

## A Song for Every Day.

BY DORA REED GOODALE

The weary world's a cheery place  
For those with hearts to win it,  
Thank God, there's not a human face  
But has some laughter in it!  
The soul that comes with honest mirth,  
Though health and fortune vary,  
Brings back the childhood of the earth,  
And keeps it sound and merry.

The plodding world's an eager place  
For those with wit to use it,  
Where all are blinded to the race,  
Let him who dares refuse it  
The simplest task the hand can try,  
The dullest round of duty,  
Knowledge can amply glorify,  
And art can crown with beauty.

A busy, bonny, kindly place  
Is this rough world of ours,  
For those who love and work apace,  
And fill their hearts with flowers,  
To kind and just and grateful hearts  
The present grace is given  
To find a heaven in themselves,  
And find themselves in heaven!

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## Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, MARCH 21, 1896.

## STARTLING FACTS ON MISSIONS.

BY ALF SANDHAM.

If each heathen man, woman or child in China were represented by a letter in our English Bible, it would take over a hundred Bibles to represent them, while the Christians would be fully accounted for by Paul's Epistle to the Romans.

India has over 21 million widows, and to millions of Zanzibar prisoners who can only be reached by their own sex, and Christian nations have sent out about one female missionary to every million.

It is estimated that there are over 10 millions of square miles in heathen lands on which the foot of a Christian missionary has never trodden.

A nation equal to half the total population of the United States and Canada die annually in heathen lands, without God.

If for every heathen who passes into eternity, one resident of Toronto passed away with him, in 48 hours there would not be a living soul in the Queen City.

The chewing gum bill of the United States is double the world's contributions to missions.

Canada spends 80 millions annually in liquor, an average of \$16 per head. She gives half a million of dollars for missions, an average of 10 cents per head.

There are about 8,000 islands in the Pacific Ocean, containing in round numbers 77,000,000 inhabitants. Of these only about 1,500,000 are even nominally Protestant.

For every dollar the United States gives to missions, she spends \$3 for pickles.

If the Sabbath-school scholars gave one cent a week for missions it would amount to more than the whole Church gives now.

The London (England) School Board expends in education in that city \$4,500,000 more than all the Christian Churches of Great Britain raise for the evangelization of the world. The London tax for education averages \$2 per head. The contributions of the whole Kingdom for the world's salvation average 1-4 cents per head.

Canada's entire contribution to missions in a year would not pay Canada's liquor bill for four days.

The contributions of the whole world for missions for a year would not pay its own liquor bill for two days.

There are 8,000,000 people in Mexico who never saw a Bible.

There are 3,000,000 of South American Indians on whom the first ray of Gospel light has never dawned.

It is computed that there are 800,000,000 in the world who have never heard the name of Christ.

There are 140,000,000 women in India for whom skilled medical aid is impossible! What a call for medical missions and female doctors!

Venezuela, with a population of 2,100,000, and an area nine times as large as England and Wales, has only one Protestant missionary.

Bolivia, with a population of 2,300,000, has no resident Protestant missionary.

There is buried in jewellery, gold and silver plate and useless ornamentations, within Christian homes, enough to build a fleet of fifty thousand vessels, ballast them with Bibles, and crowd them with missionaries, build a church in every destitute hamlet, and supply every living soul with the Gospel within a score of years.

The annual receipts in the saloons of Chicago amount to more than double the total sum given by the United States for missions.

## ONE SELF-DENIAL WEEK.

The President of the Mission Band in the Brightvale church was Janie Lee. She was not a very big president, but she was a very good one, and you will all agree that it is better to be good than big.

A good president of a society will attend every meeting, if possible. If not, she will notify the first vice-president, and see to it that she has the programme all nicely written out to help her in conducting the meeting. Then she will always be prompt, and help others to be so, by being in time, even if but two or three are present. She will always have a programme, and an interesting one at that. And she will be bright and hopeful, because she will have faith in the work and in God, the great worker.

Janie Lee was a good president, so she was all this.

One day Janie came to the meeting looking very bright and very knowing. "I've got a splendid plan," she whispered to Kitty Roberts, the treasurer; "we'll see what Mrs. Gray thinks of it." Mrs. Gray was the lady director of the band.

Mrs. Gray had a special gift of interesting the members of the band in some line of work, and then making them feel that, come what might, they must do something to help along that very work.

At the last meeting, she had talked to them about the Mothers' Jewels' Home, and had given them such a glimpse of the sweet home-life already being lived there, and the urgent need of the larger Home, that the band felt that a great deal depended upon their efforts.

"But what can we do?" said Harry Winters. "We have had an entertainment already, and we have sent off our mite-box money, and our dues are so small."

"Let's all try to think of some new way something we've never done before," said Janie.

Everybody liked that idea, and the band agreed to hold an extra meeting the next week to bring their plans together and agree upon what they would do.

And now you are in a hurry to hear what Janie's "splendid plan" was, and you shall hear her tell.

"Why, I heard some ladies in the cars talking about the 'Self-denial Week' that the Salvation Army soldiers all kept last year. They said that a hundred thou-

and dollars came in from those poor people; and I thought we might have a little Self-denial Week to raise money for the Home."

Janie blushed and looked around shyly. The children did not look very enthusiastic. The most of them had some plan that promised a good time, such as a fair, or drill of some sort, but this plan looked a little pokey, to tell the truth.

Also Mrs. Gray had each one tell his plan, and after a good deal of thinking and talking, and a very little speech from Janie, it was decided to try her plan.

You will like to hear what Janie said which made everybody willing to do as she wished. But first you must know that Janie's widowed mother was so poor that she had to work hard every day to buy food and clothes for herself and her little daughter. Janie was working hard, too, to get an education, so that she might earn a living in a pleasanter way than her mother did, which was by taking in washing.

Janie was always neatly but plainly dressed—more so than any of her school friends, and so she said very simply:

"I shall just love to deny myself something for the sake of those poor children! Mamma said she did not know what I could give up, but I told her I wanted to wear my old sack one winter more, and she says I may." Janie said this with such a look of real gladness that no one could doubt her sincerity. "And so," Janie went on, "you see my Self-denial Week will last all winter."

Everybody laughed then, and Russell Gray, who sometimes took liberties because his mother was lady director, cried out: "Hurrah for Janie!"

And how did it all come out? Beautifully. There were thirty-three members of the band, and all but five fell in with the plan.

One girl begged to wear her old hat; another gave up a cute little muff that had been promised her; another asked to have her Christmas present (the money it would have cost) go to the Home; and still another begged her mamma to make the sash of her new winter dress from the goods, instead of buying the nice ribbon sash she had planned to buy.

The boys could not so well save on their clothes, but they too found ways in which to deny themselves. One little lover of good things ate neither cake, pie nor butter for a whole week, and his mother gave him a dollar for the Home; another gave up his allowance of pocket-money for a whole month; and still another denied himself a whole hour of after-school play every day for a week, giving the hour to hard work, for which he received fifteen cents an hour.

When the outcome of that bright, blessed Self-denial Week all came into the treasury, the astonished and delighted band counted up forty-three dollars and sixty-two cents! "And we never had such a good time in all our lives," said Russell, enthusiastically. There are two sides to self-denial—the side that we look upon, and the side that God and the holy angels see. The work of the Brightvale Band looks very pleasant here; but how heavenly bright it may look over there, who can tell? And the spirit of self-denial did not stop with these little folks; the big folks caught it too, and every good work in the Brightvale church prospered as never before.

And the band—well, it is not running down.

## COURAGE, BOYS.

Men as well as boys may learn a lesson from this boy's example. The power of honest expression of just principles is very great.

A boy who attends one of our Sunday-schools in town, went into the country last summer to spend his holidays at a farmhouse—a visit he had long looked forward to with great pleasure. He went out to help the men gather in the harvest. One of the men was an inveterate swearer.

The boy, having stood it as long as he could, said to the man, "Well, I have made up my mind to go home to-morrow."

The swearer, who had taken a great liking to the boy, said, "I thought you were going to stay all the rest of the summer."

"I was," said the boy, "but I cannot stay where anybody swears so; one of us must go; I will leave."

The man felt the rebuke, and said:

"If you will stay I won't swear," and he kept his word.

Boys, take a bold stand for the right, throw your influence on the side of Christ, and you will sow seed the harvest of which you will reap both in this world and that which is to come.—The Christian Guardian.

JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.  
PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

March 29, 1896.

The Child Jesus.—Luke 2, 40-52.

The word Jesus means Saviour, and the name was given to his mother by the angel before he was born. See Matthew 1, 21. The name you see is significant, and reminds us of the grand work which Christ came into the world to accomplish. Our lesson relates mainly to the events in connection with the childhood of Jesus.

He was twelve years of age when he went to the feast of the Passover. This grand festival was held to keep the people in remembrance of their ancestors' deliverance from Egyptian bondage, when the first-born in every house of the Egyptians was slain by the angel of death, but none died among the Hebrews, as the door-posts were sprinkled with blood, which was the sign given for the angel of death to pass them over.

There were three festivals held in Jerusalem annually, to which all the people from every part of Palestine were to attend. This was the first festival the child Jesus had attended. He had attained the age which required his attendance. On the return journey, the parents lost their son and were greatly perplexed. The people were accustomed to travel in companies, and his parents went hither and thither in search, and at last found him in the temple at Jerusalem.

He was among the doctors—a company of learned men who were accustomed to meet together for counsel, and give advice to those who might require it. As Christ was only a youth, it was somewhat remarkable to find him in such company. Young people cannot begin too early to learn, and they should never be afraid to ask questions. A wise man said that to ask questions is a ready way to acquire information. You may not always obtain satisfactory answers, but do not be afraid to ask questions; and should you be interrogated, always answer respectfully to the best of your ability.

What a remarkable answer Christ gave to his mother's statement respecting their search for him—"Wist ye not," that is, Did you not know, "that I must be about my Father's business?" Young people at the age of twelve, if not before, should attend to spiritual things. Child piety is always attractive. "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not," said the Saviour. What business are you doing for your heavenly Father? Do you speak kind words, do you try to perform kind deeds? Carry flowers to the sick, help those in trouble to the utmost of your ability.

After this he "went down with them to Nazareth," which was now their place of residence, and was subject unto them, that is, under their control. The 52nd verse is all we know respecting the life of Christ for the period of eighteen years. His reputed father was a carpenter, and as all the boys of Jewish families were taught some trade, it is reasonable to suppose that Christ followed the occupation of his father. All young people should be taught some useful occupation. Satan finds something still for idle hands to do. Many persons who are criminals would never have become such if they had been taught some useful trade.

Christ was subject unto his parents. Do all the members of our Junior Leagues revere or obey their parents? Disobedience to parents is sure to lead to bad results. The young person who acts contrary to parental counsel will reap a sad harvest by-and-by. No particular mention is made of Christ's earthly father, but the mother is often named. Here it is said, "She pondered these things in her heart." No doubt she was impressed with the fact that her son was truly a divine person, which would prompt her to care and diligence in her treatment of him. We are sure that he loved his mother. You remember his care for her when he hung upon the cross. Let this fact sink into your hearts, remember your parents. Be kind to them as long as they live.