

"Talitha Cumi."

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE

Our little one was sick, and the sickness
pressed her sore.
We sat beside her bed, and we felt her
hands and head,
And in our hearts we prayed this one
prayer o'er and o'er.
"Come to us, Christ the Lord; utter
thine old-time word,
Talitha cumi!"

And as the night wore on, and the fever
flamed more high,
And a new look burned and grew in the
eyes of tender blue,
Still louder in our hearts arose the
voiceless cry.
"O Lord of love and might, say once
again to-night,
Talitha cumi!"

And then, and then—he came, we saw
him not, but felt;
And he bent above the child, and she
ceased to moan, and smiled.
And, although we heard no sound, as
around the bed we knelt,
Our souls were made aware of a man-
date in the air.
"Talitha cumi!"

And as at dawn's fair summons faded
the morning star,
Holding the Lord's hand close, the child
we loved arose,
And with him took her way to a country
far away,
And we would not call her dead, for it
was his voice that said:
"Talitha cumi!"

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, AUGUST 28, 1897.

THE WHITE DOVE.

BY REV. SAMUEL GREGORY.

One summer afternoon, in a green lane,
a girl came out of a road-side cottage
and gave a pleasant call. She looked up
to a wood, across the way, and repeated
the call. Whereupon a dove suddenly
fluttered from the top of a tree, made a
little circle round the girl's head, and
alighted on her shoulder. Away they
went together into the cottage, the girl
talking to the bird. It was pretty to
see that gentle bird come to that gentle
girl, when she called it from its com-
panions in the wood.

That seemed wonderful, but not so
wonderful as something which John the
Baptist saw. Jesus had been standing
in the river Jordan, while John poured
water on his head and said sacred words.
Suddenly there came something like a
flash of light, and it seemed as if a dove
were descending upon Jesus. It seemed
to rest upon him for a moment, and
then vanished away like a dream. When
John saw it he held his breath, and
bowed his head, for it was a sign which
he understood. It was the Holy Spirit
of God descending upon Jesus our
Saviour.

That dove was a sign of the character
of Jesus, and though Jesus is not called
the Dove, but "The Lamb," it is with
partly the same meaning. And that
Holy Dove is also a sign of the sort of
character and disposition which those

people have who receive the Spirit of
God, and are led by that Spirit to
follow Jesus.

THE DOVE'S OBTINENESS

What does a dove mean? It means
gentleness. A dove has soft gentle eyes,
and low cooing voice, and quiet ways.
No cue is afraid of a dove. It is not
so with some other birds. When you
are near a cockatoo take care (unless
the bird has been trained) for it is far
from gentle. It has bold eyes, claws
like strong hands, and a beak like a
pair of pliers. It sends up its crest
like a warrior lifting a flag, and screams
threatening and defiance. You had bet-
ter not stroke that bird, or perhaps you
may find a mark on your finger. Now
a dove is different—it is so gentle that
we say, "harmless as a dove."

You have heard of a gentle kind man,
whom the Hindus reverence. He was
a prince, whose name was Buddha, and
he lived before Jesus Christ was born.
India is full of stories of Buddha's sweet-
ness and kindness. Some day you may
read of him in a beautiful book called
"The Light of Asia." Buddha of the
gentle heart! God had sent in Buddha
something of his gentle spirit.

But it is the life of Jesus that shows
us something that is gracious and
gentle. That is why mothers brought
their children to him, and why his
words fell like music on sick men's ears
and on sad people's hearts. That is
why little ones pray to him as "Gentle
Jesus." He once said, "Learn of Me
for I am meek"—gentle. St. Paul had
learned of him, and had the dove-like
spirit in his heart when he wrote,
"Avenge not yourselves but rather give
place unto wrath. Therefore, if thine
enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst,
give him drink. Be not overcome of
evil, but overcome evil with good."

I will tell you of a man who tried to
follow Jesus in his way of gentleness.
A Christian knight was taken prisoner
by a Turkish Pasha, who had him yoked
with oxen to a plough and driven with
a whip. The Christian's wife sold her
jewels, and her land, and paid the ran-
som for her husband's release. At a
later time, in another war, the Christian
knight found that his men had taken
prisoner the Turkish Pasha who had
treated him so cruelly. The Pasha was
badly wounded—was indeed dying. As
soon as he saw who his captor was the
Turk said: "Now you will take re-
venge!" "Yes," said the knight, "but
it shall be the revenge of a Christian,
a Christian is taught to forgive, for God
is love!" That is an old story of
crusading times, but it is what those
are able to do on whom the dove-like
spirit has fallen.

You might think that the gentle are
always liable to injury, but God protects
his children. In early days of Ameri-
can settlements there was a good deal
of fighting between white men and Red
Indians. Quakers are gentle people,
who do not believe in fighting under any
circumstances and many of them had
fled to America, and were there during
the Red Indian wars. Bancroft (the
American historian) says that though
the Quakers carried no weapons, "no
Indian ever shed a drop of Quaker blood
during that terrible time." It was God
who protected them, as if to show that
the meek (the gentle) shall inherit the
earth.

Mrs. Fry, the Quakeress, was a pro-
verb of gentleness. At a time when
prisoners were kept together in large
numbers, and were very badly used, and
very rough, Mrs. Fry went to Newgate
prison, to talk to them, and read the
Bible to them. Her sweetness and
graciousness melted the hard hearts of
the prisoners as sun melts snow. Her
eyes, her face, her voice, were tender as
those of a dove, and her heart was a
place where that Holy Spirit which de-
scended on Jesus was always brooding.
She was full of God's gracious, gentle
spirit.

THE DOVE'S PURITY.

But a dove means something else.
The dove that rested on Jesus meant
purity. It was a sign of the spirit of
holiness.

When Jesus was a boy in Nazareth he
often watched the doves. He was
pleased with their pretty colours, their
graceful flight, and their gentle ways.
In the street of that Galilean village
there were doves always near the well
where women went to draw water.
With their pretty rings round their
necks they marched about on the
ground, and did not fly when people
walked along. Everybody was accus-
tomed to the doves. No one threw
stones at them, so they were very tame.
And many a time when Jesus went up
the street home, he had doves about his
feet as he walked. I have no doubt

they often came to him to feed them,
and flew down upon his shoulders.

Those doves slept in what we should
call lofts and in places where lumber
was kept about the houses. They lay
among pots and boxes, and when they
came out in the morning looked for lit-
tle pools of water to wash in, and then
plumed their feathers one at a time, and
dried themselves in the sun, until it
seemed that although they had "lain
among the pots," yet their "wings were
of silver, and their feathers like yellow
gold." The sun shining on them seemed
to gild the birds with the powerful light.
When Jesus was a boy he often saw
doves fluttering in their bath and taking
every speck and stain from their
feathers. Pure water and the clear sun-
shine how those doves rejoiced in these
beautiful things.

Jesus himself had this pure spirit of
the dove. He was "Holy, Harmless,
Undefiled." "In him there was no sin,
neither was guile found on his lips."
No lying word, no wrong deed, were
ever known in Jesus. And those who
have the spirit of Jesus try to be like
Jesus. St. Paul tells us to keep our
very thoughts pure, and to fill our minds
with good and bright things. He tells
us to think of whatsoever things are
pure, and true, and lovely and of good
report. We must beware of bad com-
panions and of foolish books. We must
try to keep our souls as pure as the
wings of a white dove. You remember
Lady Jane Grey's prayer, which she
wrote in a book when she was a girl.
"O God, make others great if thou wilt,
but make me good!" And you know
that on the first day that Victoria was
Queen (when she was about nineteen
years old) she asked no one to disturb
her, that she might be alone to think
and to ask God to make her life pure
and good.

Sometimes as we grow up in life we
do not grow better. That is very sad.
If we are ill we try to get better. If
we are sinful we do not try so earnestly
to grow better. But it is not bad to be
ill as it is to be wicked. People fall
into little sins and then into greater. At
first it seems to them only like having
a speck of soot on their collar and be-
fore they have done it is like going
about as black as a chimney-sweep.
And the longer bad habits are left un-
corrected the harder they are to cure.
They become like stains which the dyer
has on his hands, and which so long as
he is a dyer he cannot wash quite away.
"Our sin how deep its stains!"

But Jesus will help us to be pure if
we want to be. When we sing about
"the fountain filled with blood," it is of
Christ's cross and Christ's forgiving
love that we sing. Somehow Jesus can
give us clean hearts and renew right
spirits within us, and fill us with his
own dove-like spirit—the spirit of gen-
tleness and purity, of truth and love.

JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

SEPTEMBER 5, 1897.

The place of safety.—Psalm 91. 1-10.

THE PSALM.

A German physician was wont to
speak of this psalm as the best preser-
vative in times of cholera, and in truth
it is a heavenly medicine against plague
and pest.

When the Rev. William Jay was on
his dying bed—he had lived more than
eighty years—two ministers visited him,
one of whom repeated this precious
Psalm, and the dying Christian said, "I
have proved the truth of every portion
of this Psalm but the last verse, and I
will soon prove its truth also." He
died almost immediately.

WHO CAN CLAIM THIS PSALM.

Read verse 1. Not ordinary Chris-
tians, but such as live in close and con-
stant communion with God. Many live
far beneath their privilege, hence in
trouble they are afraid; they are some-
times even shut up in "Doubting
Castle." Those who walk with God, as
Enoch did, or who are the friends of
God, as Abraham was, they are the per-
sons who dwell in the secret place of the
Most High. Let the language of all our
readers ever be, "Nearer my God to
thee."

THEIR LANGUAGE.

Verse 2. "I will say," etc. Confi-
dence is here expressed. Nothing like
doubt or hesitancy, but child-like confi-
dence, strong faith, such as only those
can express who are steadfast. Observe
the force of the words—my refuge. A
refuge is a place of safety, but it only
benefits those who can call it theirs,
hence the strength there is in the mono-
syllable—"my." Can you all say it?

STRENGTH INCREASES

Verse 3. Experience confirms the
opinion before expressed. No matter
how craftily the enemy may seek to en-
trap the Christian, the God whom he
serves will be his protector. This is a
wonderful expression, which illustrates
the strength and condescension of God

FEAR DISARMS.

Verse 5. Night and day are both
alike to God. He can preserve in the
dark as well as in the light, both are
alike to him. The most crafty cannot
deceive him, nor take him unawares.
He is always on hand. The meaning of
the whole lesson is, the safety of God's
people, both in storm and sunshine.
History contains repeated illustrations,
confirmatory of the truth of the Psalm.
In seasons of epidemics and contagious
diseases few Christian "all," compared
with the ungodly.

The Little Boy in the Harvest-Field.

BY SUSAN TRALL PERRY.

Out in the fields in the midsummer heat
The reapers were busy binding the
wheat,
And the farmer looked with an anxious
eye,
At the "thunder-caps" in the western
sky,
"All hands must work now, with a will,"
said he;
"There's a storm a-brewing up there, I
see."

Then the bright-faced boy at his father's
side,
To help bind the sheaves most patiently
tried;
But he could not manage the work at all.
For those willing hands were too weak
and small
"I can't do this," said the brave little
man,
"So I'll give it up and do what I can."

"The man are thirsty and far from the
spring;
It will give them a life" thought he,
"to bring
A pail of that clear, cold water, that
flows
Down the mountain side where the sweet
fern grows."
And soon he was dipping his little cup
In the mossy place where it bubbled up.

And the joy of doing something he could
Shone on his face as he came through
the wood.
"God bless 'he boy!" every man cried
out,
As he passed the pure cold water about.
'Twas sustaining power—they bound the
grain
Just in time to save it from drenching
rain.

Then the father said that night, with a
smile,
While the mother listened with pride
the while,
"My boy, you helped harvest the field of
wheat,
Bringing water when we were parched
with heat,
Remember through life, my dear little
man,
God only bids us to do what we can."

NEMO

OR

The Wonderful Door.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CHRISTIE'S OLD ORGAN."

CHAPTER VII.

JEMMY'S ENTERTAINMENT.

When Abel and Nemo, with their
basket-cart, arrived at Jemmy's, they
found their new friend waiting for them.
"Come along, little 'uns," he called
out; "cheer up! Jemmy's got the pot
on, and it smells something like. Why,
how wet you are, my lad!"

This last remark was addressed to
Abel, who was shaking himself like a
dog, and from whom the rain was run-
ning in little streams on the ground.

"Yes," said Abel; "I shall be glad to
get to a fire, I can tell you."
"Jemmy's got a grand one," said the
man, "half-way up the chimney, that's
what it is. Jemmy, come here, my lad,"
he cried; "here's these floating baskets I
told ye of."

In answer to this call, a very stout
man came down a long flight of stone