

What Can You Give to Jesus.

"Two little eyes to look to God,
Two little ears to hear his Word,
Two little feet to walk in his ways,
Two little hands to work all my days,
One little tongue to speak the truth,
One little heart devoted to thee all my youth.
Take them, Lord Jesus, let them be
Ever devoted unto thee."

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, JANUARY 25, 1895.

MIKE.

BY H. W. FRENCH.

AWAY in old Ireland, where great cliffs rise high and straight out of the sea, lived my good friend Mike.

Many a time I met Mike while wandering about on those cliffs, or rowing, when the water was calm enough, down under the grim and awful ledges. He always had a bright smile and a wave of his hand, whether he was hooping in his poor tired-out potato field or gathering dillisk, a kind of sea-weed, which formed a good part of the food upon which he and his bed-ridden old mother kept life in their bodies. Yet in all the time that I knew him, and knew that he was my friend, I never knew more of him than that in this poor way he paid the rent of their miserable one-room hut and cared for that poor old mother.

We never exchanged a word, for Mike was deaf and dumb, but you would have known, to look at him, without hearing a word about the mother, that Mike was a true lad and an open-hearted friend to every one.

A time came when the potato crop failed and the pig died. Mike sold the chickens, which were all that was left, to pay the rent, and they lived on dillisk alone. I did not know anything about it at the time. I only knew that there was always the same smiling greeting from my mute friend.

The next year the failure of the crop was even worse than before, and Mike had nothing left to sell, and could not live on less than the sea-weed which he gathered himself, and water from the spring.

The poor old mother grew weaker and weaker, and when the time came when the rent was due and there was nothing to pay it with, the woman had hardly life enough left to realize it all.

The agent made Mike understand that he must either pay or be evicted, but Mike only opened his empty hands and shook his head; then he sat down by his mother's cot and gently smoothed her gray hair, and refused to try to understand anything more from the agent.

The owner of the property all along the cliffs wanted possession of the hut, as he proposed making changes there and erecting a summer-house for himself on the spot. So he was all the more pleased with

an opportunity to evict the tenant who could not pay rent.

He came himself with the agent and the officers, the day of the eviction, and brought his little girl.

Most of the neighbours were as badly off as Mike, and the poor old mother was carried upon a table for more than a mile to the new-out hut that could possibly give her shelter.

Mike carried one end of the table. He would have carried it all if he could, and they saw the great tears rolled down his brown cheeks all the way. Then he came back and went out to the very brink of the cliff behind the hut and sat down there all alone.

He could not have heard if any one had come to him with words of sympathy. He could not hear the waves busting on the sand below, coming nearer and nearer to the cliff. He could not hear shrill shrieks which rose from a little sheltered cove just down below him, which was always the last point to be covered by the incoming tide, but in his Sunday clothes he sat with his head between his knees, his red, wet eyes looking sadly enough out over the ocean.

Suddenly a boat came around the point, struggling in the waves, and Mike saw the landlord standing in the prow, making frantic gestures.

Instantly his eyes ran down the cliff, for he knew that just below him was the cove where one who did not know of it might be caught by the tide, and that to be caught there with such a sea coming in would be certain death.

To his horror then Mike saw the landlord's little daughter with the waves already reaching her. In an instant his eyes measured the distance to the boat. It could not possibly reach the cove in time, even if it was able to reach there at all without being dashed in pieces against the rocks.

Already the boatmen were holding back. They did not mean to venture there. It would have been folly.

Mike started to his feet. Did he remember that it was the landlord who, an hour before, evicted his dying mother? That it was the little daughter he had brought to watch the erection, and see where he was to build a beautiful house for her? I do not know, but I do know that Mike, poor, dumb Mike, had a real, true heart that was ready with joy or help or sympathy for those who needed it. I do know that in an instant Mike was over the brink of that sheer cliff, and that catching, clinging, clutching on the ragged edges of the rocks, he went down, down, down, till at last he could not reach another rough place, nor did he dare wait an instant to look for one, but throwing his body as far out from the ledge as possible, he let himself fall the last thirty feet.

Those in the boat saw it all, and then the waves covered him from their sight for a moment. Then next they saw him again leaping into the waves with the little girl upon his back. They pulled toward him with might and main as he swam for the boat, and soon the landlord's daughter was lifted out of the water, saved!

And Mike? I believe they tried to save him. Human beings could not well have helped it after his heroic act, but he had been injured by his fall. He died before they reached the shore. Poor fellow, it was almost providential, almost fortunate, after all, for his old mother died only a few minutes after he left her, and I am sure his heart would have broken had he returned to find her gone. It was better for him, I think, that he gave his life in one grand act of kindness to those who had injured him.

THEIR SECRET.

BY HELEN A. HAWLEY.

MARGARET and Alice had a secret! An innocent secret; they didn't even tell mamma, which was something hitherto unknown.

"Not tell mamma!" Alice looked horrified, but Margaret was older and ought to know.

"Oh! you goose, mamma won't care. It isn't anything wrong. Of course we can't tell Teddy, and if we told mamma it wouldn't be any secret at all."

"Not to be a secret would spoil every-

thing!" Alice agreed to that. Next to dear mamma, the dearest object to these little maids was brother Theodore; Teddy for short. "Gift of God," his mother said in her sudden young widowhood, for the father died when baby was two weeks old.

Next Wednesday would be Teddy's third birthday. Weeks before, the girls began to consult about their birthday gift, and now they had made up their minds. There was mystery in the air. One day when Mrs. Johnson discreetly turned her back, Alice held Teddie, while Margaret measured the length of his feet, carefully tearing off the paper at the tip of the toe. To be sure it tore somewhat zigzag, but she said, "Now, Alice, remember, it's the longest corner that a right."

When they had permission to go out, they looked so wise that mamma smiled.

"Never mind," she thought, "I'll trust my little daughters."

"I'm pretty sure we've got money enough," said Margaret. "I have a dollar, and you have eighty cents. Won't he look 'cute' just like that little boy from the big house?"

The birthday came, and the precious present—a pair of the daintiest, dove-coloured shoes, tied with white silk cord.

Mrs. Johnson didn't say a word of disapproval, though it wasn't a rich home, and they couldn't afford to throw away the price of a pair of shoes.

"How very pretty, my dears; let's try them on."

Teddy was pleased, too. With some tugging, one fat foot was forced into a shoe; the other went harder.

"I'm afraid they are a little short." The girls looked dismayed.

"The man must have measured by the short corner," whispered Alice.

"But," Mrs. Johnson continued, "they can be exchanged for another pair." (How wise that mother was!) "Don't you think, as cold weather is coming, it might be better to get some nice boots to protect his ankles? Maybe next summer he can have some ties."

And before the girls had time to be disappointed, she went on, "I've thought of a beautiful plan, which will cover two little boys' feet instead of one. There's Mrs. Baker round the corner. Her Johnny is barefoot, though she works so hard. Teddy's outgrown boots would fit him. If Teddy has a new pair he won't need his old ones, and they're really getting too small for him. Don't my dear daughters think that is a good plan?"

Of course the dear daughters did. So the secret turned out well, and gave them also a sweet lesson in thoughtfulness for others outside their own lives.—*The Morning Star*.

EARTHQUAKE INCIDENTS.

A CONSTANTINOPLE correspondent of the New York Tribune says that it will probably never be known how many persons were killed in that city by the earthquake of last summer. The Turkish Government has a chronic hatred of facts, and the newspapers were forbidden to publish statistics of the earthquake. What are believed to be moderate estimates place the number of deaths at about one hundred and fifty, and the number of the wounded at about six hundred.

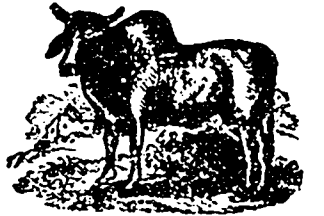
The correspondent cannot help praising the courage of the firemen stationed on watch at the top of a tower more than two hundred feet high. They stuck to their post, although the tower swayed like a flagstaff, and when the fires broke out, after the overthrow of dwellings, they gave the signals as usual.

Another case of a similar sort was that of a minaret builder, who had gone up to the top of a minaret to remove a conical cap which the first shocks had thrown askew. While he was there another shock occurred, and there was another panic in the streets. His assistants, who were in one of the galleries of the minaret, began to run downstairs, and the mosque servants below shouted to him to come down; but he stayed where he was. "If this is going to fail," he said, "it will fall before I can get out of it;" and he proceeded with his work.

Many wonderful escapes occurred. Two

men were walking together. A Turk met them, and, as is not unusual when a Turk meets foreigners, he pushed in between them, instead of turning to one side. At that instant a stone fell from the building above them and hit the Turk, who fell dead between the two horrified foreigners.

But the most marvellous escape was that of a boy three years old. He was running along the street at the base of the city wall just as one of the ancient towers was overthrown. When the dust cleared away he was discovered pinned to the ground by great stones lying on his skirts on each side of him, but himself quite unhurt.—*Youth's Companion*.



THE ZEBU OR BRAHMIN BULL.

The Zebus are a variety of the domesticated ox. They differ from our oxen in having a large fatty hump, and are very much smaller. Some of them stand only as high as a dog. They are found in India, China, Arabia, Persia and the east coast of Africa. Their ears are long, as shown in our cut, but sometimes they have no horns at all. Zebus are held sacred by the Hindus, who consider it a sin to kill them. They are allowed many privileges, but are compelled to work. They are strong enough to travel when harnessed to a carriage, thirty miles a day. The English residents in India pronounce the hump delicious eating. These animals are not allowed to be taken out of the country on account of their sacred character. Their hair is coarse and of a brownish colour. Their legs are short, somewhat like those of the Jersey.

SEVEN YEARS WITHOUT A BIRTHDAY.

A SCOTTISH clergyman who died several years ago, used to tell us that he once lived seven years without a birthday, says a Pittsburg paper.

The statement puzzled most who heard it. They could see that if he had been born on the 20th of February he would have no birthday except in a leap year. But leap year comes once in four years, and this accounts for a gap of three years only. Their first thought would therefore naturally be that the old man, who, in fact, was fond of a harmless jest, was somehow jesting about the seven. There was, however, no joke or trick in his assertion.

At the present time there can be but very few, if there are any, who have this tale to tell of themselves, for one who can tell it must have been born on the 20th of February at least ninety-eight years ago. But a similar line of missing dates is now soon to return; and, indeed, there are no doubt some readers who will have only one birthday to celebrate for nearly ten years to come.

The solution of the puzzle is to be found in the fact, which does not appear to be widely known, that the year 1800 was not a leap year, and 1900 will not be. The February of 1892 had twenty-nine days; but in all the seven years intervening between 1896 and 1904, as well as in the three years between 1892 and 1896, that month will have only twenty-eight days.

DON'TS FOR DOGS.

Don't crawl into the easiest chair in the room, or lie on the softest pillow.

Don't come into the house with mud on your shoes—I mean feet.

Don't growl at people.

Don't cry and whine when somebody is giving you a bath, or combing your hair. It may not be pleasant, but it's good for you.

Don't try to get the biggest piece of anything to eat, or snatch it away from others. After all, don't you think these "Don'ts" would do just as well for little boys as for dogs?