

Canada.

Oh Canada, our Motherland,
We cling to thee alone ;
Thou art the Queen to whom we kneel
And cluster round thy throne,
Thy sylvan seat's 'mid forests vast
And prairies stretching wide,
And snow-clad hills and placid lakes,
Whence mighty rivers glide.

Oh Canada, our Motherland,
Earth holdeth none like thee,
And may thy flag for aye wave o'er
A people brave and free.
A giant race to wield the sword,
Omnipotent, of right ;
A nation pledged to keep the lamp
Of learning burning bright.

Blow wild ye winds of winter, blow
O'er all our northern land.
What care we for the scented breeze
Of fair Italia's strand ?
Blow wild ye winds, and in your voice,
Wide wafted o'er the world,
Proclaim to all a nation's birth -
A nation's flag unfurled.

Oh Canada, the sun doth shine
On thee with glorious light.
Unclouded is the sky above,
So peaceful, blue and bright.
But, should the clouds of war roll down,
Unflinching shall we stand,
And guard what God hath given us
Our fair Canadian land.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

Rev. W. H. WITHROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, JULY 6, 1889.

JUST A WORD FOR JESUS.

BY MARY C. BAKER.

I HAVE read of a young girl who often went out in a boat, after flowers. An old man rowed the boat, and Edith wondered if he were a Christian; and she thought, "I have never told him of Jesus, and it may be my last opportunity to speak for Christ, or it may be his last chance of hearing the truth."

This morning, as she thought of these things, she resolved to watch a chance to speak to the old sailor. It was not easy for Edith to speak now, because she had let so many opportunities pass unimproved; but as she looked up to God for help she gained courage; and there—as they were on the river—she spoke to the man about heaven, and asked him if he was going there.

Old Jerry was willing to talk; and Edith told

him that God's word and prayer were two oars, and if he would grasp them with faith he could "pull for the shore," and God would help him.

Long ago Jerry had a praying mother, and she had given him a Bible, and he had learned prayers in his infancy, which he had about forgotten—they had been so many years unaid. But Jerry promised Edith he would begin to read his Bible and pray that night.

The next morning, as Edith was walking down by the river, a messenger came in haste to say that Old Jerry had met with an accident, and had been almost killed, and that he wanted to see her. She went quickly, and, as he was very near death, she sang:—

"Light in the darkness, sailor; day is at hand—
See o'er the foaming billows fair haven's land;
Drear was the voyage, sailor, now almost o'er,
Safe within the life-boat, sailor, pull for the shore."

As she paused she bent down to listen, and Jerry said, in a faint whisper, "I did it! I took the oars—I pulled for the shore—I guess I'll make the harbour."

It is not best to wait or delay giving ourselves to Jesus. But if we come to-day it will not be too late. Jerry gave himself to Jesus the best he knew how that night, and did not think it was his last chance.

Edith was very glad she had spoken to him. If she had failed, then a soul would have been lost. But, dear children, if Edith had not loved Jesus she would not have known how to lead a sinner to him. She had come, and she knew the way. If the dear children who read this will come—come now, and with all their hearts—they will find Jesus a precious Saviour, and he says his yoke is easy and his burden light.

The Lord makes every one who comes to him a light-bearer. He says, "Let your light shine." We do not have to make the light. *He is light*; and if he lives in our hearts, we have just to *let the light shine*.

One of our duties will be to speak to others of our dearest Friend. We can invite them, as Edith invited the sailor. God will help us, and we shall rejoice with the angels as we see sinners coming to Jesus.

Who will thus consecrate himself to this service?

GIVING ALL TO JESUS.

ONCE a little boy learned at a meeting that Jesus had suffered and died for him, because he had been wicked. He was told how God had so loved him as to give Jesus as his Saviour.

The minister had been saying we could not give too much back to God for all he had given to us. Soon after, the collection plates were passed for the people to give their offerings.

When the plate came to him, he looked up and said to the man, in a low voice: "Put it down lower." The plate was lowered somewhat, and the boy again said: "Put it down lower still."

The man then smiled at the earnest little fellow, and put the plate down on the floor. The little boy immediately stepped into it, and the man quickly said: "What do you mean?" The little fellow at once replied: "I mean to give myself to Jesus."

He had the true spirit, and the act was an impressive one. We sometimes sing:

"But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away;
'Tis all that I can do."

And yet we don't do it, but only think we do. All we have and all we are belong to God, and we should simply use and enjoy them for his glory.

"I'M SHY."

I HEARD of a little girl who offered this prayer to God: "Make me a real thorough good girl, and if at first you don't succeed, try, try, try again."

I should like all the readers of PLEASANT HOURS to have the same wish in their hearts, and themselves to "try, try, try again," if at first they do not succeed in being what they are asking God to make them.

The same gentleman who told me about the little girl, told me of two others who were lying with their arms round each other in a wood when a storm came on. The thunder rolled, the flashes of lightning frightened the little ones, and the rain poured down in torrents. One of them said to the other, "Sister, pray to God." But she said, "No, I cannot; I'm shy."

I wonder if any of the readers of PLEASANT HOURS are too shy to pray to God; but they do not need to be, because God is our Father in heaven. He loves us much more than any father on earth loves his children; and we surely mean that we are all his children when we say, "O God, our Father, who art in heaven."



HELPLESS CHILDREN.

Cry of the Helpless Children.

BY ANNIE BOWWELL.

VEIL thou thy face, O nation, powerful, proud,
Though marts be filled and church spires pierce the
skies,

If infant woes and wrongs can cry aloud,
And to God's laws appeals from thine can rise.
Boast not thyself of wealth, as wise, or free,
While ignorance blinds, or hunger goads to sin;

And while the drifting flotsam of life's sea
Goes down to wreck in tempests dark and din.
In vain shall science tell her wondrous story,
In vain shall industry her guerdon claim,

Vainly shall valour win and wear her glory,
While on the land there lies this taint of shame.
In vain are all the bolts of knowledge riven
While youth unheeded smites a fast-closed door;

In vain shall prayers and praises rise to heaven
While trampled lies God's chiefest gift—his poor.
Their name is legion, and the demons tear them
Of unassuaged want, untamed desire;

Whose is the part to feel, to heal, to cheer them?
At whose right hand shall God their blood require?

Rise in thy might, O young and Christian nation!
Blot from thy shield this old and scorching stain;
Own thou these darkened souls as God's creation,
His sacred trust, to be redeemed again.

They lift their voice, they cry to thee, their mother,
From reeking tenement and flinty street;
Who else shall lead, and guide, and teach? What other
Make straight the path before their bleeding feet?

Stretch forth thy hand to succour and to save them
When, nursed in sorrow, reared in sin and pain,
The cruel mercies of mankind would give them
Forgotten graves to close a life of stain.

Give light for stripes, give aid for scorn, give healing
For hands that thrust them forward to their doom;
Give love for strict, strained justice, so revealing
A Father, not a Judge, beyond the tomb.

Hark to the voice within thy bosom pleading
For those, forsaken, who yet bear thy name;
Remember that at thy repulse or leading
They shall debase or lift on high thy fame.

In thy son's life or death thou livest or diest—
See that, when questioned of thy duty done,
Thine eyes shall meet thy God's as thou . . . pliest;
"Of them thou gavest me have I lost none."

KINGSTON, ONT., March 14, 1888.