

Hark! the Shepherd Calls Us

Tim, the Shepherd calls us,
The gentle shepherds lead
To the pure water
And through the fresh green meads,
Though sheep beyond all number
His care and guidance claim,
He knows each lamb and loves it,
And calls it by its name.
Hark! the Shepherd calls us!
Do not wander wide
Closer, lambs of Jesus,
Closer to his side!

He doth not drive us onward
The pathway to explore—
Face the linking danger—
Ah, no! He goes before!
He knows each step we travel—
He trod it all of old;
O trust his love to lead us,
And bring us to his fold!
Hark! the Shepherd calls us!
Do not wander wide
Closer, lambs of Jesus,
Closer to his side!

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, OCTOBER 15, 1892.

"CAN THE LIKE OF US GET IN?"

Coming rather late, one stormy afternoon in November, to the place where a children's service was to be held, I was surprised to find a group of little ones standing outside the door in the heavy rain, apparently waiting for something. They were strangers to me, but as I came up three of them ran to me, asking eagerly, "Is there anything to pay to get in?"

"Nothing, dear children," I said; and in the three ran once.

But two little ragged ones, with bare feet, still lingering outside till one of them shyly asked me, "Can the like of us get in?"

Glad was I to be able to say, "O, yes; all are welcome; and we went in together.

But I had learned a lesson from the children which I hope I shall never forget. They have all been invited to come. They were cold and weary outside, and they wanted to get in. The door was open, and a kind welcome awaited them inside. They kept themselves out by thinking the invitation could not be meant for them—that they were not fit to come in. Here, then, is my lesson: God has, in his infinite love, provided a rich feast, to which he freely and fully invites all. Before God could give you and me—guilty sinners—this full and free invitation, his only begotten Son had to suffer and die in the sinner's stead, in order that he might take away the mighty barrier of guilt that blocked up our way to heaven. But now there is "boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus, by a new and living way which he hath consecrated for us,

through the veil, that is to say, his flesh" (Heb. x. 19, 20); and in every outcast who enters, Jesus sees of the travail of his soul and is satisfied.

Jesus, then, wants you to come. The Father is waiting to welcome you. He is not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to him and live. The Holy Ghost saith, "To-day, if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts." And God's messengers are sent out to say, "All things are ready; come;" "Whosoever will, let him come." "Whosoever;" that means you; you will never get a fuller invitation.

Do not think the invitation is not meant for the like of you. Do not let any thought, as that you are not fit to come in, keep you out. The like of you may come in. Jesus "came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance" (Matt. ix. 13); and he has declared, "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out" (John vi. 37).

Reader, will you accept the invitation and come just as you are? And come now.

TIM'S BUTTON-HOLE FLOWERS.

BY SUSAN TEAL PERRY.

ROSIE CARTER felt very sorry when her brother Tim had to leave school. She had built a great many air castles about Tim. He was to be highly educated, and then have some high position in the world; was to own a beautiful house, and she was going to live with him. All these castles, however, came to the ground with a dreadful crash, when her father, who was a bricklayer, came in one day, and said Tim would have to carry the mortar for the bricklayers who were going to put up the new house for Judge Hunter. Tim's father would not have let Tim out of school chafspring, but the mother had been ill for a long time, and there were doctor's bills to pay, and Tim's father never wished to be in debt. The time had come when Tim must earn something himself. Tim's mother was not able to go to the store, so Rosie had to go and buy Tim a working boy's blouse and overalls. The first morning Tim started, Rosie pinned a pansy on his blouse. She had bought a pot of pansy plants at the market. Tim was not disposed to wear the flower at first, because he thought the boys would laugh at him, but he was very fond of flowers, and his natural independence of character decided him to wear it for Rosie's sake.

Rosie went down the stairs of the large tenement house with Tim, and when they got to the door she said, "Dear Tim, you are going into a temptation now; promise me you will never drink any liquor. You know father never does, but nearly all the rest of the men in this house do. You know what trouble it brings to a family, because you have seen all about it yourself, Tim."

Tim did not wish to be tied up to a promise, he said. But he told Rosie there was no danger of him taking a glass, for he did not like even the smell of it. When Tim came home, however, he confided to Rosie, that when he saw the men and boys drinking their beer at noontime, that it did smell kind of good, and he did not see as there could be much harm in a glass or two of beer at noontime. And after he had been at work a week he told Rosie he was urged so often to take a glass that he had made up his mind to make her a promise not to taste the foaming beverage, if it did look so inviting on a warm day. "If I promise, I am sure I shall not break it, especially if I promise you, Rosie," he said. "I'll wear a flower every morning, and when I look at it, it will remind me of my promise." So Rosie bought a number of plants, and put them in a soap-box, and Tim fastened them outside the window, and it was wonderful how thrifty the plants grew, and how they blossomed.

Nobody ever took a firm, decided stand for the right without influencing some, who were in the wrong way, to turn back again, and Tim found he had a great work to do among the boys who were working in that locality. At noon they all gathered together under a shed where the workmen kept their tools, and the few words Tim spoke for the cause of Temperance were always timely and well chosen. He always spoke of his button-hole flower as his temperance badge. One of the ladies of the

"Flower Mission" came to see Tim's mother one day, and brought her a bunch of lovely roses. When she saw the soap box with the thrifty plants in it, she asked how they kept them looking so well, for the days had been very hot and dusty. Rosie's mother told her that her little daughter took care of them and watered them every evening, and brushed the dust off from them, and that she had grown to love them so well that she called them her pets, and really they seemed to know her care and love for them, and did all they could to show their appreciation of it. She also told about Tim's button-hole flowers every morning, and that he called them his temperance badges.

The lady was so pleased to hear about the button-hole flowers that she said it had given her an idea, which she thought would prove a good one. The Flower Mission rooms were in the locality where the new buildings were being put up, and when she went away she interested some of the King's Daughters, living near to supply the button-hole flowers every morning as temperance pledges for the day. It was surprising how many boys and young men stepped into the room, to get one on their way to work. Sometimes it took half a dozen King's Daughters to put all the flowers on. They had to be at the rooms at a quarter before seven o'clock, too, as the workers had to be at their several posts of labour at seven o'clock sharp.

You may be sure the lady asked Rosie to join a circle of King's Daughters after the new mission was opened, and so she became one of the active workers in the early morning. They all said Rosie was the prime mover of this new and helpful button-hole flower mission.

MANNERS FOR BOYS.

Poor fellows! How they got lectured and scolded and snubbed, and how continual is the rubbing and polishing and drilling which every member of the family feels at liberty to administer.

No wonder their opposition is aroused, and they begin to feel that every man's hand is against them, when after all if they were only, in a quiet way, informed of what was expected of them, and their manliness appealed to, they would readily enough fall into line.

So thought "Auntie M.," as she pointed out the following rules for a little 12-year old nephew, who was the "light of her eye," if not always the joy of her heart; for though a good-natured, amiable boy in the main, he would offend against the "proprieties" frequently.

First come manners of the street:
Hat lifted in saying "good-bye" or "How do you do."

Hat lifted when offering a seat in car or acknowledging a favour.

Keep step with any one you walk with. Always precede a lady up stairs, and ask her if you may precede in passing through a crowd or public place.

Hat off the moment you enter a street-door and when you step into a private hall or office.

In the parlor, stand till every lady in the room is seated, also all the people.

Rise if a lady comes in after you are seated, and stand till she takes a seat.

Look people straight in the face when speaking or being spoken to.

Let ladies pass through a door first, standing aside for them.

In the dining-room, take your seat after ladies and elders.

Never play with knife, fork or spoon. Do not take your napkin in a bunch in your hand.

Eat as fast or as slow as the others, and finish the course when they do.

Rise when ladies leave the room, and stand till they are out.

If all go out together, gentlemen stand by the door till ladies pass.

Special rules for the mouth are that all noise in eating and smacking of the lips should be avoided.

Cover the mouth with the hand or napkin when obliged to remove anything from it.

Use your handkerchief unobtrusively always.

Do not look toward a bed-room door when passing. Always knock at any private room door.

BEFORE YOU ARE FIFTEEN.

BY REV. J. B. MILLER.

BEFORE a girl I know was fifteen, she was "remarkable;" all girls like to be remarkable. When she was ten, she curled herself up in a big rocker, gathered her manuscript into her lap, and, with a laughing look, began to read aloud her book. It was three years before it was finished; and perhaps it is to day in her waste-basket, or locked away to be shown as a curiosity, which it certainly is.

She is twenty-five now; she has not done anything any more remarkable than the little girl who sat at the same desk in the country school-house who had to puzzle over her grammar, and never could remember that one I was enough for *charful*.

Did you ever read of that most remarkable girl, Anne Maria Schurman? At the age of twelve she is said to have understood (perfectly) her own German tongue, and Low Dutch, French, English, Latin, Greek, Italian, Hebrew, Syriac, Chaldean, Arabic, and Ethiopian languages. Besides having hundreds of other accomplishments. "At the age of fifteen she had made startling progress in her studies, especially was this true in regard to her knowledge of the sciences, and her skill in music, painting, and sculpture was also extraordinary. As an illustration of her talent for modelling, we may mention the fact that she once made an excellent wax portrait of herself, taking the features from a mirror which worked on a revolving tripod. Almost every European potentate has copies of her letters in their cabinets, which are kept not alone for the clearness of their diction, but on account of the elegance of her style and the beauty of their written character." A 1, now, what is the rest of it? How sweet a woman did it help her to become, and what service for Christ did she learn through it all? This is all I know about her; I wish I knew more.

A girl friend writes: "Before I was fifteen I cared most to have wealth, intellect, beauty." Another writes: "I cared most to become a Christian." Still another: "To have a lover, and to live in a house with lace curtains."

You might think this last girl so silly that she would never grow up wise, would you not? She is nineteen now, and her letters reveal a desire to know God's will, and to do it, that I am sure God put into her heart and will grant fully. "I do desire God's will and pray for it; how can I know when I have it?" she inquires earnestly.

So God, the wise and clear-seeing Father, begins with us, and leads us on, to love what he loves best to give. He knows that girls are girlish; he does not expect them to be "remarkable," unless by special gift, he has made them so.

But, poor Marie! Boshkirtsoff, who died when she was hardly more than a girl, before she was fifteen, prayed that she might never have smallpox, that she might grow up pretty, have a beautiful voice, and be happily married. She learned many things, but not about God, and she did many things, but they were all to satisfy her own ambition and make herself glorious.

A little girl I know had three heart's desires—before she was fifteen: to travel, teach school, and write a book. Before she was twenty-one she crossed the Atlantic, taught in a public school, and held in her hand her first book. God cared about her heart's desires: Do you know how he can delight in yours, and give them to you? "Delight thyself also in him, and he shall give thee thy heart's desires." After we delight in him, he can give us anything; for nothing will hurt us, or draw us away from him, but every thing will. Like the sails of a ship filled with a fair wind, hurry us on to our desired haven—the haven of doing his will.

Girls, you must have hopes and desires and fancies, else you would not be girls; very silly ones (sometimes); but even the silly ones God cares for, and will turn them into wise ones, if you will let him.

You may have as many desires as you have hairs in your head, and he will not miss one in counting them. Can you do anything better with them than ask him to show you how to use them? Then the "beauty" will be upon you, and your "hands" will help work it out. Mark that beauty and hands verse in your Bible. Find it in Psalm 90, 17.