

The Boys.

They come the boys! Oh, dear the noise,
The whole house feels the racket;
Behold the knee of Harry's pants,
And weep o'er Bertie's jacket!
But never mind if eyes keep bright,
And limbs grow straight and lumber,
We'd rather lose the tree's whole bark
Than find unsound the timber!

Now, hear the tops and marbles roll!
The floors—oh, woe betide them!
And I must watch the banisters,
For I know boys who ride them!
Look well as you descend the stairs,
I often find them haunted
By ghostly toys, that make no noise
Just when their noise is wanted.

The very chairs are tied in pairs,
And made to prance and caper;
What swords are whittled out of sticks!
What brave luns made of paper!
The dinner bell peals loud and well,
To tell the milkman's coming,
And then the rush of "steam-car trains"
Sets all our ears a-humming.

How oft I say, "What shall I do
To keep these children quiet?"
If I could find a good receipt,
I certainly should try it.
But what to do with these wild boys,
And all their din and clatter,
Is really quite a grave affair,
No laughing, trilling matter.

"Boys will be boys"—but not for long!
Ah, could we hear about us
This thought—now very soon our boys
Will learn to do without us!
How soon but tall and deep-voiced men
Will gravely call us "Mother;"
Or we be stretching empty hands
From this world to the other—
More gently we should chide the noise,
And when night quells the racket,
Stitch in but loving thoughts and prayers
While mending pants and jackets!
—Christian Union.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, JULY 14, 1894.

SINGING THE PRAISES OF JESUS.

BY REV. W. F. CRAFTS.

ONE Sunday a man came into the Sunday-school at the Boston North End Mission, drawn by the sweetness of the children's singing. He remained to the close, and came again that evening to the prayer meeting. When the customary invitation to seek the Saviour was given, he came forward and became a Christian. To a few who had remained to pray with the penitent ones, he said: "My friends, I feel that I am a saved man, and I owe it to your children's singing 'Jesus Loves Me' this afternoon. I couldn't realize it, I've been such a miserable sinner; but after I went away I thought it over, 'Jesus Loves Me'; and then I thought of the next line, 'For the Bible tells me so,' and I tried to believe it, and I came here this evening to

got you to pray for me." He became a regular attendant at the mission, and gave the clearest evidence of a genuine change of heart.

Shortly after the visit of Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey to Scotland, a little boy passed along the streets of Glasgow in the evening, singing, "There is a Fountain Filled with Blood." A Christian policeman joined in the song. At the end of the policeman's beat he asked the boy if he understood what he was singing.

"Oh, yes," said the little fellow, "I know it in my heart, and it is very precious."

A few evenings afterwards, someone, in conversation with the policeman, said:

"Do you know that a woman standing where we are was saved by hearing the other night a hymn sung by a policeman and a boy?"

Children's songs are also many times a great comfort in trouble and sickness.

A man who was seeking to relieve the poor, came to a flight of stairs that led to a door that led to a room reaching under the eaves. He knocked. A feeble voice said, "Come in," and he went in. There was no light, but as soon as his eye became adapted to the place, he saw, lying upon a heap of chips and shavings, a boy about ten years of age, pale, but with a sweet face. "What are you doing here?" he asked of the boy. "Hush! hush! I am hiding." "Hiding! What for?" And he showed his white arms covered with bruises and swollen. "Who was it beat you like that?" "Don't tell him; my father did it." "What for?" "Father got drunk and beat me because I wouldn't steal." "Did you ever steal?" "Yes, sir; I was a thief once." These London thieves never hesitate to acknowledge it—it is their profession. "Then why don't you steal now?" "Because I went to the Ragged School, and they told me, 'Thou shalt not steal,' and they told me of God in heaven. I will never steal, sir, if my father kills me." Said my friend, "I don't know what to do with you. Here is a shilling. I will see what I can do for you."

The boy looked at it a moment, and then said, "But, sir, wouldn't you like to hear my little hymn?"

My friend thought it strange that, without food, without fire, bruised and beaten, as he lay there, he could sing a hymn; but he said, "Yes, I will hear you." And then in a sweet voice he sang:

"Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child;
Pity my simplicity,
Suffer me to come to thee.

"Fain I would to thee be brought;
Gentle Lord, forbid it not;
In the kingdom of thy grace,
Grant thy little child a place."

"That's my little hymn; good-bye."

The gentleman went again in the morning; went up-stairs, knocked at the door—no answer; opened it and went in. The shilling lay on the floor. There lay the boy with a smile on his face—but he was dead! In the night he had gone home.

And the children's songs are also a comfort and help in the hour of death. A little boy in the far West was run over by a car and so badly hurt that he died the next morning. Just before he died, with a very sweet voice and happy face, he sang to the friends who stood beside his bed:

"Shall we gather at the river
Where bright angels' feet have trod."

And then repeated a little prayer his mother had taught him. Shortly after the prayer the sunny eyes closed, and the soul—the thinking part of little Eddie—went out of his body and up to God, and they said "He is dead." The little song had been a great comfort to him in dying, and to all his friends.

Since so much good can be done by singing, let us sing with all our hearts and with all our voices in the church and Sunday-school and at home, and thus we may save and comfort many sinful and sorrowful hearts.

—At the seashore between the sea swells and the land swells the landlord's pocket-book swells.



A LITTLE HEROINE.

JENNIE CREEK is only ten, but bright, pretty, and brave. She lives with Samuel Personett, her adopted father, at Millgrove, a small station on the Panhandle Railroad, five miles east of Hartford City.

One day last September, the railroad bridge crossing the stream which runs through Mr. Personett's farm caught fire and was destroyed. Little Jennie was the only one at home at the time, and the only one who saw the fire. The west-bound passenger train was due, and the girl knew that if it was not stopped a terrible catastrophe would result. So she ran to the railroad track, and when she reached it she heard the roar of the approaching train. Thoroughly frightened at the threatened danger to the passengers, the little girl yet had the presence of mind to snatch off her red petticoat and run up the track waving the garment aloft, as she had seen brakemen do with their flags.

The engineer saw her and at once reversed his engine. The train rushed by Jennie, but stopped within one hundred feet of the edge of the stream.

The passengers swarmed out of the cars to find how narrow their escape had been, and when they found that they owed their deliverance to the timid little girl, who yet clung to her little petticoat, they almost overpowered her with caresses. They made up a handsome purse for her on the spot, and the Panhandle Company a few days later presented her with tickets which enabled her and the Personett family to visit the World's Fair free of expense.

Most of the passengers on the train were bound for Chicago, and it is supposed that among them were some Frenchmen connected with the Society of Humanity in Paris. This society has recently notified her of its intention to present her with a medal for her bravery.—*Epsworth Herald*.

One Little Rhyme.

ONE little grain in the sandy bars;
One little flower in a field of flowers,
One little star in a heaven of stars;
One little hour in a year of hours—
What if it makes, or what if it mars?

But the bar is built of the little grains;
And the little flowers make the meadows gay;
And the little stars light the heavenly plains;
And the little hours of each little day
Give to us all that life contains.

HIDING GOD'S WORD FROM ITS ENEMIES.

DURING the terrible persecutions of the Waldensian Christians in the south-east of France during the first half of the last century, when they could only meet for religious services with the greatest secrecy in some secluded spot among the mountains, and that at great risk of being surprised by their persecutors, there came a time when so few Bibles were left to them that there were not enough to supply one to each group of families accustomed to worship together. To remedy this, and to guard against the entire loss of the Word of God, should all the remaining copies be seized, societies were formed among the young people for the purpose of learning it by heart, each member committing to memory a certain portion. This was done with the greatest precision, and whenever a congregation gathered for worship, the members of the society stood beside the pastor and recited to the

listening people whatever portion of Scripture he might call for. Surely they could say, "Thy word have I hid in my heart."

I Thank Thee, O My God!

BY LUCY LARCOM.

For the rosebud's breath of beauty
Along the toiler's way;
For the violet's eye that opens
To bless the new-born day;
For the bare twigs that in summer
Bloom like the prophet's rod;
For the blossoming of flowers,
I thank thee, O my God!

For the lifting up of mountains
In brightness and in dread;
For the peaks where snow and sunshine
Alone have dared to tread;
For the dark or silent gorges,
Whence mighty cedars nod;
For the majesty of mountains,
I thank thee, O my God!

For the splendour of the sunsets,
Vast mirrored on the sea;
For the gold-fringed clouds that curtain
Heaven's inner mystery;
For the molten bars of twilight,
Where thought leans, glad, yet awed,
For the glory of the sunsets,
I thank thee, O my God!

For the earth in all its beauty,
The sky and all its light;
For the dim and soothing shadows
That rest the dazzling sight;
For unfading fields and prairies
Where sense in vain has trod;
For the world's exhaustless beauty,
I thank thee, O my God!

For an eye of inward seeing,
A soul to know and love;
For those common aspirations,
That our high heirship prove;
For the hearts that bless each other,
Beneath thy smile, thy rod;
For the amaranth saved from Eden,
I thank thee, O my God!

For the hidden scroll o'erwritten,
With one dear name adored;
For the Heavenly in the Human,
The Spirit in the Word;
For the tokens of thy presence,
Within, above, abroad;
For thine own great gift of being,
I thank thee, O my God!

A GLIMPSE AT THE CHINESE.

If one argues that China, being upon the opposite side of the globe, must be literally upside down, he will not find himself very much mistaken. Dinner begins with cake, pudding and confectionery, and ends with soup. Lemonade is always as hot as hot can be. If a friend sends you a letter, he often sends only an empty envelope addressed to you, and the bearer delivers the message orally. But what seemed to me one of the oddest of all the odd customs of the Chinese was the mode of resenting an injury. There is very seldom a real fight. Sometimes they resort to hair-pulling, and they pull with a vengeance; but as a rule, when one feels deeply injured, in any way, he goes right out on the street and begins to tell the story of his wrongs, "at the top of his lungs," shouting all sorts of family secrets and abusing the relative or neighbour who has wronged him with all the hard words and hard names he can think of. I have seen women on the low, flat roofs of their houses, screaming all sorts of horrible things about their husbands, and men sitting in the streets, with their backs against the wall, shouting till they were dark in the face and too hoarse to speak, telling everybody about their cross and obstinate wives. The most curious part is that no one seems to listen or care anything about it, and, really, I do not think that the people who are howling can, either, whether anyone listens or not.

The revelations contained in the Bible are made to man in words; and these words, like those contained in any other book, are to be interpreted by applying to them the established laws of language. The meaning of the words, when thus ascertained, is to be accepted as God's rule for human faith and practice. What the words mean, he means. His authority attaches to that meaning.