

mother. Who is so forgiving as she? who so faithful? who so patient? Through nights of wearisome watching, through days of weary anxiety, through sickness and through health, through better and through worse, a mother's love has been unailing. It is a spring that never becomes dry. **Confide, dear young people, in your mother;** do nothing that she has forbidden; consult her about your actions; treat her with reverential love. It has been the crowning glory of truly good and great men that, when hundreds and thousands bowed in admiration at their feet, they gave honour to their mothers. A good mother is a gift to thank God for forever. Happy are they who early learn to appreciate her worth. Boys and girls, never go where "Don't tell mother!" is necessary to cover your footsteps."

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, APRIL 27, 1895.

QUEER THINGS IN ANIMAL LIFE.

THE greyhound runs by sight only. This is a fact. The carrier pigeon flies his hundreds of miles homeward by eyesight, noting from point to point objects that he has marked. This is only conjecture. The dragon-fly, with 12,000 lenses in his eye, darts from angle to angle with the rapidity of a flashing sword, and as rapidly darts back, not turning in the air, but with a dash reversing the action of his four wings and instantaneously calculating the distance of the objects, or he would dash himself to pieces. But in what conformation of the eye does this power consist? No one can answer.

Ten thousand mosquitoes dance up and down in the sun, with the minutest interval between them: yet no one knocks another headlong on the grass or breaks a leg or a wing, long and delicate as they are. Suddenly, a peculiar, high-shouldered, vicious creature, with long and pendent nose, darts out of the rising and falling cloud, and, settling on your cheek, inserts a poisonous sting. What possessed the little wretch to do this? Did he smell your blood while he was dancing? No one knows.

A carriage comes suddenly upon some geese in a narrow road and drives straight through the flock. A goose was never yet fairly run over, nor a duck. They are under the very wheels and hoofs, and yet they contrive to flap and waddle safely off. Habitually stupid, heavy and indolent, they are nevertheless, equal to any emergency.

Why does the lonely woodpecker, when he descends from his tree and goes to drink, stop several times on his way and listen and look around before he takes his

draught? No one knows. How is it that the species of an ant which is taken in battle by other ants to be made slaves, should be the black or negro ant? No one knows.

The power of judging the actual danger and the free-and-easy boldness that results from it, are by no means uncommon. Many birds seem to have a correct notion of a gun's range, and are scrupulously careful to keep beyond it. The most obvious resource would be to fly right away out of sight and hearing, but this they do not choose to do.

A naturalist of Brazil gives an account of an expedition that he made to one of the islands of the Amazon to shoot spoon-bills, ibises, and other magnificent birds which are abundant there. His design was completely baffled, by a wretched little sandpiper, which preceded him, continually uttering his toll-tale cry, which at once aroused all the birds within hearing. Throughout the day did this individual bird continue its self-imposed duty of sentinel to others, effectually preventing the approach of the hunter to the game, and yet managing to keep out of the range of his gun.—*Philadelphia Times.*

DID HE DIE FOR ME?

A CHILD sat on his mother's lap. His soft blue eyes were looking earnestly into the face which was beaming with love and tenderness for the cherished darling. The maternal lips were busy with a story; the tones of the voice were low and serious, for the tale was one of mingled joy and sadness. It was a tale concerning the death of the Saviour—how he so loved the people as to give his life a ransom for them to redeem them from a lost and ruined state. Sometimes her voice was scarcely heard above a whisper, but the listening child caught every sound. The crimson deepened on its little cheek, as the story went on increasing in interest. Tears gathered in its earnest eyes and a long sob broke the stillness as its mother concluded. A moment and its ruby lips parted, and in tones made tremulous by eagerness, the child inquired:

"Did he die for me, mamma?"

"Yes, my child; for you, for all."

"May I love him always, mamma, and dearly too?"

"Yes, my darling, it was to win your love that he left his bright and beautiful home."

"And he will love me, mamma; I know he will. He died for me. When may I see him in his other home?"

"When your spirit leaves this world, my darling, and goes to a better and happier one."

"My spirit?" murmured the child.

"Yes, your spirit; that part of you that thinks, and knows, and loves. If you love him here, you will go to live with him in heaven."

"And I may love him here? How glad you have made me, dear mamma."

And the mother bowed her head, and silently and earnestly prayed that her child might grow up to love and revere the Saviour.

ONE HAND HELD BACK.

THE chief of an Irish clan, who was about to be baptized, centuries ago, held up out of the water his right hand. When asked what that act meant, he replied that he withheld that member from God's service, that with it he might war against hostile clans. With scarcely less folly do some Christians hold back part of their money, their time, or influence from God, and think that he will accept the rest. He wants all or none at all. To be a faithful follower of Jesus, we must allow nothing to come between us and him.

A soldier who went to war took with him some of the small instruments of his craft—he was a watch-tinker—thinking to make some extra shillings now and then while in camp. He did so. He found plenty of puttering, and almost forgot that he was a soldier, so that one day, when ordered off on some duty, he exclaimed, "Why, how can I go? I've got ten

watches to mend!" Some Christians are so absorbed in self-seeking that they are ready to say to the Master's call, "I pray thee have me excused!" They are nominally soldiers of Christ, but really they are only watch-tinkers—they keep back part of the price.

The Old School-house.

With the red paint worn from the humble walls,
With its shutterless windows blank and wide,

With never a foot of land of its own
Of the fields about it on every side.
With a rusted lock and a worn door-stone,
The little old school-house to ruin falls,
While the shadows and sun throw warp
and woof
Aslant the shingles askew on its roof.

Within, the desks are few and small and straight,
And short the aisles that run across the floor;
A broken chair, the teacher's vacant throne,
Still keeps its place beside the sagging door,
Through whose wide crack a bright eye
sometimes shone,

To spy the land when lagging feet came late;
But the night is day, and the day is night,
And there's never a teacher or child in sight.

A mile away, where the brown river runs,
The old-time teacher is taking his rest,
Careless if scholars shall work or shall play,

Idle himself, with his hands on his breast,
He has lain in his grave for many a day;
And the wind and the rain loiter at will,
Where the old man sleeps on the brow of the hill.

On land and on sea, in field and in town,
The old-time pupils are doing their work,
But their eyes are dimmed and their hair
is white,
And the shoulder that pushed now faint
would shirk,

As the schoolday lengthens into the night;
But the master Time, and his colleague Fate,
Know no excuse for the boy that is late.

Yet so perverse are the souls of men,
That we struggle and strain till hearts shall
break.

FREDERICK THE GREAT AND THE MILLER.

NEAR Sans Souci, the favourite residence of Frederick the Great, there was a mill which much interfered with the view from the palace. One day the king sent to inquire what the owner would take for the mill; and the unexpected answer came back that the miller would not sell it for any money. The king, much incensed, gave orders that the mill should be pulled down. The miller made no resistance, but folding his arms quickly remarked, "The king may do this, but there are laws in Prussia," and he took legal proceedings, the result of which was the king had to rebuild the mill, and to pay a good sum of money besides in compensation. Although his Majesty was much chagrined at this end to the matter, he put the best face he could upon it, and, turning to his courtiers, he remarked, "I am glad to see that there are just laws and upright judges in my kingdom." A sequel to this incident occurred about forty years ago. A descendant of the miller had come into possession of the mill. After having struggled for several years against ever-increasing poverty, and being at length quite unable to keep on with his business, he wrote to the King of Prussia, reminding him of the incident we have related, and stating that if his Majesty felt so disposed he should be very thankful, in the present difficulty, to sell the mill. The king wrote the following reply in his own handwriting: "My dear neighbour, I cannot allow you to sell the mill. It must always be in your possession as long as one member of the family exists, for it belongs to the history of Prussia. I regret, however, to hear you are in such straitened circumstances, and therefore send you herewith £1,200, in the hope that it may be of service in restoring your fortunes. Consider me your affectionate neighbor—Frederick William."



Trusting in Jesus.

JUNIOR soldiers, never waver,
Though the fighting be severe,
Trust alone in God your Saviour,
He will help you, never fear.
Only trust him,
He is by your side to cheer.

Junior soldiers, when you're downcast
By the roughness of the way;
Jesus trod the path before you,
And it leads to endless day.
Keep on fighting,
He will help you every day.

Junior soldiers, when you're tempted
To give in, and fight no more;
Jesus says if we reach heaven,
We must to the end endure.
Only trust him,
Till the fighting here is o'er.

JUNIOR LEAGUE

PRAYER MEETING TOPICS.

May 5, 1895.

WHOSOEVER.—John 3. 16.

This word is found in one of the grandest verses of the New Testament. The scheme of salvation is plainly set forth. Every man may be saved. The word "whosoever" means everybody. None are excluded but such as exclude themselves. The conditions on which we may be saved are within the reach of all. God gave his Son to be the world's Redeemer, and whosoever accepts of Christ as their Redeemer they are saved. To believe is the only condition. Take heed at his word. Believe what he says, in the same way as you believe anything that a friend tells you. You exercise faith daily. Business could not be conducted, if men did not repose confidence in each other. How strange that men are so slow to credit God's word though they sometimes credit statements on the poorest evidence possible. Do not forget that all who are lost will have none to blame but themselves. This word "whosoever" brings glory to every unbeliever.

THE JUNIOR LEAGUE.

THE spiritual work requires more teaching and prayerful thought than instruction or entertainment, which themselves should be used only as means to attain the one grand purpose—the development of spiritual life.

The first lesson that children, even many from Christian homes, need to learn, is that they belong to Christ and his Church, and should never leave him. They should be encouraged to pray and speak in their own meetings, expressing their own thoughts in their own words. The mere repetition of forms which they do not fully understand, leads to insincerity. The leader should impress upon them the practical things that make up a child-Christian's life. We call them mature Christians of them. They grow naturally.

As soon as any of the Juniors give evidence of a clear perception of what it means to give their hearts to Christ, much can be gained by forming a children's class of probationers, which shall meet separately, but not sever the connection with the Junior League. This class should be taught by the leader and the pastor, in view of an early reception into full membership in the church.

The members of the Epworth League can help very much in this work. One good plan is for each member to take a class of six little ones to instruct and help, under the direction of the Junior League superintendent. This work can be done inside and outside the meetings, and is especially necessary in the cases of children whose parents are not Christians.

Let our Epworth Leaguers give more attention to the all-important work of saving the children. It means much for the League and the Church of 1910 and later.