

**The Child at the Door.**

"Behold, I stand at the door and knock."  
—Rev. iii. 20.

There's a child outside your door;  
Let him in!  
He may never pass it more,  
Let him in.  
Let a little, wandering wail  
Find a shelter sweet and safe,  
In the love and light of home,  
Let him come!

There's a cry along your street  
Day by day!  
There's a sound of little feet  
Gone astray.  
Open wide your guarded gate  
For the little ones that wait,  
Till a voice of love from home  
Bid them come.

There's a voice divinely sweet  
Calls to-day;  
"Will you let these little feet  
Stray away?  
Let the lambs be homeward led,  
And of you it shall be said:  
You have done it faithfully  
Unto Me."

We shall stand some solemn day  
At His door!  
Shall we hear the Master say,  
O'er and o'er,  
"Let the children all come in  
From a world of pain and sin;  
Open wide the doors of home,  
Children come!"

**OUR PERIODICALS:**

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

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

|  |        |
|--|--------|
| Christian Guardian, weekly.....  | \$1 00 |
| Methodist Magazine and Review, 96 pp., monthly illustrated.....  | 2 00   |
| Christian Guardian and Methodist Magazine and Review, Guardian and Onward together.....                | 4 75   |
| The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly.....   | 3 25   |
| Sunday School Banner, 65 pp., 8vo, monthly.....  | 1 00   |
| Onward, 8 pp., 4to, weekly, under 5 copies.....  | 0 60   |
| 5 copies and over.....   | 0 50   |
| Pleasant Hours, 4 pp., 4to, weekly, single copies.....   | 0 30   |
| Less than 20 copies.....   | 0 25   |
| Over 20 copies.....  | 0 25   |
| Sunbeams, fortnightly, less than ten copies.....   | 0 12   |
| 10 copies and upwards.....   | 0 15   |
| Happy Days, fortnightly, less than ten copies.....   | 0 12   |
| 10 copies and upwards.....   | 0 15   |
| Dew Drops, weekly, per year.....   | 0 67   |
| Per quarter.....   | 0 22   |
| Herean Leaf, monthly, 100 copies per month.....  | 5 50   |
| Herean Leaf, quarterly.....  | 0 01   |
| Quarterly Review Service, By the year, 24c a dozen; \$2 per 100; per quarter, 6c a dozen, 80c per 100. |        |

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto.

C. W. COATES, 217 1/2 St. Catherine St., Montreal.  
S. F. JENNIS, Wesleyan Book Room, Halifax, N.S.

**Pleasant Hours:**

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 6, 1897.

**JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.**

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC

FEBRUARY 14, 1897.

The daughter of the Syrophenician woman.—Matthew 15. 21-28.

**A DISTRESSED MOTHER.**

She was not of the Jewish nation, but belonged to the Gentile race, consequently she had not been so highly favoured in respect to religious instruction. Her residence was on the borders of Canaan, so that she would not be altogether ignorant of the religion which Jesus Christ came into the world to propagate. But though a Gentile by birth, she was a mother and had all the feelings of a mother. Who can tell the feelings of a mother when any of her children are afflicted? Children never can know how much they are indebted to their mothers. Honour thy father and thy mother. Your mother is your best friend.

**THE OCCASION OF HER AFFLICTION.**

Verse 22. My daughter is grievously vexed with a devil. Worse than to be insane. A demon was in her soul. The poor girl was completely under the control of the devil who had taken possession of her. The mother had no doubt used every means in her power to relieve, if possible, her beloved child. But having failed she now came to Christ. All should go to him in every time of need. Use all proper means, but pray to him for success. A good man was accustomed to say to persons who were in trouble, "Do the best you can, and pray to God to help you." This was what

this woman did. See how she addressed the Saviour. "Have mercy upon me." She made the affliction of her child her own.

**HOW CHRIST TREATED HER.**

Verse 23. "Answered her not a word." Acted as though he did not hear her, or if he did hear, as though he did not care. This was certainly strange, and not according to his usual custom. He knew why he acted thus. He does not always give reasons for his conduct, but he always acts wisely. The disciples interposed on her behalf, which was very creditable to them, which should teach us a lesson, viz., to show sympathy to those in trouble and help if we can. Jesus was trying the woman's faith, and was making her an object lesson for future ages.

**HIS DISCOVERING MANNER.**

Verse 24. This means he was sent first to the Jews—lost sheep of Israel. When she heard these words, she did not give up, but came nearer to Christ, and even worshipped him, and said, "Lord, help me." What an example is this. Let nothing keep you from Christ. No matter how great may be your discouragements, ever keep saying, "Nearer, my God, to thee." Perseverance rewards toil. Those who regard the clouds shall not reap. Never let difficulties deter you when engaged in good work. What a plea she makes, as much as to say, if you are sent to the lost sheep of the house of Israel, you can help me, for though I do not belong to those to whom you are sent, I am sure that I need help.

**CHRIST'S ANSWER.**

Verse 26. This looks like an insult. The Jews called all Gentiles by the op-

**"LITTLE DO DOES IT."**

Little Tommy Bell, when told to shut a door, or do anything about the house, had a funny way of replying by saying: "I do does it." And he persisted in this form of expression until they nicknamed him "Little Do Does It." Was it not a queer name for a boy?

But Tommy, like some other little boys, was not always as prompt at performing as he was in promising; and so his papa told him one day that he should have to name him "I Don't Do It," instead of "I Do Does It," if he did not mind.

Tommy would reply: "But, papa, I do does it after a while; I don't never don't do it."

"Yes, my son, that is something to your credit. 'Better late than never,' as the saying is; but better still, never late. You must learn to act promptly, my boy, or we cannot continue to call you 'Little Do Does It.'"

**A THRILLING STORY BY J. B. GOUGH.**

A minister of the Gospel told me one of the most thrilling incidents I ever heard in my life. A member of his congregation came home for the first time in his life intoxicated, and his boy met him upon his doorstep, clapping his hands, exclaiming:

"Papa's come home!" He seized the boy by the shoulder, swung him around, staggered and fell in the hall.

The minister said to me: "I could give you his name, if necessary. I spent the night in the house. I went out, bared my brow that the night air might fall upon it and cool it. I walked down the hill. There was his child—dead!"



TARSUS, BIRTH-PLACE OF ST. PAUL—(see lessons).

probious term of dogs, hence he was only speaking after the manner of men in what he now says. She was a clever woman, for she said in effect, call me a dog if you will, I claim the dog's portion. Give me the crumbs just the same as the dog always receives. She minded nothing else but the one thing which she had in view, hence she argues skillfully.

**CHRIST'S COMMENDATION.**

Verse 28. Delays you see, are not denials. When he at last speaks, he does so in the greatest commendation, and commends her faith her strong confidence, which she had in the power and goodness of God. If she had not professed faith, she never could have come through such floods of opposition as she had to face. She had evidently made up her mind as to her course. She felt unshaken confidence in God. And her conduct should teach us this lesson, that faith in God is absolutely necessary in the Christian warfare. "Without faith 't is impossible to please God." etc. Hebrews 11. 6.

**KINDNESS TO DESTITUTE CHILDREN.**

The Junior League of the Camden East church, upon the Newburg Circuit, Bay of Quinte Conference, deserves to be mentioned for their thoughtfulness and zeal in providing a well-filled box of clothing, books, and toys, for the needs of little ones under the care of the Rev. C. W. Watch, and his assistants in the child-saving work at Brighton. It is needless to say the box was very much appreciated, and the boys and girls of Camden East were the actual Santa Claus to some of these children. Let us hope that the joy in giving the gifts was as great as that of receiving.

There was his wife in strong convulsions, and he asleep!"

A man but thirty years of age asleep with a dead child in the house, having a blue mark upon the temple where the corner of the marble steps had come in contact with the head as he swung him around, and a wife upon the brink of the grave!

"Mr. Gough," said my friend, "I cursed the drink. He had told me I must remain until he awoke, and I did. When he awoke he passed his hand over his face, and exclaimed: 'What is the matter? Where am I? Where is my boy?'"

"You cannot see him."  
"Stand out of the way! I will see my boy!"

To prevent confusion I took him to the child's bed, and as I turned down the sheet and showed him the corpse he uttered a wild shriek: "O my child!"

That minister said further to me: "One year after he was brought from a lunatic asylum to lie side by side with his wife in one grave, and I attended the funeral."

The minister of the Gospel who told me that fact is to-day a drunken hostler in a stable in Boston!

Now tell me what rum won't do! It will debase, degrade, imbrute, and damn everything that is noble, bright, glorious, and Godlike in a human being. There is nothing that drink will not do that is vile, dastardly, cowardly, sneaking, or hellish. We are united, comrades, are we not, to fight this monster rum till the day of our death?—Charleston Messenger.

One-third of the females of France over fourteen years of age are farm labourers.

**HOW TO WINTER A BOY WELL.**

A writer in The Colporteur gives some pretty good advice upon "how to winter a boy." We are inclined to believe that the boy might take some of it himself, as well as his parents:

"Start him to school early in the fall, and see that he has something to keep him busy a part of every morning, afternoon, and evening.

"Encourage him to eat three square meals, passing up his plate as often as he pleases, and then set the cookie-pan and raisin-box out of his reach between meals.

"A sled, a good pair of skates, and several baseballs are very important for keeping him in good condition.

"A boy and a dog fit each other pretty well, but two wide-awake boys are better.

"Give him nine hours for sleep, seven for study, four for work, and four for play every day.

"Sprinkle everything well with praise. "Stretch him once in a while on a high ideal of manhood.

"A pinch of giving up to others and a dime savings-bank are wholesome.

"Let him kick up his heels, but teach him not to kick anything but air.

"If he is in love with his mother, his grandmother, and several other good women, you need not worry lest he run to girl nonsense.

"An excellent exercise is for him to plant both knees on the carpet and bury his face in the bed covers just before jumping in. God will take care of what he says."

**ST. GOTHARD TUNNEL.**

Many people have heard of the St. Gothard tunnel, that great engineering triumph of the nineteenth century, but few, perhaps, have grasped the full idea of its vastness. Beginning at the town of Goshenen, in Switzerland, it extends through the entire range of St. Gothard mountains, and ends nine and one-fourth miles to the south of its beginning, in the little town of Airolo, in Italy. The work consumed ten years' time, the labour of over three thousand men daily, and over eleven millions of dollars. And yet it seemed a labour of love, as both Italy and Switzerland toiled unremittingly to overcome this mighty barrier which the Alps had interposed between them, eager to clasp hands in a closer union, even though it were in the depths of the St. Gothard range, six thousand feet below the top. But all the toil is over now, and the journey can be easily made in sixteen minutes by rail.

There is a pretty story of love and devotion connected with the history of the tunnel. Two orphan children

lived near it, Jean and Louise Dufour. Jean, a stalwart lad, could remember when they began boring it, but they had been working longer ago than Louise could remember. She was a poor little invalid, but the doctor had said when the tunnel was finished and cars running, Jean should take her to Italy, and she would recover. So the children had been very impatiently waiting. The boring was done at last, but the day it was completed little Louise had fainted from exhaustion. Too frightened to reason, Jean dared not wait, he thought, for the cars to get running, so taking the money they had saved for the journey, he lifted his little, frail and still unconscious sister in his arms, and carried her the entire distance. Oh, what a black, horrible nightmare it all seemed like! For fear and excitement made him speed along like the wind. Years afterward, when Louise was fully recovered, and they were both rosy and happy, Jean said, "that they passed through the awful shadows of death that night in the tunnel." "And was not this sunny town of Nervi heaven?" "It had vines and sloping hills, covered with the dusky olives, and beautiful gardens full of roses and magnolias and oranges and lemons and palms. Surely if not, it must be very much like heaven."—Michigan Advocate.

"How Shall I Give?" by the Rev. George A. Fornoret, M.A., is a very thoughtful and judicious treatment of an important subject. It clearly sets forth the obligation of Christian stewardship, the principle of tithing in both the Old and New Testaments, and its application to modern conditions. We cordially commend the pamphlet.