

TRUST IN GOD.

YEARS cannot make their strength decay,
Who lean upon the Lord,
Nor age fling shadows o'er the way
That's lighted by His word;
Their path doth bright and brighter shine,
Till perfect in the skies;
And life's soft eve no decline,
For heavenward still they rise.

When Winter's might hath rent the oak,
Or summer blights its shoot,
The strength of God can heal the stroke,
And sprout its deathless root;
And souls that have the fountain quaffed
Of Christ's world-healing side,
Arise immortal from the draught,
And live through Him that died.

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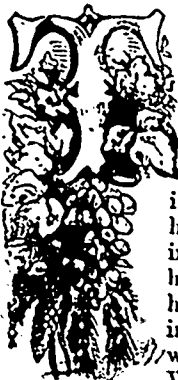
Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS:

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

TORONTO, JANUARY 14, 1881.

NEW YEAR'S THOUGHTS.



HIS is the New Year, and I think it ought to suggest to us all the thought of new things.

First, and most important, is a new heart. God tells us in His Word that these hearts of ours are evil hearts. When we look into them honestly, we see that God's Word tells only the truth. We think a great many evil thoughts, we yield to a great many evil motives. And worst of all, we are not naturally willing to take God's way of pardon—the way of trust in Jesus Christ. When God says, "My son, give me thy heart," we are very unwilling to do it.

So we need a new heart. We can have it by believing in Jesus. "A new heart will I give you," says God, "and a new spirit will I put within you; and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and will give you a heart of flesh." If we ask our Heavenly Father for this heart of flesh he will give it to us. If we are still under the sway of the old, evil heart, is it not time now, with the beginning of the New Year, to turn to God, and ask him for a new heart? I am sure it is.

Then we need to begin a new life. If we have already sought and found the new heart, then we have been living new life. But what I mean is that we ought to try, with God's help,

to make our life this year better than ever before. We ought to try to have more love to our Father in heaven, and more to all men. We ought to try to make our life more nearly like the example our Saviour set us. It ought to be a more prayerful life, and one that feeds more than ever upon the blessed Bible. If we have, by God's help, been living aright, in the year past, we can now take a new start at least, to go on more swiftly and strongly in the right way. If we have not been living aright, then certainly we need to get out of the old path, and into the new one of love to God and obedience to His commands.

Can we not also make this year one of new service? It ought to be our aim always, to be useful. If we have been doing something in the past, yet may we not do more in the time to come? You should not think, children, that because you are young there is nothing that you can do. You cannot do as much, certainly, as men and women. God does not expect so much from you. But there is no child but can do something. Now, shall not this year show that you are anxious to do new service for God? Is there not some new work of usefulness you can take up, at home, in the school, among your playmates, in helping those who are poor? I am very sure there is, if you will only look for it.

May we each start in the new year, with a new heart, in a new life, and on new service. Then it will indeed be for us a HAPPY NEW YEAR!

TURNING THE LEAF.

The beginning of the year is a time for making up accounts in business and laying new plans for the future. It should be to all of us a time for forming good resolutions and of "turning over a new leaf." God gives us another opportunity to start afresh in the good way, and if we have made mistakes in the past to try to do better in the future. There is scarcely any one so careless as not to feel the solemnising influence of the hour, when God turns, as it were, the great glass of time and measures out another year to man. Let us learn to redeem the time, to guard well the moments, for this year may be our last. We can only begin it wisely by giving God our hearts and seeking His guidance every day and every hour. As he turns for us another page of the book of life—a page pure and spotless as the snowy robe the earth doth wear—let us seek by His help to keep it pure and white. Let it not be marred and stained by sins of ours; but let our lives hereafter be pure and holy, so that at the last we may come to His eternal joy.

We beg to acknowledge on behalf of the Hospital for Sick Children, the receipt of one dollar from an anonymous contributor. The letter is signed "Yours in Christ Jesus our blessed Saviour, a poor sinner, who needs to love Jesus more and serve Him better. Ask Him for me that I may." We believe that such gifts are twice blessed, —blessing him that gives as well as those who receive. No one on earth may ever know from whom this dollar comes, but the blessed Saviour who says: "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these ye did unto me," will own and honour the gift and bless the giver. We have also received

in addition to the amount just acknowledged, \$1 00 from the Rev. Geo. Mc Ritchie, Perth, and \$2 00 from John Skinner, Esq., Hamilton. Also \$1, from Mrs. Green, Paisley. We have sent this, with a quantity of nice picture papers, to the Hospital, as a Christmas box from the kind donors.

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We give in this number a pathetic story of his missionary life by the Rev. E. R. Young. It will, we are sure, touch every heart. Mr. Young, as he finds opportunity, will write other sketches, which our readers will be glad to see.



CINGHALESE BARBER.

THE ANGEL OF TIME.

BY THE REV. H. B. WARDWELL.

THE angel of time has a slight sublime,
And never, never rests;
But onward flies while the daylight dies,
Or morn gleams on mountain crests.

While the tempest wails, while the calm prevails,
While the wild waves roar or sleep,
When the eagle tires amid sun-born fires,
Still his chainless pinions sweep.

Springs wake their flowers 'mid the leaf-
robed bowers,
And summers their roses bring;
Autumns wane away, and through winter's
away
Still he hastes with a tireless wing.

The fires that burn in the mountain's urn,
Where the red volcano sleeps,
Uplaze at last when an age has past,
While the fiery ocean sweeps.

Seas change and sink; 'from' the bectling
brink
Shoots downward the rough crag, rent;
Stars blaze and fade, whose course is laid
In the boundless firmament.

Still the angel of time, with a flight sub-
lime,
On a fetterless pinion flies;
While hope beams fair, or the night of
despair
On the spirit's pathway lies;

While the nations rise in their grand em-
prise,
Or sink in their depths of woe;
While the bondman's prayers climb hope's
golden stairs,
While the beacons of freedom glow;

While the angel of death reaps his grain
at a breath,
Of mortals swift passing away;
While the bright eyes close, and the fond
smile glows,
Still onward he holds his way.

Yes, on, still on, when the day has gone,
While night robes the mountain crests,
The angel of time has a flight sublime,
And never, never resta.

CINGHALESE BARBER.



HIS extraordinary looking scene may be witnessed almost any day in Ceylon. The better class of the Orientals are very scrupulous about personal cleanliness, and practice frequent washings and shavings. The barbers use no chairs, but the shaver stands and submits to have his nose pulled and his features manipulated by the shaver. You would think, to look at the head of the right hand figure with the hair comb and chignon, that it belonged to a woman, and the style of dress would heighten the illusion. But it is the custom of the country for men to dress in this manner; and when they are beardless, a very effeminate look it gives them. We shall see in our next number that it was in Ceylon that the earliest triumphs of Methodist missions in the East were won.

A SUCCESSFUL MISSIONARY.

MANY of our young readers will have an opportunity this winter to hear the Rev. Thomas Crosby, who for twelve years or more has laboured among the Indians on the Pacific Coast. We urge them strongly by no means to omit hearing him. His story of mission-life in those far-off lands is one of thrilling interest, moving now to laughter, now to tears, and kindling a missionary enthusiasm in the hearts of those who hear him. We know, in the whole range of missionary annals, nothing more marvellous than the way in which these far-off missions have been begun and for a time carried on—often by Indians themselves, without any aid from white people. Mr. Crosby and his devoted wife, fulfil the ideal of Christian missionaries—full of zeal and enthusiasm for their heroic work, and full of faith in God for its accomplishment.