

young Christ amid the great multitude of pilgrims.

About noon we reached a dreary and desolate pass on a hill, to the left of which was a ruined tower, known as the

INN OF THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

At its base was an ancient khan, or caravansary, where we stopped for lunch. This was a type of many such which we saw subsequently, and probably a type of those which from time immemorial have accommodated travellers in these Eastern lands. It had a solid wall surrounding a large court, with an arcade for horses and mules, with a row of chambers along two sides for travellers, who carried their own provisions; but for those who had none, rather meagre supplies could be purchased.

After lunch some of us climbed the steep hill to the old inn, probably an ancient castle for the protection of the road. It was utterly dilapidated, some of its ruined chambers being occupied by squatted Arab families. A couple of withered and witch-like women conversed with the Rev. Mr. Reed, in that universal sign language at which he was an adept, and showed us the scanty furnishings of the vaults of the tower in which they lived, and gave us water to drink. Anything more dreary than the outlook over the stony hills can scarcely be conceived—the deepening gorge of the Wady-Elkelt or brook Cherith to the left, and in the distance the tawny, long, serrated wall of the mountains of Moab.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 29, 1896.

A STUDY IN CHILD LIFE.

"A Child of Tuscany." By Marguerite Bouvet. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, \$1.50.

What a strange little family that was, which dwelt in the tiny stone hut in that small peasant village not far from Florence, "the fairest and most famous of the daughters of Rome," as Dante says. Faustina, the poor, melancholy woman, Raffaello, the bright, curly-headed bambino, or baby, and Minnetto, the surly old cat. And what sad, lonely lives were theirs! But why was this? Was not Faustina Raffaello's mother, and did she not love him very much? Yes, she did, though not his mother, but she had her reasons for not teaching the little fellow to love her too well. But she secretly cherished him above all else in the world. Many years before she had lost all that was dear to her, her husband and little "bambino," or baby, and having become hardened and embittered by sorrow, her life had grown to be a most desolate one.

But one day, twelve long years after, as she was wandering forlornly through the beautiful Boboli gardens, bidding them a fond farewell, for this was her last day in Florence—on the morrow she

was going to the country, it chanced that a little child came toddling towards her, cooling and gurgling like a contented young pigeon. Soon the little one grew tired and began clutching at her skirt as if begging to be taken up. She stood only a moment irresolute, then, unfolding an old shawl, wrapped it about the baby's sleeping form and hastened away, repeating to herself in a low, husky voice, "I have not stolen it! I have not stolen it! It came to me. I will not give it up. Shall not others suffer as I have been made to suffer? Let them look, and search, and despair, as I have done, and they will never find it. I shall hide it from all eyes, and it shall be my comfort and my revenge!"

For six years poor Faustina, little Raffaello, and his dumb playmate lived in their lonely hut. As the child grew older, and more and more anxious to help the woman who had worked so hard for him, he was allowed to go to the city to sell his pretty nose-gays. It was most interesting to follow the career of this beautiful little "peasant hero" in the big city, how he made friends with a cheerful, genial-hearted coachman, who afterwards restored the lost child to his own people, a family of the nobility, who lived in the magnificent Villa Barborello.

The authoress very beautifully and appropriately closes this exquisite child's history with these words, "I think that little Raffaello's joy in being restored to the dear ones he had lost so long, was in no way lessened for having spent those lonely, almost sad years of his childhood in Faustina's humble home. Those years had taught him a great lesson and moulded his young nature for gentleness and mercy. He was rich, and in time he grew to be powerful but in his greatness he never forgot the people, the dear, simple, humble people whom he had known and loved; and he never ceased to work for their good, because he, himself, had been one of them."

We are sorry to learn that in some unaccountable way, two or three short paragraphs in the January number of Pleasant Hours, were repeated in subsequent numbers,—in one case in the same number. We can only explain this from the fact that with the January number we began to print these papers by a Linotype machine. There was a delay in getting the machine at work, and the papers had to be rushed through at a very rapid rate. Amid this pressure of work the duplication of the paragraphs took place. The Editor, who has exclusive charge of the Methodist Magazine and Review, and eight other distinct periodicals, is unable personally to read the proofs of all these papers, and this has to be done largely by experienced proof-readers. Every effort will be made to prevent the recurrence of such a duplication of articles.

DESERVED PROMOTION.

Hon. Chauncey M. Depew tells the story of his visit to the mechanical department of Cornell University. He found at the head of it Prof. Morris, who claimed him as a superior officer, giving as a reason that he was an old-time worker on the New York Central Railroad.

"How did you get here?" asked Depew. "I fired on the New York Central. I stood on the footboard as an engineer on the Central. While a locomotive engineer I made up my mind to get an education. I studied at night, and fitted myself for Union College, running all the time with my locomotive. I procured books and attended as far as possible the lectures and recitations. I kept up with my class, and on the day of graduation I left my locomotive, washed up, put on the gown and cap, delivered my thesis, and received my diploma, put the gown and cap in the closet, put on my working shirt, got on my engine, and made my usual run that day."

"Then," said Depew, "I knew how he became Prof. Morris."

That spirit will cause a man to rise anywhere and in any calling. It is ambition, but it is ambition wisely directed, aiming not at the goal—for such an ambition produces envy, scheming, discontent, and weakness—but bravely and

cheerfully aiming at one's self, seeking to make one's self fitted for higher work. When this is accomplished the opportunity for higher work is sure to come.—Selected.

Wha's My Neibor?—The Modern Good Samaritan.

We all know George Macdonald as a charming writer of prose stories, but it will be news to many that he is an accomplished poet in the Scottish vernacular. In the following he gives a new version of an old parable—a new sermon on an old text:

Frae Jerusalem a traveller tulk
The laigh road to Jericho;
It had an ill name and mony a cruk,
It was lang and unco how.

Oot cam the robbers, an' fell on the man,
An' knockit him on the held;
Took a' whauron they could lay their
han',
An' left him nakit for deid.

By cam a meenister o' the kirk,
"A sair mishanter!" he cried,
"Wha kens where the villains may lurk?
I s' haud to the ither side."

By cam an elder o' the kirk:
Like a young horse he shied;
"Fie, there's a bonny morning's work!"
An' he sprangt to the ither side.

By cam ane wha gaed to the wrang kirk
Douce he trotted alang;
"Puir body!" he cried, and wi a jerk,
Aff o' his cuddy he sprang.

He ran to the boady, an' turned it ower:
"There's life in the man," he cried;
He was na ane to stan' an' glower,
Nor haud to the ither side.

He doctored his wounds, and he helst
him on
To the back o' the beastie douce;
And held him on til a weary man,
He landt at the half-way hoose.

He tend'd him a' nicht, an' at dawn o'
day:
"Lan'lord, latna him lack:
Here's aughteen pence! an' ony mair
ootlay,
I'll settle as I come back."

Sae nae mair, neibors—say nae sic word,
Wi' hert aye arguing an' chill:
"Wha is the neibor to me, O Lord?"
But "Wha am I neibor till?"

A MODEL BOY.

"I never think of what the Bible is to a man," said Rev. Sam Jones, "but what I think of a little boy. He was the good boy of the town, and all of the boys recognized him as a good, upright youth, and set their trap to get him drunk. They sent one of the shrewdest of the bad boys to him, and he met him on the street and said: 'Johnny, come into the saloon and have a mint julep.' Johnny said, 'Oh no, I can't go in there.' 'Well, why?' 'Well, my book says, 'Look not upon the wine when it is red,' much less drink it.'"

The bad boy said: "I know the book says that, but come in and take one drink."

He replied, "I cannot do that."

"Well, why?"

"Because my book says, 'At last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.'"

"Yes, I know the Bible says that, but come in and take one drink."

"No," he said, "my Bible says, 'When sinners entice thee, consent thou not.'"

The bad boy turned off and left, and went over to his companions, and they said: "Did you see him?"

"Yes."

"Did you get him to drink?"

"No, I could not get him into the saloon."

"Why?"

"Because," replied the bad boy, "that fellow was just as chuck full of the Bible as he could be, and I could not do anything with him."—Selected.

A Little Lad's Answer.

Our little lad came in one day
With dusty shoes and tired feet:
His playtime had been hard and long,
Out in the summer's noontide heat.
"I'm glad I'm home," he cried, and hung
His torn straw hat up in the hall,
While in the corner by the door
He put away his bat and ball.

"I wonder why," his auntie said,
"This little lad always comes here
When there are many other homes,
As nice as this and quite as near?"
He stood a moment deep in thought,
Then with the love-light in his eye,
He pointed where his mother sat,
And said, "She lives here; that is why!"
—Christian Advocate.



JUNIOR LEAGUE.

PRAYER MEETING TOPIC.

March 1, 1896.

The Shunamite's son whom Elisha restored to life.—2 Kings 4. 18-37.

Elisha was a distinguished prophet whose life was full of astonishing events. We recommend our Junior League friends to make themselves familiar with this good man's history, and they will not only be pleased and profited, but they will learn how they may also become great and useful, for Elisha was a man of like passions with ourselves. He was a friend of God. This is what we may all become. We are not warranted in supposing that we may become such a prophet as he was, but there is no knowing what attainments we may make if we live devoted to God, and seek to be useful in our day and generation.

Elisha was accustomed to visit a place called Shunem, where he was entertained at the house of a respectable citizen, whose only son took sick one day and died. The mother was disconsolate, as mothers always are when one of their children die. No wonder that this mother felt so keenly, seeing that the deceased was her only child. She admired the character of Elisha, which prompted her to request her husband to provide a chamber where the good man could lodge when duty called him to Shunem. When death, therefore, entered the household, she lost no time in making ready to visit the prophet, that she might make him acquainted with what had befallen her. A friend in need, you know, is a friend indeed. Ungodly people respect those who are good. Some sick people in the days of Peter the Apostle, were desirous that even the shadow of his body might fall upon them as he passed by. Who can tell the power of goodness? This is true greatness. Let our young people aim at goodness above everything else.

What Elisha did when he heard of the death of the child! First, he sent his servant, Gehazi, to the sick chamber and commanded him to 'lay his staff upon the face of the child.' We must always use means, for miracles are not to be expected when they are not needed. The child, however, did not awake. Elisha therefore went himself into the chamber, and gave himself up to prayer. He had no doubt prayed all the time ever since the sad news reached him. But now we suppose he prayed the more earnestly, but still he used means. See verses 34 and 35. God in mercy answered prayer.

Who can tell the power of prayer? God still answers prayer. A good man once gave the present writer this advice when he was a boy. "Whatever you have to do, do the best you can, and pray to God to help you." Did our young friends ever try the experiment of praying to God to help them in their studies, or in all the concerns of daily life? We feel sure that if they will adopt it, they will be benefited. Especially let them pray to God to help them to be good, and though they may feel like the little boy who tried to be good, but said "it was hard work," nevertheless prayer will make it easier.