

THE CHILDREN OF JERUSALEM.

BY ANELIA E. BARR.

OFTEN think how the children's hearts

Would burn with an angry flame,
As through the streets of Jerusalem
The bleeding Saviour came,—
The lad who gave him the barley loaves
Under the evening skies,
And felt the touch of the Saviour's hand,
The thrill of the Saviour's eyes.

The child he had lifted in his arms,
Who had leaned upon his breast;
The little children of every name
Whose Jesus had been a guest.
Oh! the men he loved, the men he saved,
In terror kept far apart,
But I'm sure that many a little child
Had an aching, breaking heart.

And when they heard he had risen again,
Would they not watch and wait
For the coming of those pierced feet
From the dawning hour till late!
And though, to the doubting and the cold,
The risen Lord was dim,
Can we doubt that many a loving child
Had a token sweet from him?

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

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

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 21, 1885.

THANKSGIVING.

THE Editor of this paper desires to offer devout thanksgiving to God for signal blessings conferred upon himself and family during a serious visitation of sickness. Out of a household of eight persons six were at one time prostrate with typhoid fever; and though lying in adjacent rooms were for weeks unable to see one another. But, through the good providence of God, they have all been protected in the hour of danger, and are in a fair way of gradual recovery. The writer desires to acknowledge with gratitude the many tokens of sympathy received, and especially the kind services of the Rev. W. S. Blackstock, by which the Sunday-school papers were all got out on time. Of the rich and gracious spiritual blessings of this affliction the writer has not now strength to write, but they are engraved in his heart forever.

Our West the cellar is the place to go in time of a cyclone, and when a man has a barrel of cider in the cellar, it is surprising how many times a day he thinks there's a cyclone coming.

CANADIAN S. S. PAPERS.

"THE S. S. papers, edited by W. H. Withrow, D.D., of Toronto, and published by Rev. Wm. Briggs, of that city, have within a few years attained a circulation almost phenomenal. They are wonderfully cheap. *Home and School*, an eight-page semi-monthly, costs 30 cents or 22 cents, according to the number of copies taken, and *PLEASANT HOURS* is the same size and price, being issued so that it arrives at alternate fortnights with *Home and School*. These publications are thoroughly Canadian and should by all means be preferred to similar periodicals printed across the border in which George Washington and Abraham Lincoln are the central figures."—*Halifax Mail*.

THE Editor of the S. S. papers and *Magazine* regrets to say that, through illness, he was unable to press the interests of those periodicals, as has been his custom at this time of the year. He is glad to learn, however, that subscriptions are coming in, in even more than usual numbers. The best tonic that can aid his recovery will be a largely increased circulation of those periodicals.

THE February number of the *Methodist Magazine* contains a portrait and life sketch of Dr. Rice, and sketches of Dr. Carroll and others recently deceased; also, illustrated articles on "The Canadians on the Nile," "The Alps and their Avalanches," "The Cruise of the *Challenger*," including visits to Bermuda and Halifax, with numerous engravings; also, a striking chapter of our Serial Story of Outpost Methodism in Newfoundland, with other articles of connexional interest.

DR. CURRY, in the *Methodist Review*, the leading organ of American Methodism, says: "The October and November numbers of the *Canadian Methodist Magazine* increase our respect for this excellent religious family magazine. Its papers on travel, education, mission work, and religion, are excellently well adapted to increase intelligence, inspire devotion, and quicken religious activity. It is a singular fact that no religious periodical of this class seems to succeed this side of the Dominion line."

VALUE OF A SINGLE SOUL.

IT was but a few weeks ago that I visited the Tower of London. We were shown through its various rooms, and called to examine the various mementoes of bygone ages that are there preserved, and, as we were passing out, the guide asked us if we would like to visit the jewel room. We told him yes, and were conducted thither. There we saw the crown with which Queen Victoria—God bless her!—was crowned. We saw all the royal plate, and, with Yankee inquisitiveness, we asked the person in attendance what the present value of those jewels and that plate was. He replied, £4,000,000 sterling in gold. The next day, in company with two beloved ministers, I visited schools for ragged children, where were gathered one thousand three hundred children from the worst dens in London; and as I stood at the desk of the



A POLYNESIAN IDOL.

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principal, there sat before me a little girl—she may have been thirteen years of age—bare-footed, bare-headed, uncombed hair and unwashed face, and, as I looked down into her bright eyes, and thought of the jewels in Queen Victoria's crown, I said to myself, "That little girl is the possessor of that which is of more value than all the crown jewels of England," for I saw in those eyes a gleam that told me she had faith in Jesus, and that shall remain when all else has passed away from earth.—*George H. Stuart*.

From Wealth to Poverty. By the Rev. Austin Potter. (Toronto. William Briggs.)

We have been too ill to write a notice of this stirring book, but we heartily endorse the following from the *Canada Presbyterian*: As the full title, "From Wealth to Poverty; or, the Tricks of the Traffic, a Story of the Drink Curse" indicates, this is what is usually called a temperance tale. It is, however, no ordinary one. Its author is in downright earnest in seeking the banishment of the drink plague from among men. The book is a fervent and powerful plea in behalf of temperance. There is no half-heartedness or a shadow of suspicion about it. There is nothing overdrawn or exaggerated in this excellently-written story. It is strong and vigorous in sentiment and clear in style. Its publication is most opportune. Advocates of the Scott Act will find their zeal intensified by reading the book. Though it is admirably fitted for the present time, it is worthy of a permanent place in temperance literature. It is another illustration of the adage, for it rests on a broad basis of fact, that truth is stranger than fiction. Both from its intrinsic merit and the cause it is designed to promote we cordially wish it a wide circulation.

THE whole of the inhabitants of the Polynesian Archipelago, in the Southern Pacific, were, at the beginning of the present century, idolaters. The vast proportion of them are now Christians. Never, even in the days of the apostles, nor when the Roman Empire was converted to Christianity, have the triumphs of the Gospel been so marked and so glorious. In the Fiji islands, where only a few years ago the inhabitants were the most degraded cannibals on the face of the earth, there are now 900 Wesleyan chapels, 240 other preaching places, 54 native preachers, 1,405 local preachers, 2,200 class leaders, and 106,000 attendants on Methodist worship out of a population of 720,000, and this is very largely the result of the labours of the late missionary, John Hunt, a Lincolnshire plough boy, who grew up to man's estate with no education, and died at the early age of 36. Yet in twelve short years he became the apostle of Fiji, and brought nearly the whole nation to God.

The picture shows the character of some of the hideous idols, which the South Sea heathen in their blindness used to worship. But, thank God, they are casting their idols to the moles and to the bats, and turning to the living and true God! Many churches now have their missionaries among the heathen, whose labours have been gloriously blessed. We hope that every school and every scholar in Canada will have a part in the grand work of sending the Gospel to the heathen.

"Shall we whose lamps are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The light of life deny?
Waft, waft, ye winds, his story!
And you, ye waters roll!
Till like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole."