

Happy Rest.

BY HUGH DAVIDSON.

THE sun is sinking in the west,
Another Sabbath eve is here;
O Lord, may each of us be blest
As many homes its last rays cheer.

Some of us lie on beds of pain,
Some have a friend for whom they mourn,
And some are living lives profane,
And some are gay and some forlorn.

O may we all find happy rest
In thee, O Lord, who reign'st above;
Thou knowest what for each is best,
O touch our hearts with sacred love.

And when our earthly sun is low,
When terminates our earthly strife,
May each one leave a parting glow—
The bright rays of a Christian life.

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WILLIAM BRIGGS,

Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto.

C. W. COATES,
2176 St. Catherine St.,
Montreal.S. F. HURSTIS,
Wesleyan Book Room,
Halifax, N.S.

Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, JULY 20, 1895.

THE BIRTHDAY ADVICE.

"THIS is your fourteenth birthday, my son."

"Yes, papa."

"You are growing quite a man, Cosmo."

"I don't know, papa."

"So much of a man, my Cosmo, that I must tell you many things like as I never told you since the death of your mother. You remember her, Cosmo?"

"Yes, papa; I do."

"Tell me what you remember about her," said the father.

"I remember," said the boy, "a tall, beautiful woman, with long hair, which she brushed before a big, big looking-glass."

"You were but five years old when she died, Cosmo, but what was the colour of her eyes?"

"I don't know; I never saw the colour of them; but I remember they looked at me as if I should run into them."

"She would have died for you, my boy. We must be very good that we may see her again some day."

"I will try. I do try, papa."

"You see, Cosmo, when a woman like that condescends to be wife to one of us, and mother to the other, the least we can do, when she is taken from us, is to give her the same love and obedience after she is gone as when she was with us. She is with her own kind up in heaven now and may be looking down and watching us. She can't be very anxious about me now, for I am getting old and my warfare is nearly over. She knows I have for a long time been trying to keep the straight path, as far as I could see it, though sometimes the grass and heather have got the better of it so that it was hard to find."

"But you must remember, Cosmo, that it is not enough to be a good boy, you've got to be a good man, and that is a rather different and sometimes a harder thing.

For as soon as a man has to do with other men, he finds they expect him to do things they ought to be ashamed of doing themselves; and then he has got to stand on his own honest legs, and not move one inch for all their pushing and pulling; and especially when a man loves his fellow-man and likes to be on good terms with him, that is not easy.

"The thing is just this, Cosmo. When you are a full-grown man you must be a good boy still—that's the difficulty. For a man to be a boy and a good boy still, he must be a thorough man. The man that's not manly can never be a good boy to his mother, and you can't keep true to your mother except you remember Him who is father and mother to all of us.

"I wish your mother was here to teach you as she taught me. She taught me to pray, Cosmo, as I have tried to teach you—when I was in any trouble just to go into my closet and shut the door and pray to my Father who is in secret—the same Father who loved you so much as to give you my Marion for a mother.

"But I am getting old and tired and shall soon go where I hope to learn faster. Oh, my boy! hear your father who loves you, and never do the thing you would be ashamed for your mother or me to know. Remember, nothing drops out; everything hid shall be revealed. But of all things, if ever you should fail or fall, don't lie still because you are down; get up again—for God's sake, for your mother's sake, for my sake—get up and try again."

HAVE AN EYE ON HIM.

"THAT young Brown has become a Christian, has he?" So said one business man to another.

"Yes, I heard so."

"Well, I'll have my eye on him to see if he holds out. I want a trusty young man in my store. They are hard to find. If this is the real thing with him, he will be just the man I want. I've kept my eye on him ever since I heard of it. I'm watching him closely."

So young Brown went in and out of the store, and up and down the street. He mixed with his old associates, and all the time Mr. Todd had an eye on him. He watched how the young man bore the sneer of being "one of the saints;" if he stood up manfully for his new Master, and was not not afraid to show his colours. Although Mr. Todd took rides, went to church, or did what he pleased on Sunday, he was very glad to see that Brown rested on the Sabbath-day and hallowed it. Though the Wednesday evening bell never drew the merchant to prayer-meeting, he watched to see if Brown passed by. Sometimes he asked: "Where are you going, Brown?" and always received the prompt answer: "To prayer-meeting." Brown's father and his teacher were both questioned as to how the lad was getting on.

For a year or more Todd's eyes were on Brown. Then he said to himself: "He'll do. He is a real Christian. I can trust him. I can afford to pay him. He shall have a good place in my store."

Thus, young Christians, others watch to see if you are true, if you'll do for places of trust. The world has its cold, calculating eye on you, to see if your religion is real, or if you are just ready to turn back. The work is pleasant and the pay good. These places may be for you when, through his strength, you have proved yourself true.

Fix an eye on Him, and He will keep you in the way.

A FOOLISH BOY.

NELLIE came running in the other day, her eyes big with surprise, and exclaimed: "O Auntie, what do you think? You know Bertie, who lives down the street—that little bit of a boy—well, he smokes cigarettes, and he is awful little."

"Then he will make a little man very likely, if he has begun so early," I replied.

"Yes, that is what Gertie says. He steals off by himself behind the back fence and then smokes."

"Then he must know he is doing wrong and is ashamed to be seen. What do you suppose he does it for?"

"I guess he thinks it will make him look big. He wants to be a man, and he is always telling us girls what he'll do when he gets big," said Nellie.

He has begun the wrong way if he wants to grow. Tobacco will hurt his heart and nerves. If he lives to be a man he will be nervous, his heart will be weak, and he will not be the strong man that he might be if he had not begun this bad habit.

A schoolboy died in Brooklyn only a short time ago, because he had smoked so many cigarettes. His whole body was sick; the poison in the tobacco had gone all through him. His skin was yellow, his nerves were weak, and he was so sick he had to go to the hospital. But the doctors could not help him.

He said just before he died:

"Oh, if all the boys could see me now, and see how I suffer, they would never smoke."

If you would not be a smoker, don't begin.

A HAPPY VALLEY.

THE lovely queen of Italy, whose goodness has endeared her to Italians, passed last summer in the valley of Gresson, in the Italian Alps, noted for its beauty and for its curious history.

In the eleventh century it was colonized by German soldiers, to whom it had been given by King Otto in recognition of their valiant services to him. The descendants of these soldiers, though in a strange land, have adhered to their German traditions.

They still speak German and keep up the closest connection with Germany, which they consider their fatherland. Their daughters are educated in the best German schools and seminaries.

When the young women come home from the big cities of the north, however, they are compelled by their parents to lay aside their fine Berlin and Frankfort garments to don the curious costumes of their forefathers, and learn to bake and scrub and wash, as their mothers and grandmothers did before them.

The cleanliness of the "Gressonari" has made them famous throughout Italy. It is a proverb that their barns are cleaner than other people's houses. German is spoken in the family, French in the churches, and Italian in the schools. Consequently all the Gressonari know at least three languages.

GIVE THEM A CHANCE.

THE author of the following article (Dr. J. M. Buckley) speaks with no uncertain sound: "Dull boys should never be discouraged. Teachers and sometimes parents reprove and punish those whose minds work slowly in such a way as to fill them with despair. Some children who are constitutionally stupid may yet awake and shake themselves and outstrip their more promising competitors in the race of life. Dr. Chalmers, when a lad, was expelled from a parish school as a dunce for whom his teachers had no hope. Dr. Adam Clarke was so exceedingly slow in his first attempts to learn that his father pronounced him a grievous dunce. Professor Dalzell, under whom Walter Scott studied at Edinburgh University, said concerning him, 'Dunce he is, and dunce he will remain.' If the early years of a child were to be taken as an indication of what may be expected of him in the future, some of the most brilliant men would have been given up by their teachers at the start as hopeless cases. Blessed is the teacher who knows how to arouse the dormant energies of unpromising children. What some young persons need is a chance. A young man who has talent and capability may blunder and fail because he is hampered by narrow limitations and undue scrutiny and supervision. Turn him loose, trust him, give him heavy responsibilities, and he will display qualities which his friends never expected to find in him. Recently a young man who had been employed on a western newspaper was discharged by the editor because his work was unsatisfactory. Not long afterward the editor noticed the rare genius displayed by someone on a little country paper, and determined to have that man at any cost. His inquiries developed the fact that this was the same

young man whom he had discharged for incompetency. When other methods have been tried in vain, give the young man who appears to be a failure a chance. It might be well not to wait for the result of other methods, but try this plan only."

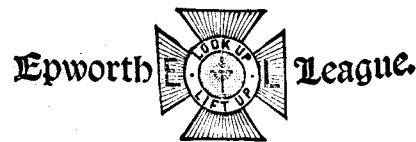
Threads of Gold.

WEAVING them into a work-a-day life,
Beautiful threads of gold.
A thread of joy, with a strand of strife,
And yet the hands that hold
May fashion them out into pattern rare,
Designs of beauty, new and fair.
Till the Master Weaver finds them there,
Beautiful threads of gold.

Weaving them in with a patient hand,
Beautiful threads of gold;
Filling them in as the Artist planned
When he laid life's sombre fold,
Weaving them in with the homeliest cares
Over some burden another bears,
Glad that the Master Weaver spares
Some beautiful threads of gold.

Weave them in with hopes and fears,
Beautiful threads of gold!
Brighter the gold of the thread appears
As the web of life grows old.
Weaving them in with a smile and a song,
Wonderful threads so fine and strong;
Under the good and over the strong,
Weave beautiful threads of gold.

Weaving them in with a watchful eye,
Beautiful threads of gold;
To shine across where the shadows lie,
When the web is all unrolled,
Weaving them in, when the Master's call
Lets the bright thread break, and the shuttle
fall,
And angels come down to gather them all,
Life's broken threads of gold.



JUNIOR LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

July 28, 1895.

FOUR HELPS PROVIDED.—Ephesians 4, 11, 12.

The office of the Christian ministry is of divine appointment. After the resurrection Jesus Christ selected twelve disciples—that is, followers—whom he appointed to be apostles—an apostle is one who is sent. Jesus sent forth the twelve whom he endued with power after the Holy Ghost came upon them at Pentecost.

In the passage which we are to consider in this lesson, these apostles are designated prophets, whose office it is to tell of things which are to come. Others are designated evangelists, who testify of things that are past, in other words Jesus and the resurrection. Apostles and evangelists may be regarded as extraordinary officers in the Church. Associated with them, or coming after them, are the pastors, who watch over the flocks, and always keep them in the fold and feed them with spiritual food. Then there are teachers—that is, those who add line to line, and precept to precept, so that those who are under their care may become stronger and wiser and mature Christians.

In the ministry there are to be found all the classes named. All may not excel in every class, for there may be variety of gifts, but all give for the same grand end, viz., "the perfecting of the saints," etc. Christians at first are only babes in Christ; these are to be fed with the sincere milk of the Word. Ministers are to bring out of the treasure-house of the Scriptures the food which is best adapted to the growth and maturity of their respective flocks, so that the Church may be a holy and spotless Church, so firmly built upon the Rock Christ Jesus, that all the storms which rage without may never drive it from steadfastness.

NEVER cherish a thought of which thou oughtest to be ashamed; never utter a word for which thou wouldst have to ask God's pardon.—From the Persian.

WHAT would the world do without its steampower, known and used only within the last eighty years? The steam-power of Great Britain alone does the work of 400,000,000 men, or as much labour as all the world could perform without machinery.