

Charity.

BY JAMES CLARENCE HARVEY.

LITTLE children, bright and cheery,
 Wrapped in furs and wreathed in smiles,
 Winter is not cold and dreary,
 Pleasure all your time beguiles.
 To the sound of bells, entrancing,
 Back of horses, gayly prancing,
 You can ride for miles and miles.

But, to some, the winds are calling
 In a melancholy wail;
 With a chill, the snow is falling
 On their faces pinched and pale.
 Happy hopes are dead and dying,
 Frost and hunger, tears and sighing,
 Come with winter's sleet and hail.

Little children, who are living
 In your homes so warm and bright,
 You, with others, should be giving
 Aid for homeless ones to night.
 Give with open hands and gladness,
 Cheering hearts bowed down in sadness
 With a ray of heaven's light.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Rev. W. H. WITHROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, JANUARY 22, 1887.

\$250,000

FOR MISSIONS

FOR THE YEAR 1887.

SWEET HOME.

A LARGE and beautiful home for young girls is situated in one of the loveliest spots in our country. The home is the gift of a rich man, who spared no money or pains to make the place as pleasant and homelike as possible. There are books, and flowers, and pictures, and music in the house. There is a great abundance of good food, and neat, even pretty clothing, provided for the girls. There are fine play-grounds and play-rooms, and a sweet, motherly woman at the head of all.

But, do you know, all the millions that rich man had could not buy, and never can, the one thing that is needed to make the girls love and cling to the place—that is, the "sweet

home" feeling—the mother-love, the tender care, the thoughtful, every-day ministry that makes your home, dear girl, your home, dear boy, the dearest place in all the world to you!

Do you sometimes think of the love and labour that some dear ones are putting into this home life to make it what it is? Do you sometimes remember to whisper a little word of love and thankfulness and praise to the dear Father above, who gives you the blessing of a good home? And do you let mother and father know that you love and prize it?

Some day that precious home will be only a memory to you, perhaps. To-day it is a real possession, and to-day is the time for you to do all you can to make it the brightest, sweetest home in all the land.

A STRIKING SKETCH.

BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

STRIKES seem to be the order of the day. We scarcely take up a paper, but we read of a new strike among some band of workmen. And, alas! sometimes we know that if less of their wages went to buy beer and whiskey, there would be less need of their striking for higher ones. This is not always true—but too often it is. Striking is not a bad thing, if we take care to strike the right thing, at the right time. "Strike while the iron is hot," is a piece of advice often quoted to the young. And just now the iron is hot for the striking of the Temperance Band; and we mean to give good, ringing blows.

First, we strike against the service of old King Rum-bottle. We will serve him no longer, unless he pays us wages of health, wealth, and happiness. This he will never do—therefore we have struck for good.

We strike for a strong No-license Law, to protect us and our homes from the saloon-keepers who rob and disturb us.

We strike for the extermination of all liquors, of any name whatever, including wine, beer, ale, and cider, believing that everybody will be better off without them.

We are on a strike against cigars and tobacco; against candies flavored with liquor; against cards and dice; against profane language; against bad books and bad company; against anything and everything which hinders the onward march of the temperance cause. And we have firmly resolved never to give up; but to—

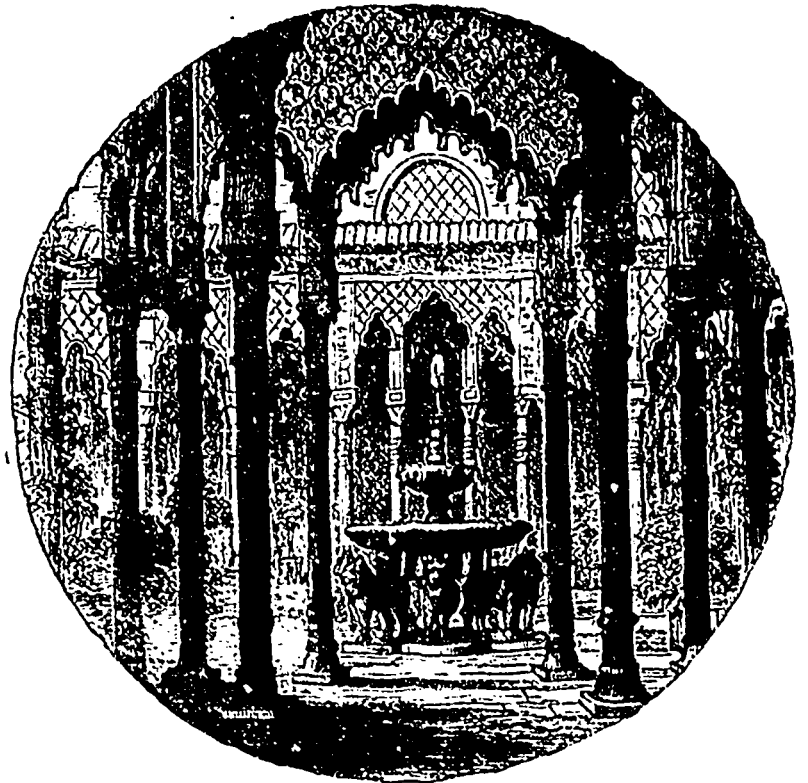
"Strike while the iron's hot,"

Put the matter through.

Stick to the temperance work,

Strong, firm, and true!

WHAT more foul common sin among us than drunkenness? Who can be ignorant, that if the importation of wine were forbid, it would both clean rid the possibility of committing that odious vice, and men might afterwards live happily and healthfully without the intoxicating liquors.—*John Milton.*



THE COURT OF LIONS, ALHAMBRA.—(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

LETTER FROM MR. CROSBY.

PORT SIMPSON, B.C.,
 December 1st, 1886.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS:—I have sometimes thought I ought to write a word about our "Girls' Home." We have eighteen girls in the Orphanage or Home. They come from different tribes, some as far as five hundred miles distant. We have several from Tongas, in Alaska, and some from Nanaimo, and one from Queen Charlotte Island. Several belong to the village here, but most of our people prefer now to care for their own, and if the parents die, there is always some one to care for the children. A good school for boys would be a good thing, where a number could be kept and trained, and numbers could be found in the different tribes who are really needing care. But the most needy class we have are the half-caste children, who in many cases have lived with a white father for a time, and then he dies or leaves them, and they come with the mother to live like Indians; and they are the worst cared for of any. On this account we think the Home should be called an Orphanage, or Orphans' Home. About half the children have neither father nor mother left, others have mothers who could not care for them. In one or two cases they might be partly cared for by their friends if they would. We have one little boy, doing well, whose father (a white man) promised to support him, and the poor fellow has since gone to the lunatic asylum through drink.

In all, the children are doing well, and we rejoice to think that some of them are loving and serving God, and under the kind but vigilant care of Miss Knight we have great hope for their future. She is a real mother to them, and they are all kind to her, and I hope some of them may yet be teachers to others.

Some have asked, How are they supported? The Woman's Missionary Society engage to support eight girls and pay their expenses, and the rest are supported by friends whose hearts the Lord opens to do good in this way. We hope to have some help soon to improve the buildings and enlarge some. We use the old mission house and it needs roofing much. But, as in all our work, we shall go on and trust our heavenly Father to send us help. There are other things I could write about, but enough at present. We have very mild weather.

HE WOULD NOT BE TEMPTED.

A CERTAIN boy, who had been taught the nature of strong drink, and who had promised ever to shun it, was sent to a school the master of which was not a teetotaler. One day, the master, being in a friendly mood, offered the boy a glass of wine, which he declined. Wishing to see how far he could be tempted, he urged the boy to drink the wine, and finally promised him the gift of a watch if he would only drink. The boy declined, saying, "Please don't tempt me; if I keep a teetotaler I can some day buy a watch of my own; but if I drink and take your watch I may later on have to pawn it to get bread." That answer taught the schoolmaster a lesson which he never forgot.—*Temperance News.*

As the temperance movement presses on towards its final triumph new obstacles will be continually thrown in its way. The contest is to be one of the most earnest and determined the world has ever witnessed. All that selfishness, money, official position, talents and learning can do, will be done to save the liquor traffic from destruction.