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## Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.  
Rev. W. H. WITHROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, APRIL 3, 1886.

# \$250,000

## FOR MISSIONS

### For the Year 1886.

## BE IN TIME.

It is said that an artist once asked permission to paint a portrait of the Queen. The favour was granted; and it was a great one, for it would probably make his fortune. A place was fixed, and a time. On the spot, and at the moment, according to her custom, the Queen appeared. But the painter was not there. Something came in his way, and he was too late. It did not suit the dignity of the sovereign to wait for him, and therefore she went away. When the foolish artist came he learned that his opportunity was lost, and that it would never be found again.

I have heard the story, but have no means of determining whether it actually happened or not. But if it be not a history, it will serve very well for a parable.

The King eternal appointed a meeting with sinful creatures. The meeting was appointed to take place on this world, and in the course of our time on it. God kept the tryst on his side. Christ came into the world—God with us. He comes still to every one, and offers himself. If we keep the appointment and meet him, and open the door of our hearts, he will come in; and it will not be a likeness of Christ merely, but Christ himself formed within us,—our hope of glory. The meeting with him and taking him into our hearts will make our fortune both for this world and the next. He will keep us company through life, and give us an abundant entrance into his own presence when life is done.

He is ready; he is waiting; he is inviting; he is calling—"Whoever will, let him come." If we fail to meet him, if we allow "the day of salvation" to run out, and the Sun of Righteousness to set, and the night to

come down, the dark, dark night, before we come to the waiting Redeemer—what then? Too late! The door is shut.

But "now is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation." He waits and welcomes. The great King welcomes a'l to his arms, but welcomes children most.

## A MILLION FOR MISSIONS.

BY REV. R. L. BRIGGS.

**A** MILLION for missions! Fling out the bright banner; let nations and peoples its glory behold; while love brings its offering with grateful hosannah, and stewards of Christ at his feet lay their gold.

CHORUS.

A million for missions! a million for missions!  
Let heaven and earth with the watchword resound,  
Till each stubborn heart melts in humble contrition,  
And every lost sheep by the shepherd is found.

A million for missions! The wretched and dying  
Are begging for bread—shall we give them a stone?  
In the ear of the Lord of Sabaoth they're crying,  
And this is the answer that rings from the throne.

CHO.—A million, etc.

A million for missions! A hand pierced and bleeding  
Asks gold without stint for the need of the lost;  
Ye ransomed from hell, will ye turn from his pleading,  
Who purchased your souls at such infinite cost!

CHO.—A million, etc.

A million for missions! Shout, shout hallelujah!  
Give Jesus the glory, and give him the gold,  
Till dawn o'er the earth the millennial new year,  
That brings but one shepherd, one flock, and one fold!

CHO.—A million, etc.

## TEMPERANCE.

As I looked at the hospital wards to-day and saw that seven out of ten owed their diseases to alcohol, I could but lament that the teaching about this question was not more direct, more decisive, more home thrusting than ever it had been. . . . It is when I think of all these, that I am disposed to give up my profession, to give up everything and go forth on a holy crusade, preaching to all men:—"Beware of this enemy of the race."—*Dr. Andrew Clark, one of the physicians to her Majesty the Queen, and to Gladstone.*

Alcohol is universally ranked among poisons by physiologists, chemists, physicians and all who have experimented, studied and written upon the subject.—*Professor Youmans.*

We have a great horror of arsenic, and fifty other things; the fact is, all these things are a mere bagatelle in relation to the most direct, absolute, immediate and certain poisonings which are caused by alcohol.

There are more men killed, so far as I know English statistics—more men poisoned by alcohol, than are poisoned by all other poisons put together.—*James Edmunds, M.D., London, England.*

A piece of meat will continue sweet and sound for many years in wine, or strong beer, or any other strong



A QUEER CONVEYANCE.

fermented liquor,—and the same happens when they are mixed in the stomach. In such a mixture beef is turned into shoe leather.—*Dr. Cheyne.*

Out of a caravan of eighty-two persons who crossed the great desert from Algiers to Timbuctoo, in the summer of 1800, all but fifteen used wine and other liquors, as a preventive against African diseases. Soon after reaching Timbuctoo, these all died save one; while of the fifteen who abstained, all survived.—*Quoted by Edw. C. Delavan.*

## IN THE RIGHT PLACE.

We have all been taught to have "a place for everything, and everything in its place." This is quite right, and where there is a place for everything, everything should be in its place. But it is equally true that there is a place for everybody, and everybody should be in his (or her) place. We should always remember that there is every day and every hour of our lives, a right place for us—a place where we ought to be. And consequently, if we are not in that place, we are in the wrong place. We should never allow ourselves to be in a place where we cannot do as much good as we might in some other place. Let us always be where we can do the most good. Nor should we allow ourselves to be found where we would not wish to be found if our Saviour should appear. As we know not the day nor the hour when the Master shall call us, how very important that we should be always on the watch—always in the right place, that we may not be "ashamed before Him at His coming."—1 John ii. 28.  
J. LAWSON, Cobden, Ont.

## WHAT IS PRAYER?

A LITTLE deaf and dumb girl was once asked by a lady, who wrote the question on a slate, "What is prayer?" The little girl took her pencil and wrote the reply, "Prayer is the wish of the heart."

And so it is. All fine words and beautiful verses said to God, do not make real prayer without the sincere wish of the heart.

## A QUEER CONVEYANCE.

In the Andes Mountains, in the vicinity of Bogota, travellers frequently take this mode of transportation instead of riding a mule. The chair is called a *silla*, the bearer a *sillero*. A story is told of a Spaniard who, riding in this way, goaded his *sillero* as though he were a mule. The *sillero*, by a sudden jerk, pitched his rider down a precipice and left him to his fate. All cruelty is cowardly and mean. "Bloody and deceitful men," says the Psalmist, "shall not live out half their days." "Blessed are the merciful," says our Master, "for they shall obtain mercy."

## YOUR HEART.

"MAMMA," said little Lucy one day, suddenly looking up from her play, "what makes my heart go 'tick, tick,' all the time, like the watch papa holds to my ear? Have I got wheels inside of me that go round and round?"

"No, indeed, dear," said mamma; "but you are more wonderful than any watch that was ever made."

Then she took her little girl on her lap and told her what she eat went to make warm, bright blood, and how the beating of the heart sent this warm, bright blood all over her little body to make flesh and bones and fat, and to keep her feeling strong and well.

"God set the little heart to beating, dear," she said as she kissed her, "and some day he will say, 'Stop, little heart,' and it will stop. But while it beats Lucy must keep it full of good, kind thoughts, and warm with love for the God who made it."

"But when it stops, what then?"  
"Then your soul—that is, you—will live on. If you are trusting and loving Christ and trying to please him, you will be forever happy with him."

A LITTLE English street girl, in studying her Sunday-school lesson, came to the words: "And the King of Nineveh covered himself with sackcloth, and sat in ashes." This was a puzzler. Finally, she said, "Papa, what kind of ashes is satin ashes, that the king covered himself with?"