

DON'T DESPISE THE CHILDREN.

BY W. A. KATON.

DON'T despise the little children! They are flowers bright and fair—Flowers in the world's great garden; Train them, then, with tender care. Let the sunshine of your kindness And the showers of your love Rain upon them and prepare them For the blooming time above.

Don't despise the little children! Do not call them useless toys; Many a noble, glorious spirit Dwells in little girls and boys, Teach them, then, to follow after— Noble deeds and glorious ways— Do not check their childish laughter Do not hush their hymns of praise.

Don't despise the little children! Let them have their fill of joy, For the greatest man amongst us Once was but a tiny boy Children will be men and women When we all have passed away, They will have to fight life's battle, As we're fighting it to-day!

Do not, then despise the children— They have souls as well as you! Help to train them up for heaven; 'Tis a glorious work to do He who came from heaven to save us Took the young ones on His knee, And His bright example gave us, Saying sweetly, "Follow Me!"

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK:

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

TORONTO, JULY 25, 1885.

MANY of our friends, when renewing their subscriptions for periodicals, write their orders as follows:—"Please forward the periodicals we are now taking for another term." It then devolves on us to go back on all the previous orders that we have received from that particular person during the preceding term. This is a matter of great difficulty, in consequence of the number and size of our different lists. Very often the order was received from a different person, and then it becomes a matter of impossibility for us to recognize it at all, and we have to write for the particulars. If our friends would always repeat their order in full, giving names and numbers of the periodicals to be continued, and also the length of time we are to continue them, they would save us a considerable amount of time, and ensure correctness and promptness in having their orders filled.

THE CONFERENCES.

THE leafy month of June is a most delightful time at which to hold the annual ecclesiastical gatherings of the land. There is so much of inspiration and buoyancy in the bursting buds and blossoming trees that one would think the deliberations of these grave and reverend bodies must catch therefrom much of the joyous and hopeful tone by which they are characterized. Glad are the greetings and pleasant the intercourse of the brethren beloved, many of whom see each other but once a year. Old companions in arms renew their youth and fight their battles o'er again in sweet converse on the past. The religious services are seasons of great spiritual blessings—especially the Conference love feasts. The memorial service for the fallen heroes is one of deep and tender pathos. The voices of strong men falter and tears fall as they pay their tribute of love to those whom they shall see on earth no more. The Conference Anniversaries, Missionary, Educational, Temperance, and Sunday-school, are exhibitions of a high order of sacred eloquence; and the Friday night meeting, where the young knights of this holy war gird on their armour to receive the accolade of ordination, is a service of thrilling power. It is a joy to visit the Conferences and to realize that the Methodist ministry is a brotherhood—a fellowship no less chivalric and brave than that of "King Arthur's table round."

—Dr. Withrow, in *Methodist Magazine*.

AN OBJECT IN LIFE.

WE all require an object in life, something to live for, to work for, to aim after; something that will arouse our ambition, awaken our dormant energies, inspire love, and so keep mind, body, and heart in healthy exercise. The most miserable people in the world are those who have little or nothing to do. Busy folks have no time to nurse small grievances; and there is no medicine like work to heal the wounds that disappointment or sorrow have made.

Boys and girls who start out with no object in life but "to have a good time," will soon come to the end of their career, and die as the fool dieth. We should all aspire to have some worthy object on which to expend our talents; something that will elevate us and improve our moral and physical condition.

Our main object in life should be to do the will of our heavenly Father. We are put into the world for that purpose, and if we pursue evil instead of good we need not expect to go unpunished. Having set out with the determination to be a Christian, we find our eyes and our understanding opened as we go along, and are never at a loss for something to do. An idle Christian is a contradiction in terms.

Having put on this armour, we are next to study the occupation for which we are best fitted, and to prepare ourselves daily for the position we hope to fill. It may be our lot to serve in lowly places, and in some way our ambition may be thwarted so that we cannot carry out the desire of our heart. Well, all this is known to God, and if we look around we find something to live for, something that will give wholesome occupation to the mind, and prevent the thoughts from dwelling too much upon self.

It is easy to distinguish those who

have an object in life, from those who have nothing particular to do, and who expend their energies in an effort to kill time.

"Scorn not the smallness of daily endeavour, Let the great meaning ennoble it ever; Droop not o'er efforts expended in vain; Work, as believing that labour is gain."

FLOWERS FOR THE KING.

Who will raise flowers for the King? "For the king?" asks one whose garden privileges may be squeezed down to the narrow little back yard of a city house. "I have not room for so high an office."

It is not yard room but heart room that is needed for the bed whose delightful task it is to raise flowers for the great King. There will be homes in the country that with all the wealth of many acres have no room for this bed, while within the contracted premises of the city space may be found for the King's flowers. Who will furnish heart-room? This bed is to carry the seed of patience, love, peace, honesty, temperance, and purity. What garlands for the adorning of the King's palace these blossoms will make!

"Ah," cries one, "I can cultivate some other bed, but can I raise flowers for the King? Bleached will be their petals and odorless their cups."

But is there not a heavenly Gardener who will come to our help? With Christ can be done that which is impossible without him. Out of poor soil he will bring such sweet, rich flowers for the King! Who will open the heart to Christ to-day? Do not put the thought aside. We would press it home as a personal duty. It is time to begin a new life of prayer and consecration. This day, this day, now! O heavenly Gardener come into all our hearts, possess them, till them, and let them bear, and bud, and blossom to the King's praise!

THE verses by "Comus" are of a very high order of merit, but rather abstract and subjective in their method for use in any of the periodicals such as this under the management of the present writer. They will be returned, with thanks for the courtesy of submitting them, to any address furnished.

WE are glad to add to the increase in the membership of the Western Conferences, as reported last week, an increase in the Manitoba Conference of 1,286, which swells the total for the seven Western Conferences to 18,604. We do not know to what extent the increase in Manitoba is due to immigration, but in any case an increase of a little more than forty per cent. in one year must be very gratifying to our Manitoba brethren.—*Guardian*.

WE have received the following from the Dudswell Methodist Sabbath-school, Marlton Mission, Que.: "Resolved,—That the sincere and hearty thanks of the teachers and scholars of this Sunday-school is hereby given to the Sunday-school Board, also to the Rev. Dr. Withrow, Secretary, for the kind and prompt assistance given us in our time of need at the opening of our Sunday-school. Carried unanimously."

"I have much pleasure," writes the superintendent, "in forwarding to you this resolution of thanks, hoping the blessing of God will also be given to

your gift of books and papers, and that our Sunday-school may be successful in bringing souls to Christ."

A BOUQUET FOR MAMMA.

(See next page.)

ETHEL makes a sweet picture as she stands waiting to present her floral offering to mamma. It is her daily custom to do this, her favourite flowers being daisies and roses.

As I look at her my heart is very sore, for I am reminded of one who was ever trotting in and out of our home in the summer-time with a bouquet for grandma or aunties. How she loved the daisies! I can see her now as I have seen her many, many times coming to me with her little hands filled with them, her golden curls forming a halo about her sunshiny face as she says: "Aunt Mame, here's a bouquet for you." But oh! I shall never see her again on earth. She was snatched from us in an instant, full of life and beauty, at a moment when she never looked more lovely. Crossing the street with her papa and mamma, how, they never can tell, it was so sudden and so dreadful, she was struck down and the cruel car wheels mangled her little body.

Only just five years old, and yet she knew that she was going to God and Heaven. One day last summer, as she was picking the daisies, she said to her auntie: "Ain't God good to make all the flowers, Aunt Jennie?" Her auntie, wishing to hear what she would say, said: "What makes you think that God made the flowers, dear?"

"Why, Aunt Jennie, everybody knows that God makes the flowers and everything."

What a rebuke to those who pretend to deny the existence of the Creator. If such could have stood by that beautiful, little dying bed in the hospital their hearts would have been hard indeed not to have believed in God and Heaven.

Her's was such a happy little life, ever sunshiny and bright. Baby as she was, she ever tried to please others, and we have the secret of her loveliness from her own, now doubly precious words. She always loved to watch the clouds, and one evening shortly before her death she said to a very dear friend:

"Uncle Jim, do you know why Edie loves to look at the clouds, and why I love you and papa and mamma and everybody? God makes me."

Ah! how many of us, who are older and think ourselves wiser, are scattering love and brightness around us and loving everybody because "God makes us!" If your life were cut off in an instant, my reader, are you sure of entering Heaven?

Not long ago she said to another auntie, as she was again watching the clouds: "Aunt Frances, some day soon, Edie's going up in the clouds." Was it only childish talk? I believe not. God was teaching her and through her teaching us. Have you her child-like faith? Remember the Father says that except we become as little children we cannot enter the kingdom. Will you trust him?

Dear little Edith, she is plucking fairer flowers than any earthly ones, for the Father has taken her where

"Everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers."
M. K. H.