

"All Things Come Round."

It was terribly hot, and I laid me down
At the foot of a hickory tree,
And a squirrel above who wasn't afraid
Sat barking, and scolding me,
And a bumble-bee swung by a winding
path
With his surly "Get out of my way";
And a roving mosquito came blowing his
pipe,
So what could a fellow say?
"This bumble-bee thinks he owns the
earth,
And the squirrel, there, claims the tree,
And this third little varlet would take
all the rest
That's of any importance to me!"
But, you see, I was tired and fell asleep,
And when I opened my eyes,
They found out the door of the bumble-
bee's store,
There was honey enough for a prize!
And the squirrel had thrown me a parcel
of nuts;
And near, on a floating spray,
A robin was singing a cheery song—
The mosquito had come his way!

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, MARCH 6, 1897.

WOLFGANG MOZART'S PRAYER.

Many years ago, in the town of Salzburg, Austria, two little children lived in a cot surrounded by vines, near a pleasant river. They both loved music, and when only six years of age Frederica could play well on a harpsichord. But from her little brother such strains of melody would resound through the humble cottage as were never before heard from so young a child. Their father was a teacher of music, and his own children were his best pupils.

There came times so hard that these children had scarcely enough to eat, but they loved each other, and were happy in the simple enjoyments that fell to their lot.

One pleasant day they said: "Let us take a walk in the woods. How sweetly the birds sing, and the sound of the river as it flows is like music."

So they went. As they were sitting in the shadow of a tree, the boy said thoughtfully:

"Sister, what a beautiful place this would be to pray."

Frederica asked wondering: "What shall we pray for?"

"Why, for papa and mamma," said her brother. "You see how sad they look. Poor mamma hardly ever smiles now, and I know it must be because she has not always bread enough for us. Let us pray to God to help us."

"Yes," said Frederica, "we will."

So these two sweet children knelt down and prayed, asking the heavenly Father to bless their parents and make them a help to them.

"But how can we help papa and mamma?" asked Frederica.

"Why, don't you know?" replied Wolfgang. "My soul is full of music, and by-and-bye I shall play before great people, and they will give me plenty of money, and I will give it to our dear parents, and we'll live in a fine house and be happy."

At this a loud laugh astonished the boy, who did not know that any one was near them. Turning, he saw a gentleman

who had just come from the woods. The stranger made inquiries, which the little girl answered, telling him:

"Wolfgang means to be a great musician, he thinks that he can earn money, so that we shall no longer be poor."

"He may do that when he has learned to play well enough," replied the stranger.

Frederica answered:

"He is only six years old, but plays beautifully, and can compose pieces."

"That cannot be," replied the gentleman.

"Come to see us," said the boy, "and I will play for you."

"I will go this evening," answered the stranger.

The children went home and told their story to their parents, who seemed much pleased and astonished.

Soon a loud knock was heard at the door, and on opening it the little family were surprised to see men bringing in baskets of richly-cooked food in variety and abundance. They had an ample feast that evening.

Thus God answered the children's prayer. Soon after, while Wolfgang was playing a sonata which he had composed, the stranger entered and stood astonished at the wondrous melody. The father recognized in his guest Francis I., the Emperor of Austria.

Not long afterward the family were invited by the Emperor to Vienna, where Wolfgang astonished the royal family by his wonderful powers.

At the age of fifteen years Wolfgang was acknowledged by all eminent composers as a master.

Mozart was a good Christian as well as a great musician. The simple trust in God which he learned in childhood never forsook him. In a letter to his father he says:

"I never lose sight of God. I acknowledge his power and dread his wrath, but at the same time I love to admire his goodness and mercy to his creatures. He will never abandon his servant. By the fulfilment of his will mine is satisfied."

The simple, trusting faith of the young musician was remarkable, and it teaches old and young a lesson.

"OUR REASONABLE SERVICE."

BY COUSIN ELINOR.

It was Saturday afternoon, and the Danville Juniors were gathered in their pleasant room for their regular weekly meeting. It was a beautiful winter afternoon. The air was crisp and clear, and the sunlight danced on the freshly-fallen snow. I fear that my little Danville friends were thinking more of sleds and skates as they looked longingly at the blue sky, which smiled so brightly outside the windows, than of their meeting. There was a general air of indifference, which touched Miss Harper deeply, because it was so unusual. Last year, you will remember, the blessed revival which came to Danville began in the Junior League, and that very many, young and old, then started on the heavenward journey. Since then quite a number of associate members had been added, but only a few had become members of the church. The Juniors had not been sleeping by any means, but had been busily at work in various ways. You know they organized a humane society last summer, and now they had a great missionary enterprise on hand, which I may tell you about later.

This year early in December meetings had been begun in the church. They had been in progress about two weeks, but the interest did not seem to extend to the Juniors. Miss Harper was anxiously praying for them.

"Children," she said at last, "suppose we discontinue our regular exercises and spend the rest of the time in talking."

Instantly every eye was turned in smiling alertness and interest toward their teacher.

"You remember that many of you came into the service of Christ last winter. How many of you are still happy in that service?" she asked gently. Instantly fifty eager little hands were in the air.

"I am glad there are so many," said Miss Harper; "but there are some among you who have not yet sought the Lord. Will you tell them why you think children ought to be Christians? Dora, dear," she continued, turning to little Dora Clay, who was the first to come last year; "What is your reason?"

"Because Jesus loves us so much" was the simple answer.

"And yours, Mamie?"

"Because God wants us to be."

"And yours, Dick?" turning to Dick Brown, who got into so much trouble last summer.

"Because it keeps us from being wicked," he replied in a low voice.

"What is your reason, Annie?"

"Because I want to go to heaven."

"And yours, Charlie Roberts?"

"So that we can grow up to be good and happy men and women," was the reply. "I don't believe sinners are ever happy. They are always getting into trouble."

"A very wise reason, certainly," said Miss Harper. "And yours, Carl?" turning to Carl Hayes.

"To save my own soul, and try to help others save theirs," was the thoughtful reply.

"What is your reason for being a Christian, Agnes?" Miss Harper asked of the young president.

"Because Christ redeemed us with his own blood, and that to give ourselves to him to love and serve him is our reasonable service. That is what papa says, Miss Harper, and I believe it is the best reason," said Agnes, earnestly.

"Your reasons are all good," said Miss Harper, after several other answers had been given. "We should be Christians because Jesus loves us, because God wants us to be, because we do not wish to be sinners, because it makes us good and happy, saves our souls and others, and because it is our reasonable service. I will add two reasons to yours, dear children. One is because the Christ-life is the only true life; and the other is that we, as members of the human family, belong to Christ. God gave us all to him, for you know at what a fearful price he bought us, that he might teach us the way to eternal life. Agnes truly says that it is our reasonable service. As long as we withhold our hearts from him, just so long are we defrauding him of his own. To be a true disciple of Jesus Christ means life and hope and happiness—everything that is good and beautiful. To be the slave of sin means sorrow and suffering and spiritual death. To be the servant of Jesus Christ is to find eternal life. To give the heart to Christ in childhood means to escape the dangers of sin and the possible shipwreck of the soul, and to work all the life long to bring in his kingdom of righteousness and love. Could any service be more reasonable or more blessed? And then if a poor sinner does repent and turn to God in his old age, just think how much evil he has done whose influence no tears of repentance can wash away."

There was a thoughtful silence, then Bertie Gray said: "I'll come now."

After singing a hymn the children went soberly home; but a week afterward ten of the associate members had given themselves to Christ.—Epworth Herald.

A CURIOUS TRUNK.

The following puzzle is said to have been composed by the Bishop of Oxford:

I have a trunk with two lids, two caps, two musical instruments, two established measures, and a great number of articles a carpenter cannot dispense with; then I have always about me two fine fish, and a great number of smaller ones, two lofty trees, fine flowers, and the fruit of an indigenous plant, two playful animals, and a number of smaller and less tame breed, a fine stag, some whips without handles, some weapons of warfare, and a number of weather-cocks, the steps of a hotel, the House of Commons on the eve of division, two students or scholars, and some Spanish grandees to wait upon me.

Answer.—The human body, eyelids, kneecaps, drum of the ear, feet, nails, soles, muscles, palms, tulips, hips, calves, hair, heart, lashes, arms, blades, veins, insteps, eyes and nose, pupils, tendons.

DAY BY DAY.

"I don't believe I can ever be much of a Christian," said a little girl to her mother.

"Why?" her mother asked.

"Because there's so much to be done if one wants to be good," was the reply.

"One has got to overcome so much, and bear so many burdens, and all that. You know how the minister told all about it last Sunday."

"How did your brother get all that big pile of wood into the shed last spring? Did he do it all at once, or little by little?"

"Little by little, of course," answered the girl.

"Well, that's just the way to live a Christian life. All the trials and burdens won't come at one time. We must overcome those of to-day, and let those of to-morrow alone till we come to them. Of course there's a great deal of work to be done in a Christian's lifetime, in the performance of our obligations to God, and the discharge of the duties that devolve upon us, but that work is done just as Dick moved the wood—little by little. Every day we should ask God

for strength to take us through that day. When to-morrow comes we will ask again. He will give all we ask for, and as we need it. By doing a little to-day and a little to-morrow, and keeping on in that way, we can accomplish great things. Look at life in its little-by-little aspect rather than as one great task to be done all at once, and it will be easy to face it."

A little gain in patience to-day, a little more trust to-morrow—that's the way a Christian life grows.—New York Observer.

JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.
PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

MARCH 14, 1897.

Rhoda, who came to hear.—Acts 12, 13.

REASON OF PERSECUTION.

Herod Agrippa, the grandson of Herod the Great, was the king of Judea. The Herod family were confessedly a family of notorious persons. As we have studied their history, we have wondered how the Almighty permitted them to so vex and annoy the church of God. They all desired to be popular with the Jews, who were subjects of the Roman Empire, and did not even hesitate to commit murder, if, by so doing, they could promote their own selfish designs.

JAMES AND PETER.

Verse 2. James had already been put to death. This pleased the wicked Jews, who were opposed to the Christian religion. Peter was imprisoned, he was chained to the soldiers, sixteen of whom were his guards, and kept Peter in their special care by turns, day and night. It was the design of Herod to kill Peter at some time in the near future.

PRAYER.

Verse 5. The church could obtain no redress from the civil rulers. They knew that the day following was to be the day of trial, when they felt assured that Peter would have to endure the same fate as had befallen James. Their only refuge in this season of trouble was prayer. "In trouble there is a resting-place for those who know the throne of grace." The command is, "Call upon me in the day of trouble." This was a day of trouble to the church at Jerusalem. Perhaps some wonder why there is no mention of prayer on behalf of James. Probably he was put to death as soon as he was apprehended.

PRAYER ANSWERED.

Verse 7. The angel went into Peter's cell, and see how he found Peter, "between two soldiers." Peter's right arm was bound to the left arm of one soldier, and his left arm to the right arm of another soldier. Peter did not seem to be the least uneasy, for he acted as though there was not the slightest danger. Peter's conscience was easy. He was ready to die or live. To all appearance Peter was safe in custody, and could not be rescued.

WHAT THE ANGELS DID.

Verses 7, 8. Gird thyself. Put on thy outer garments. The chains fell off. Follow me. All this is truly wonderful. Peter does not ask for any explanation. He does as he is commanded to do. So should we, when we are commanded by those in authority, though we must not do evil, no matter by whom we may be commanded. The angel led Peter out of prison. They went past guards of soldiers. The gate leading into the prison opened, without either the angel or Peter touching it. Peter thought he had seen a vision, but when the angel left him, he knew it was no vision. You see, Peter had to put on his own clothes. The angel did not dress him, nor did the angel lead him to the house of Mary Mark, but he led him to the street. God never does that for his children which they can do for themselves.

RHODA.

Verse 13. She was watching the gate. The greatest precaution had to be observed. She knew Peter's voice, and she ran into the house and told them he was outside, but they said she was mad, but she continued to affirm that it was even he. Though they had prayed for deliverance, they could not believe it when it came. Doubtless, they had not anticipated that Peter could be delivered after this manner. There was wonderful excitement among the people. Peter went into another place. He obeyed Scripture precept, when persecuted in one city they were to go to another. The James mentioned here was another James, who was a relative of our Lord. He was a man of influence, and was the author of the epistle which bears his honoured name. The narrative should encourage all God's people to persevere in prayer.