

A Birthday Greeting.

BY A. D. G.

A new year lies before you, my dear,
As a book with pages white;
On every page a column you'll find
On which you alone must write.

This book is a gift to you, my dear,
A gift from your Father above,
Its pages glisten with diamonds and gems,
And rubies and pearls of love.

And the use you make of the pearls, my dear,
The rubies, and gems so rare,
The diamonds of minutes and hours and days
And months of your Father's care.

You must write in this lovely book, my dear,
Each thought, each act, and each word;
And well for you if the record be found
Just and fair in the sight of your Lord.

Then in this book of remembrance, my dear,
With the golden pen of love,
Your name will be written, and kept as a gem
In his treasure house above.

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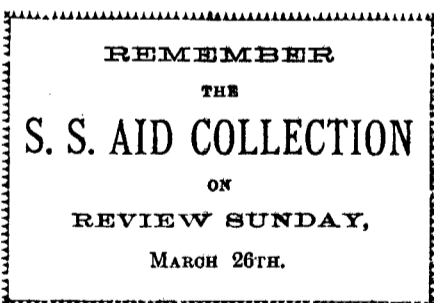
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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, MARCH 18, 1893.



THIS collection, it will be remembered, is ordered by the General Conference to be taken up in each and every Sunday-school in the Methodist Church; and the Review Sunday in March is recommended as the best time for taking it up. This fund is increasing in usefulness, and does a very large amount of good. Almost all the schools comply with the Discipline in taking it up. In a few cases, however, it is neglected. It is very desirable that every school should fall into line. Even schools so poor as to need help themselves are required to comply with the Discipline in this respect, to be entitled to receive aid from this fund. Superintendents of circuits and superintendents of schools will kindly see that in every case the collection is taken up. It should, when taken up, be given in charge of the Superintendent of the circuit, to be forwarded to the District Financial Secretaries, who shall transmit the same to the Conference Sunday-school Secretary, who shall in turn remit to Warring Kennedy, Esq., Toronto, the lay-treasurer of the Fund. (See Discipline, secs. 354-356.)

DUMB WITNESSES.

BY KATE W. HAMILTON.

It was not wonderful that the neighbours called the place "Noah's Ark," but old Casper cared little what anyone said, and went on adding cage after cage to his queer collection, and enjoying himself in his quiet, odd way. By and by the boys of the town learned to know that Casper's was the place to secure any pet they desired. No rabbits were so tame, no pigeons so well trained, no squirrels so intelligent as his. Then, too, he was willing not only to sell, but also to buy and to exchange, and so gradually a fair trade was established in his peculiar commodities. At first the old man seemed inclined to avoid all but necessary business intercourse with his fellow-townsmen, and keep himself only to the society of his "family," as he grandly called the feathered and hairy inmates of his ark; but the place was so attractive to the boys that it was not easy to prevent their visits.

Max would run in on his way to and from market and regale some of his favourites with stalks of celery or fresh beet-tops, laughing at the squawking and quacking that his coming aroused, until old Casper could but laugh with him. Younger boys, emboldened by his success, followed his example, and there were nuts for the squirrels and dainties for the monkeys stored away in many a small pocket. Casper could not resist kindness to his "family," and so visits became numerous. But no one loved the ark as little Fritz did. Poor Fritz, indeed, had not much else to love. He had no relatives except a dissipated uncle, who cared nothing for him beyond the work he could be made to do, and the child's usage and fare were notoriously hard. Still, he saved many a bit from his own scant meals for his friends at Casper's, and considered himself well rewarded when little soft paws scratched his ragged jacket, or a bird perched fearlessly on his shoulder and ate from his hand.

"They don't care; they like Fritz as well as anybody," the little fellow often whispered to himself, with his poor starved heart growing warm at the thought. It was only to himself he said it; he was shy of letting even Casper see how much he cared.

But one day an enemy found his way into the ark. Old Casper had gone up the street to attend to his small yet somewhat complex marketing—the tastes of his family being somewhat diverse—and was detained longer than he had expected. When he returned he found that someone had been tormenting the animals. The frightened rabbits cowered into a corner, the squirrels were chattering and scolding furiously, and one poor little fellow had lost most of his magnificent tail. The monkey whined and cried, and told as best he could his story of ill-treatment, while the sticks with which the visitor had been poking him lay near by. Who had done it? That was what Casper wanted to know, and he questioned on every side until he satisfied himself that only two had entered the place while he was absent—little Fritz and Tom Lang. What was more likely than that Fritz—"brought up no how," as Tom contemptuously suggested—should do such a thing?

"Couldn't much else be expected of him," said Tom, coolly.

"We ourselves shall see," answered old Casper in the slow, precise way which alone made his good English possible. "Some testimony we will haf."

"Oh, if that's what you want," began Tom, loftily twirling his watch-chain. "I can get a dozen fellows—"

But Casper interrupted: "No; the witnesses, we haf them here. Call you their names—Joeko and the squirrels."

Tom's face fell at this test; and well it might, for, as he approached the cages, the rabbits scurried into a corner, the squirrels retreated, and no calling could induce the monkey to approach the coaxingly outstretched hand.

"They don't know me very well," said Tom with a feeble laugh.

"Too well they do know you," answered old Casper, sternly. "Now, Fritz."

Fritz's eyes had brightened. He waited only for Tom to step back out of sight, and then his low, loving calls brought his pets, one after another, about him.

"It is enough they tell," said Casper, turning to the discomfited Tom. "Here

you come no more. You do think because they haf not words, they shall not tell? See now! to me they can bear witness—the dumb creatures; so can they to the God who made them. Learn that boy, and fear to harm the dumb. But here you come no more."

As for Fritz, he was cordially welcomed to the ark after that, by its owner as well as by the "family." It would not have seemed very great good fortune to most boys, perhaps, to live there; but to Fritz, when old Casper finally induced his uncle to give him up, it meant the first he had ever known of kindness, affection, and home.

"PANSY."

BY E. A. HEATH.

THE author of the Pansy books requires no formal introduction; for comparatively few writers have achieved the important place in literature which "Pansy" occupies, and few, if any, have become so well known, the reading world over, as this bright, genial, busy worker, who never wields the pen save as a means of promoting and uplifting truth. Her methods, too, are the very best. "Pansy" touches life at its centre. Having made this her starting-point, there is no turning back until the purpose is met; and this is done when, the volume ended, the reader has learned how to apply the truth that spoke to the heart in the story which Mrs. Alden tells between the covers of every book she writes.

Personal observation tells us that a greater number of young people have been shown the light by reading "The Chautauqua Girls," and the many that "Pansy" has given to the world, than by making a special study of the truths these books set forth.

And this can readily be understood by any acquainted with these particular girls. Marion, Ruth, Eurie, and Flossie are four admirable characters. No less so, however, as girls, than as women—after they have come into the magnificent womanhood which sheds the bright glory Mrs. Judge Burnham reflects—she who was born Ruth Erskine.

But to introduce "Pansy's" characters in turn, would be assuming a hospitality beyond the limit here decreed us; and, I fear the reader who has in store the pleasure of reading her later books would add, an office presuming, as well. The preference would be, to receive that amenity at the writer's hand. "Pansy" herself is a most charming woman. She carries always the sincere smile of welcome, and extends ever a cordial, earnest hand, the warmth of whose touch imparts the fervency of the flame that has kindled into life fresh purposes, higher resolves, and helped to form nobler aims. She is a grand type of American Christian womanhood.

Mrs. Alden, whose maiden name was McDonald, was born in Rochester, N.Y., in 1842. From both father and mother she is rich in inheritance, each having bequeathed their children that greatest of all earthly gifts—an unsullied name, a sterling character, a life truly Christian. Little wonder that the daughter should develop such traits as her writings alone show she must possess.

Mrs. Alden received the now famous name of "Pansy" from an incident which occurred in early life. With the spirit of helpfulness upon her, the wee girl, having learned that the closing part of the day was to be set aside for some social observance, strayed into the garden. Her dear mother had a beautiful bed of pansy blossoms, which she was tending with great care. Prompted by their delicate, pleading beauty, the little girl gathered them every one, and carried them into the house to decorate the rooms for the event in prospect. The good mother was much disturbed, but the loving father called her his little pansy blossom; and so the name clung to her. And when at the age of ten years, she wrote the story of the old family clock, that one day "would not go," the dear father, moved to tears by the beautiful thing his daughter had done, told her to sign it to the name of "Pansy." Neither father nor mother could then have realized the far-reaching influence this name would carry, or the remote corners it would penetrate.



"PANSY" (MRS. ISABELLA M. ALDEN).

It is a most interesting fact that Mr. Daniel Lothrop, the eminent publisher, lately deceased, himself an earnest life-long worker in the church and Sunday-school, should have had the intuition into, and the sympathy with, "Pansy's" life-purpose, that enabled him when the young writer had barely commenced to use her pen, to throw all his energies into helping forward her work. Through all the years he was her publisher, there existed between the two the utmost sympathy of Christian aim and service, "unbroken," to quote from "Pansy's" own words, "by anything that could mar its perfect confidence."

Who can tell until the final day of days, what the results for good have been, and shall be, from this combination of author's and publisher's purposes in this broadcast scattering of truth, that shall eventually roll back the tides of evil?

Since this beautiful name of "Pansy" was so beautifully chosen, book after book has been sent out. And yet "Pansy" books are only a portion of her work. Her husband, Rev. G. R. Alden, is the pastor of a large church, and she works faithfully by his side. She edits *The Pansy*, the well-known Sunday magazine for girls and boys, and for the entire household, as well, we may add. Through the Pansy Society of Christian Endeavour, "Pansy," in true mother fashion, gathers about her thousands of children, on either side the water, and by this beautiful, simple means, corrects habits in early life, and accomplishes good, the amount of which is simply incalculable. Mothers speak to her, and out of her own mother-love, which she bestows upon a promising young son, she gives ready and helpful answer.

"Pansy's" winter home is in Washington, D.C. Her summers she spends at Chautauqua, N.Y. Long may she wield the pen, and send out by its sparkling touch the truth and comfort her mission it is to impart.

GOD'S FOOTPRINTS.

A FRENCHMAN who had won high rank among men of science, yet who denied the God who is the author of all science, was crossing the great Sahara desert in company with an Arab guide. He noticed with a sneer, that at times his guide, whatever obstacles might arise, put them all aside, and, kneeling in the burning sand, called on his God. Day after day passed, and still the Arab never failed in his supplications. At last, one evening as he rose from his knees, the philosopher asked him with a contemptuous smile, "How do you know there is a God?" The guide fixed his beaming eyes upon the scoffer for a moment in wonder, and then said solemnly, "How do I know there is a God? How do I know that a man and not a camel passed my hut last night in the darkness? Was it not by the print of his feet in the sand? Even so— and he pointed to the sun whose last rays were flashing over the lonely desert—"that footprint is not that of a man."