

**Grandpa Swinging the Baby.**

BY MRS. J. K. RUSSELL.

Out on the lawn I see them now,  
Grandpa with his snow-white brow,  
And Little Blue Eyes with frolic wild,  
So glad and bright, his dear grandchild.

Now grandpa swings her high in the air;  
No sweeter bird e'er flitted there.  
Her fair hair tossing in the breeze  
Mid the swaying boughs of the maple trees.

Oh, life is bright; and the little one sings,  
No thought of care a shadow brings  
On the pretty, tender, upturned face.  
Innocence only and trust, a trace.

And grandpa dreams of long ago,  
When the little one's mother he swung just  
so;  
And I fancy a tear gleams in his eye  
As he thinks of the days long since gone by.

Now soon across the tide will float  
The dear old man in a phantom boat;  
And the pretty maid, to girlhood grown,  
Will find a path and ways her own.

And life will come and life will go,  
But why, and how, no man may know.  
A child, a man threescore and ten;  
Life was and is; 't will be again.

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**Pleasant Hours:**

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, DECEMBER 1, 1894.

**JESUS THE GUIDE TO HEAVEN.**

BY REV. E. P. HAMMOND.

In the grounds of Hampton Court, twelve miles from London, is a labyrinth in which Henry the Eighth, more than three hundred years ago, used to wander about for his amusement.

One beautiful afternoon in autumn, after spending hours among the picture-galleries in the palace, and visiting the room where Oliver Cromwell parted for the last time with his lovely daughter, I wandered away into the park, among the delicate, light-footed deer, and came to this labyrinth.

I saw people entering it, and heard them say they could find their way out easy enough; and I, too, was led to attempt it. It was very easy to go in a long distance; but when I turned to find my way back, it was a different matter. Whichever path among the high hawthorn hedges I took, I soon reached its end. I could not even find the people whom a little before I saw entering this strange place. I seemed to walk miles, and yet to be no nearer the end. It was getting dark, and I began to fear I might have to lie down upon the cold ground for the night. All this time a kind man had been standing upon a high tower near by, waiting for me to lift my eyes to him, and ask him to guide me out. I quickly said, "Sir, will you please show me the way out of this dark place?" "Oh yes," he replied; and with a long stick he soon helped me to thread my way to the green lawn again.

How much time and anxiety I might have been saved, if I had only taken this man for my guide out of this winding puzzle! He seemed so glad to help me, he made me think of the dear Jesus, who always stands ready to guide lost sinners in the way to heaven. His words, you know, are, "I am the way, and the truth, and the life." Let us all see if we can find that verse. Yes, here it is—John 14, 6—"Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, and the truth, and the life; no man cometh unto the Father but by me." But have you ever felt that you were lost in the dark ways of sin, and that you could not find the way to heaven without the help of Jesus, who died on the cross that he might lead you home to the mansions above? You are surely lost in the dreadful labyrinth of sin, and you will never get out without the help of Jesus.

And yet some of you have never really asked him to be your Saviour and guide, and you are every day going farther and farther away from him. In Rome we followed a guide with a lighted taper down into the Catacombs, which, like this labyrinth of which I have told you, wander off in all directions underground. A little before, a young man had left the guide, and was soon out of hearing. Search was made for him, but it was all in vain. Days and weeks passed away, and at last nothing but his bones were found. How closely the very thought of it made me cling to our guide! This young man did not expect to be lost; but he never saw the light of day after he left that guide. And I am afraid that some of you may be lost, and never see the light of heaven. You certainly never will, if you do not come to Jesus, and cling close by his side. As that guide in the Catacombs of Rome held a light for us, so Jesus will give you the light of his Word all your journey through, if you will but trust in him to save you from sin and be your guide. Will you ask him to-day? He loves you, and wishes to take you by the hand and lead you along the shining path to happiness and glory. Will you let him, "just now;" and sing with joy, "Jesus take me, just now; Jesus guide me, just now?"

**A WEE BOY IN DISTRESS.**

The other day a poor little waif of a boy, eleven years of age, greatly emaciated and exhausted by long-standing disease, was brought up in the hoist to the operating theatre of the Royal Infirmary, in Glasgow, to undergo an operation which it was thought might possibly have the effect of prolonging the boy's life. His condition, however, was so low and unsatisfactory, that there was some fear not only that the operation might not be successful in its results, but that during or immediately following the operation the boy's strength might give in and his spirit pass away. After reaching the theatre, which is seated like the gallery of a church, and while the operating table was being got ready, the little fellow was seated on a cushioned seat, and looking up toward some students who were there to witness the operation, with a pitiful, tremulous voice he said: "Will one of you gentlemen put up just a wee prayer for a wee boy—I am in great trouble and distress—just a wee prayer to Jesus for me in my sore trouble." The surgeon, patting him on the shoulder, spoke kindly to him, but as he heard no prayer and saw probably only a pitying smile on the faces of some of the students, he turned his head away and in childish tones and words, which were sufficiently audible to those around him, he asked Jesus, his Friend, "the Friend of wee boys who loved him," to be with him—to have mercy on him in his distress. And while the young doctor was putting the boy under chloroform, so that he might feel no pain during the operation, so long as he was conscious the voice of the boy was heard in words of prayer. The surgeon, as he stood by the table on which the boy lay, knowing that he had to perform an operation requiring some coolness and calmness and delicacy of touch, felt just a little overcome. There was a lump in his throat which rather disturbed him. Soon, however, he heard the words from the assistant who was administering the chloroform, "Doctor, the boy is ready;" and taking the knife in his hand, lump or no

lump, had to begin the operation. Soon the surgeon was conscious that the prayer which the little boy had offered up for himself had included in its answer someone else, for the coolness of head, steadiness of hand and delicacy of touch all came as they were needed, and the operation was completed with more than usual ease, dexterity and success.

On the following morning, the surgeon, going round his ward from bed to bed, and coming to that on which the little boy lay, saw from the placid, comfortable look on his face that his sufferings had been relieved, and that all was well with him. Going up to the head of the bed and taking the little wasted hand, which seemed no larger than that of a bazaar doll, the surgeon whispered into his ear, "The good Jesus heard your prayer yesterday." A bright, happy, contented look lit up the boy's face, and with a feeble yet distinct pressure of the little hand, he looked up in the doctor's face and said, "I ken't he would." And then he added, "You, doctor, were guide to me, too." But apparently thinking that the doctor was on a different platform and required something tangible for his care and trouble, in a plaintive voice he said, "But I hae nothing to gie you," and then a bright thought came into his mind, and with a little cheer in his tone, he added, "I will just pray to Jesus for you, doctor." The surgeon before leaving the ward, in bidding the boy good-bye for the day, asked him where he came from and where he had learnt to know so much about Jesus and to love him so dearly. He answered: "I come frae Barrhead." "And you were in a Sabbath-school there?" "Oh, yes, in the Bourack school." Our readers will be pleased to learn that the boy made a successful recovery and is now at home.—*Christian Leader.*

**WHAT SOME KIND WORDS DID.**

THE STORY OF JOHN B. GOUGH.

AMONG the passengers on a vessel that came up New York harbour one August day in 1829 was an English boy about twelve years old. Never before had he been far from the little village where he was born, and where the chief event of every day was the passing of the coach that went to the great city, London. So when neighbours that were going to settle in America offered to take him, he had been eager to go.

His mother was a school-teacher, and he wanted to learn. He little thought that his school-days had ended in the Old Country. He expected that in his new home he would have a chance to study, and that he would be taught a trade. He soon found that life on a farm was not giving him what he had looked for; so he made his way to the city, and there found work. His mother and sister crossed the ocean to him, and a happy household the three made. But they were poor; by-and-bye work was hard to find, even food was scarce, the loving mother suddenly died, and the little home was broken up.

Things grew worse and worse with the young man. He got into bad company, and began to drink. He married, but his wife and child died, and he drank more than ever. He did not work steadily, and so could not keep a place long. From city to city he went, until, weary of living, he two or three times planned to take his life.

One day on the street a man touched him, called him by name, and asked him how he would like again to be respected and to have friends. Such a thing did not seem possible, but the stranger promised to interest his friends in the young man if he would sign the pledge. The offer was one that could not be put aside, and at a temperance meeting the next night there was scrawled on a pledge the name of John B. Gough. It cost a terrible struggle to keep that promise, but kind words from one and another encouraged him to keep up the fight.

When he was a boy in his English home, he was known as so good a reader that persons used to hire him to read to them. Now he soon began to speak in temperance meetings. People liked to hear him, and he was asked to go to many places, although he often found it hard to get money to pay his fare. One day, when he had been working at his trade, binding some Bibles, as he left the shop to go

somewhere to speak, he wrapped his apron about the Bibles, expecting to come back and finish them. But others could bind books, while none could speak like him; and after that his work was not making books, but men.

It was fifty years since the English boy first landed in America, and now he came again after a third visit to the land where he was born. Now he was coming back to his beautiful home full of rich tokens of love from many lands. The noblest men and women in America and Great Britain counted it an honour to have him as a friend. During all those years since the stranger stopped him on the street, millions had listened to his wonderful voice, and had laughed and cried as never before at the stories of the man that acted them out so that it seemed as if, as a Dutchman said of him, he talked "mit his goat-dails." But in all that he said he thought of those years of sadness, and of the Saviour that had made his life one of joy. To the very last he worked to keep others from the sadness by leading them to the same joy. Thousands on thousands were saved through his words; and when his work was finished, and people thought of all that he had done, there were many that remembered the words of a poor Scotch woman when he was leaving Edinburgh. She was so thankful that she wanted to give him something. She could give nothing but a handkerchief; but she said, "When he wipes the sweat from his face while speaking, tell him to remember he has wiped away a great many tears."

**BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU FILL UP WITH.**

A boy returned from school one day with a report that his scholarship had fallen below the usual average. "Well," said his father, "you've fallen behind this month, have you?"

"Yes sir."

"How did that happen?"

"Don't know, sir."

The father knew, if the son did not. He had observed a number of cheap novels scattered about the house, but he had not thought it worth while to say anything until a fitting opportunity should offer itself. A basket of apples stood upon the floor, and he said: "Empty those apples and take the basket and bring it to me full of chips. And now," he continued, "put those apple back into the basket."

When half the apples were replaced the son said: "Father, they roll off. I can't put in any more."

"Put them in, I tell you."

"But, father, I can't put them in."

"Put them in! No; of course you can't put them in. Do you expect to fill a basket half full of chips and then fill it with apples? You said you didn't know how you fell behind at school, and I will tell you. Your mind is like that basket; it will not hold much more than so much; and here you have been the past month filling it up with rubbish—worthless, cheap novels."

**A STRANGE TIME PIECE.**

A GRENADIER belonging to the regiment of Frederick the Great, king of Prussia, used to carry in his pocket, instead of a watch, a large ball attached to a chain. Frederick was told of this, and one day at parade asked to see the soldier's watch. To this at first the latter objected; but meeting a stern look, he at once obeyed the command, and produced his time-piece.

"Well," said the king, "how can this tell any hour?"

"It tells me," replied the soldier, "that at each hour I should be ready to die for your majesty."

Struck by this noble reply, Frederick took out his own richly-jeweled watch and presented it as a reward of fidelity to the soldier.

Dear Christian readers, Jesus says unto everyone who believes in him, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." Live for the Lord who redeemed you, and then you will not fear to die at his bidding and in his service. You will, though, it may be, weak and failing children, be as true to the King of kings as the stout grenadier was to his lawful sovereign.