

## If You Love Me.

"If you love me," Jesus said,  
 "You must show it."  
 If you really love the Saviour,  
 You will know it.  
 If you love your little brother,  
 Your dear father, or your mother,  
 You don't have to ask another  
 If it's so.  
 For you know  
 That your hearts are bound together.

## OUR PERIODICALS:

PER YEAR POSTAGE FREE.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.

Christian Guardian, weekly	\$ 00
Methodist Magazine and Review, 96 pp., monthly illustrated	2 00
Christian Guardian and Methodist Magazine and Review	4 75
Magazine and Review, Guardian and Onward together	3 25
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly	1 50
Sunday-School Banner, 65 pp., 8vo., monthly	0 60
Onward, 8 pp., 4to., weekly, under 5 copies	0 60
8 copies and over	0 60
Pleasant Hours, 8 pp., 4to., weekly, single copies	0 50
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 24
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than ten copies	0 12
10 copies and upwards	0 16
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than ten copies	0 17
10 copies and upwards	0 15
Dew Drops, weekly, per year	0 07
Per quarter	0 02
Berean Leaf, monthly, 100 copies per month	5 00
Berean Leaf, quarterly	0 06
Quarterly Review Service, by the year, \$10. a dozen; \$2 per 100; per quarter, 6c. a dozen; 50c. per 100.	

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto.

C. W. COVENS, R. F. HOSKINS,  
 2176 St. Catherine St., Wesleyan Book Room,  
 Montreal. Halifax, N.S.

## Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK  
 Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, MAY 23, 1897.

JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.  
PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

JUNE 6, 1897.

Queen of Sheba to visit Solomon.—1 Kings 10. 1-13.

## WHAT INDUCED THE VISIT?

The fame of Solomon had spread very extensively, and the Queen of Sheba felt a strong desire to see and converse with one of whose glory and wisdom she had heard so much. Young people especially should seek the acquaintance of intelligent persons. You know the good Book tells us, "He that walketh with wise men shall be wise." Always listen when you can to the best ministers read the best books, and thus you will become wiser, and be better qualified for the duties of your respective stations.

## THE DIFFICULTIES TO BE OVERCOME.

Verse 2. "She came to Jerusalem." The journey was a long and perplexing one. The modes of travel in modern times are so excellent that, for the most part, to travel either by land or by water is pleasant and agreeable. The Queen of Sheba would travel by camels, and would be attended by a retinue of servants, and probably her ministers of state, so that the journey would be very different from one in our time. We may see how people will face the most formidable obstacles when they wish to accomplish any particular object. Do not be deterred when you are called to contend with difficulties. If you cannot overcome them by one means, try another and another. This is the way that scientists and explorers and others have done, who have made their names illustrious.

## THE INTERVIEW.

Verse 3. Solomon was very communicative. Though a great king, his manners were courteous and obliging. Learn from this never to be proud nor haughty. Pride is contemptible wherever it exists, and it is often the forerunner of destruction. Young people are sometimes very vain of their position, or of their attainments and refuse being on friendly terms with those who are in humbler circumstances. Such conduct is contemptible.

## WHAT MAY WE LEARN?

Jesus Christ referred to the Queen of Sheba as a pattern for those to whom he spoke. Jesus Christ is greater than Solomon. The Queen of Sheba went a journey of 1,500 miles to hear the wisdom of Solomon. How many will not go fifteen yards. What myriads, though they have the Book which contains the sayings of the blessed Saviour, will not

be at the trouble of reading those blessed truths which he delivered, and which we may read to our own edification. Take care lest punishment should overtake us for the non-improvement of our privileges.

## JEFF'S BICYCLE.

"Oh, I wish I had a bicycle," said Jeff Brady, "every other boy in the world has one."

It seemed so to Jeff. Bicycles were as plenty as blackberries in the village where he lived, but his mother could not afford to buy one for him. Once or twice he had borrowed one of another boy and ridden for a few minutes, and it did seem splendid sport; but boys who have wheels want them themselves, and are not apt to lend them often.

So poor Jeff had nothing to do when vacation came (or thought he had not) but to sit on a fence in the road and watch the wheels fly by, and wish and wish that he had one himself. Meanwhile his poor mother stitched away on her machine, and many a time wished that her boy was within call so that she could ask him to draw a pail of water, or go on an errand.

"Poor boy, if only his father had lived, he would have everything he wanted," she used to say.

But Jeff never remembered that he might be wanted at home. He just sat there wishing; and almost every day an old gentleman who wore a white linen suit and a big Panama hat used to rein in his horse as he rode up from the station, look at him and laugh and drive on again. One afternoon, however, he stopped a little longer, and beckoned the boy to him.

"Come here," he said. "What is your name, my boy?"

"Jefferson Brady, sir," said the boy.

"And what are you always doing on the fence there?" said the old gentleman.

"Oh, nothing. Only just watching the bikes," said Jeff, his face turning pink.

"And wishing you had one yourself, eh?"

"How did you know?" asked Jeff.

"I thought so," said the old gentleman.

"Now, my boy, did you ever hear the proverb, 'If wishes were horses, beggars would ride'?"

"No, sir," said Jeff.

"Now, I'll tell you another thing. A good, strong, healthy boy can make horses of his wishes."

"I don't know what you mean," said Jeff.

"When you want a thing, go to work for it. Don't sit on a fence and wish for it."

"I just wish any one would tell me how to work for a bicycle," Jeff said, feeling angry.

"Well, boy," said the old gentleman, "I can. I shouldn't have spoken to you if that had not been in my mind. School is shut, and I suppose you have your vacation now; so if you will work, you can earn a bicycle before school opens again."

Then he handed him a card with the name "Lavalle" upon it.

"Take that and bring it to me at the address upon it, down in town," he said.

"I'll give you work you can do, and so much a week. I know what boys are. So I'll only give you a little change as you go along, and the whole sum—enough to buy a bicycle—I promise you at the end of vacation. I'll show you where to get a good, stout one cheaper than you could yourself. How do you like the idea?"

Jeff liked it amazingly, and his mother was greatly pleased, and the next day found him busy in Mr. Lavalle's establishment, where tropical fruit of all sorts was received from the south and sold to grocers and small dealers. Jeff had many things to do, and was busy all day, and as he worked, his wish for his bicycle made him do his best in order to please his employer.

He understood, too, what it was to work, and used to get up in the morning and split kindling wood, or bring in wash-water, or put up the clothes-line for his mother. In a great many ways he helped her a great deal more than he ever had, and she was delighted to think that he could have a wheel like the other boys.

However, as school days drew near he did not say quite as much about that as before, and when the day came on which he was to receive his money, and Mr. Lavalle paid him and gave him a note to some one who would deal liberally with him when he bought his wheel, the boy, after thanking him, said:

"Mr. Lavalle, would you be angry with me if, after all, I did not buy a bicycle?"

"That depends," said Mr. Lavalle.

"Tell me all about it."

"Well," said Jeff, "it's not that I don't want the bike, but I've been thinking. It's a good deal of money to spend for

my own fun. Mother was saying I must have some new clothes to go to school in, and I ought to buy them myself. And then I can take the rest and put her in a ton of coal. She'd feel so safe and comfortable for winter, and I guess I'll do better to do it, for now I've got into the way of working, I'm sure to earn what I want in time."

"All right, my boy," said Mr. Lavalle. "You've got the right idea. Buy the clothes and the coal, and always be good to your mother. You can come on Saturdays, and I'll pay you for what you do. How old are you?"

Jeff told him that he would be twelve in October.

"Growing up fast," said Mr. Lavalle.

After this Jeff studied and worked, and though he could not make much, the little he brought home was a great help to his mother, and when his birthday came he had really reason to be proud of himself; for on that day Mr. Lavalle called him into his office as he was going home, and pointing to a beautiful wheel, that stood there, said:

"Well, Jeff, what do you think of that?"

"It's splendid, sir," said Jeff, examining it.

"Let's see you mount it," said Mr. Lavalle. "Take it out on the sidewalk."

Jeff obeyed, while his employer stood at the door, and, laughing, said:

"Ride it home, Jeff. That's your birthday present. And tell your mother that when you leave school for good there will be a place here for you if you desire it. I think you know how to turn your wishes into horses, and I like to have folk like that about me."—N. Y. Ledger.

## "ONLY A BOY."

More than half a century ago a faithful Scotch minister, coming early to the kirk, met one of his deacons, whose face wore a very resolute but distressed expression. "I came early to meet you," he said. "I have something on my conscience to say to you. Pastor, there must be something radically wrong in your preaching and work; there has been only one person added to the church in a whole year, and he is only a boy."

The old minister listened. His eyes moistened and his thin hand trembled on his broad-headed cane. "I feel it all," he said. "I feel it, but God knows that I have tried to do my duty, and I can trust him for the results."

"Yes, yes," said the deacon; "but 'by their fruits ye shall know them,' and one new member, and he, too, only a boy, seems to me rather a slight evidence of true faith and zeal. I don't want to be hard, but I have this matter on my conscience, and I have done but my duty in speaking plainly."

"True," said the old man; "but charity suffereth long, and is kind; beareth all things; hopeth all things. I have great hopes of that one boy, Robert. Some seed that we sow bears fruit late, but that fruit is generally the most precious of all."

The old minister went to the pulpit that day with a grieved and heavy heart. He closed his discourse with dim and tearful eyes. He wished that his work was done forever, and that he was at rest among the graves under the blooming trees in the old kirkyard. He lingered in the dear old kirk after the rest were gone. He wished to be alone. The place was sacred and inexpressibly dear to him. It had been his spiritual home from his youth. Before this altar he had prayed over the dead forms of a bygone generation and had welcomed the children of a new generation; and here—yes, here—he had been told at last that his work was no longer owned and blessed!

No one remained—no one? "Only a boy." The boy was Robert Moffat. He watched the trembling old man. His soul was filled with loving sympathy. He went to him and laid his hand on his black gown.

"Well, Robert," said the minister.

"Do you think that if I were willing to work hard for an education that I could ever become a preacher?"

"A preacher?"

"Perhaps a missionary."

There was a long pause. Tears filled the eyes of the old minister. At length he said, "This heals the ache of my heart, Robert. I see the divine hand now. May God bless you, my boy! Yes, I think that you will become a preacher."

Some years ago there returned to London from Africa an aged missionary. His name was spoken with reverence. When he went into an assembly the people rose; when he spoke in public there was deep silence. Princes stood uncovered before him; nobles invited him to their homes. He had added a province

to the Church of Christ on earth; had brought under the Gospel influence the most savage of African chiefs; had given the translated Bible to strange tribes; had enriched with valuable knowledge the Royal Geographical Society; and had honoured the place of his birth, the Scottish Kirk, the United Kingdom, and the universal missionary cause.

It is hard to trust when no evidence of fruit appears. But the harvest of right intention is sure. The old minister sleeps beneath the trees in the humble place of his labours, but men remember his works because of what he was to that one boy, and what that boy was to the world.

"Only a boy!"

"Do thou thy work; it shall succeed  
 In thine or in another's day;  
 And if denied the victor's need,  
 Thou shalt not miss the collier's pay."  
 —Youth's Companion.

## HEATHENISM IN BRAZIL.

The need out here seems to be greater than ever. The more one looks into the state of things in this land, the more appalling it appears. Every little mud hut has its household altar, with its images and saints. Romanism here is another name for heathenism; its followers are none the less idolaters. "Christ" is often held up to the people, but, alas! it is a brass Christ on a bronze cross. There are many saints here, but they are made of wood and metal.

Just to-day I saw a spectacle that made me feel sick at heart. It was a so-called religious procession. In front were a few men with silver or silvered lanterns, some with lighted candles; then came a silvered crucifix, then a large, rough-painted image—I think that it was intended for the Virgin and the Child Jesus; afterwards quite a number of little human representations of angels, with muslin dresses, silvered crowns, tinsel wings, etc. At home it might pass well in some circus during New Year week, but here it makes you feel like weeping for the poor, blind sheep, and your righteous indignation rises against these feeders on the fleeces of the flock.

O when shall the Church of Christ arise to see the hollow mockery, the carnal shame, the pitiable imitation of religious truths that garnish the outside of Rome, which within is full of rottenness and dead men's bones?—Letter from a Missionary in Brazil.

## A VERY BUSY LITTLE QUEEN.

"Wilhelmina I., the little Queen of Holland, rises at seven o'clock every morning through the year," writes Arthur Warren in most entertainingly describing the young sovereign and her daily life, in the Ladies' Home Journal. "She breakfasts at eight, and at nine o'clock her lessons begin. The study that she likes best is history. The morning studies are stopped at half-past eleven, and then the Queen goes for a drive. No matter what the weather is nor what the season, she drives in an open carriage. At half-past twelve she has luncheon with her mother. After luncheon she takes another short drive, accompanied by the Queen Regent or by Miss Van der Pall, one of the superintendents of the child's education. When the Queen returns from her second drive she has lessons again until four o'clock. At half-past four there is tea in the English fashion. Then until dinner time the Queen is free to amuse herself as she pleases. She roams in the palace gardens, or perhaps has an outing with her ponies, or perhaps she plays with her dolls. At half-past six dinner is served. Once or twice a week when the Queen is at the Hague the gentlemen and ladies of the court have the honour of dining with her. Always, if the weather be fine, Queen Wilhelmina gets into the open air again for half an hour's drive or walk. Her hour for retiring is as regular as the hour for rising. She is in bed by ten o'clock each night, and the lights are out. This part of the daily regime is the one which pleases her least of any. Few interruptions to the child's studies are permitted. Whenever or wherever she goes, a portion of each day is given up to her books and to her tutors. Wilhelmina is an assiduous student of music, but has little taste or talent in that direction, consequently she will never be much of a vocalist nor a very skilled performer."

Carrie—"Isn't the bear's skin to keep him warm in winter?"  
 Mamma—"Yes, Carrie." Carrie—"Then what does he have to keep him warm in summer?"