

### A Thought for the Last Days of the Year.

WERE this the last of earth,  
This very day,  
How should I think and act?  
What should I say?  
Would not I guard my heart  
With earnest prayer?  
Would not I serve my friends  
With loving care?

And yet this fleeting life  
Is one last day;  
How long soe'er its hours,  
They will not stay.  
O heart, be soft and true  
While thou dost beat;  
O hands, be swift to do;  
O lips, be sweet!

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## Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, JUNE 22, 1895.

### "BLESSED ARE THE PEACE-MAKERS."

BY M. B. SLEIGHT.

NELLIE and Harry were having a merry time one Saturday afternoon playing "keep store." All went very smoothly until some little accident occurred that stirred up Harry's temper, and then their pleasant play was changed to angry strife. In the midst of it the door suddenly opened, and their father looked in upon them with a surprised and sorrowful face.

"What! quarrelling, my children?" he said. "The good Jesus says, 'Little children, love one another.'"

He did not need to add more, for the brother and sister were standing silent and ashamed; Nellie with the corner of her white apron in her mouth, and Harry writing with the toe of his boot illegible letters on the play-room floor. In a moment they both ran to their father, and, climbing into his arms, acknowledged their fault and begged his pardon. The good father sat down and talked with them a little while on the duty of exercising brotherly love, and then, after receiving his kiss of forgiveness, they went on playing as pleasantly as before the angry storm arose.

Not many days after, their father came to tea one evening with a disturbed look on his face. Nellie and Harry saw that he was troubled, so they did not laugh and talk as usual, but ate their supper in silence, while their mother, though wondering much at her husband's moodiness, like a sensible woman refrained from asking questions.

Presently he said to her, "Margaret, I don't wish you or the children to make any more purchases at Mr. Stanton's store. He and I have had a falling out. He has been the cause of my losing over a hundred dollars to-day and I'll have no more dealings with him."

Now Mr. Stanton was a deacon in the church, and perhaps that was why Nellie opened her eyes in such wide amazement.

Mrs. Hadley simply said "Very well," not thinking it a proper time to inquire into the particulars of the case, and then the subject was dropped.

That evening when Nellie had said her prayers she climbed upon her father's knee for her customary good-night kiss, and sat there looking very thoughtful for a little while, then she asked, turning her serious face to his:

"Papa, are all Christians brothers and sisters?"

"Yes, dear," he replied, somewhat wondering at the question, "all who love Jesus are brothers and sisters."

"And papa," went on the little questioner, "didn't you tell us that brothers and sisters ought to love each other very much, and never quarrel, and all that?"

"Certainly, my child," he answered, not seeing the drift of her query, "It is not right for brothers and sisters to quarrel, is it?"

"Well, papa," and Nellie hesitated and lowered her voice that no one else might hear, "isn't Deacon Stanton your brother, papa?" She did not wait for an answer, but stealing another kiss, slipped down from his knee and went upstairs; but her wise little words had entered her father's heart like arrows of truth and he could not rest.

"Wife," he said, after a half-hour's earnest thought, "I must see Deacon Stanton this very night. It's a wrong state of affairs when two brothers in the church are scarcely on speaking terms." So Mr. Hadley went at once to see Deacon Stanton, and when he returned it was with a lightened heart and the consciousness of being at peace with his brother.

Little Nellie knew nothing of all this, and she wondered much when her mother sent her to Mr. Stanton's store the following morning for a dollar's worth of sugar; and when Mr. Stanton patted her on the head and gave her a great golden orange she wondered still more. But the old deacon knew all about the little girl's good-night talk with her father, and he guessed that God's angel in his book of records had written under her name, "Blessed are the peacemakers."

### COUNTRY AND PEOPLE OF SIAM.

THE kingdom of Siam is in the south-eastern part of Asia, immediately east of Burma, and has about 6,000,000 inhabitants. The present king is Chulalongkorn I. He was born September 21, 1853, and succeeded to the throne on the death of his father, October 1, 1868. The principal religion is Buddhism. The king has for one of his titles "The Lord of the White Elephant." The national flag has on it a white elephant on a red ground, and when one is found there is great rejoicing, and he is brought to the capital in great state, and the king and court go out to meet him.

A missionary writes from Siam: "The Siamese, with all other Buddhists, believe that at death their spirits pass into the body of some man or animal, of more or less importance according to the amount of merit made while living, and that they may be thus born thousands of times. If they find an elephant of a lighter complexion than usual they think the spirit of some distinguished person dwells in it, possibly that of some future Buddha, sure to bring a blessing on the country which possesses so great a treasure. Time was when these beasts were duly worshipped by king and people; their stables were palaces; they were fed from golden dishes, and wore heavy gold rings upon their tusks, and were fettered with golden chains. Even now the populace fall with their heads to the ground as they are led out richly caparisoned on state occasions, while the royal officers, and even the king himself, always make them obeisance in passing."

Probably the largest idol in the world is the "Sleeping Idol" in Bangkok. It is at least one hundred and sixty feet long, and is made of brick and heavily gilded. The feet are five feet long, and the soles are beautifully inlaid with mother-of-pearl.

Every February multitudes of the Siamese visit Prabat. The word means

"sacred foot," and it is supposed that Buddha left a clear imprint of his foot in a rock on the mountain. This mountain is covered with many white-spined pagodas, and a splendid shrine is built over the sacred footprint. The rocky platform on which it stands is reached by fifty steps, which devout Buddhists ascend on their knees. On the walls inside hangs what is said to be a representation of the footprint, made of beaten gold and set with jewels. Of what is worshipped as the footprint itself one can see only a dark oblong opening in the floor, like a small open grave. It is inclosed in a railing about a foot high, said to be of solid silver, and over it is an elegant gilt canopy, with curtains of cloth of gold. How different are those footprints of which Bunyan writes: "I have loved to hear my Lord spoken of, and wherever I have seen the print of his shoe in the earth there I have coveted to set my foot also."

If you should throw a silver coin to a beggar in Siam you would receive some such blessing as this: "May you flourish in this state of being and the next; have elephants, horses and servants; silver, gold, rice, salt and every good thing. May you have sons who shall be priests, and may you live in a well-built house."

Superstition and the worship of idols enter not only into the holidays of the Siamese, but into everything they do. "They praise the gods of silver and gold, of brass, iron, wood and stone, and the God in whose hand their breath is have they not glorified."

There are thousands of yellow-robed priests in Siam who live on the charity of the people, as they go from house to house with a bowl for rice and bags for fruit.

### ANOTHER DOG STORY.

THE growing literature of animal autobiography, which by such remarkable books as "Black Beauty" and "Beautiful Joe" has come to have an importance far beyond the mere number of its class of books, is to be augmented very soon by what is said to be a clever thing from the pen of a Toronto lady, already known to the world of letters, Mrs. Annie G. Savigny, author of "A Romance of Toronto," "Three Wedding Rings," etc. "Lion: the Story of a Mastiff," is the book in question, which is now going through the press of William Briggs, and will be issued about the first of June. An ingenious and clever chapter in the book is the report of a convention of animals held in a romantic glen in the vicinity of Scarborough Heights. Lion, a young but very decorous puppy, is privileged to be present with his mother, who (such the advance in feminine rights) presides over the somewhat motley gathering. Bob, the worn-out wreck of a once spirited carriage horse, unfolds a tale of woe that harrows the feelings of the audience to an alarming degree. A cow, a cat, a fox terrier, a frisky squirrel, and even a gay and voluble parrot, also tell of their humane or cruel masters. The book will, as a story, be greatly enjoyed by the young, and its lessons cannot fail of good. The author has contrived to work into the story a great many useful hints by which, if practised, we can add much to the common stock of comfort and happiness of the dumb animals about us. The Committee of the Toronto Humane Society appointed to read the MS. of "Lion" very justly reported it as "an exceedingly useful and valuable book, and a good companion to 'Black Beauty.'"

### DON'T SMOKE, BOYS.

No man or boy is free who is tied to his cigar or cigarette. He is so much less a man as he is a slave to this indulgence. Anything that makes a man less a man, or a boy less a boy, must be nipped in the bud, though it be dear as a right hand or a right eye. God has given us our bodies and our souls in trust; and we must return them to him in as good a condition as we received them, with the increase of talents which he requires of his faithful children. Character-building, next to service to God and man, is our chief business in this world; and we must steer clear of every taste, habit, or desire that stands in the

way of making ourselves noble and true human beings.

But enough. Don't smoke, boys. Be pure, clean, sweet from all such habits. Have wholesome breaths, mouth undefiled. God by his laws has put up this notice in his universe, "No smoking here." We ought to rejoice in all his laws, for they are for our good. Throw the cigar, the cigarette, into the fire, and never light another. It will be a hard thing to do, but a victory over a bad habit is one of the noblest things we can achieve in this world. May our heavenly Father help you in your efforts!



JUNIOR LEAGUE.

June 30, 1895.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

PARDONED AND ACCEPTED.—Galatians 2. 16.

Justification means acquittal; it has a reference to all the sins that a man has committed during his past life. It is a legal term, and means the same thing as pardon or forgiveness. The passage under consideration describes how men are forgiven or receive the blessing of justification. The blessing does not come by the law. By the deeds of the law no man can be justified. He may attend to all the ceremonies as laid down in the ceremonial law, and yet he will still be a sinner in the sight of God. He may seek to perform all duties prescribed by the moral law, and yet he will remain an unpardoned sinner. By faith alone man is justified. See Romans 5. 1. You see the Saviour here is called Jesus Christ, Christ Jesus, and Christ. They all mean the same exalted and glorified person, who became sin-offering for us, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him. The name Jesus means Saviour and was first given by the angel who appeared unto Mary. (Matthew 1. 21.) The word Christ means anointed, and is the same as Messiah, only one is Greek and the other is Hebrew. He has become the Saviour of the world and all who believe in him are justified from all things from which they could not be free by the law of Moses. Hence then we see the importance of faith or believing.

"To him that in thy name believes  
Eternal life to him is given,  
Into himself he all receives  
Pardon and holiness and heaven."

See to it that ye believe in him. Believe that he died for you, and that because of his death God forgives you, and believe that he forgives you now. He has promised to do so and he is faithful to his word. Now then receive him as your Saviour.

### EUCLID AVENUE JUNIOR LEAGUE.

FOR this branch of the work we have, I think, the best man in the country for superintendent, particularly adapted for the work, and he is making it a grand success. Easter Sunday morning they took charge of the service in the church. Every person appeared thoroughly delighted. They had singing, and the president gave a short report of their objects and what they were doing. One boy gave the sermon, others explained what Easter was, and why they observed it: then flowers were carried in and laid at the foot of the cross, and so on: and this interspersed with the singing of the children made the most beautiful, touching and impressive service I have ever been in, and very many others expressed themselves in the same way. So much has been said of the knowledge our Juniors have of the Bible that someone sent a request that they be asked some questions, so the superintendent asked them a few, and it was marvellous how quickly they told him the books of the Bible, divisions, history, languages, authors, etc. They ran them off like A. B. C. I feel sure there was not a person in the church could tell half as much as they could about it, but I fear I am making my report too long, so must close, and will be glad to hear from others of the good work being done.

THE PRESIDENT.