

had had for a long time. Her father saw the change, and as he left the house, he said:

"My dear daughter, if you would only be this way all the time, my heart would be lighter."

It was hard for her to be cheerful and helpful, but she had learned where to go for help. Her mission was to make bright the sad and lonely home for her father and brother. Her brother is now a medical missionary in India, and says he owes the great change in his life to his darling Lenore. Her father is an old man now, but he says his daughter caused him to make Jesus his counsellor and guide in every time of trouble. Lenore never would leave her papa, and is still at home doing all the good she can to everyone who can.—Herald and Presbyter.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, APRIL 18, 1896.

"CLING CLOSE TO THE ROCK, JOHNNY."

A long train of cars, fourteen or fifteen, was passing over the Alleghany Mountains, on the way eastward. They were crowded with passengers. As the iron horse snorted and rushed on the passengers felt that they had begun to descend, and needed no power but the invisible force of gravitation to send them down with terrific swiftness. Just as the passengers began to realize their situation, they came to a short curve cut out of the solid rock—a wall of rock lying on each side. Suddenly the steam whistle screamed as if in agony: "Put on the brakes! put on the brakes!" Up pressed the brakes, but with no apparent slackening of the cars. Every window flew open, and every head that could be was thrust out to see what the danger was, and everyone rose up in his place, fearing destruction. What was the trouble?

Just as the engine began to turn into the curve, the engineer saw a little girl and baby brother playing on the track. In a moment the cars would be on them. The shriek of the whistle startled the little girl, and everyone looking over could see them. Close to the rail, in the upright rock, was a little niche out of which a piece of rock had been blasted. In an instant the baby was thrust into this niche, and as the cars came thundering by, the passengers, holding their breath, heard the clear voice of the little sister, on the other side of the cars, ring out: "Cling close to the rock, Johnny! cling close to the rock!"

And the little creature snuggled in and put his head as close to the corner of the rock as possible, while the heavy cars whirled past him. And many were the moist eyes that gazed and many a silent thanksgiving went up to heaven.

In a few hours the cars stopped at a station where an old man and his son got off. He had come so far to part with his child who was going to an Eastern city to live, while the aged father was to turn back to his home. All the dangers that would harass the son seemed to crowd into the heart of the father as he stood holding the hand of his boy—just now to part with him. He choked, and the tears filled his eyes, and all he could say was: "Cling close to the Rock, my boy." He wrung the hand of his child, and the passengers saw him standing alone, doubtless praying that his inexperienced son might "cling to the Rock Christ Jesus."—Sunday-school Visitor.

"NEVER TOO BUSY FOR ONE THING MORE"

BY R. M. WILBUR.

"Say, mister, be you in a hurry? And be you the boss of that school down there?"

"Why, yes, my lad; but I'm never too busy for one thing more," was the reply. "What is it?"

"Dunno, 'xactly; but Marm Jennings sent me to find the gentleman that keeps the Sunday-school down there. It's Reub that wants you," was the answer.

But before he had finished his sentence, Mr. Everts was walking down the street toward "Scotland," the ragged lad keeping him close company, and telling what he knew about the trouble that had come to Reuben.

"It was one of them 'lectrics that did it, and it was close by Marm Jennings, so he got carried in there instead of being took to the hospital," he went on. "And the doctor he came there and stayed a long time, and when he went away he said nobody could go near Reub but two or three, and he wouldn't tell us nothing. And the policeman he's round, and he keeps everybody off. That's all I knows."

But that was enough to quicken Mr. Everts' steps, for Reuben was one of his best scholars in this unpromising school.

The policeman simply bowed as Mr. Everts went in, to find this only son of his mother on the borderland.

"He's only waiting for you," she said, motioning him to the bedside. "He's here, Reuben, my dear; Mr. Everts has come," she added, turning toward the lad.

A smile lit up his face as he said: "I'm going up there, and I wanted to tell you I'd never have known the way if you hadn't told me."

That was all, and Reuben was gone. But those few words were more precious than gold to the man who was "never too busy for one thing more."

THE KIND SHEPHERD.

BY REV. FREDMAN SHEPHERD.

Rambling a few summers ago in the lake district of England, I came to Washdale Head, where I passed the night at a cottage of a shepherd friend. The next morning I set off to cross the mountains on my way to Buttermore. As I approached the summit of the pass a little lamb was bleating in tones more sad than I had ever heard before. It seemed to say, as plain as in words, "Pity me; help me; save me." I sat on the grass, and it came to me, and, putting his face almost close to my own, repeated its cry. "Pity me; help me; save me."

It was evident that the lamb had been forsaken by its mother, for it was a mere skeleton, and its loosely hanging skin and sharp features betokened starvation. I could not resist its appeal, so took it in my arms and carried it toward a sheep that was browsing not far off. But the sheep moved away, and the tiny lamb ran back to me, still imploring help. Again I took it in my arms, and, carrying it toward another sheep farther off, put it down where some bracken would hide it from me as I rapidly stepped back. The lamb did not go toward the retreating sheep, but remained where it had been placed, and still repeated its sad cry, "Pity me; help me; save me."

I took it in my arms once more and sat down, meditating what I had better

do. Should I carry it forward with me till I reached the first house, several miles distant? But might not such an act seem suspicious if I met the owner of the flock? At any rate, I would not, could not leave to perish a helpless creature which had cast itself on my protection. Just then, looking down into the valley, I saw a small object at the foot of the mountain moving upward. It was a man. Still nearer. It was my shepherd friend. I at once showed him my lamb and entrusted it to his care.

"Poor thing!" said the shepherd; "its mother has forsaken it, they sometimes do when pasture is scarce. It would have died in an hour or two. But I'll take it down and give it some milk, and it will soon get right."

Then the shepherd took in his arms the little trembling lamb, which at once hushed its piteous cry. And as this great, strong, tender-hearted man stalked down the mountain-side like a giant, bearing his tiny burden, I thought of the words of the prophet, "He shall feed his flock like a shepherd. He shall gather the lambs with his arm and carry them in his bosom." (Isa. 41: 2).

I thus reflected: "If a degenerate creature, sinful and selfish, as all are in their degree, yet had pity enough in him not to suffer a worthless, half-starved lamb to perish, which cast itself on his care, will he who is the author and fountain of all tenderness be deaf to the cry of any wandering soul that comes to him in fear and sorrow, saying, 'Lord, have mercy upon me! Save, Lord, or I perish!' Will the Good Shepherd, who gave his life for the flock, reject any feeble lamb, any lost sheep that comes to him with the cry 'Jesus, pity me; save me'? He never will."

The next year I was again at Washdale, and inquired of the shepherd how the lamb had fared. Said he, "It is now the fattest and strongest of my flock."

And thus many, even the very chief of sinners, when ready to perish, have been taken to the arms of Jesus, and under his fostering care have soon become as holy and as useful as any of the flock.

Tens of thousands of college students have been, and are to-day, being made the victims of an ignorance that college and school are chary of, that is left comparatively undisturbed to betray and destroy "more than sword, pestilence, and famine." "The mighty torrent of alcohol, fed by ten thousand manufacturing sweeps on, bearing with it, I have no hesitation in saying, the foulest, bloodiest tide that ever flowed from earth to eternity," is Gen. Booth's graphic word-picture in "Farkest England," of the result of his damning ignorance which greed, prejudice, and appetite conspire to maintain. "Beer and wine shops with vaults are gateways to hell," says the Bishop of Manchester. "Not one man in a thousand dies a natural death, and most diseases have their rise from intemperance," says Lord Bacon. "Thirty thousand of God's people are annually the victims of the cup," says Newman Hall, D.D., referring to the church of Great Britain. "I have seen no less than ten clergymen, with whom I have sat down at the Lord's table, deposed through drink. Out of one hundred children in our ragged schools, ninety-nine are the children of drunkards," says Thomas Guthrie, D.D. "For one really converted Christian as the fruits of missionary labour, the drinking practices of the English have made a thousand drunkards," says Archdeacon Jeffries. "When people understand what alcohol is, and what it does, they will put it out of existence," says Willard Parker, M.D.—G. D. Journal.

HE KNEW

Sometimes when big people visit schools and ask questions, they receive answers they do not expect. A man visited a school in Scotland and asked the children some questions in fractions. Fractions are parts of whole things. There is a little secret to remember—that, in fractions, as the numbers of the parts increase, the part becomes smaller. For instance, one-fourth is less than one-third. Take two pieces of paper of the same length, cut one piece into three

even parts, and the other into four even parts, and any one of the three pieces will be longer than any one of the four even pieces. Yet four is a larger number than three. The more parts into which we divide anything, then, the smaller the parts. If we divide a thing into one hundred parts, those parts will be much larger than if we divided it into one thousand equal parts.

Well, a gentleman visited this little school in Scotland and asked a boy which he would rather have, the sixth or the seventh of an orange. The boy replied the seventh part. Then the visitor told the children how foolish it was not to understand what they said; that the boy said a seventh because he thought a seventh was larger than a sixth. When he said this, one of the boys raised his hand and said:

"Please, sir, but that boy disna like oranges."

You see, the boy did know that a seventh was less than a sixth.

JUNIOR UPWORTH LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

April 26, 1896.

God's glory in his love to man.—Psalm 8: 5-9.

FURTHER COMPARISON.

Verses 5 to 8. "A little lower than the angels." Thus he was created, but how fearful his fall! His mental powers have become perverted, so that his greatness is in ruins. Jesus Christ, the God-man, is the alone exalted personage who has power and authority over all created objects, and is bringing many souls to glory. He is the captain of their salvation, who will form man anew and make him fit for the society of angels in heaven.

Can you wonder at the final exclamation! Verse 9. God's name is truly excellent, and this is especially seen in the wise arrangements which have been made for man's present happiness and future exaltation and glory.

GOD'S GREAT LOVE TO MAN.

Of all the names ascribed to Jehovah, that of love is the most endearing and precious. The world is full of the proofs of God's love. The heavens above, the earth beneath, and the waters under the earth, abound with evidences of Jehovah's loving kindness to his creature—man. But in the gift of his Son all other proofs of love lose their brightness. Jesus was manifested in the flesh to destroy the works of the devil. He came that men might have life and have it more abundantly. By his incarnation he has restored the dominion which was lost, so that in the review of the whole, we may well exclaim in the language of verse 9, "How excellent is thy name in all the earth!" You cannot go anywhere but you behold the excellency of this name. See Psalm 139: 7-12.

HINTS ON TESTIFYING.

Testify promptly. The least hesitancy may be misunderstood.

Testify cheerfully. Others are noticing the effects of your testimony.

Testify continuously. Intermittent friendship is not reliable.

Testify persuasively. Some other soul may come to a decision.

Testify humbly. Remember it is your Saviour who is to be glorified.

Help me, dear Lord, in every time and place to gladly witness to thy saving grace.

AN ESSAY ON BOYS

A little girl in Boston wrote a composition on boys. Here it is: "The boy is not an animal, yet they can be heard to a considerable distance. When a boy hollers he opens his big mouth like frogs, but girls hold their tongues till they are spoke to, and then they answer respectable and tell just how it was. A boy thinks himself clever because he can wade where it is deep, but God made the dry land for every living thing, and rested on the seventh day. When the boy grows up he is called a husband, and then he stops wading and stays out nights; but the grew-up girl is a widow and keeps house."