take care of his mother as his father used to do. That night Thomas told Tim to come again the next day; and so things went on for a whole week, and though the boy never imagined how closely he was being watched, he worked, as his father had always taught him to work, faithfully, neglecting not the smallest thing that Thomas gave him to do. Finally, as he was about to leave on Saturday night, Thomas told him to go into the house—that the master wanted to see him; and presently Tim found himself standing before a kind-looking gentleman, whom he had seen once or twice before about the place.

"Well, my boy," he said, "Thomas tells me that you have proved very faithful about the work which he has given you to do, and others tell me the same thing, and as we want a boy, you may have the place;" and then he named a sum as wages far exceeding Tim's hopes.

As Tim began to thank him most gratefully, the gentleman said, "No, you have only yourself, and your parents—who must have taught you well—to thank. If you had not been found faithful and trustworthy in the little things, if you had been careless and unfaithful, and slighted your work, I should never have thought of offering you the place. Tell your mother so. I am sure I need not tell you to be here early on Monday."

And so Tim, by being faithful over the "few things," won for himself a position which he held for years; for finally he himself became gardener, with a boy under him.—*The Morning Star.*

**JESUS AS A TEACHER.**

How we are tempted to say fine things of Christ. Language about him that is merely complimentary is profane. It is a startling question, How does much that is said of him, even in the pulpit, really appear to him?

Jesus himself never said anything for mere effect. He never said anything that would be considered fine, so as to draw admiration to himself, and lose its practical influence in the conscience and heart. His words had a strange authority in them. The testimony was at the close of the Sermon on the Mount. He spoke with authority, and not as the scribes.

But this authority was not mere official authority. Jesus was not yet established in this; and never during his life, in the public estimation, was he the equal of such men as Gamaliel. Besides, the scribes had official authority, and the authority which comes from learning. They were the recognized teachers of the people, and yet their teaching was cold, formal, and heartless—it had none of the power which stirs the souls of men. The authority of Jesus was the authority of truth—truth which had to be spoken—an authority mightier than all human traditions and human sanctions. And, again, his words had the accent of truth; a great quality, for without this, truth set in words is deprived of half its power. The words of Jesus were the utterance of convictions which lay upon his inmost heart, with the weight of a solid structure. The Man was behind his words and in them. Another great quality of his teaching was its perfect sincerity. To the very core of his being Jesus was sincere, and his words had in them the evident tone of perfect candour. To these qualities we must add an absorbing earnestness. A man may be truthful and candid, and yet formal and cold.

It was not so with Jesus. Words came from his lips weighty and burning with the fervour of his own pure spirit, very different from all the teachers of his age.

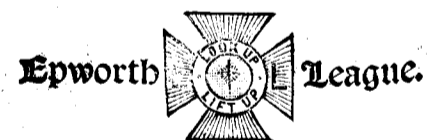
What must have been the power of that earnestness! A great nature made strong, and kindled into a flame by his living grasp of great truths, such as the Fatherhood of God, and the sonship of man; and mankind in its sinfulness, its need of salvation, and its immortality. To Jesus all these truths were real, and in him they were weakened by no worldly ambition, no deceitful policy, no seeking for human favour, and no shrinking from human censure. Taken altogether, these great qualities in the teaching of Jesus—truthfulness, sincerity, and earnestness—gave an awful realism to the things he taught.

His words seemed like a voice from another world; and that unseen and shadowy world was brought nigh. And this power of realizing the other world—the spiritual and unseen—stirred in his hearers, who did not harden their hearts, the conviction—all he says he feels and means, and we shall find it all true. And then agreeing with all this, Jesus had a naturalness and simplicity which were an element of great power. All his parables show this, and yet they are only hints, we may suppose, of the marvellous and powerful simplicity and naturalness which distinguished his words—words which served as the simple natural dress of his own perfect truth and love—words which were made more fresh and interesting and more effective in carrying home their lessons, by setting them in illustrations drawn from the fields and flowers, and from the homes and customs of the people.—*S. S. Magazine.*

**Gems of Thought.**

A LONELY rock by the wayside,  
 All jagged and seamed and rent;  
 Yet over its brow the daisies  
 Their pure, bright faces bent.  
 Gay columbines danced on slender stems,  
 And fairy trumpets blew;  
 From every crevice tufts of fern  
 And feathery grasses grew,  
 Till gone were the outlines sharp and bare  
 That might offend the eye,  
 And the wayside rock was a charming sight  
 To every passer-by.

Dear heart, alone and lonely,  
 Though shattered life's hopes may be,  
 The Lord who cares for the wayside rock,  
 Much more will care for thee.  
 Thy deeds of tenderness, words of love,  
 Like flowers may spring and twine,  
 Till joy shall come into others' lives  
 From the very rents in thine.

**JUNIOR LEAGUE.**

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

October 27, 1895.

HUMAN LIFE PROTECTED.—Exodus 20. 13.

This command explains our duty to our neighbour. We need not say how that murder is strictly prohibited. But still further, we are not to manufacture, nor sell, nor give our neighbour any article of diet either of meat or drink which would injure others. This emphatically refers to the manufacture and use of intoxicating liquors and tobacco, by men and boys, but especially the latter, which should never be used by children or young people. Practices and amusements which endanger life and injure health should never be followed, such as wrestling, racing, and performing deeds of labour for prizes. Some have thought that the command forbids the taking of life for the crime of murder, but they forget that the Bible tells us that "whosoever sheddeth man's blood, by man also his blood shall be shed." War is a deadly business and should never be followed, except in pure defence. It is our duty as citizens to protect life and property, and when we are thus engaged if any life should be taken the aggressor must bear the responsibility. If all men would obey the Golden Rule laid down by Jesus Christ human life would be sacred, and no person would either destroy or injure the life of another.