

Golden Keys.

A BUNCH of golden keys is mine
To make each day with gladness shine:

"Good morning!" that's the golden key
That unlocks every day for me.

When evening comes, "Good-night!" I say,
And close the door of each glad day.

When at the table, "If you please"
I take from off my bunch of keys.

When friends give anything to me,
I use the little "Thank you!" key.

"Excuse me," "Beg your pardon," too,
When by mistake some harm I do.

Or if unkindly harm I've given,
With the "Forgive me" key I'll be forgiven,

On a golden ring these keys I'll bind;
This is its motto: "Be ye kind."

I'll often use each golden key,
And then a polite child I'll be.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 24, 1894.

THE BEST FOR JESUS.

BY REV. GEORGE G. PHIPPS, NEWTON, MASS.

Why was this waste of the ointment made?—
MARK 14. 4.

YOUR mother teaches you not to waste anything that is good. Even crumbs of bread you do not care for will feed the birds under your window. Don't throw them into the fire, but put them out where the sparrows can get them. To burn the crumbs would be waste, but feeding the birds is useful. Things are not "wasted" which are used for a good purpose.

And that was what Jesus meant about the ointment that had been poured upon his head. Somebody who saw the woman pour it out of the alabaster box said, as the ointment cost a great deal of money, "Why make such a waste?" But Jesus replied, "The woman has done a good work on me." It was no waste, then, no matter how much the woman had paid for the rich perfume, for she had done good with it. She had anointed Jesus with it. Nothing done for Jesus is ever wasted.

What can you use for Jesus, boys and girls?

1. Your time? Yes, and some of it that you waste now, I'm afraid. That is, you do not use it well. You idle away too much of it, or spend it only in silly, foolish ways.

Would Christ be pleased to have you attend church, sing his praises, and worship God? Then be sure to go to church every Sabbath. That would not be time wasted; but to lie abed Sunday mornings, or to say you "don't feel like getting ready" for church, and so to dawdle around the house and not go at all, is all a

great waste of your precious time on Sundays.

Give it to Christ instead, as the good woman gave him her ointment, and go to meeting, though it cost you much. At Wellesley College there are bread-plates on the dining-tables that have around the rim, in blue letters, the words "Waste not, want not." Why is that a good motto to put around a loaf of bread? Can you tell? If one never wastes, he is not likely to come to want. And if you never waste your time, you will find you have a great many minutes, hours, and days to give to God's work, beside having all you need left for yourself. You will not want, but have time enough.

When Queen Elizabeth of England was dying, she said, "Millions of money for an inch of time!" But if she had spent her Sabbaths and week-days more fully in God's service, she would never have wanted or needed more time for herself—not an "inch" nor an hour.

2. Cannot you use your money, too, for Jesus? How often you now waste your pennies on things you do not need, and which do no good. If a man spends his money for cigars, and for drink, and becomes poor, we say, How he has wasted his money! because he spent it for what he was better without. If you boys spend your dimes for cigarettes, beer, and things that you are better without, you too are wasting your money just as really as the intemperate man is. Better use it for good things and good purposes—for whatever would please Christ, as you think. Buy a good book, and give it to some boy that has not so many as you have in your nice home; or give more of your nickels and quarters to help send the Gospel round the world—to New Mexico, and Japan, and China, and Africa. Every little helps, you know. Think how little honey each separate busy bee carries to the hive all summer long. But there are two millions of bee-hives in this country. And each hive brings as much as twenty-two pounds of honey; so that the Government gets a revenue of over eight millions of dollars a year, just from the work of the bees—each one making but a few drops of honey, too.

Can't you be a honey-gatherer? Can't you put more of your pennies into God's work, and do more good than you have been used to doing with them?

If not, why is this waste of your money made?

If you keep on wasting time and money, and all such precious things, you will have to give account at last, to God, of a wasted life.

A GERMAN BABY CASTLE.

BY THE REV. J. ROBINSON GREGORY.

"KINDERHEIM" they call it in Germany, which means Children's Home. The children that belong to this home are most of them afflicted with one of the most fearful diseases that anybody can have—epilepsy. The disease always makes those who suffer from it liable to sudden fits. They fall down without a moment's warning, and often hurt themselves seriously. Many of them have arms and limbs twisted and almost useless, or their faces drawn and disfigured. Others have partly lost their reason. And nearly all are very irritable and subject to violent outbursts of what looks like passion, but is really a sort of insanity that lasts for a longer or shorter time. Because these epileptics cannot be nursed and cared for properly in their own houses, especially if their parents are poor, some good people have provided a home for them where they can have every possible attention and comfort. How thankful we should be to be free from such diseases! To build a hospital for epileptics, people were asked to send one penny for every healthy child they had. In less than a fortnight more than £4,000 was collected in pennies. Was not that a good idea?

Let me tell you a few stories about some of these little children. There was a baby rather more than a year old. She was wasting from consumption. Because of her thin, pale face the children called her "Mousie," as a sort of pet name. Auntie gave her in charge to Laura, a girl nine or ten years old. One Christmas-time, the

little ones were gathered round a Christmas tree, waiting for their presents. Mousie smiled at the lights and the pretty things, then lifted her wasted arms, and died in an instant. Poor Laura was in dreadful trouble. "I didn't pray for Mousie this morning," she sobbed; "I thought only of Christmas, and now she is gone!" After supper auntie heard some singing. She crept upstairs, and found Laura and a few other children in their night-dresses, singing before the door of the room in which Mousie's body lay, "To live is Christ, and to die is gain."

Another story about Laura. One day she did something wrong. She denied that she had done it, and another child was punished. That night Laura could not sleep. "Aren't you asleep yet?" one of her companions asked her. "No," she answered; "I can't sleep." "Do you know," returned her companion, "that our auntie is sitting in the parlour crying?" Laura could not bear this. Jumping out of bed, she ran downstairs, and said, "O auntie, I have told you a story." She never told another. Nothing pleased her more than to wait on the other children. Soon her own end drew near. She suffered sharply indeed, but quite patiently. They asked her if she could bear the pain. "If the *liebe Heiland* (dear Saviour) has sent it, surely I can," she answered. Just before she died, she said suddenly, "Look, a host of angels, and—oh yes! all the children among them; and—oh, look! little Mousie right on Jesus' lap." When they laid her in her grave, the minister said, "We preach the peace of God—she had it."

Among so many sick children deaths, of course, are very frequent. One of the little ones, Jeannie, had lain for a long time in bed. She was wrapped from head to foot in bandages and wadding, because her body was covered with sores. Auntie came to her one morning, and noticed a fresh swelling on her neck. "O Jeannie," she said, "I think I know where you are going." "To church?" asked Jeannie, for she had much wanted to go with the other children to church. "No," replied auntie; "I think you are going to a better place still—don't you know?" "We know," cried her companions. "Jeannie will be leaving us to go to heaven." And Jeannie was quite satisfied.

Before she grew quite so ill, Jeannie heard that some of the "sisters" had gone to teach the poor heathen black children in East Africa about Jesus. She had only one halfpenny in the world, which she had treasured carefully. She would have that sent to help the little ones in East Africa. Then a bright thought struck her. As she lay in her bed she put out her hand to each visitor that went through the ward, and begged one penny for these African children. In that way she collected more than £10.

"How are you?" people would inquire of a seven-year-old boy, dying of painful hip disease. "Gang gut" (quite well), he would always answer. And he was well, for he was very near heaven. Another little lad has Africa upon his heart. He is skilful at catching mice, and is paid a penny a dozen for them. Every penny goes to Africa.

The lives of these children are made as happy as possible. They have plenty of playthings, and all sorts of amusements. Most of them are good children, but they do not enjoy their play any the less for that. You seldom hear them quarrel. If they are able to learn anything, they are taught, and most of them like learning. But above everything else they seem to like to sing. It is wonderful how quickly they pick up a hymn and its tune. They learn texts from the Bible, too.

Another lesson which the children are taught, and learn soon and well, is to be unselfish, and to care for each other. If one falls in a fit, instantly two or three will run to prevent his hurting himself, and to do all that they can for him till older help comes. All who can go to chapel on Sunday mornings, and on certain other mornings. Everybody likes to go; so many who are lame and feeble, and some who can scarcely crawl along, try to reach the place of worship. But though all are eager to get there, there is no pushing or crowding or hurrying. The stronger wait for the weaker. The lame and maimed help each

other. It is touching to see how thoughtful these sick children are. Pain and feebleness are apt to make us impatient and fretful and inconsiderate of everybody around us. It is not easy, perhaps, to be anything else. But when we are ill and suffering we may think of these little ones, who have scarcely any hope of ever being better.

Theirs seems a hard lot, does it not? But surely we have seen that there is something to be set on the other side. It is no little benefit to learn to be gentle and patient and loving. Often God teaches us these lessons through pain and weakness. Let us bear in mind, however, that we do not need to be ill in order to practise them. Plenty of annoying, provoking, disappointing things happen to us. Let us try to keep our tempers, and not ever to feel cross, or to look sullen or sulky. Let us think for how much we have to be glad and thankful. Perhaps you have to be with people sick or weak. Maybe you have a delicate brother or sister. Probably the sick or delicate one cannot bear noise, and wants ever so many little attentions. Perhaps he or she is not as patient and grateful as might be. Do not you forget for a minute that they are ill, and need that you should be kind and considerate to them. If these poor diseased German children can be forbearing and helpful towards each other, you who are well can patiently and gladly do your utmost for the feeble and suffering. Let me leave two texts with you to pray and think about: "We that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak;" "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ."

IT TAKES TWO.

In a forest lived two foxes who never had a cross word with each other. One of them said one day in polite fox language, "Let's quarrel."

"Very well," said the other; "as soon as you please, dear friend. But how shall we set about it?"

"Oh, it cannot be difficult," said the first. "Two-legged friends fall out; why cannot we?"

So they tried all sorts of ways, but it could not be done, because each other would give way. At last number one brought two stones.

"There," he said; "you say they're yours, and I'll say they're mine, and we will quarrel and fight and scratch. Now I'll begin. These stones are mine."

"Very well," answered the other gently; "You are welcome to them."

"But we shall never quarrel at this rate," cried the other jumping up and licking his face. "You old simpleton, don't you know that it takes two to make a quarrel?"

THE DUST'S MESSAGE.

ONE of the little annoyances that add greatly to the daily tasks and burdens of life, one that makes many a thing of beauty fall far short of being a joy forever, is the ever-present dust. It obstinately gathers on every object, it persistently creeps through the smallest crevices and the closest joints, it assails our choicest treasures, and threatens health and life. It seems as if we should have a new world if only we could effectually banish this pestilent intruder. A new world we should indeed have, as we are reminded by a writer in *The Popular Science Monthly* for this month. He points out how much we owe to this same hated dust, and what amends it makes for its inroads by the pleasures that it adds to life. To it we owe the azure of the sky, the softening of the sunlight, the diffusion of light in places that would otherwise be dark, the beautiful blending of light and shade, the fact that our eyes are not blinded by sudden changes from an overpowering glare to total blackness, even our consciousness of the brightness all about us in the air. Is there not in all this a parable hinting how the very petty worries, interruptions, and distractions that we so often regard as marring all our efforts are really the events that are needed to transfigure life, and are the myriad points from which are reflected into every corner of life the riches of grace and love by which we are at all times surrounded?—*Golden Rule.*