

At School.

BY BERNIE CHANDLER.

We are all at school in this world of ours,
And our lessons lie plain before us;
But we will not learn, and the flying hours
And the days and the years pass o'er us.

And then we grumble and mourn, and say
That our school is so tiresome and weary,
And we ask for a long, bright holiday,
That will banish our lessons dreary.

But what is it God is trying to teach?
Is it patience, or faith, or kindness?
Is the lesson really beyond our reach,
Or made hard, through our wilful blindness?

If we were in earnest, and tried to learn,
If our listless study we mended,
Who knows but our holiday we would earn,
And our school-days be gladly ended?

Who knows but we make our lessons long,
And hinder their meaning from reaching
The hearts that would be full of joyous song
If we knew that our God was teaching?

Then let us study his will while we may;
There's a warning for us in the rule,
That the scholar who will not learn all day
Is the one that is kept after school.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 24, 1888.

"THE PARABLE OF THE SOWER."

A VERSION FOR BOYS.

"A PREACHER went out to preach, and as he preached, some of his good words reached a number of boys; but they were thinking about their fun and paid no attention; and when they got home, they couldn't remember where the text nor the reading was, nor what the preacher had been saying. And so the preaching did them no good.

"And some of his words reached some other boys, and they thought they would try and be good and religious, and would pray and love Jesus just as the preacher advised. But when, after two or three days, the other boys found out they would not bluster and fight, and use bad words and do mischief at night, they began to mock them, and call them names, and work spiteful tricks on them. And the boys who thought they would try to be good got angry, and seemed ashamed to be caught 'being good,' and in less than two weeks were just as bad as any of the other boys. They left off trying to follow Jesus just because somebody laughed at them.

"And some of the preacher's words fell among the men and women who were very full of business and cares. And the men said: 'We must attend to our souls,' and the women said: 'It is of more importance to be saved than to be fashionable.' And the preacher thought there was going to be a great revival and many converts; for they began to come to the prayer-meetings, and some of them took pews in the church, and a few became members of the church. But the men said: 'A man can't do business on Christian principles;' and the women said: 'It was impossible to be in society, and take care of one's house and family, and be religious too.' And their religion all seemed to fade out, though they did not all give up their pews. And when the preacher died, he said he hoped he should meet some of them in heaven; but he was not quite sure."

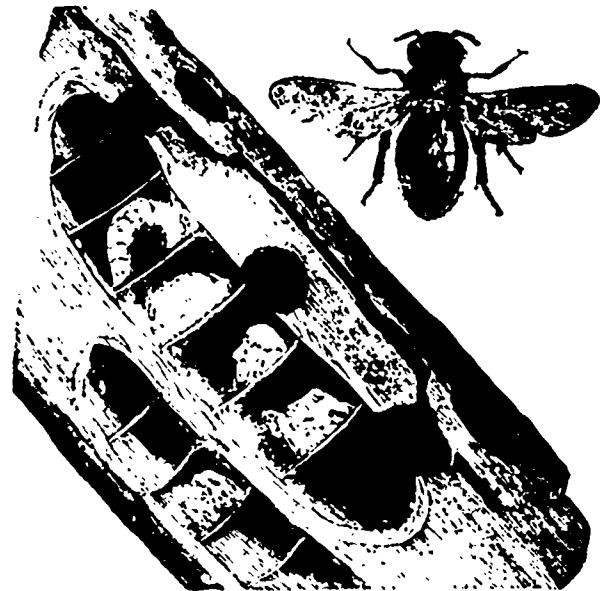
"And some of the preacher's words fell on the ears of some boys and girls and men and women who were sick of sin, and tired of being enemies of God. And they took his advice and went that very day to Christ in prayer, and said to him: 'O Lord Jesus! We don't want to love sin any more. We want to be thine. From this hour we will be thy willing servants forever. We give ourselves away to thee. Save us!' And people soon found out that they were Christians. At first some tried to laugh at them; but they remembered that people laughed and mocked at Christ and he did not get angry at it. And some of them went away as missionaries; and still more of them did good missionary work at home and in their families. And all of them gained wisdom, though few of them gained fame. And when their neighbours who had mocked at them got sick, they sent for these Christian friends to come and pray with them. And when they died, the world around them said they were good men and women—the salt of the earth. And some did more than others; but all did something for Christ."—Selected.

INCREASE IN JUVENILE MISSIONARY OFFERINGS.

It is very gratifying to find that the Juvenile Missionary Offerings, for the year 1887-8, reach the sum of \$27,915.83—an increase of \$2,389.12 on the previous year, and an increase of \$13,215 in four years.

We heartily endorse the following sentiments from the *Guardian*:—"It is evident that the superintendents of our Sunday-schools have it in their power to exert great influence in increasing the missionary spirit among the children entrusted to their care. Special efforts ought to be made to press the Sabbath-school children into the service of the missionary cause, and to make them an important aid in swelling the amount of missionary contributions. It is the superintendent's duty to impress upon those under his charge the importance of this idea, and to seek to carry it out in the most effective manner. We think the subject might be oftener mentioned in connection with Sunday-school exercises than it is at present. It is an invaluable way of assisting the children to realize the unselfish devotion required in Christian work. It is good to ground them practically in the meaning of the missionary idea."

We hope that the Juvenile Missionary Offerings of the present year may exhibit a large increase on those of the last year.



THE CARPENTER BEE.

This picture gives you a very good idea of the nest of the Carpenter Bee, and the way in which the young are provided for. Selecting an old gate post or some such piece of wood, it gnaws a hole with its sharp upper jaws, boring at first across the grain of the wood. After getting some distance in, it turns and works in another direction, this time following the grain, until it has made a hole some inches in length, at the bottom of which it places an egg, covering it with a deposit of pollen and honey, on which the young bee, when hatched, will feed.

Then a floor is made, to separate this from the rest of the hole, after which another egg is laid, and another supply of food deposited. So the work continues until the hole is filled with successive layers of cells, each one containing an egg and its supply of needed nourishment. Perhaps several such galleries are made before the bee's work is done.

HE REBUKED THEM.

THERE lives in Pennsylvania a little boy who has been a regular attendant of the Band of Hope. He went on an excursion not long since down the river, and was shocked to see sitting at a table near him a party of men drinking beer. The little fellow thought it was very wrong, and wondered that no one spoke to them about it. He is not five years old, but he did a very brave thing for a little boy. He left his mother's side, went up to the men, and said in a very sweet tone, though wearing serious face: "You ought not to drink that beer; you had better join our Band of Hope."

The men looked at him in surprise, but he was too serious for them to laugh. They did not know what to say to him, but finally one of the number who had been very dissipated, arose and said: "I think, fellows, when a little chap like that sees we are on the wrong road, and is brave enough to tell us of it, it is high time that we quit." The tears were in his eyes as he spoke, and he evidently was deeply moved. I do not know whether they quit drinking from that day or not, but it is certain that they drank no more beer on that occasion. Ah! little folks, you don't know how much good a kind word does. Try it and leave results with God.—*Temperance Banner*.

NEVER rejoice in an enemy's downfall, or in any evil that happens to him; but always pray for his conversion and sanctification. This is the gospel rule.