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Pleasant Hours :

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS

Rev W. H. WITHROW, M.A., Editor.

TORONTO, AUGUST 13, 1881.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL PERIODICALS

ENLARGED IN SIZE!
IMPROVED IN QUALITY!!
REDUCED IN PRICE!!!

To introduce these Periodicals still more largely into our Schools, the following very SPECIAL OFFER for new orders is made.

For Six Months from July 1st, the price per 4 cop. will be as follows:

PLEASANT HOURS, enlarged series	10c.
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The regular rates will also be reduced at the end of the year

The above announcement will give some idea of the changes and improvements to be made in the Sunday-School Papers. PLEASANT HOURS is considerably enlarged, and, by printing part of it in smaller type, is made to contain very much more matter. At the same time the price is reduced, lower, we believe, than that of any other Sunday-school paper in the world giving the same amount and quality of reading matter and engravings.

The Sunbeam will be enlarged to nearly double its present size, without any increase in price. The reduction in the regular rates of PLEASANT HOURS and the Banner will take place at the end of the year. We could not, in justice to those who have paid full price to that time, make the reduction at an earlier date. But, in order that all Schools that do not yet take these periodicals, may at once become acquainted with them, we make the above very special offer, being confident that when once introduced they will keep their place in our own schools.

It will be seen that \$1.00 will pay for 10 PLEASANT HOURS for six months; 60 cents for 10 Sunbeams; and \$3.00 for 10 Banners, for the last six months of the year.

NOTE.—We hope our young friends will read carefully the series of articles begun on our first page. They will be of great interest and permanent value. PLEASANT HOURS will be continued the size of this number, and still further improvements will be introduced. Specimens free, on application.

MOTHER WANTS HER BOY.

THERE'S a homestead waiting for you, my boy,
In a quaint old fashioned town,
The gray moss clings to the garden wall,
And the dwelling is low and brown,
But a vacant chair by the fireside stands,
And never a grace is said;
But a mother prays that her absent son
Soon may be homeward led,
For the mother wants her boy.

She trains the vines and tends the flowers,
For she says, "my boy will come;
And I want the quiet humble place
To be just the dear old home
That it seemed when he, a gentle lad,
Used to pluck the orchard's gold,
And gather of roses and lilies tall,
Far more than his hands could hold,
And still I want my boy."

How well she knows the very place,
When you played at bat and ball;
And the violet cap you wore to school,
Still hangs on its hook in the hall,
And when the twilight hours draw near
She steals adown the lane
To cosset the lambs you used to pet,
And dream you were home again,
For the mother wants her boy.

She is growing old, and the eyes are dim
With watching day by day,
For the children nurtured at her breast
Have slipped from her arms away;
Alone and lonely, she names the hours
As the dear ones come and go;
Their coming she calls "The time of flowers!"
Their going, "The hours of show!"
And ever she wants her boy.

Walk on, toil on; give strength and mind
To the task in your chosen place;
But never forget the dear old home,
And the mother's loving face!
You may count your blessings score on score,
You may heap your golden grain,
But remember when her grave is made,
Your coming will be in vain,
And now she wants her boy.

EASTERN STREETS.

THE streets of eastern cities often are not more than two or three feet wide. They are so narrow that in many places persons cannot safely pass a loaded camel. Many of them are very winding and circuitous. One in Damascus, an exception to the general rule, was distinguished by the name Straight; and there is still a street so named in that city, about half a mile in length.

In ancient times the streets of Jerusalem had names. Among those mentioned in the Scriptures are "Baker Street," from which Zedekiah ordered Jeremiah's food to be sent to him; "East Street," into which Hezekiah gathered the priests and Levites when exhorting them to cleanse the house of God and to carry forth the filthiness that had been allowed to lie there in heaps in the days of Abaz; "Temple Street," or the "Street of the House of God," into which the men of Judah and Benjamin came together in the days of Ezra; and "Watergate Street," where the people met in the days of Nehemiah. Nor were the streets of the city few; for Jeremiah, when warning Israel against the increase of her false gods, says, "According to the number of the streets of Jerusalem have ye set up altars to that shameful thing."



MODERN BETHLEHEMITES.

BETHLEHEM.

BETHLEHEM, where Rachel died and was buried—whence Elimelech and Naomi fled to escape the famine, and which afterward, through the noble-mindedness of Boaz, became indeed Bethlehem, or the House of Bread, to Naomi and Ruth—Bethlehem, the town of Jesse and the birth-place of David—Bethlehem, where the infant Saviour saw the light—in whose fields the shepherds, keeping watch over their flocks by night, and instructed by the angel, hastened to worship Him as He was laid in the manger—how many interesting recollections are connected with this now obscure town of Palestine!

And what is it now in our day? A place where, in ignorance of the great truths which Jesus taught and sealed by his blood, the inhabitants are under the yoke of a corrupted Christianity and the religion of the "false Prophet."

But the English Church Missionary Society has established mission-stations in Palestine, and the true light is again shining in that land. Bishop Gobat, the head of the mission, states that one hundred heads of families in Bethlehem have recently joined the mission church. Northern Syria is occupied by missionaries of the American Board, who have there several flourishing stations.

The picture shows the garb of the modern shepherds of Bethlehem, which has not changed since the time when David was a shepherd boy.

Treasures of wickedness profit nothing.

A BOY'S LOGIC.

A LITTLE boy in Leicester induced to sign the Ban Hope pledge. His father was a lecturer; and one day a publican came upon him for the purpose of paying taxes. In the course of conversation it came out that the little boy was teetotaler.

"What?" said the publican, with sneer, "a mere boy like that a teetotaler?"

"Yes, sir," said the boy, "I am." "And you mean to say you have not signed the pledge?"

"Yes, sir, I have; and I mean to keep it too."

"Nonsense!" said the publican. "What idea! Why, you are too young to sign the pledge."

The little fellow came up to him and took hold of him quietly by the arm and repeated his words, "You say, I am too young to be a teetotaler?"

"Yes, I do."

"Well, now, sir, please listen," said he. "I will ask you a question: I am a publican, are you not, and do you drink beer?"

"Yes, I am a publican, and sell beer." "Well, then, suppose I came to you with a pint of beer, would you send me about my business because I am so young?"

"Oh, no," said the boniface; "that is quite a different thing."

"Very well, then," said the little fellow, with triumph in his face, "if I am not too young to drink beer, I am not too young to give the beer."

The publican was defeated. He did not want to argue with that boy again.