

"HE KNOWETH ALL."

HE twilight falls, the night is near,
I fold my work away,
And kneel to One who bends to hear
The story of the day.

The old, old story; yet I kneel
To tell it at Thy call;
And cares grow lighter as I feel
That Jesus knows them all.

Yes, all; the morning and the night,
The joy, the grief, the loss;
The roughened path, the sunbeam bright,
The hourly thorn and cross,

Thou knowest all—I lean my head,
My weary eyelids close,
Content and glad awhile to tread
This path, since Jesus knows.

And he has loved me! all my heart
With answering love is stirred,
And every anguished pain and smart
Finds healing in the Word.

So here I lay me down to rest,
As mighty shadows fall,
And lean confiding on his breast
Who knows and pities all.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK:

Rev. W. M. WITHROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, JUNE 13, 1885.

BUT ONE SPRING-TIME.

HERE again is the beautiful spring-time—the season of ploughing and sowing, the time for the breaking forth of buds and flowers, the resurrection of the earth's annual glories. The bars of a thousand million tombs are broken, and from each bursts forth a living form. Presently all the earth, hill, mountain, valley, meadow, and cultivated field shall be robed in garments of green, and beautified with a myriad fragrant flowers. And so the spring-times come and go. Each year this miracle of glorious transformation is performed again. How wonderful the wisdom and the power and the goodness of God, by whose hand all these marvels are achieved.

But have you ever thought of it, dear young reader, that to our life there is but one spring-time? After it there come the summer, the autumn, and then the winter. How important it is that we make the best of this one spring-time of our life. It is the time of sowing, and we must sow only the best seed. The evil seed as well as the good is sure to bring its harvests. It is important that we make no mistakes. The husbandman, if he makes

a mistake one spring may correct it the next. But to our life there comes but the one spring, and the mistakes of our youth can never be all rectified. A pure, virtuous, true, and noble youth is likely to be followed by a noble manhood or womanhood, while an impure, wayward, or reckless youth can seldom be followed by any real nobility or worth in later life. The sowing and reaping are one in kind. He that soweth to the flesh—idleness, deceit, falsehood, any form of evil habits, vice, or sin—shall of the flesh reap corruption; he that soweth to the Spirit—purity, love, truth, obedience, every form of virtue and nobleness of life—shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting.
—*Children's Friend.*

THE MISSIONARY PRESENTS FOR 1885.

THE Rev. Dr. Sutherland, the energetic Missionary Secretary, has secured an admirable series of missionary presents for the juvenile collectors for the season of 1884-5. They are as follows:

- No 1.—For collectors of less than one dollar,—"The Story of Nan Inta." A charming little book about a Siamese boy.
- No 2.—For collectors of one dollar and upward,—"Missionary Readings Fourth Series." This contains a portrait and sketch of Rev. Dr. Rice, the Rev. J. Semmens, and other interesting articles.
- No 3.—For collectors of two and a-half dollars and upward,—"Missionary Scenes in Many Lands." By Edward Barrass, M.A. An admirably written and handsomely printed and illustrated book of missionary sketches.
- No 4.—For collectors of five dollars and upward,—"Through the Dark Continent." By H. M. Stanley. This is a book of 312 pages condensed by the present writer from the large work in two volumes costing \$5. It contains nearly the pictures of the large volume and no important information has been omitted.
- No 5.—For collectors of eight dollars and upward,—"Loiterings in Pleasant Paths." By Marion Harland. This is a beautiful book of travel by an accomplished writer. It describes a lady's journey through England, France, Italy, and Switzerland.
- No 6.—For collectors of twelve dollars and upward,—"Upper Egypt: People and Products." By Dr. Klunzinger. This is a large volume with numerous engravings describing one of the most interesting countries in the world, and one to which the attention of both hemispheres is now especially attracted.

The hope is expressed by the Secretary, in which we heartily join, "that the giving of these beautiful presents will not only encourage our young friends who have thus helped the Society during this year, but serve as a stimulus to still greater effort in the future."

THE Indians are greater adepts in the art of signalling than the whites. By day, they use smoke, generating it in a closed cavity and letting it shoot up in a column by a momentary opening. At night, they use fire in much the same way, hiding it behind a little fence, which they open and close in just as much time as is necessary for its observation by the next signaller, who is perhaps twenty or thirty miles away. The rapidity with which news can thus be flashed from point to point over immense distances is extraordinary.



BURNING PLACE, SMITHFIELD.

ANOTHER BATTLE.

A DESPATCH from Saskatchewan Landing, via Swift Current, per courier, arrived from Battleford, brings news of a battle fought with the Indians at Poundmaker's reserve on Sunday, May 3rd. A flying column of 300 men under Col. Otter attacked the Indians, 600 strong, at five o'clock in the morning. The fight lasted till noon. Poundmaker's reserve lies on the Battle river, between it and Eye Hill Creek, near Manitou Lake. This chief had been joined by other bands under Red Pheasant, Moosomin, Strike-Him-on-the-Back, and others, and was no doubt acting in conjunction with Big Bear, Little Child, and other chiefs operating further west. Our loss was seven men killed, and twelve wounded. The enemy lost 100 killed and wounded. Col. Otter covered, including the engagement, seventy miles, fought the battle, and returned to Battleford, inside of thirty hours. The men behaved magnificently.

The result of the contest, morally and from a military standpoint, must be good. Edmonton has been relieved without a fight. The Body Guard is being entrenched at Humboldt. Another priest, stationed at Batoche, and who had refused to confess for insurrection, has been murdered. There is said to be some danger that a considerable body of Indians who have stolen large supplies of cattle and horses may move northwards in the direction of Peace River, where it would be difficult if not impossible to follow them through woods at so great a distance from the base of supplies.

THE SCOTT ACT.

OXFORD.—Dear Sir,—Whiskey died hard in this county. The last few hours of the licensed liquor traffic were strikingly characteristic—the ruling passion strong in death. All over the county wherever there was a tavern there was last Thursday night an amount of drinking, cursing, and fighting that was simply terrible. It was pandemonium let loose. However, Friday, 1st of May, came, and with it the Scott Act. And now, speaking for Woodstock only, (as I have not heard from other places) I believe the law has been strictly observed. Saturday was our weekly market day, and there was a very large number of people here, but I have yet to hear of

the first man who showed any sign of having tasted liquor. I know some who that day went home sober the first time for six years. So far, all, including the great majority of those who opposed the passing of the Act, seem glad of the change. I trust this happy state of affairs may long continue. We shall see. Accommodation for man and beast the same as before, with, in some cases, a slight advance in price. A juvenile friend has just handed me the following lines:—

It is May, it is May,
And all the earth is gay,
For at last old whiskey is quite away.
He lingered too long with his crime and woe,
Till the Scott Act gave him his final blow;
He felt it, and made no longer stay.
And now it is May, it is May.
—*W. A. McKay, in Canada Citizen.*

BURNING PLACE, SMITHFIELD.

THIS picture commemorates a dark page in English history. Here during the reign of "Bloody Mary" the cruel scene represented in the out was often enacted. Men whose only fault was worshipping God according to the dictates of their conscience were dragged to the stake, surrounded with heaps of faggots and burned to death. And all the while a priest stood by to bless the act or preached to the people that a God of mercy was pleased with this sacrifice of blood. But amid the crackling of faggots and the roar of the flames the martyrs testified to the truth, and glorified God even in the fire. Again and again the old truth was demonstrated—"The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church," and by their dying testimony they made many converts to the faith of Jesus. Time has vindicated their memory. Their names are honoured as among the noblest in England's dead roll of immortal heroes, and the truths for which they died have become the palladium of the nation.

THE Rev. John MacDougall, with some of the loyal Stoney Indians, is rendering the Government good service in the North-West. Mr. MacDougall is thus treading in the steps of his excellent father. On the outbreak of rebellion a telegram was sent to him from the Methodist authorities at Toronto, asking him to go wherever he thought his services or influence would be of value in preventing further uprising among the Indians.