

and then he could talk and smile, while he told of the happiness that filled his home the night before. The scene that followed will make another story, which we will not record now. We only add the fact that the unfortunate mill boy found employment through the kindness of a sympathetic Christian woman, who lives to carry into practice the principles taught by the blessed Master, who "went about doing good."

OUR PERIODICALS:

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.

Christian Guardian, weekly.....	\$1 00
Methodist Magazine, 88 pp., monthly, illustrated	2 00
Magazine, Guardian and onward together.....	3 60
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly.....	1 00
Sunday School Banner, 62 pp., 8vo., monthly.....	0 60
Onward, 8 pp., 4to., weekly, under 6 copies.....	0 60
6 copies and over.....	0 40
Pleasant Hours, 4 pp., 4to., weekly, single copies	0 30
Less than 25 copies.....	0 25
Over 25 copies.....	0 24
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than ten copies.....	0 15
10 copies and upwards.....	0 12
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than ten copies.....	0 15
10 copies and upwards.....	0 12
Herean Leaf, monthly, 100 copies per month.....	5 60
Herean Leaf, quarterly.....	0 08
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 25c. a dozen; \$2 per 100; per quarter, 6c. a dozen; 60c. per 100.	

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto.

C. W. COATES, 2174 St. Catherine St., Montreal.
H. P. HUGHES, Wesleyan Book Room, Halifax, N.S.

Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, JUNE 29, 1895.

"I HAVE REDEEMED THEE"

BY REV. E. P. HAMMOND.

If you were to go to a village in Norway, you would see a stork, carved in wood, over the door of one of the houses.

Let me tell you the tale which the people are wont to tell about it. In that house lived a boy named Conrad. Every summer a stork made its nest near by. Conrad often fed it, and thus it became quite tame. When Conrad grew to be a young man, he ran away to sea, against his mother's wishes. The stork came back every summer to Norway from its long journey to the South, and the mother was kind to it because it reminded her of the innocent days of her little Conrad.

The poor boy had a hard time on the ocean. One day as he was sailing along on the Mediterranean Sea, the pirates from Algeria captured all on board. Conrad was told that he must be their slave unless he had some rich friends to "redeem him." The poor boy had to work hard all day, and slept in a little cell at night.

One day, while at his toil, he saw a stork flying above him; but little did he think that it was the same favourite bird which had, by a kind providence, been sent to him. It reminded him of his own loved stork away in Norway. He whistled to it, and the stork knew the sound and flew down to him. Day after day the bird shared his food with him. Conrad was glad to find that it was the same stork he had petted at his Northern home.

As the time drew near for the stork to move to his home beyond the sea, Conrad determined to send a message by him to his mother, that she might "redeem him from slavery." He therefore wrote a letter to his mother, and tied it to the stork's leg.

After a few days, Conrad's mother found her summer visitor at the door. Fastened to its leg she found the letter. What was her joy when she saw that her long-lost boy was alive! She raised the large amount of money that was needed to purchase his redemption. To do this she had to make great sacrifices, but her great love for her lost boy made her more than willing to do this. It was sent and he was redeemed.

Jesus' words to you are: "Return unto me; for I have redeemed thee." (Isa. 44. 22.) He needed no stork to tell him that you were in the slavery of sin. He knew that Satan had taken you captive, and that you could never return to your Father's home unless he redeemed you. He therefore took upon him a body like ours, and gave himself up to die that dreadful death on the cross. He there paid the debt for our redemption. How much he suffered no tongue can tell. On the cross he cried, "It is finished;" and now he calls to you in tenderness and love, "Return unto me; for I have redeemed thee."

RICHES.

"Yks, if I had lots of money, I know what I'd do!" said a little boy one day, and he gave his head a knowing shake, as if he thought a great deal more than he chose to tell.

"Poor child!" said a friend who overheard; "you don't know everything yet; you'll be a great deal wiser when you are older."

"Let me tell you a story of the Duke of Brunswick and his diamonds. He had more than four hundred thousand pounds' worth of diamonds, and they made a prisoner of him. He never dared to leave home, even for a night, lest someone should steal them. He lived in a house built so that he couldn't take any comfort in it. It was much like a prison, it was made so thick and strong, with the doors and windows barred and bolted. A very thick, high wall was built outside the house all around it, and on the top of the wall was an iron railing, tipped off with sharp points that would cut like a knife, and so contrived that if a person touched one of them a chime of bells would instantly ring. This railing cost a great deal of money, what would seem a large fortune to us.

"He kept his diamonds in a safe, built in a thick wall in his bedroom, where he could look at them whenever he wished. And his bed was placed against this wall, so that no thief could get at them without waking or killing him. The safe was very strong, made of stone and iron. If anyone should try to pry it open, a number of guns would go off that would kill the person at once, and at the same time bells would be set ringing in every room in the house.

"He had but one window in his bedroom, and that so high up he could not see out, and no one could get in. The door was made of the stoutest iron, and no one could get in without understanding the curious lock. Besides all this, he kept a case of pistols, all loaded, on his table.

"What a room! What comfort could that man take, although he was so rich? Poor man! Poor rich man! He didn't have half the enjoyment in life that you children have, who have no diamonds to take care of, and can run in and out as you have a mind to.

"You see that it is not money that makes a person happy. No, indeed. Holy Scripture says, 'Better is little with the fear of the Lord, than great treasure and trouble therewith.' It tells us also to lay up 'treasures in heaven, . . . where thieves do not break through nor steal.'

I am sure my little workers know what is meant by "laying up treasures in heaven." The doing of beautiful deeds of love and mercy here in our Lord's name, that shall be counted in heaven as priceless gems. How many are laying up such "treasures"?

HE'S A LITTLE FELLOW.

WALKING down the street the other day, I saw a newsboy seated on a grating in the sidewalk, up through which came a little warmth from the basement below. He had something beside him covered up with a dirty, ragged old handkerchief, and as I sat down alongside he cautioned:

"Look out, now, don't hurt him."

"What is it?"

He lifted the handkerchief with the greatest care, and there, on one of the iron bars, huddled up and half frozen, was a little brown sparrow just able to fly.

"Where did you get him?"

"In the street out there. Got so cold he was tuckered."

"What will you do with him?"

"Got him good and warm and let him go. He is such a little fellow, and so he ought to have a fair show."

"And he shall," said I.

I added my efforts to Jack's and after a few minutes the bird began moving about in a lively manner and giving vent to his satisfaction in a series of chirps. Jack lifted him, gave him a toss in the air, and away he sailed for his nest under a cornice.

"He's all right now, Jack."

"Yes, 'cause he's had a boost. Boys kin get along most anyhow," said Jack, as he shivered in the cold blast, sweeping up from the river. "but birds is such little fellers that we've got to sort o' 'list and tote 'em round now and then. He's all right now, and we're all right, and good-bye to you."

"Good-bye, Jackie," I said, involuntarily raising my hat as the tattered, kind-hearted chappe flow round the corner.—*Canada Presbyterian.*

A Dominion Hymn.

BY G. O. H.

God bless our Canada,
Western Britannia,
Favoured domain;
From the Pacific's shore,
To the Atlantic's roar,
Increase her wealth and power,
And o'er us reign.

We thank thee for this gem,
Scion of British stem,
Delightful land;
Forest and prairie wide,
Mines, mount and flowing tide,
Wants everywhere supplied,
At thy command.

Increase our righteousness,
Pulpit, Senate and Press,
In this unite;
Our legislatures bless,
May they never careen
The sons of wickedness,
But favour right.

Politics purify,
Let party spirit die
Eternally;
Sectarian warfare end,
Each prove the other's friend,
And all together blend
In harmony.

Suffer not artful knaves,
Or alcoholic waves,
Our hopes to blight;
Subdue our enemies,
Avert calamities,
And may the flag of peace,
Wave in the light.

May laws be ever pure,
And human rights secure,
Under thy sway;
No rebels may we screen,
And naught e'er intervene,
To check. God save our Queen
Victoria.

WAYS TO MAKE MISSIONARY MONEY.

THE ladies of one adult society helped the members of the juvenile society to make their missionary money by giving them towels and napkins to hem and aprons to make.

At another place quilting and comfort tacking were done.

The boys of one band brought woollen socks and stockings. These they unravelled, and with the yarn made balls. The balls were covered with leather and then sold. Some brought large spools which they whittled into shape. Then they ran a handle through the hole, sharpened the end, smoothed all off with sand-paper and painted them, when they had the nicest kind of tops to sell. These boys also made kites and sold them.

A band of girls met and made clothespin bags, iron holders, dish rags, laundry and stocking bags, shoe bags, watch cases, and scrapbooks for the babies. They also made a lot of little bags and gave them out for receptacles for self-denial pennies.

Another band of children made candy,

parched peanuts and sold them, planted missionary gardens, raised flower plants and sold clippings, made popcorn balls, and sold eggs from missionary hens.

A CHILD'S FAITH.

I RECALL with tenderest remembrance a day when sitting on the bedside I held a little hand in mine, and eyes whose look can never be forgotten looked straight into mine. And the voice of my darling child, so earnest and distinct, said: "Papa, do you think I will die?" I said, "I don't know, my darling; but suppose you should die, what would you do?" and she said "Papa, the first thing I would do I would find Jesus and put my arms around him and thank him that he died for me." And I said in my heart, "Oh, Lord, give me a faith as simple and as real as that."

Epworth League.

JUNIOR LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

July 7, 1895.

A NEW MAN.—2 Corinthians 5. 17.

In other words a new creation takes place when a person believes on the Lord Jesus Christ and receives him as a personal Saviour. The change thus experienced is radical and complete, and is effected by reason of the faith which has been exercised. It is not by works, lest any should boast.

Evidence is furnished in proof of the change experienced. "Old things are passed away." They are gone, blotted out, as writing upon a slate which the wet sponge has wiped away, or as the warm sun has made the snow to disappear.

"All things are become new." The person's life is new, there is not the zifful course which was formerly pursued. New companions are selected. New pleasures are pursued. Things formerly loved are now hated, and those formerly hated are now loved. The fruits of the Spirit are manifest. There is love, peace, joy, longsuffering.

The proofs of the new creation are seen and admired. "Behold!" Those who are witnesses of the every-day life, take knowledge that they have been with Jesus. A renewed life, a holy conversation, are the best evidences of true conversion. A little girl said to her mother, respecting her companion, "Mary Jane, she is converted." "Why?" said the mother, "Because," answered the little girl, "she plays like a Christian, she does not cheat." Lying and cheating are sinful, neither of which are for one moment tolerated by those who have become new creatures in Christ Jesus.

THE BAND OF MERCY.

THE moral force and value of the Band of Mercy lies in the influence of the simple promise made in the words, "I will try to be kind to all living creatures." When one thinks of it, what is it, really, for them to "try to be kind to living creatures?" The only things under the power of children are living creatures. Younger brothers and sisters and playmates, a dog, a cat, a bird, a moth or grasshopper; those are the subjects of their childish power, and if they learn in their earliest days to use this power mercifully and gently, they have gained that greatest of life's lessons—self-government. The boy that holds in his hand unharmed, or, out of kindness, refrains from touching a bird, has made that conquest of himself which lays the foundation of all virtues and absolutely forms the backbone of character. Will a man who has learned this secret of self-conquest in boyhood, and gained this power of self-control, be easily tempted to crime in manhood? Here lies the supreme value of the early teaching of habitual kindness to inferior creatures. It gives strength to the childish heart and mind to resist the passionate and brutal instincts inherent in humanity, and, as small gymnastic feats, daily practised, will develop, at last, the muscles of an athlete, so a child surrounded by the influences of humane education, accustomed daily to repress those lower instincts and to use their active benevolence toward living creatures, gains moral muscle, day by day.