

Three Ships.

BY HARRIET F. BLODGETT.

THREE ships there be a-sailing
Betwixt the sea and sky:
And one is Now, and one is Then,
And one is By-and-Bye.

The first little ship is all for you—
Its masts are gold, its sails are blue,
And this is the cargo it brings:
Joyful days with sunlight glowing,
Nights where dreams like stars are growing,
Take them, sweet, or they'll be going!
For they every one have wings.

The second ship it is all for me—
A-sailing on a misty sea
And out across the twilight gray.
What it brought of gift and blessing
Would not stay for my caressing—
Was too dear for my possessing.
So it sails and sails away.

The last ship riding fair and high
Upon the sea, is By-and-Bye.
O Wind be kind and gently blow!
Not too swiftly hasten hither,
When she turns, sweet, you'll go with her—
Sailing, floating, hither, thither—
To what port I may not know.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, AUGUST 10, 1895.

LAST DAYS OF JOHN WESLEY.

BY BENJAMIN BOBBIN.

WESLEY did not take to being old. There was something in him, that, till long after he was turned eighty, made him young. I dare say, if the truth was known, he had a large heart in his small frame. I have heard of a greyhound—I forget what it was called—that won all before it; when it died, they found that it had a big, powerful heart, which made it easy to go on when others were tired out; and it is so with some little men, they have hearts big enough for six feet, and so they live easier than tall men do.

He kept his good looks till the very last; nice rosy cheeks, that fairly shone again; and lovely white hair, and a smile that an angel might have wished for.

Then, as he got older, the world got tired of abusing him; and churches that had been closed against him were open on every hand. Popularity begged for a kiss, and so the man who was so bitterly persecuted was loved even more than he had been hated. Mind you, it was a long time in coming; but he was fairly flooded with love before he went to heaven.

Eh, but it did please me to read that the last time he preached it wasn't in either church or chapel, but in a house at a place called Leatherhead, eighteen miles from London, and what do you think his text was? "Seek ye the Lord while he may be found." He was at his work, you see, till the very last! I am told that during the

last year or so, his voice failed him, so that the people didn't catch all he said, but you see, his face was a *Te Deum*; so that folks thought themselves lucky that looked at him once more.

The last letter he wrote was to that champion of liberty, William Willberforce. It was sent to encourage him in fighting for the slave. He had a pen, had Wesley. I should think the devil used to swear whenever he bought a bottle of ink, and in this last letter the old soldier calls slavery the "scandal of religion, of England, and of human nature." What do you call that for writing, eh?

I read the story of his end to our folks, and we cried! We couldn't help it! I don't know that we wanted to, for wasn't he our father, as well as of the people of that day?

He didn't take to his bed till just before the wheels stopped. Bed wasn't much in his line. He sat in his chair, and his niece and Miss Ritchie prayed with him; and every now and then he sang hymns.

"All glory to God in the sky,"

was one; and "I'll praise my Maker," was another. I wonder what tunes he sung them to? He prayed for the Church and the King, with his dying breath. His last word was "Farewell," that was after he had lifted that poor old hand that had pointed so many to the cross, and said, "The best of all is, God is with us!" "Farewell," said he, and went to his coronation.

If Elisha had been there to pray, "Lord, open their eyes," the preachers at Wesley's bedside would have seen a rare lot of shining angels waiting to take their friend up home. Is it any wonder that his friends sung, as he passed away:

"Waiting to receive thy spirit,
Lo! the Saviour stands above;
Show us the purchase of his merit,
Rejoice out the crown of love!"

"BONES."

BY LILLIAN GREY.

He was a dog. And surely there was never a name more fitted to its owner. He ought to have looked sleek and well-fed, for he belonged to a thrifty and kind farmer, and all the other animals on the place, from the bantam chickens up to the high-stepping horses, showed the effect of good living, and all were a credit to their master except Bones.

Yet not one of them all was as much petted as he, or more profoundly introduced to visitors. But strangers passing by often bestowed on him glances of mingled pity and scorn, which did not hinder him from assuring them that his lungs were sound and strong as he pranced after their carriage-wheels.

"Is that dog sick, Mr. Lee?" asked a new neighbour one day.

"Sick? Oh, no; he's sound as a dollar."

"Then what ails him? He looks fit for a museum attraction."

"Nothing ails him, only he never would fat up on any kind of food."

"Well, I wouldn't keep a dog like that. He does his owner discredit by looking such an example of starvation. I'd give him one good meal with some long-sleep powder in it."

"Oh, no, you wouldn't, my friend—not if you had a little torn dress bearing the marks of his teeth put away among your choicest treasures; a dress belonging to your only little girl whose life he had saved."

"Oh! he is a hero, is he? I most humbly beg your pardon, and his."

"Yes. I'll tell you about it. When Ella was three years old—she's seven now—her mother missed her about the yard, and in looking for her went to the gate, and down there by that oak tree, in the very middle of the road, sat the child, picking up in her apron some playthings she had dropped; and Bones was right by her, looking most interested.

"Well, the next breath a carriage and horses came whirling around that sharp bend of the road. My wife was unable to reach the spot, and the driver had only time to slightly check and swerve the spirited team, but Bones in one instant

saw the danger, and comprehended just what ought to be done; and he took the child's clothes in his teeth and dragged her out of the way of harm.

"The ladies in the carriage got out and made a great fuss over them both, and after a week or so they sent Ella a silver cup and Bones a silver collar, but he seemed to think it didn't become him, for he howled so dreadfully with it on that we couldn't endure it, so we hung it up for an ornament, but Bones knows that it belongs to him all the same. He was about a year old then, and we had been feeling rather disgusted with him, and were very willing to give him away, for we began to realize he was no beauty, and never would be; but after that—well, Bones is one of the most respected members of our family, neighbour!"

"I don't wonder he is; and I shall be very glad to be his friend if he will allow it. And this is another lesson to me, not to judge worth by outside appearance."—*Christian Intelligencer.*

SOME CLEVER CATCHES.

A young lady was once talking with a very young and very smart man, who was inclined to air his knowledge of the languages a little beyond what she thought modesty required. She therefore said to him with an air of deference to his superior attainments:

"You are a Latin scholar. I wish you would tell me how to pronounce the word 'so-met-i-mes.'"

The youth with a kindly air of patronage replied, "I have not met the word in my Latin reading, but I should have no hesitation in saying that it should be pronounced 'so-met-i-mes' (giving it four syllables, the accent on the second).

"Thank you for telling me," replied the girl, demurely. "I have always heard it pronounced sometimes; but if you say the other way, that must be right."

This is similar to the perhaps familiar catch of "bac-kac-he," which will often surprise the uninitiated by proving to be only backache. It also reminds one of a question printed some years since as to the way of spelling "need"—to need bread. The average person will reply, "K-n-e-e-d, of course;" but the answer will be, "That is the way to spell knead dough, but not to need bread."

A young lady recently misled a family in a most heartless way. She remarked, "I had a letter to-day, and how do you imagine the little preposition 'to' was spelled?"

"Too," suggested mamma.

"Two," suggested papa.

"Tew," "teu," "tu," ventured various voices.

Lily, who was much engaged in her French lessons just then, suggested "tout," and Tom in derision improved upon that with "tueue," declaring that must be right in order to rhyme with "queue."

"All wrong!" exclaimed the young lady, when the alphabet and their ingenuity were well exhausted.

Just then Teddy, who had been soberly absorbed in his bread-and-honey, and who was in his first term at school, and wrestling with the problem of words with two letters, raised his head, and with an air of decision and much importance gravely spelled, "T-o, to."

"Yes!" cried the young lady with a peal of laughter.

"Why," exclaimed the others, in a dismayed chorus, "that is the right way to spell it!"

"Exactly," she replied; "and that is the way my correspondent spelled it. You do not suppose I correspond with persons who can not even spell the word 'to' correctly, do you?"

A BORN GENTLEMAN.

A small boy was at a table where his mother was not near to take care of him, and a lady next to him volunteered her services.

"Let me cut your steak for you," she said; "if I can cut it the way you like it," she added, with some degree of doubt.

"Thank you," the boy responded, accepting her courtesy, "I shall like it the way you cut it, even if you do not cut it the way I like it."

The Red Breast of the Robin.

AN IRISH LEGEND.

Of all the merry little birds, that live upon the tree,
And carol from the sycamore and chestnut,
The prettiest little gentleman that dearest is to me

Is the one in coat of brown and scarlet waistcoat.

Its cockit little robin!

And his head he keeps a-bobbin'.

Of all the other pretty fowls I'd choose him;

For he sings so sweetly still,

Through his tiny, slender bill,

With a little patch of red upon his bosom.

When the frost is in the air, and the snow upon the ground,

To other little birdies so bewildering,

Picking up the crumbs near the window he is found,

Singing Christmas stories to the children:

Of how two tender babes

Were left in woodland glades

By a cruel man who took 'em out to lose 'em;

But Bobby saw the crime,

(He was watching all the time!)

And he changed a perfect crimson on his bosom.

When the changing leaves of autumn around us thickly fall,

And everything seems sorrowful and sad-

dening,

Robin may be heard on the corner of a wall

Singing what is solacing and gladdening-

And sure from what I've heard,

He's God's own little bird,

And sings to those in grief just to amuse 'em;

But once he sat forlorn

On a cruel Crown of Thorn,

And the blood it stained his pretty little bosom.

—Chambers's Journal.



JUNIOR LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

August 18, 1895.

IN REMEMBRANCE OF JESUS.—1 Corinthians II. 24, 25.

Jesus Christ appointed the institution of the Lord's Supper, as an ordinance to be observed by his followers in remembrance of himself. The elements to be used are of the simplest kind which can be easily obtained and readily understood, "bread and wine." Bread is the life of the body, nothing will strengthen physical life so efficiently as bread, hence it has been designated "the staff of life." Jesus said concerning himself, "I am the Bread of Life," as bread supports the body, so it sustains the soul. Wine is a luxury which was used by the Jews on festive occasions. Here it is intended to resemble the blood of the Lord Jesus, which alone maketh atonement for the soul.

It was a matter of the highest importance that the disciples of Christ to the end of the world should keep in remembrance the Saviour's death, and what better method can be instituted for that purpose, than that which the Master himself appointed. When a kind act has been done by one person for another, surely the person benefited will remember his friend. Christ has done that for us which no friend can do. He has loved us with an everlasting love. He gave himself for us. And shall we not remember him? Yes, we should remember him in the manner which he has appointed. As we partake of the bread, we remember how Christ's body was broken for us. As we receive the wine we remember how his blood was shed for us. And we gratefully show forth his death.

JUNIOR METHODS.

CHRIST'S TITLES.

HAVE you tried teaching your Juniors the different titles of Christ, as the "Good Shepherd," "Physician," "Door," "Vine," "Lamb," etc.? If not, ask the Juniors to bring, each of them, to the meeting a verse containing one of these titles. Be prepared to add verses containing titles that they may not select. Get one of the boys to write the titles on a blackboard as the verses are repeated. It would be well for all the Juniors to learn as many of these verses as possible, as they all contain rich truths for their future living.