

WORK FOR JESUS.

OUR Master has taken his journey
To a country far away,
And has left us a task to finish
Against his reckoning day.

Your task may be great and glorious,
And mine but a simple one;
It differs little. The question is
Will his coming find it done?

It may be our hands are forbidden
To work for him day by day,
Our feet cannot run on his errands,
But still we can watch and pray.

It matters not in this little while
Whether we work or watch or wait,
So we fill the place he assigns us,
Do its service small or great.

There is one thing only concerns us,
To find the task that is ours,
And then, having found it, to do it,
With all our God-given powers.

Our Master is coming most surely
To reckon with every one,
Shall we then count our toil and sorrow,
If his sentence be, "Well done!"

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Rev. W. H. W. THROW, D.D., Editor.

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For the Year 1886.

PURE IN HEART.

THE cure for the evils of this life cannot be found in outward surroundings. These help to some extent. But evil finds its birth in the soul's choices. To meet this want Christianity is radical. The Word of God reaches to the purposes of men's hearts, and thus seeks to control outward acts. Formalism makes the outside clean. That purifies the fountain from whence life issues. Outward influences may restrain in some degree, but no life can be made pure from without. The body may be surrounded by pure air, and yet be filled with disease. But let healthful lungs bring the pure air in contact with the blood which flows to the heart, and disease is driven out. Christ cast the devils out. The Spirit

in the heart keeps them out, and so the life remains pure. Seek that inward purity. This only is purity. All else is delusion or deceit. This within, all else is harmless. Temptation may rage, but it must stay outside. It is dangerous only when it is permitted to rest within.

MANNERS.

MANNERS are more important than money. A boy who is polite and pleasant in his manners will always have friends, and will not often make enemies. Good behavior is essential to prosperity. A boy knows when he does well. If you wish to make everybody pleasant about you, and gain friends wherever you go, cultivate good manners. Many boys have pleasant manners for company and ugly manners at home. We visited a small railroad town not long since, and were met at the depot by a little boy of about eleven or twelve years, who conducted us to the house of his mother, and entertained and cared for us, in the absence of his father, with as much polite attention and thoughtful care as the most cultivated gentleman could have done. We said to his mother before we left her home, "You are greatly blessed in your son. He is so attentive and obliging."

"Yes," said she, "I can always depend on Charley when his father is absent. He is a great help and comfort to me."

She said this as if it did her good to acknowledge the cleverness of her son.

The best manners cost so little and are worth so much that every boy can have them.—S. S. Herald.

"I'LL TAKE WHAT FATHER TAKES."

"WHAT will you take to drink?" asked a waiter of a young lad who for the first time accompanied his father to a public dinner. Uncertain what to say, and feeling sure that he could not be wrong if he followed his father's example, he replied, "I'll take what father takes."

The answer reached the father's ear, and instantly the full responsibility of his position flashed upon him. And the father shuddered as the history of several young men, once promising as his own bright lad, ruined by drink, started up in a solemn warning before him. Should his hopes be blasted, and that open faced lad become a burden? But for strong drink they would have been active, earnest, prosperous men; and if it could work such ruin upon them, was his own son safe? Quicker than lightning these thoughts passed through his mind, and in a moment the decision was made. "If the boy falls, he will not have me to blame;" and then in tones tremulous with emotion, and to the astonishment of those who knew him, he said, "Waiter, I'll take water;" and from that day to this strong drink has been banished from that man's home.

LIQUOR is at the bottom of all our poverty. If the tax for it were lifted, there would not need to be a man, woman or child without bread. There cannot be a more pitiful or contemptible sight than a man quarrelling over and bemoaning his taxes while tickling his palate and burning up his stomach and his substance with glass after glass of whiskey.—J. G. Holland.

THE SPOILT DOG.

THE great and good missionary, Moffat, relates a funny adventure about a Bible: "One day," says he, "as I was passing by the hut of one of the most important, but least attentive of my Sunday hearers, this exclamation: 'Oh, what a misfortune!' pronounced by a man's voice, struck my ear. Quite concerned, I pushed open the door, and went in. 'What is the matter, Tamra?' I said; 'what misfortune has happened to you? I hope neither your wife nor your son is ill, my poor friend.'"

"No," replied he, "there is no one ill in the hut." "Well, what trouble were you speaking of in such a melancholy tone?"

The man scratched his woolly head with an embarrassed air. "Why, the boy has just come to tell me that my dog has eaten a leaf of the Bible you gave us." "Oh, well," I said, "that mischief is not irreparable. I can, perhaps, replace the leaf." "Ah! but," said the man, "my dog is spoiled! He will never more fetch me the smallest bit of game, nor will he fly at the throat of my enemy when I tell him to. He will become as gentle as a lamb, like all our warriors do now who read that Book! I tell you what, missionary, my dog is ruined, and it is your fault!"

READING ONE HOUR A DAY.

THERE was once a lad who, at the age of fourteen, found himself an apprentice to a soap-boiler. Having a spare hour every day, he decided to pass that fleeting time in reading. Within a few weeks the habit became fixed, and then he thoroughly enjoyed his lesson. He stayed seven years at the place, and when he was twenty-one he took a position that could be filled only by an educated man.

Now, let us see how much time he spent in reading during the seven years. At the rate of one hour a day, the whole time thus passed would be 2,555 hours. In other words, it was equal to the time one would spend in reading at the rate of eight hours each day, three hundred and ten days, or nearly a whole year.

BRAGGING AND DOING.

HAVE you not heard how some boys brag about what they are intending to do? They are always going to do wonders.

"You just wait," said they, "and we will show you, some day, what we can do."

Now is your chance, we would say to you. You are old enough now, and you will never have a better time. Better begin now, we are anxious to see your first effort. Let us at once see you animated by the practical purpose of doing, not by the dream, and we will compute your future for you.

Make an effort even if you shall fail the first time, a hundred times, still continue to try. The result is inevitable. It is only those who falter that come to grief.—Well-Spring.



GENERAL WOLFE.

TEMPERANCE.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL is authority for the statement that in five years, from 1865 to 1870, the expenses for spirituous liquors in Great Britain were one-half more than the national revenue for the whole time; that they were twice the capital of all the savings-banks; that they were three times the annual railway incomes of the United Kingdom; and that they were fifty times the collected revenues of all the religious and philanthropic societies.—Rev. O. H. Tiffany.

We can prove with mathematical certainty that as much flour as can lie on the point of a table knife is more nutritious than eight quarts of the best Bavarian beer; that a person who is able daily to consume that amount of beer, obtains from it in a whole year, in the most favourable case, exactly the amount of nutritive constituent which is contained in a five-pound loaf, or in three pounds of flesh.—Baron Liebig.

THE fact of the matter is, if we want to multiply diseases, poverty, crime, indolence, and all the stages of idiocy and drunkenness and the consumption of the stronger drinks, introduce the more mild drinks and make them cheap, and they will make the rest.—Prof. S. M. D. Fry, relating the result of her observations in London.

Boys were never seen in drinking places as long as whiskey was the standard. But after lager beer was introduced, the boys would go to the saloons where games were prepared for them, such as bagatelle and pool, and in a little while you found drunken boys.—Chief of Police of Baltimore.

THE Beer Bill has done more to brutalize the English labourer, and take him from his family and fireside into the worst associations, than almost any measure that could have been devised. It has furnished victims for the jails, the hulks, and the gallows, and has frightfully extended the evils of pauperism and moral debasement.—G. F. Drury, Magistrate, England.

WHEREFORE do ye spend your money for that which is not bread, and your labour for that which satisfieth not?

BEER stupefies and besots.—Bismarck.