

Children's Day Foreseen.

SWEETLY sang the stern old prophet,
In the dawning of the day,
Of the new streets of the city,
Full of boys and girls at play.

How the peaceful old men, leaning
On their staves, should look on them,
Laughing in their merry gambols,
In the New Jerusalem.

Fancy all those golden highways
Full of happy boys and girls,
Playing 'round the feet of angels,
'Neath the rosy light of pearls!

Softly said the blessed Master,
'Mongst the hills of Galilee,
'All made up of hearts like children's
Shall my heavenly kingdom be."

There shall be eternal Sabbath—
So the holy writers say:
May be their "Eternal Sabbath"
Meant Eternal Children's Day!

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Rev. W. H. WITHROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 15, 1888.

A DEVOTED LADY MISSIONARY.

Miss LEITCH, of Javna, Ceylon, remarks: "There was a young lady who had been out in India for many years, who, when asked if she did not want to go home, and have a little rest, and see her old friends, replied, 'Go home! No, I have no time to go home; I am too busy in my Master's work.' She was most devoted, spending her whole life for the salvation of others, praying that the girls under her care might be both Christians and earnest workers. As she lay dying, one of the missionaries went to her and asked: 'Would you like me to pray with you?' 'Yes,' she answered. 'Anything special?' was the gentle inquiry. 'Yes; pray for the women of Javna, that they may come to Christ,' she earnestly answered. That was the one thought of her life and of her death. A number of women, all of whom had graduated under her, met to pray that God would restore her to health, or take

her to himself without pain. Eventually she slipped away peacefully, while they were thus engaged. What a wonderful life she had led! What a blessing she had been to thousands! For a life like that, and a future like hers, it is surely worth while to give up home and friends, and go forth on the Lord's errand!"

LIVE PEACEABLY.

A CHILD of God always tries to remember that she is not her own, and she never can resent an injury, never hold malice, and not only so, but an injured one will remember the words of the benediction, "Blessed are the peacemakers." She will watch for, long for, rejoice at any opportunity by which she may "heap coals of fire" upon the head of the one who has grieved or injured her! The command in such a case is very plain. It does not say, "Wait until he comes and makes a proper apology;" no, "Go, tell him his fault between thee and him alone;" mark you, "him alone," and that does not mean your next door neighbour, nor the friend to whom you repeat the grievance in confidence! If you love, and he continues to hate, then just act on the words,

"I always go to Jesus,
When troubled or distressed."

Don't "stand on your dignity." God gives grace to the humble. You are a follower of him who was "meek and lowly in heart." We sing,

"Low in the dust I'd lay me,
That the world might my Saviour see;"

and yet some of us dislike standing in the valley of humiliation, even when that means treading in the footsteps of Jesus. Nothing can stand the power of love. Prayer and love, gentle and tactful, will conquer any enemy!

ONE OF GOD'S PICTURES.

"FATHER, what is the definition of artist?" said Fred Inglesant, looking up suddenly from his book.

"In what particular sense is it to be applied?" was the questioning reply.

"Painting," said Fred.

"The simplest definition, I think, would be: one who produces a pleasing and natural effect in the harmony of colour, skilful grouping and correct outline of his scenes or forms. He who comes nearest to nature is a true artist. It requires a keen eye, a ready touch, and a soul alive to all that is good and beautiful, to reproduce the work of the greatest artist the world has ever known or ever will know."

"Do you mean Michael Angelo or Raphael?" asked Fred.

"No, neither of those; if you walk out with me, I will show you one of his pictures."

As none of their friends had handsome paintings, Fred was surprised, and his surprise increased as they neared the river.

His father stopped. "What do you see?" he asked.

"The river dotted with sails," Fred said, looking questioningly at his father.

"Yes, a clear, flowing stream, widening out until it is touched by the heavenly azure of the sky, over which float opal clouds, with here and there breaking through them floods of golden light; all this reflected in the mirror below, as are the white sails gilding so smoothly over it."

"Oh, now I see the picture you promised me, father!" exclaimed Fred, catching some of his father's inspiration. "See how it is framed in by those trees, which seem to form an arch over this end of it, and the rocks on this side, and all the tangle of wild flowers and vines. Even this old log helps to make it more perfect, doesn't it?"

His father smiled. "I need not tell you who is the greatest artist now, I see," he said. "The critic can find no fault with his work."

JOSEPH IN EGYPT.

AND Pharaoh said unto his servants, Can we find such a one as this is, and a man in whom the spirit of God is? And Pharaoh said unto Joseph, Forasmuch as God hath shewed thee all this, there is none so discreet and wise as thou art: Thou shalt be over my house, and according unto thy word shall all my people be ruled: only in the throne will I be greater than thou. And Pharaoh said unto Joseph, See, I have set thee over all the land of Egypt. And Pharaoh took off his ring from his hand, and put it upon Joseph's hand, and arrayed him in vestures of fine linen, and put a gold chain about his neck: and he made him to ride in the second chariot which he had: and they cried before him, Bow the knee: and he made him ruler over all the land of Egypt. And Pharaoh said unto Joseph, I am Pharaoh, and without thee shall no man lift up his hand or foot in all the land of Egypt. And Joseph was thirty years old when he stood before Pharaoh king of Egypt. And Joseph went out from the presence of Pharaoh, and went throughout all the land of Egypt. (Gen. 41. 38-44, 46.)

ASKING GOD'S BLESSING.

CHARLIE was going home with his uncle. They were on the steamboat all night. A steamboat is furnished with little beds on each side of the cabin. Those little beds are called berths. When it was time to go to bed Charlie undressed himself.

"Make haste and jump into your berth, boy," said his uncle.

"Mayn't I first kneel down and ask God to take care of us?" asked Charlie.

"We shall be taken care of fast enough," said his uncle.

"Yes, sir," said Charlie, "but mother always tells us not to take anything without first asking."

Uncle Tom had nothing to say to that, and Charlie knelt down, just as he did by his own little bed at home. God's bounty and goodness and grace you live on day by day, my children, but never take it without first asking.

GREAT RESULTS FROM SEWING TRIFLES.

It is said the needle of a missionary's wife was the simple instrument God used to give access to Oriental Zenanas. A piece of embroidery wrought by her deft fingers found its way to the secluded inmates of a Zenana. If a woman could do such work as that, other women could learn under her instruction; and so, with the cordial consent of the husband, this Christian woman was welcomed to the inside of his home, and as she taught his wife the art of embroidery, she was working the "scarlet thread," dyed in the blood of the Lamb, into the more delicate fabric of their hearts and lives.

THE COST OF A BLUE RIBBON.

"DOTH Job serve God for naught?" was the devil's question; and the devil's children are continually asking similar questions concerning the people of God. Judging other folks by themselves, they have no idea of doing things simply because it is right to do them; and they believe that men who do right usually do it with some selfish end or aim in view. Now and then one of these questioners gets his answer.

"How much do you get for wearing that?" said a young gentleman in an omnibus to one on whose coat was displayed the total abstinence badge of blue ribbon.

"Really I can't say exactly," replied the wearer of the ribbon; "but I think it costs me about twenty thousand pounds a year," was the prompt and unexpected reply of Mr. Carrington.

And his statement was literally true. He was the son of a great brewer, whose name stands on the public houses all over the kingdom. When he died, he designed his brewery for his oldest son, Frederick, if he were willing to carry on the business; if not, the brewery was to go to his youngest son, and Frederick was to receive a smaller property instead of it. The elder son had not long before consecrated himself to the service of God, and had begun to work among the poor and sinful and degraded in the east of London. In trying to turn them from their evil ways, and rescue them from their terrible condition, he speedily became acquainted with the fact that the great obstacle in the way of gospel work was drink, and that the Carrington brewery was doing ten times more harm than his mission was likely to do good. Accordingly he quit the brewery business, sacrificing an income of nearly one hundred thousand dollars a year, and went to work to undo, so far as could, the mischief that was being done by drink.—*The Christian*.