

"And if it stood, why, then, 'twere good,
Amid their tumultuous stir,
To count each stroke, when the mad
waves broke.
For cheers of mariners.

"But if it fell, then this were well,
That I should with it fall,
Since, for my part, I have built my heart
In the courses of its wall

"Ay! I were fain long to remain,
Watch in my tower to keep,
And tend my light in the stormiest night
That ever did move the deep."

With that Winstanley went his way,
And left the rock renowned,
And summer and winter his pilot star
Hung bright o'er Plymouth Sound.

But it fell out, fell out at last,
That he would put to sea,
To scan once more his lighthouse tower
On the rock o' destiny.

And the winds woko and the storms
broke,
And wrecks came plunging in,
None in the town that night lay down
Or sleep or rest to win.

The great mad waves were rolling graves,
And each sung up its dead,
The soothing flow was white below,
And black the sky o'erhead.

And when the dawn, the dull, gray dawn,
Broke on the trembling town
The men looked south to the harbour
mouth—
The lighthouse tower was down.

Down in the deep where he doth sleep,
Who made it shine afar,
And then in the night that drowned its
light,
Set, with his pilot star.

Many fair tombs in the glorious glooms
At Westminster they show;
The brave and the great lie there in
state:
Winstanley lieth low.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, JUNE 11, 1898.

JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

JUNE 19, 1898.

FISHING WITH JESUS.

Most boys, and some girls, are very fond of fishing. The Editor of this paper cannot say that he ever was. Perhaps one reason was that he very seldom could catch anything. Perhaps he had not patience enough. But with the disciples it was a question of bread and butter, or its equivalent. They were fishermen who lived by the produce of their nets.

Most fishermen go out at night to set and haul their nets, perhaps, because the quiet and darkness favour them in capturing the fish. On this occasion the disciples had toiled all night and caught nothing. They had come in weary and wet, disappointed and hungry, and were washing their nets when Jesus bade them launch out into the deep and let down their nets again. Simon, who was always the first of

the disciples to speak, remonstrated. "Master, we have toiled all night, and have taken nothing." Yet, like the true and loyal fellow he always was, he said, "Nevertheless, at thy command, I will let down the net." His obedience was rewarded, for no sooner had they done so than they inclosed such a multitude of fishes that the bursting net began to break. They, therefore, beckoned to their partners from the other ship that they should come to help them, and even then they filled both little ships so that they began to sink.

When Peter witnessed this miracle a sense of the might and majesty and holiness of Jesus so filled his soul that he fell down at Jesus' feet, saying, "Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord." When one has a glimpse of the holiness and purity of Christ, then a sense of his own sinfulness is sure to pierce and penetrate his own heart. What we need to-day almost more than anything else is a feeling of the exceeding sinfulness of sin, a deep-felt conviction that it is the abominable thing which God doth hate.

But this miracle was not merely for the purpose of furnishing food for the disciples, but also of teaching them a great lesson. "Fear not," said Jesus to Simon, "from henceforth thou shalt catch men." And when they had brought their ships to land they forsook all—the nets, the fish, the boats—and followed after Jesus. They were to engage in the more important work of saving men from sin and bringing them into the kingdom of God.

Even boys and girls can take part in this good work. They can bring their companions to Sunday-school, to the League meetings, to the house of God. It will require patience and tact and skill, but by the blessing of God they may accomplish wonders for him.

THE SURGEON BIRD.

Two birds were building a nest under a study window. A gentleman sat in that study every day. He watched the birds—they were building the nest of clay. They brought round bits of wet clay in their bills. They stuck these bits upon the wall.

After they had worked busily for a while, they would perch on a tree near by. There they would sit and look at the nest. Sometimes they would fly down and tear away all that they built. Sometimes a part of the nest would fall down. Then the birds would stop and think how to build it better.

Right in the middle of the work an accident happened. One of the birds stepped on a piece of broken glass. It cut her foot very badly.

But Mrs Bird was a brave little body. She wished to keep on with her work. She did keep on till she was faint and sick, and could not fly up from the ground. Then she lay down. She closed her eyes. She looked very sick.

The other bird looked at her anxiously. Then he turned around and gave three loud strange cries. Soon several birds came flying about to see what was the matter.

A little surgeon bird came with them. He looked like the others, but he soon showed that he was a surgeon. He brought a bit of wet clay in his bill. He ground it fine with his own little beak. Then he spread it on the bird's sore, stiff foot, just as a surgeon spreads a plaster. Next he took in his bill a long green cornstalk which lay near. He flew up on a tin water pipe under the window. One end of the cornstalk was near the lame bird. She understood what to do. She took hold of it with her bill, and helped herself up on the water-pipe, too. Then the surgeon bird helped her into the half-built nest.

Poor Mrs. Bird! It was very hard to be sick, and to move into a half-built house.

What do you suppose the little surgeon bird did next? He went to work and helped Mr. Bird finish the nest, then he flew home.

Could the gentleman in the study have been kinder or wiser than that little bird?

MODERN CRUSADERS.

In the Middle Ages, several attempts were made by kings of nominally Christian nations to rescue the Holy City from the Turks. Vast sums of money were spent in those endeavours, and many brave soldiers died on eastern battle-fields, their object unattained.

To-day the fiend of intemperance has gotten possession of this land, and is firmly planted in every town and village. We cannot justify the crusaders of old for their efforts, which were not founded on a love of Christ, but rather on a love of war; but to-day it is our bounden duty to rally to the standard of righteous-

ness, and fight this monster to its death. Young people can do much.

We read of a boy's crusade, in which 30,000 boys were either drowned or enslaved. But in this age of the world, and against this monster, the boys' efforts will be effective. If the boys of to-day will keep themselves free from this curse, in a few years neither a drunkard nor a saloon could be found in all the land. The drunkards of the next generation must be taken from the boys of this.

Now, boys, do what you can to lessen the number of drunkards of the next generation by not being one yourself. And the only way to be safe is to practice total abstinence.—Epworth Herald.

HOW IT BEGINS.

"Give me a halfpenny, and you may pitch one of these rings, and if it catches over a nail I'll give you threepence." That seems fair enough; so the boy handed him a halfpenny and took the ring. He stepped back to the stake, tossed the ring, and it caught on one of the nails.

"Will you take six rings to pitch again, or threepence?"

"Threepence," was the answer, and the money was put in his hand. He stepped off, well satisfied with what he had done, and probably not having an idea that he had done wrong. A gentleman standing near him watched him, and now, before he had time to look about and rejoin his companions, laid his hand on his shoulder:

"My lad, this is your first lesson in gambling."

"Gambling, sir?"

"You staked your halfpenny and won six halfpence, did you not?"

"Yes, I did."

"You did not earn them, and they were not given to you; you won them just as gamblers win money. You have taken the first step in the path; that man has gone through it, and you can see the end. Now, I advise you to go and give his threepence back, and ask him for your halfpenny, and then stand square with the world, an honest boy."

He had hung his head down, but raised it very quickly, and his bright, open look, as he said, "I'll do it," will not soon be forgotten. He ran back, and soon emerged from the ring, looking happier than ever. He touched his cap and bowed pleasantly, as he ran away to join his companions. This was an honest boy, and doubtless made an honourable man.—Morning Star.

"JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL."

A beautiful story, says The Sunday Magazine, is told by the late Professor Drummond concerning Wesley's hymn, "Jesus, lover of my soul." Two Americans who were crossing the Atlantic met in the cabin on Sunday night to sing hymns. As they sang the last hymn, "Jesus, lover of my soul," one of them heard an exceedingly rich and beautiful voice behind him. He looked around, and although he did not know the face, he thought he knew the voice, so when the music ceased he turned and asked the man if he had not been in the civil war. The man replied that he had been a Confederate soldier. "Were you at such a place on such a night?" asked the first. "Yes," he replied, "and a curious thing happened that night which this hymn has recalled to my mind. I was posted on sentry duty near the edge of a wood. It was a dark night and very cold, and I was a little frightened, because the enemy was supposed to be very near. About midnight, when everything was still, and I was feeling homesick and miserable and weary, I thought that I would comfort myself by praying and singing a hymn. I remember singing this hymn:

"All my trust on thee is stayed,

All my help from thee I bring.

Cover my defenceless head,

With the shadow of thy wing."

After singing that a strange peace came down upon me, and through the long night I felt no more fear." "Now," said the other, "listen to my story. I was a Union soldier, and was in the wood that night with a party of scouts. I saw you standing, although I did not see your face. My men had their rifles focused upon you, waiting the word to fire, but when you sang out—

'Cover my defenceless head

With the shadow of thy wing,'

I said: 'Boys, lower your rifles. We will go home.'"

The violence of the wind on the Gramplan hills is so great that on several occasions it has brought to a standstill trains travelling from Perth to the north.

A BLACK RABBIT.

BY REV. J. S. STONE, M.D.

The crow in India is a most important bird, and is quite as ubiquitous as the English sparrow, proud as a Grand Moulou, and as unscrupulous as a bandit. He is not a great blackbird, a "common thief," but a much smaller fellow, with glossy black coat and gray collar, which he carries with much strut and swagger as if conscious of his importance.

He was one of my first acquaintances in Calcutta, and these are the circumstances of our introduction:

I was a guest in a missionary's home. The many windows and doors were all thrown open to let in the December air, for in that land December is more pleasant than May. With the fresh soft breezes and the odour of flowers came also several crows.

I at first supposed they were tame members of the family, but I was mistaken. They were uninvited and unwelcome guests.

When we sat down to dinner they, sitting on the window sash or perched over the door, passed remarks in unintelligible tongue and eyes us with hungry look, watching chances to snatch a scrap and fly away with it.

The kitchen in India is always detached from the dwelling, and when meals are being prepared Jim Crow torments the servants not a little, swooping down to plant his feet in the butter or to sample the pie whenever the cook's back is turned.

Sometimes a careless servant will start from the cook-house across the yard with both hands full and his dainties uncovered. If so, Jim Crow, ever alert, grabs his share. He never ventures this sort of attack if one hand of the servant is free.

Two crows have been known to indulge in a little play with an unfortunate lizard. As the little fellow starts to cross an open space a crow drops in front of him, another behind. The rear crow begins the assault by pulling the lizard's tail. Indignant, the lizard swings around to give the other crow a chance to seize his caudal appendage.

The poor lizard swells his neck so as to look his ugliest and makes a brave defence, but the fight is unequal, and the crows, after tormenting him, turn him on his back and proceed to eat him.

I, myself, witnessed an instance of crows hunting in pairs. I was sitting one evening on the veranda of the Calcutta parsonage and noticed a kite settle on the roof of the stable to pick a bone. His whole attention was absorbed in the work, when a crow lighted on the roof near him, cocked his head first on this side, then on that, as he began to make remarks in crow language about the bone. In a few seconds he flew away, but returned with a partner. The two crows consulted, then one dropped in front of the kite and the other took his position in the rear. The kite apparently did not notice their presence, but leisurely proceeded with his supper. Soon the campaign opened with fine strategy. The crow in front advanced and opened a fire of crow profanity. He certainly used very bad language, drawing as close as he dared to the dignified kite with the tempting bone.

In the meantime crow number two advanced to the attack in the rear. He hopped up till he reached the kite's tail, seized a feather, and laid back to pull as hard as he could, crow number one increasing the volume of fire of bad language from the front.

The kite, at last losing its temper, whirled around to strike his tormenter in the rear, when in dashed the front crow, snatched the coveted morsel, and flew away with it. The kite did not attempt to follow; but with a disgusted look and a cry, part scream and part whistle, gave up the battle and departed.

I was interested in the fate of the bone. I had heard of "honour among thieves," and was eager to see if the crow that got the meat should share with his partner in the assault. I went to the flat roof of our house and watched the two crows as from house to house, from tree to tree, the crow that pulled the kite's tail chased the other crow. As far as I know, to this day he has not got his share of the spoils of that battle with the kite.

There is no evidence, let me add in closing this chapter of Indian crows, that the missionaries, Methodist or any others, are making the slightest impression on the crow tribe. Multitudes of crows visit mission houses. I have known them to attend church, but there is no instance on record after our hundred years of mission work of a single crow convert.