

Would You?

WHAT would you do my darling,
If the Saviour went and came
In and out of our homes to-day,
As he did in Jerusalem?
Would you hasten out with gladness
Your blessed Lord to meet—
Would you fling the door wide open, love,
At sound of his coming feet?

Would you listen to the teachings
He only could unfold,
Would you nestle in his loving arms
As little ones did of old?
What do I hear you answer—
You wish that it could be so,
For Jesus seems so far away
When we seek his love to know?

Ah, don't you know, my darling,
The Saviour comes to-day—
Comes pleading for an entrance, now
Into your heart to stay?
O! set the door wide open,
Then bid him welcome here,
And in the New Jerusalem
You shall see him surely there.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

Rev. W. H. WITTHROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 9, 1895.

WHAT TO READ AND HOW TO DO IT.

THE best book of all to read is of course the Bible. It is the most interesting book in the world. Almost anyone would admit that, and yet I know that if I should put the question "honour bright" to some of the boys who read this article, they would answer honestly that they do not think so. This is partly because they have not learned to read the Bible properly.

Many people read the Bible in a piecemeal sort of way, a chapter every night before they go to bed, and they bring up their children to do the same. Now a few verses from the Bible are a very good thing to go to sleep on, but one will never get a real knowledge of the book by reading it in that way only. Such reading is for rest and comfort, but it is not for information. And how many of you who read in that fashion remember from one night to another what you read? The end of a chapter does not by any means necessarily conclude the subject of which it treats, or even indicate a good place for stopping, for the narrative or argument may be continued through several chapters, or indeed to the end of the book. You should give the Bible as fair a chance to interest you as you give any other book, and any other book you read connectedly from beginning to end. Suppose next Sunday afternoon, when you are neither tired nor sleepy, but when you feel just in the mood for a good comfortable read, instead of taking up your Sunday-school book or a religious paper, you settle yourself with your Bible and read the Acts of

the Apostles from the first verse to the last, and when you have finished it you will have a realizing sense of the courage and devotion of the men whom Christ chose to plant his church; and Peter and Paul and James and John will seem like live men to you, and real heroes too, and you will want to trace their lives from beginning to end.

By reading a book through you get a clear idea of the author's design, and you are able to appreciate the beauty and force of the language which he uses.

Another good way to read the Bible is to take it by subjects. The Old Testament biographies are exceedingly interesting. Take the life of Moses or Joseph or David and read it through, and you will be sure to like it. After you have once begun to enjoy the Bible I am sure you will never leave off. You will read it more and love it better and better the longer you live, and the better you become acquainted with it the more you will wonder at its inexhaustible riches.

After the Bible the next best thing for a boy to read is a good newspaper. Newspapers are the publishers of modern history. They bring the history of our own times to us every morning, and every great question which affects the welfare of mankind is reflected in them. It is not necessary to read about the commitment of horrible crimes or the execution of criminals, or topics of that nature, but you do want to know about the history of the last strike, for instance, because it concerns the great struggle between capital and labour which you are to help decide in a few years. Besides all this, the latest discoveries in every science are reported in the newspapers, the explorations of unknown countries are mirrored there, descriptions of the best and newest works in literature, in music, are in its columns, and to read the newspapers is in itself a liberal education. Therefore I would advise every boy who is too busy to give much attention to general literature, to read carefully the news of the day, for if he does he cannot fail of being an intelligent man, and then, when a time of leisure comes, he will have an excellent foundation to build upon when he is able to cultivate his mind more thoroughly.

LET YOUR LIGHT SHINE.

BY MISS NANNIE B. GAINES.

A MISSIONARY, weary and foot-sore after a long walk over the mountains, reached a little Japanese inn, where he hoped to get food and shelter. The good woman of the house brought him tea and cakes, placed a *hibachi* (fire-box) near him, and left him to enjoy the comforts of her house while she busied herself preparing the rice and fish for his supper.

Soon, people from the village, attracted by the strange man, began to gather into the stranger's room. The good man at first thought: "I am very tired. Why can I not rest even here." Then he thought that here were people who had perhaps never heard of Jesus their Saviour. He began talking to them, and soon told them of the old, old story, yet the story ever new.

The old man said: "Please, teacher, tell that again." It was told again. The old man seemed deeply moved. After the missionary had finished, the old man said: "Dare you preach that in this country?" "O yes," replied the missionary. "The gospel is for all men, and there are many believers in Japan."

The old man began praising the Lord for his goodness. Then he told the missionary the following story: "My father taught me of the true God, and said I must worship only him, but when he gave me this instruction he always took me to the inner room of the house, lest any one should hear him. He said he had been instructed by his father, but as it was sure death to any one who professed the name of Jesus in Japan, this secret must be kept until the Lord should open a way for the gospel to be preached to the people. He said this teaching had come to Japan through a stranger many years before."

The old man asked to be more fully instructed, and the next day he was baptized, and went on his way rejoicing that the light had come to his country.

Two hundred years of persecution had not extinguished the seed that had been sown by the early missionaries. Some time, dear readers, I will tell you of the Christians in Japan many years ago, and of their faithfulness.

Hiroshima, Japan.

THE PEOPLE OF KOREA.

BY R. D. J.

If my young friends will take the trouble to look in the eastern part of the map of Asia they will there see China holding on to a piece of land with her left hand to keep it from falling into the sea. Have you found it? Well, that is Korea. If China should let go it would fall into the waters of the Yellow Sea and thus become an island instead of a peninsula. You see it is not a very large country, only about as large as the State of Minnesota, but it is quite full of people, having about one-sixth as many as are in the United States.

This country was formerly called Chosen, which means "fresh morning" or Land of the "Morning Calm" because it is so far east. It is also called the Hermit Nation, because like an oyster it has kept its doors so tightly shut that no foreigners could get in, and if by accident any persons were cast upon its shores they were never allowed to leave the country.

Many years ago some Dutch sailors were shipwrecked and kept there eight years, and were so homesick that they were always watching for an opportunity to get away. So one day finding a boat they entered it and escaped. They found their way to Japan and from there they were sent home. What strange things they had to tell of the people, their customs and manners!

One thing seems very strange to us. They do not allow the women to go out in the daytime, but sometime in the evening they ring a bell when all the men and boys have to hurry home as fast as they can until not one is seen on the streets, and then the women and girls go out to walk.

I have not time to tell more of their strange ways and habits, but you must read for yourselves. I want to tell you, however, that it is no longer a hermit land, for a few years ago they opened their doors and now they will allow us to visit them the same as other nations.

You will be glad to know that the present king, Bo Kei Ju, desires to be friendly with other nations and has aided the missionaries in their work. You will also be glad to know that some of the Koreans have already become Christians and are calling to us to come and help them win their land for Christ. Within the last two years several missionaries have heard this call and have gone to this far-away land to declare to them the "good tidings" of great joy which you remember the angel said should be unto all people.

Will you not help to send the Gospel to Korea? Will you not pray for the king and his people and the dear missionaries who have gone to carry the means of healing for their bodies at the same time they tell them the old, old story of Jesus and his love. Onward for January 5th tells about the war in Korea.

LOVE MAKES THE DIFFERENCE.

"It is as different as can be!"

"What is it?"

"Being a Christian. Everything is so different from what I expected it to be."

"What did you expect it to be?"

"When you used to talk with me about being a Christian, I used to say to myself, 'No, I can't now; for I'll have to do so many hard things, and I never can do them.'"

"What hard things?"

"I used to think, 'I shall have to walk just so; shall have to go to church and prayer-meeting; shall have to pray and read the Bible.' It is so different from what I thought."

"What do you mean? You go to church and prayer-meeting; you read the Bible and pray."

"Oh, yes; but then I love to do them. That makes the difference. I love Jesus, and I love to do all he wishes me to do."

BEGGING FOR JESUS.

ONE night a missionary in the Indian Territory heard a low knock at his door. On opening it an Indian fell at his feet. The missionary bade him rise, and then asked him what was the matter.

"O missionary," he said, "I have heard that you have come to bring us knowledge of one who is Jesus, the Light of the world. I want to find him. I want to know him. I have come a long distance for this, a hundred miles and more."

"For a long time my fathers told me of the Great Spirit. I have often gone into the woods and tried to talk to him; but I could not find him nor see him nor hear him." Then he continued, "O so sadly, he looked up into the missionary's face, and said, 'It was so dark, so dark in here,' laying his hand upon his heart. 'O you do not know what it is to stand in the dark and reach out your hand and touch nothing, and to have no sweet light before your face or in here. O give me the Light! Give me Jesus, the Light of the world! I want him so bad, so bad!'"

That is it, dear little workers. These poor people who have not yet found Jesus want him so bad, so bad! O let us hasten to send the missionaries to tell them of him!

How much will you give this year to help send them.

The Wreckers of Sable Island.

BY

J. MACDONALD OXLEY.

CHAPTER II.—IN ROUGH WEATHER.

THERE was just one cloud upon his happiness. Among his many pets at Oakdene his special favourite was a splendid mastiff that the squire had given him as a birthday present two years before. Prince was a superb animal, and devoted to his young master. Not sooner had it been settled that Eric should go out to his father than the boy at once asked if his dog might go with him. Major Mansell had no objection himself, but feared that the captain of the *Francis* would not hear of it. However, he thought that Eric might bring the dog up to Chatham, and then if the captain would not let him on board he could be sent back to Oakdene.

Prince accordingly accompanied him, and a place having been found for him with a friend of the major's, his master had no peace of mind until the question was settled. Some days passed before he got a chance to see Captain Reefwell, who was, of course, extremely busy, but at last he managed to catch him one day, just after lunch, when he seemed in a pretty good humour, and, without wasting time, preferred his request, trembling with eager hope as he did so. The gruff old sailor at first bluntly refused him, but Eric bravely returning to the charge, his kind heart was moved to the extent of making him say:

"Well, let me have a look at your dog anyway."

Hoping for the best, Eric ran off and returned with Prince. Captain Reefwell examined the noble animal critically, and stretched out his hand to pat him, whereupon the mastiff gravely lifted his right paw, and placed it in the captain's horny palm.

"Shiver my timbers! but the dog's got good manners," said the captain in surprise. "Did you teach him that?" turning to Eric.

"Yes, sir," replied Eric, proudly, "and he can do other things too." And he proceeded to put the big dog through a number of tricks, which pleased the old sailor so much that he finally he said, with a smile:

"All right, my lad. You may bring your dog on board. But, mind you, he comes before the mast. He's not a cabin passenger."

"Oh, thank you, sir! thank you, sir!" cried Eric joyfully. "I won't let you in the cabin, will I, Prince? Isn't it splendid! you're to come with me after all." And he hugged the mastiff as though he had been his own brother.

It was the first of November when the *Francis* got off, and Captain Reefwell warned his passengers that they might expect a rather rough voyage, as they were sure to have a storm or two in crossing at that time of year. Eric protested that he would not mind; he was not afraid of a storm. Indeed, he wanted to see one really good storm at sea, such as he had often read about.

But he changed his tune when the *Francis* began to pitch and toss in the chops of the