

"Follow Me."

BY JULIA A. GOODWIN.

When the voices of the world are loudly calling
Mid the tumult of life's sea.

Like the dew of eve upon thy tired heart
falling
Comes a whisper, all thy restlessness en-
thralling.

"Follow Me."

Doth the pathway open rough and wild be-
fore thee?

Feeble though thy footsteps be,
Shouldst thou falter, he stands ready to re-
store thee,
And his gentle tones in watchful love implore
thee.

"Follow Me."

When thy soul the night of death is swiftly
nearing,

And life's fitful day gleams flee,
Lo! His form amid the doubt and gloom ap-
pearing,
And his loving voice thy fainting spirit cheer-
ing.

"Follow Me."

Brighter far than all earth's fairest dreams of
splendour,

Heaven's portals thou shalt see;
Dearer far than all the gifts the world could
render
Is the love that welcomes thee in tone so
tender.

"Follow Me."

OUR PERIODICALS:

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the
most popular.

Christian Guardian, weekly.....	\$1 00
Methodist Magazine, 33 pp., monthly, illustrated.....	2 00
Magazine, Guardian and Onward together.....	3 50
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly.....	1 00
Sunday School Banner, 32 pp., 8vo., monthly.....	0 60
Onward, 8 p., 4to., weekly, under 5 copies.....	0 60
5 copies and over.....	0 50
Pleasant Hours, 6 pp., 4to., weekly, single copies.....	0 30
Less than 20 copies.....	0 25
Over 20 copies.....	0 24
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than ten copies.....	0 15
10 copies and upwards.....	0 12
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than ten copies.....	0 15
10 copies and upwards.....	0 12
Berean Leaf, monthly, 100 copies per month.....	5 50
Berean Leaf, quarterly.....	0 00
Quarterly Review Services. By the year, 24c. a dozen; 22 per 100; per quarter, 6c. a dozen; 50c. per 100.	

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto.

C. W. COATES, 117 1/2 St. Catherine St., Montreal.
S. F. HERRIN, Wesleyan Book Room, Halifax, N.S.

Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, MARCH 16, 1895.

KO-KHIEN, THE CHINESE
CHRISTIAN.

A MISSIONARY in China writes of a man who carried his aged mother to church on his back. The missionary tells of a conversation he had with this man. He asked him:

"Brother Ko-Khien, when you became a Christian, did your father oppose you, or did he become a Christian?"

"My father died when I was young," he replied.

"Did your mother become a Christian?"

"At first she was angry that I had disgraced myself by following the foreign doctrine. Then she came to church. She prayed to God and gave up her idols, but she was very old and never knew enough of the doctrine to be baptized."

"You lived five or six miles from church. How was she able to walk so far with her crushed feet?"

The good man held down his head as if he had done something to be ashamed of, and then said:

"I am a poor man, and had no money to hire a sedan chair, so carried her on my back."

"Did you carry her all the way?"

"No, not all the way. In the level places she walked leaning on me; in rough parts I carried her."

Several months after I went with Ko-Khien to preach in his native village. As we walked along the road on which he had often travelled with his aged mother, I asked him about the meaning of his name. He told me that his mother called him Khien, meaning fretful, because as a baby he cried so much; when he began to walk about, the neighbours called him Ko-tsu, because he was a plump, pretty child. By-and-bye the two names were joined to form Ko-Khien, meaning pretty, fretful!

He had carried his two children to church—not on his back—but in baskets tied to each end of a bamboo pole which

associated. The little lady is his constant companion, and perhaps the only one whom the venerable Mrs. Gladstone in her touching solicitude for her husband's health and peace of mind will allow to remain by his side. And if there is anything more charming than the spectacle of the Grand Old Man's association with his pretty little grandchild, it is to be found in the contemplation of the happy relations, entirely unclouded by even any passing difference, that have existed for close upon threescore years between Mr Gladstone and his universally popular wife.—New York Times.

CHINA'S GREAT WALL.

CHINA abounds in great walls. Her mural defences are most extensive—

three hundred feet—a frowning mass of masonry. No need to tell you of this wall; the books will tell you that—how it was built to keep the warlike Tartars out—twenty-five feet high by forty feet thick, 1,200 miles long, with room on top for six horses to be ridden abreast. Nor need I tell you that for 1,400 years it kept those horses at bay, nor that in the main the material used upon it is just as good, and firm and strong as when put in place.

To tell you how one feels while standing on this vast work, scrutinizing its old masonry, its queer old cannon, and ambitious sweep along the mountain crest, were only folly. In speechless awe we strolled or sat and gazed in silent wonder. Twelve hundred miles of this gigantic work, built on the rugged, craggy mountain tops, vaulting over gorges, spanning wild streams, netting the river archways with huge, hard bars of copper; with double gates, with swinging doors and bars set thick with iron armour—a wonder in the world, before which the old-time classic seven wonders, all gone now save the great pyramid, were toys. The great pyramid has 85,000,000 cubic feet, the great wall 6,350,000,000 cubic feet. An engineer in Seward's party here some years ago gave it as his opinion that the cost of this wall, figuring labour at the same rate, would more than equal that of all the 100,000 miles of railroad in the United States. The material it contains would build a wall six feet high and two feet thick right straight around the globe. Yet this was done in only ten years, without a trace of debt or bond. It is the greatest individual labour the world has ever known. You stand before it as before the great Omnipotent—bowed and silent.



WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.

LEGEND OF INDIA.

ONCE many years ago there lived in a town in India four blind men, who, having no idea of an elephant, were much pleased on being told that one was coming into the town. They ran at once to examine the strange creature. The first blind man, being very tall, felt up and down the animal's sides; the second could reach only to the fore leg, which he examined; the third, happening to run full tilt against the creature's trunk, contented himself with feeling it; the fourth could only find the tail; this he carefully examined.

"Ah," said number one, "the elephant is just like the side of a house!"

"The side of a house!" exclaimed number two, who had felt the fore leg; "it seemed to me like the pillar of a house."

"What nonsense you are talking," broke in the third man, who had examined the trunk; "why, it is exactly like a spout!"

"You are all wrong," said number four, who had felt the tail; "I examined it very carefully, and I can only compare it to a bell rope!"

All of which seems to prove that people always make out a strange object to be exactly what they imagined it would be.

rested on his shoulder. The baskets had no lids, so you could have seen each little head peeping over the rim of the basket. Who will draw a picture of this loving son, and kind husband and father, as he went to church one day with his aged mother on his back or leaning on his arm, and the next Sabbath with his wife walking beside him—or rather a little behind him and his girl and boy in the baskets slung at each end of the long carrying pole?

W. E. GLADSTONE.

It is common with most great men. Mr. Gladstone has always been distinguished by his love for young children, in whose prattle he has often found relief from his all-absorbing literary and political labours. And now that in the eventide of his busy and well spent life he has abandoned the cares of State and of parliamentary warfare, he manifests more interest even than before in the small folk, and apparently derives more satisfaction and pleasure from the society of his little-granddaughter, Dorothy Drew, than he has ever experienced in his intercourse with the many celebrated statesmen and princes of science who have been his contemporaries and

walled country, walled cities, walled villages, walled palaces and temples wall after wall, and was common wall. But the greatest of all is the great wall of China, which crests the mountain range and crosses the gorge from here some forty miles away. To go to Peking and not go out to the wall would be unparadiseable. It matters not that the Peking wall is higher and wider, nor that the way is cold and rough and often perilous you must go and see the great wall.

Six mortal hours to make the last fifteen miles. Squeezing through the last deep gorge and a deep rift in solid rock, cut out by ages of rolling wheels and tramping feet, we reach the great frowning, double-bastioned gate of stone and hard-burned brick—one archway tumbled in. This was the object of our mission—the great wall of China, built 213 years before our era; built of great slabs of well-hewn stone, laid in regular courses, some twenty feet high, and then topped out with large, hard-burned bricks, filled in with earth and closely paved on the top with more dark, tawny brick—the rainparts high and thick and castellated for the use of arms. Right and left the great wall sprung far up the mountain side—now straight, now curved; to meet the mountain ridge, turreted each

The Lord, our Shepherd, coming out to hunt the lost sheep, puts on no regal apparel, but the plain garment of our humanity. There was nothing pretentious about it. Becoming man, he wore a seamless garment. The scissors and needle had done nothing to make it graceful. I take it to have been a sack with three holes in it, one for the neck and two for the arms. Although the gamblers quarrelled over it, that is no evidence of its value. I have seen two rag pickers quarrel over the refuse of an ash-barrel. No! in the wardrobe of heaven he left the sandals of light, the girdles of beauty, the robes of power. The work of saving this world was rough work, rugged work, hard work; and Jesus put on the raiment, the plain raiment, of our flesh. The storms were to heat him; the crowds were to jostle him; the dust was to sprinkle him, the mobs were to pursue him. O' Shepherd of Israel! leave home thy bright array; for thee, who streams to ford, what nightfall unsheltered! He puts upon him the raiment of our humanity, wears our woes, and while earth and heaven and hell stand amazed at the abnegation, wraps around him the shepherd's plaid.—Talmage.